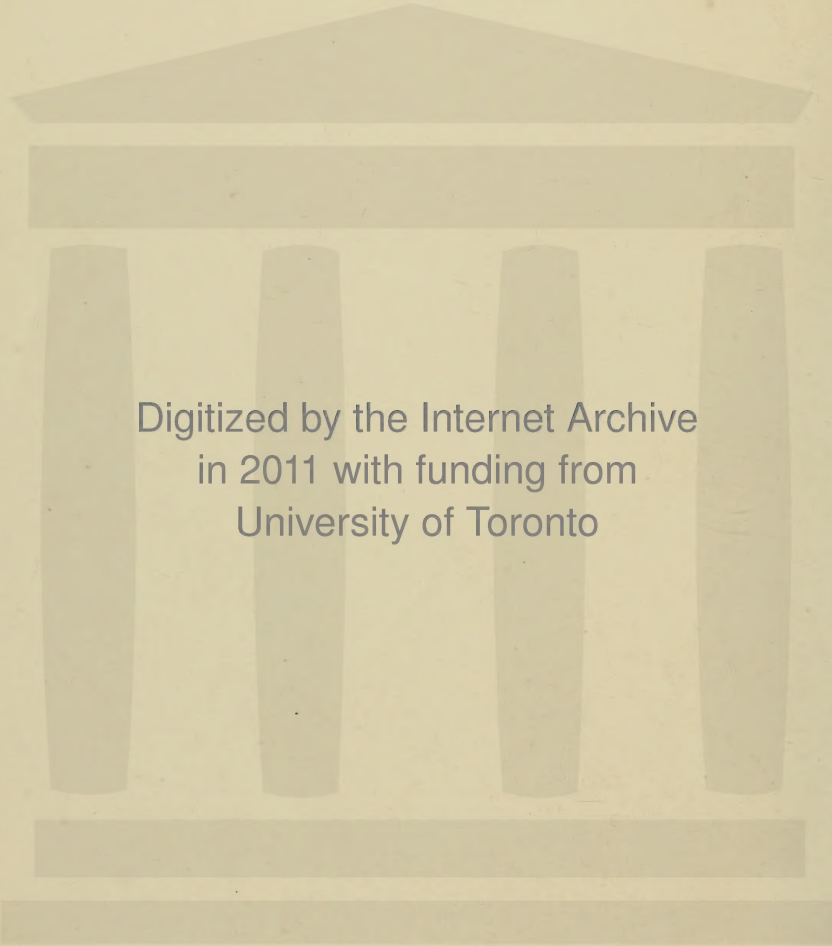




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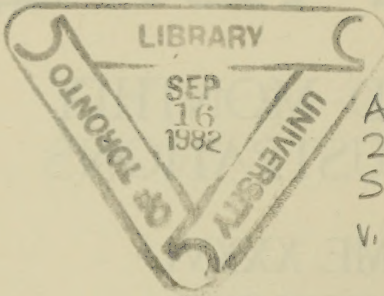
SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

PUBLISHED MONTHLY
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VOLUME XXXVI
JULY-DECEMBER



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Drawn by Edwin B. Child.

IT WAS THE MIDDLE WEST IN ITS GLORY.

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. XXXVI

JULY, 1904

NO. 1



JOURNEYING WITH HARVESTERS

By Charles Moreau Harger

ILLUSTRATIONS BY EDWIN B. CHILD

I

DAY after day the dispatches from the wheat-belt grew more hysterical.

"Late frost has caught it now," read the doctor at breakfast; "won't be half a crop." The next morning: "Wheat wasn't hurt so bad after all, the paper says—but Hessian fly's mighty thick." And then: "Rain has killed the Hessian fly—but look out for rust! Th' leaves are turning yellow." At last: "It's all right—wasn't rust at all—just th' ripening. Heads are filled, kernels big—want twenty thousand extra hands—th' chance of a lifetime."

"Chance for what?"

"To get up at four o'clock in th' mornin' and work till nine at night, get two dollars a day—and found—cure my attack of the blues, and come to enjoy my meals."

Harvest was ready. Rich fields stretched

away to the misty horizon, dimpling, smiling like seas of gold. Shadow-waves chased in riotous courses over the undulating surface and great cloud-islands moved slowly upon the sunlit expanse. It was the Middle West in its glory—the perfect fruitage of the farmers' year.

How they came, those harvesters—a motley company, gathered from a dozen States and as many occupations. We watched the train as it drew out of the distance.

"Hope they'll know what they're tryin' to do," remarked Farmer Mangold, who sat in his wagon waiting for a load of men needed on his ranch fifteen miles from town. "Th' lot I got last summer hitched th' horses up wrong end first and called the sod barn a 'mud house' and th' cyclone cellar a 'hurricane hole'."

Not all were of this kind. The farmer loaded up his wagon with well-tanned,

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The farmer loaded up his wagon with well-tanned, strong-armed men.—Page 1.

strong-armed, whiskered men from Illinois. They had come from a coal town and were blackened with the soot.

"Mighty clean out here, Jim," remarked one to his fellow; and his eyes drank in the fair prairie landscape joyfully. They were the first comers—men used to these summer excursions for wheat-gathering. They knew which end of a horse should bear the breeching and never referred to the mowing machine as a "lawn mower."

"They are going to be pretty hard to keep up with," declared the doctor, as the springless wagon jolted over the rough highway. "I'm going to look for an easy place," and he moved up close to the farmer, engaging him in earnest conversation on X-ray development. Shrewd man, the doctor!

"Going to get another load when th' freight comes in," the farmer announced as we reached the ranch. "Lot comin' from Kansas City." It was after dark when they arrived; they were town men, laborers on the streets and at the back doors of packing houses.

"No big money in this 'ere job," was the dictum of the leader. "Yes'day's *Star* said wages was three-fifty a day. Th' boss says it's only two plunks."

"But there's livin' yer know, Mart, an' that's somethin'."

"Course, we'll have ter stand it awhile; but I'm goin' ter git 'em all ter agree t' strike after a bit."

"We'll have a harvest hands' union," laughed the doctor. "I'm going to be a walking delegate." He always did like the easy jobs.

Not all were in yet—the college boys were on the way. They, too, had heard the Macedonian cry—and the reports of big wages. They needed the money to continue in school—and they wanted the fun. So they came—pale students wearing glasses, swarthy football players, solemn postgraduates—bewildered, brittle, untried. They travelled in groups and at every station gathered on the platform with a "'Rah, 'rah, 'rah, H-a-r-v-a-r-d!" or a "Ray, ray, ray, Tiger, tiger, tiger!"

Seven came out in the early morning to

Maple Hill ranch—so called because once a grove of maples had struggled, shivered, and died on the sightly knoll by the windmill.

"Who's coming next?" queried the doctor, eager to be on good terms with the brawny ranchman.

"Nobody—got enough. Have all I kin do to break this aggregation in," was the

reached for it. "This ain't no San Ju-an hill." He threw out the shells and tossed the weapon on the floor of the wagon shed. The others laughed, and Mr. Swaggerer slipped to the rear. Poor fellow! he thought the West was infested with Indians, and his mother told him to come prepared. Instead, most of the people in the county had never seen a Redskin, and there were



A little brown-haired maiden brought two cool jugs.—Page 6.

uncompromising response. The doctor's hopes of a soft place fell seventeen degrees.

"What you got there?" The farmer turned on one of the college boys and pointed to a suspicious bulging in the rear of the youth's hip pocket. "Fish it out here, quick."

The young man was dressed swaggeringly with "rough rider" leggings, cowboy hat, yellow and black sweater. But his bluster faded when he shamefacedly dragged to light a fierce and threatening revolver.

"Give it to me," and Farmer Mangold

more schools and churches to the population than in his home community.

II

"WELL, come on, boys," and the procession started for the big field. The doctor, because of his soft, white hands, was driving a team; the swaggerer was armed with a three-tined fork instead of an uglier weapon, and the union organizer was put behind the reaper. His enthusiasm would soon be softened.

One square mile of wheat. Ever see it? Transcontinental trains used to stop in the Smoky Hill valley of Kansas to allow passengers a view of such a wonder. It realized all the travellers' dreams of agricultural splendor. Hundreds such visions now mark the great grain area of the plains—but their beauty is none the less. Six hundred and forty acres of wealth; six thousand dollars' profit—perhaps more!

lowed the leader, each taking great armfuls out of the huge square of gold, tying them in twine with marvellous rapidity, and tossing them contemptuously to the rear.

"Life treats some people just that way," mused the doctor—then jumped to escape the revolving reel of the fourth reaper.

"Go to work there!" called out Farmer Mangold. "Shock back of the machines."

With good-will the little company en-



At every station they gathered on the platform with a "'Rah, 'rah, 'rah!'"—Page 2.

It shimmered beneath the perfect opalescent blue of the sky, the tall straws bending with their weight of grain. Standing on the seat of the reaper one might see in the distance a glimmer of green pastures, and catch glimpses of rustling fields of corn—but here was the heart of summer.

"Them machines look dangerous," remarked the doctor. "Believe I won't drive until I see 'em work." He joined the union forces in the rear.

The farmer laughed, took the seat, cracked his long whip and started five eager horses. "Whir-r-r, rattle, swish"—harvest had commenced!

Another self-binder, and another, fol-

tered on its two weeks' task. It was a helter-skelter beginning. When the clattering reapers had completed a toilsome round and overtook us, Farmer Mangold stopped his straining horses with a stertorous "Whoa!" Then: "What in the name o' common sense are you a-doin'?" This was addressed to the college boys.

"Bunching the wheat, sir," replied the swaggerer.

Farmer Mangold chuckled audibly. "Somebody show 'em," he ordered. "They think they're pickin' potatoes."

The college youths had thrown the bundles together, regardless of position—simply tossing them into loose and topsy-



They attacked the heaps of bread and the dishes of pickles as if to annihilate the entire board. —Page 7.

turvy piles. The union man—so the doctor had dubbed him—knew better.

"Here, look 'e," and he placed two bundles side by side, their tops intertwining; then two others; then others, and some as a capsheaf covering. "See that? That ther' shock'll stand a two days' rain, an' won't blow away in anything less'n a cyclone."

The students saw. "They're developing

by th' new education—learning by doing," chuckled the doctor.

Too many were following the reaper, and a new plan of attack was taken up. There came from the barns a different sort of grain-cutting implement. It was like a battering ram to force down the walls of wheat. Four horses pushed it in front of them, and the driver was behind all, steering the docile

but awkward affair by a tiller attached to a heavy wheel.

"Just see it cut!" exclaimed one of the college boys, as a huge twelve-foot gash was made in the waiting grain. Then: "See the floats; we'll have a carnival parade!" as two wagons with great platforms, well walled, drove after.

"Hurry up with them header boxes!" called Farmer Mangold.

"Click, click," went the long row of knives; an endless carrier received the grain, cut just below the heavy heads—hence a "header"—and dumped the steady stream of riches into the platformed wagon. When the receptacle was filled, it was driven off to the stack and another took its place.

"That suits me," said the doctor, and he applied for a place on a wagon. It was granted. No one else cared, and now that the whole brigade was disposed of, Farmer Mangold returned to his seat, cracked the whip once more, and the slaughter of the grain went on more swiftly than ever.

Hot? It seemed to us that the sun had concentrated its force upon that particular section. The south wind, racing over a thousand miles of plain, brought with it all the accumulated caloric of the far-reaching surface. Sunburn was already showing on our wrists. What a delight when a little brown-haired maiden rode a spotted pony across the stubble and brought two cool jugs—one with buttermilk fresh from the creamery and one with water!

"What's your name, little girl?" queried Mart, the union man.

"Ruth Mangold, sir;" and of course the college boys yelled, "What's the matter with Ruthie—she's all right!" At which

the tanned little face flushed, and the brown eyes glistened with pleasure.

Around the field again! The sun seemed softened, the wind less biting. But there was a goneness that would not down, a growing faintness that would not be quieted. Had the women-folk at the farm-house forgotten our existence? The tenth time we asked it—and then, welcome summons, a far-off tinkle! Even the horses knew what it meant. As for the men, they shouted

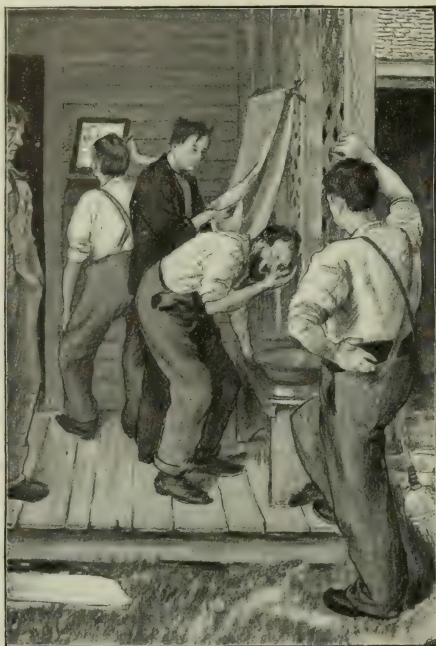
"D-i-n-n-e-r!" and made a bee line for the kitchen chimney, marked black against the cerulean of the sky.

III

HARVEST is not an unmixed pleasure to the Western household. By the time its duties have been apportioned, the housewife doubts if the comfort of an extra dress the coming winter will offset the presence of a hungry horde of workers. But it is not a choice; it is a necessity. In preparation for this event, Mrs. Mangold had been buying sacks of flour, slabs of bacon, pails of fish, pecks of beans,

dozens of packages of breakfast food, and boxes of canned tomatoes. The county paper's "Maple Hill Mutterings" had announced: "Miss Susan Kittredge will help Mrs. Mangold through harvest." Susan taught a country school in Flora township last winter, but she was not above helping her neighbors in a time like this.

A long table had been built of saw-horses and boards, and was placed on the screened porch. The rustle of honey-suckle and Virginia creeper, and the sighing of a tall cottonwood made pleasant music; softened by vine and leaf was the mid-day glare. A red table-cloth added a dash of color to the picture. To the eyes of



The splattering of the clean-up process commenced.
—Page 7.



The toilers of the harvest field were fast asleep.—Page 8.

the hungry company that tramped up from the wheat-field it was exceedingly good to look at.

"Washbasin an' soap on th' bench ther'," announced the motherly presiding genius of the kitchen. The splattering of the clean-up process commenced.

The doctor had his team to care for and was last to come to the table. But the others did not wait for him. They were already seated, a blue-shirted, coatless, starving gathering.

"Don't be bashful," was the farmer's orders.

They attacked the heaps of bread and the dishes of pickles as if to annihilate the entire board. The generous plates that came down from Father Mangold's end of the table were cleaned with little regard for the niceties of polite society.

The college boys were pleased with Susan's red cheeks and black hair—anyone could see that except Susan; she did not seem to notice. She distributed the plates of bread alike to the just and the unjust.

"Hearty family you've got, mother," remarked Mr. Mangold as the second helping of meat and potatoes vanished.

"There's more where this came from," she smilingly but somewhat irrelevantly returned, and then asked the doctor if he were tired.

"Not now, ma'am; can't you see how hard I am working for the love of it?" It passed for a joke and the crowd laughed.

Then came the apple pie—but Mart, the union man, would take it in his hands and eat it boy fashion.

It was soon over, and the men stretched themselves in the shade of the cotton-wood tree or sat in little groups discussing the prospects of harvest.

"I wanted ter git a gang that would do th' work an' board themselves, without makin' th' women folks so much worry," remarked Farmer Mangold. "But it couldn't be done. Lots of th' farmers are rentin' their farms and; movin' to town just because they can't get help. Then they put the wheat land into grass, an' git along that a-way. Don't know but I'll have ter do th' same thing."

The college boys stayed by Susan, and one even helped her "rid off the table."

Next the call from refreshment to labor, and the procession returned to the section of wheat, now showing the results of our morning campaign.

Strange how long are harvest afternoons! The wind carries a pungent, warping heat that makes every pore smart; leagues of dancing wheat before, leagues of coarse stubble behind. It seems that the sun has stopped midway in the western heavens. Singing of reapers, click of headers, swishing of horses' tails as they attack eager flies, and now and again the skurry of a startled jack-rabbit, or the huddled terror of a quail family suddenly made homeless—it is monotonous, wearying, typical of the plains.

The swaggering college youth had shed

his sweater, and his arms were streaked with perspiration and dust; the coal heavers had little lanes of moisture amid the waste of sooty cheek-bones. The doctor had stopped talking—sign enough that he was pretty well used up.

Even after we had decided that it was supper time, around and around went the reapers; and not until the sun touched the rim of wheat-land did Farmer Mangold halt, with a welcome "Time to unhitch, boys!"

There were no cheers—simply a stolid turning kitchen-ward.

Supper was eaten in silence.

Martin tried to hold a meeting in the rear of the wagon-shed. He wanted to organize a strike. "We ain't gettin' our dues," he declared. "If all the farm-hands 'll get together, they can jest as well hev three dollars a day—an' found. It's worth it——"

"It's worth a hundred," interrupted Jim.

Martin frowned and went on, describing the possibilities of a world-wide harvesters' union. His auditors had brought armfuls of hay and straw for resting places, and were lying easily thereon, looking up at the spangled dome. His voice grew fainter—and fainter. Suddenly he discovered, to his dis-

gust, that he was addressing the stars—the toilers of the harvest field were fast asleep.

Scarcely had eyes been closed, it seemed, when there came Farmer Mangold's cheery voice: "Get up, boys, breakfast'll be ready in a minute!" So soon? How could it be? Muscles stiff the night before were stiffer now; eyelids seemed pasted together. Breakfast was doleful, compared with the jollity of the day preceding.

Then we saw the sunrise—a rare experience to some of the party. With wide reaches of green and gold, with sparkle of



Tom Whitney.—Page 11.



Drawn by Edwin B. Child.

dew on stretching fields, with sweet breaths of ripe wheat and clear calls of waking bird-life, summer morning on the plains is an inspiration to the most laggard brain. No tall peaks are there to be tipped with glory, but the slanting rays fly over furrow and range, over pasture and stubble, with magic pace. "Hot winds" and dust storms and tornadoes may come when the day is old;

blushed under the tan and dust; the college boys gave a yell that was a mixture of the mottoes of three universities, the drivers cracked their whips, the machines rattled—the strike was ingloriously ended.

As days went by, the awful stiffness of those first mornings vanished; strength of muscle and cheer of heart accompanied growing familiarity with our surroundings



Hannah waved the table-cloth in mid-afternoon.—Page 14.

but now, in its youth, it is marvellous in its beauty. It thrills the soul with wonder at the miracle of Nature's handiwork.

Martin's "strike" came four days later. Ruth had brought out her welcome jugs of water and buttermilk; the workers were gathered beside one of the shapely stacks enjoying a brief recess. He made a speech declaring independence, and demanding a "raise" before the next square mile of grain could be touched.

"Jest as ye please, boys," was our employer's ultimatum. "A train-load of men is comin' in this afternoon. Let me know how many of ye want to go." Martin

and a better understanding of our work. Two of the college boys proved to be good stackers; the doctor was promoted to driver of the leading reaper.

One night, part of the force, having rested during the afternoon, took a change of horses, hung lanterns to the harness hames, and ran the machines until midnight; then another company came out and kept up the cutting until dawn. The slight dampness of the night air made the loss from the ripe grain's shelling much less than in the blistering sunlight.

Steadily we whittled down the golden squares; stack after stack lifted its solemn



"It's my treat, boys," was the announcement. "Help yourselves."—Page 14

cone heavenward. On other farms and ranches was the same process.

One day the farmer came among us with a generous roll of greenbacks. Martin, some of the town workers, and a part of the college boys walked down the road, caught the north-bound freight, and followed the harvest as it went on to higher latitudes.

As the train puffed noisily beyond the horizon, another trail of smoke came from the east—threshing days were at hand.

IV

"Look at the auto—with trailers," called Jim, the leader of the town men, now that Mart, the union organizer, had moved on.

Sure enough—over the crest of a little slope it came, sturdily pushing its way at the beck of a grimy engineer—the touring car of the plains, a traction engine. The driver was protected by a spacious canvas, and the crew of the outfit, dusty but contented, sat in apparent ease on the unwieldy separator, the neat cook shanty and

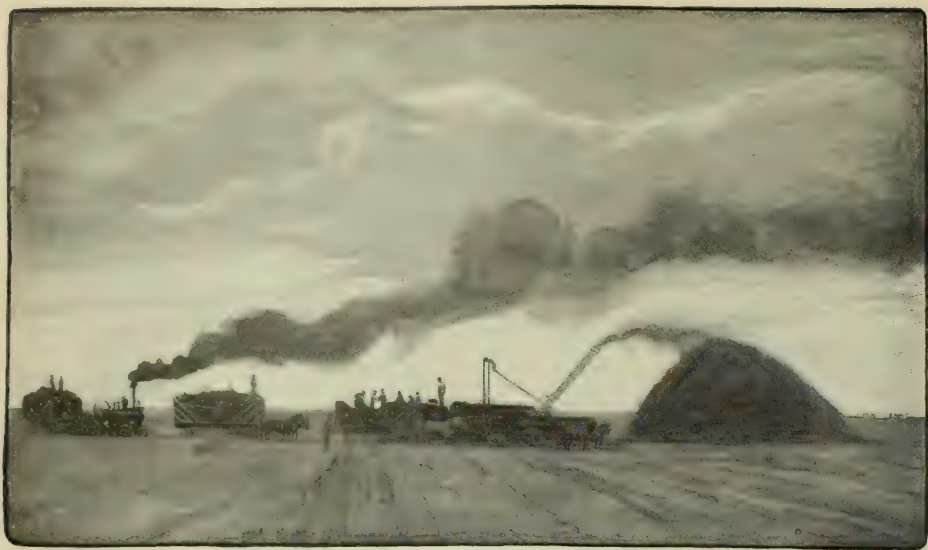
stolid water wagon attached in single file to the rear.

Six of the "hands" were kept busy on the ranch to help in the threshing, the doctor among them. He had won the farmer's heart by prescribing for a lame horse, so saving the purchase of another.

"Going to be harder work to keep up with that than with the reaper," he remarked, as the engine and its dependents turned into the yard.

Then there was much discussion of location, some shovelling as the true level for the machine was sought, unloading of coal, and search for water. At last all was in readiness for the beginning the following morning. Tom Whitney, the rotund, strong-shouldered owner of the "outfit," looked it over proudly. "There ain't a better one in the West," he declared. "Th' cook shack's th' best ever made in these parts—and th' machine's a honey."

After supper, while the men of the farm were milking, the doctor and I walked out to the windmill, and gazing across the plains caught a view of the silent stacks,



A Modern threshing scene.

standing, like misers, defiant to the world's demands, with their garnered gold fast in covetous grasp. It seemed a veritable sacrilege to rob the sombre group of its possessions.

Summer evenings on the plains are marked by a hush that seldom comes to domains of thick hedgerows and many orchards. The west loses its orange as a curtain of blue creeps up the eastern sky; the twinkle of a light in a farmer's dwelling, three miles away, is the only touch of kinship with humanity—but the sweep of the winds is a benediction, and the breath of the fertile lands is a joy.

"I'm up against a real union this time," mused Farmer Mangold, as we returned to the house. "The threshers have combined."

"Are they on a strike?"

"Not yet—but it's eight cents a bushel or let it rot. I'm going to pay."

It was decided that all hands should board at the cook shanty, which was placed beside a hedge in the lower part of the field. Susan had finished her term as helper at the ranch.

The doctor tried to get the position of water-wagon driver, but lost out. He went on the straw stack—at the business end of a very steady toiler, the carrier. "But it's not so bad as it was when I was a

boy," explained he. "Then th' straw came up in a broad stream that kept two of us sweating to pitch it away. Now it's poured out of a pipe where you want it." He meant the long tube with a powerful fan at the bottom, driving the straw and dust by the force of the air, to the far stacks—hence "wind" stacker.

For my own part, I tried to steal a march on the doctor, and applied for the place of weigher and measurer at the side of the machine.

"Ain't no such thing nowadays," laughed fat Tom Whitney. "This machine measures and weighs every bushel of grain itself without any help. Likewise it puts it in th' wagon."

"Then, I will cut bands at the front end of the concern."

"Don't need ye. We've got a self-feeder—all you have to do is to shove th' bundles in and th' machine does th' rest."

He was right. The modern threshing machine is an automatic contrivance. It has shared the advancement of the age.

The harvesters became plain, every-day heavers of straw. Armed with pitchforks they began their onslaught on the heaped-up gleanings of the fields.

More than one column of smoke vexed the clear skies. On adjoining farms other engines were puffing and other machines

were rattling. It was a busy time. Work commenced at daybreak and it ended with sundown. The long-drawn, low note that used to sing between the bays of my father's big barn in western New York in boyhood years was softened by the great out-of-doors surrounding the group of stacks—but it was yet the same key of labor. It rose and fell, as in the old days, and I stood reminiscent, seeing the friends and surroundings of youth.

"Hurry up ther' on th' left stack!" It was Tom Whitney. His reward depended on the amount of grain the machine turned out during the twenty-four hours. He could not afford to pay for periods of retrospection. Very unpoetic man, this Tom Whitney.

The mistress of the cook shanty waved a table-cloth from the rear door of her castle, and the engine slowed down, the wheels ceased their whirr, the men tumbled from the stacks, dusty, worn, perspiring, hungry.

The cook shanty was a beauty. It appealed more directly to the men who tramped up from the machine than ever did the most perfectly equipped café on the boulevard to an after-theatre party. Its screened windows and doors, the long white table that extended through the middle, the big roast of beef, the smoking rolls, the steaming cabbage—they needed no hunger-sauce to appeal to the guests of the occasion.

"Say, Susie," exclaimed one of the college boys, "you're doing fine."

"I'm not Susie," was the response. "I'm Hannah."

"What's th' mat—" began the listening group, but Tom Whitney interposed: "Boys, I hope you'll like my gal's cookin'."

They were glad they had not concluded the yell. They did like her cooking; they ate until it seemed that she must begin another batch of supplies. There were apple dumplings with cream and—

"Fire! fire!" Everybody jumped from the table. Tom Whitney had seen it first and was already running, bareheaded, toward the array of stacks, where the rec separator and the black engine waited in helplessness.

"Guess I didn't cover up the ashes right," muttered the engineer, as he joined in the chase.

Farmer Mangold did something else. He and his sturdy sons hurried to the horse sheds, and strong teams were hitched quickly to ploughs. Then helter-skelter, ploughs bumping and jumping, back and forth they turned the stubble under chocolate ribbons of earth to protect other stacks on the farther edge of the section.

But Tom Whitney thought only of saving his "outfit." The engine was yet steamed up, the fires only banked; clouds of smoke covered both it and its industrious companion. He leaped to the low platform at the rear, turned on the power, and started the "auto" through the blurred atmosphere in the direction of the machine. He veered, backed, and halted. Flames were scorching the canvas cover over his head; they had already caught the rear of the machine. But he reached down and made a coupling—then pulled steadily out of the furnace, and came with his three-thousand-dollar possession safe into clear air. Quick hands put out the fire on the varnished machine, and the regular engineer hurried on, taking all to a safe place beyond the protecting barrier of hastily ploughed ground.

The stacks burned. That night, a score of miles away, farmers watched the red glow of the embers.

The threshers moved to another position. By mid-afternoon the "whi-r-r-r" of belts and the thuds of bundles thrown on voracious feeding tables came as familiarly as before.

"Got you now," whispered the doctor that evening, as he lay on the knoll, smoking. "I'm going to drive a wheat wagon."

"Ah—couldn't stand real work?"

"Not that, but I am so far recovered that I feel like travel. In fact, I've prescribed it for myself."

He started with the first load the next morning—fifty-five bushels, the product of two acres of prairie soil. Four other loads went at the same time. It was a long, slow journey, with little variation in the level of road or experience.

The prairie elevator rearing its ungainly form beside the tracks had no capacity commensurate with the demands upon it.

"Sorry, sorry, boys," was the manager's greeting. "We can't get cars enough, and th' elevator's full to th' top. You c'n do like th' others an' dump it on th' ground

out ther' if ye want to—that's th' best I c'n do."

They did it. Out on a clean piece of buffalo grass they found forty thousand bushels of the red-brown grain, a drift of wheat, the overflowing largess of Nature's bounty. It would lie in the sunshine of late summer and early autumn, unharmed. None could steal it, and there was little likelihood of rain to do it injury.

The cook shanty had been moved twice, and was down near the workers. The last lot of stacks was going through the greedy separator, and was giving up its hoarded wealth. Hannah waved the table-cloth in mid-afternoon. The men stopped—was she in danger? Tom Whitney hurried as rapidly as his style of architecture would allow. Then she waved some more, and Tom stood by her side. The machine was deserted—certainly this was an important occasion. All was quiet as the company approached.

Where was Tom? On the other side. But that was not all—with him, piled in luscious greenness, were a dozen of Farmer Mangold's best watermelons, and the

farmer himself, laughing, was helping Tom Whitney cut them in generous slices.

"It's my treat, boys," was the announcement. "Help yourselves."

The last stack was fed into the devouring cylinder. Instead of many symmetrical mounds of grain-laden bundles on the shorn acres, now were great misshapen heaps of discarded straw, later to light winter nights with beacon blaze, as they returned to ashes in destroying fire.

Company after company of harvesters had moved on; only those joined to threshing crews remained.

"Which shall we do—go north with th' harvest or go home?" asked the doctor.

We stood at the station, and two ways were open: On one track was a freight, bound east with creaking loads of grain; on another, a line of inviting passenger coaches headed toward the hard-wheat region of the Dakotas.

No word was spoken, but with one accord we walked along-side the waiting cars of wheat and climbed up the steep steps of the little red caboose.

For us harvest was ended.

BETWEEN THE WORLDS

By Louise Chandler Moulton

THOU hast gone on so far I cannot find thee—

Above the Golden Stair to the Great Light—

Old dreams, old hopes, all thou didst leave behind thee,

Forgotten, as the Day forgets the Night.

Oh, must it be that when I follow after—

Vagrant among the millions of the stars—

The scornful Worlds will mock with careless laughter

My lonely strife to reach Heaven's sundering bars?

Did Time and Space, stern foes, have power to sever

The hearts that used, we thought, to beat as one;

And thou and I say our good-bye forever,

When thou did'st take that path beyond the sun?

THE DISFRANCHISEMENT OF THE NEGRO

ONE FACTOR IN THE SOUTH'S STANDING PROBLEM

By Thomas Nelson Page



AMONG the various factors that have contributed to bring about the recrudescence of the Negro question in the last year or two a prominent one is the movement in the South to disfranchise the ignorant element of the Negro race. This is usually termed the "Disfranchisement of the Negro." But although the object of the movement is frankly to disfranchise a large element among that race, while the corresponding element among the whites is left the ballot, the term is by no means exact.

Few things are rarer and nothing is more important than accuracy in definitions. In the matter under consideration much misapprehension exists as to the extent of the disfranchisement, and possibly more as to its effect.

Reams of paper have been covered with frantic denunciation; courts have been appealed to; threats have been made against the Southern States of reducing their representation in Congress, and still the movement has gone on under the direction of the most enlightened and conservative men in the South. And so far as has yet been tested, it has proceeded by legal methods.

The disfranchisement-clauses have not only caused an outcry on the part of the politicians, white and colored, and the *doctrinaires* who were brought up on hostility to the South, but they have excited unfavorable comment even among some friendly enough to the South, who, while conceding that the former experiment has proved a disastrous failure so far as the South is concerned, yet believe that a manifest injustice is done to the rest of the country by one section holding a representation in Congress which, according to the votes cast there, appears to be in excess of that held by the rest of the country.

A singular feature of the case is that the division-line of opinion for or against the measure is not so much that of party affilia-

tion as that of familiarity with the conditions that have brought about the changes in the constitutions of the Southern States.

Within the last year, a man of national reputation, a gentleman of high standing, of broad sympathies and much learning, whose affiliations are with the party that is dominant in the South, in an address before the New England Suffrage Conference, warmly approved the reconstruction measures of Thaddeus Stevens, setting aside the governments in the South, putting the Southern States under military control, and providing for the Congressional system of reconstruction based on Negro suffrage. "The measure finally adopted was," he says, "of proved necessity. Thus, and thus only, could the lives of the colored men and white Union men be protected. They needed every weapon that we could place in their hands, and this weapon was among them."

This statement presents clearly the basic error which underlies all others. It is that the Negro needs weapons with which to oppose the white, and that "we" must place them in his hands.

Yet another gentleman of varied experience and extensive general knowledge, whose affiliations have at times been with the same party, has recently published a paper written with all his well-known ability, based, however, mainly on a study which he made of conditions at the South during a rapid tour in 1865. Neither of these men has added much to his knowledge of the Negro question since that time. That men of these gentlemen's standing can really believe at this day the facts stated by them demonstrates the hopelessness of ever having the matter clearly viewed by a large body of well-meaning people.

The weapon which the advocate of universal suffrage applauds himself for having helped to place in the Negro's hands has been his destruction. It was a torch placed in the hands of a child, with which he has

ravaged all about him and involved himself in the general conflagration.

Happily, this somewhat outworn view is not the view of the body of the American people who have any familiarity with the subject or of any portion of them who have had experience of the conditions which existed under the Negro *régime*.

A respectable element among the white Republicans of the South have given it up. One of the most distinguished and thoughtful Northern men in the country, a life-long Republican, a man of approved Republicanism, declared before the leading Republican club of the country not long ago, that the experiments entered on with so much enthusiasm had undoubtedly proved a failure.

Looking back on this period, it is impossible for the open-minded student not to see that whatever the motive, the result was disastrous to both races. The South was devastated and humiliated beyond belief; the Negroes were misled in matters where right direction was vitally necessary to their permanent progress. And the consequence was a riot of civic debauchery which brings shame to every honest man of the African race and will prove a bar to the possibility of Negro domination hereafter.

Whether it be recognized as yet or not, the whole country owes a debt to the Southern people who withstood to the end the policy of the misguided fanatics and politicians who would have put the South permanently under Negro domination. But for the resolution and constancy of the Southern whites, one-sixth of the then existing States of the Union would have become Negroized had the system obtained permanency, and we should possibly have had by this time several States of the Union substantially what San Domingo is to-day.

As the realization is becoming more common that the "experiment" which was entered on with so much enthusiasm a generation ago, of arming the Negro with "the weapon" of the ballot, has proved a disastrous failure, it is also gradually being recognized that the kind of education on which so much money, both from public taxation and from private philanthropy, has been lavished, and so much care has been expended, has not only failed to bring about the results which had been expected, but has, so far as the great body of the race

is concerned, been an absolute failure. The Negroes at large and the *doctrinaires* will not accept this, but it is recognized by those who know the Negro best and have sufficient breadth of knowledge to look at things as they are. The sanest and most broad-minded among the Negro leaders of to-day has recognized it, and the foundation of his success is his recognition of it—the recognition of it by him and the recognition of it by the whites of the South, who have, because of it, sustained him by their sympathy and their aid. It is because of this that he has become the best proof of what the Negro race at its best may produce, and is the most unanswerable argument adduced since the war of the value of Negro education.

He believes that the Negroes at large should be taught, first of all, to work; and that they should begin by being made trained laborers and skilled artisans, and that then they will develop themselves. This principle, though sound, is strongly attacked by a considerable element among the more advanced Negroes. And the riot in the Boston church in July last, when the Principal of Tuskegee spoke on the industrial training of the Negro, was precipitated by an educated element who believe in agitation rather than in Principal Washington's pacific and rational methods. The latter asserts that in the main, the education of the Negroes as hitherto conducted, has not been generally a success. Those who espouse the other view assert, on the contrary, that the education has been a success and that the Negro is the equal of the white. And to prove their case they use red pepper and razors.

The limits of this paper do not admit of even the most cursory discussion of the comparative equality of the two races. It may be stated, however, that notwithstanding exceptional instances, the case of the South rests frankly on the present inferiority of the Negro race to the white race. Its superiority is a dogma of the white race wherever it may have established itself, and without doubt it has been one of the sources of its strength.

Much injury has been done the Negro race by the misdirected zeal of those who continually preach about their right to equality with the Whites. In 1865, when the Negro was set free, he held without a

rival the entire field of industrial labor throughout the South. Ninety-five per cent. of all the industrial work of the Southern States was in his hands. And he was fully competent to do it. Every adult was either a skilled laborer or a trained mechanic. It was the fallacious teaching of equality which deluded him into dropping the substance for the shadow. To-day their wisest leader is trying to emulate his great teacher, Armstrong, and lead them back to the field which they so carelessly abandoned. Men who are the equals of others do not go about continually asserting it. They show their equality by the fruits of their intellect and character. Among the whites, the poor class are not always haranguing and adopting resolutions as to their equality with the other classes, any more than are the well-to-do class always insisting upon their equality with the wealthy class. They know that they are equal, if not superior, and do not feel continually called on to assert it offensively. The same may be said about the best educated, best behaved, and most worthy among the Negroes. It is the blatant demagogue and "mouthy" Negro—a term that was well known during the period of slavery—who is mainly heard on this subject. Happily for the Negroes, the major portion of them have retired from the struggle for political power, and except when excited by agitators, live harmoniously enough with the whites; and the industrious element are saving, and building themselves homes.

While, however, the body of the Negro race are going about their business in good-humored content, generally in good fellowship with the people on whose friendship they are most dependent, the so-called "leaders" and their so-called "friends" are spending their time in lurid resolutions, asserting their equality and calling on everybody outside of the South to help them prove it.

The phrase usually employed is that the Negro is "robbed of his vote," this formula being equally applied whether he is restrained from voting by the unlawful act of one or more individuals or by the most solemn act that a people can perform—the provision of a duly ordained constitution.

It may be well, at the outset, to call attention to a fact somewhat generally overlooked: that the right to vote is not an in-

herent right. It is a privilege conferred by positive enactment on those citizens possessed of certain specified qualifications.

Further, the right to determine the qualification for the suffrage—that is, to declare on what condition a citizen shall exercise the suffrage—rests with the several States; the only limitation to this being the restrictions contained in the Constitution of the United States bearing on the subject. Where a State duly enacts a law it stands until changed by law or is declared invalid by the proper court of competent jurisdiction. Its provisions are the law.

It is not necessary to go largely into the history of the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments. They were the offspring of ignorance and passion. They were adopted partly to punish the South, partly to arm the Negroes with a weapon which would enable them to hold their own against the whites, and partly to perpetuate the ascendancy of the radical wing of the Republican Party. Prior to, and even for some time subsequent to the war, the idea of endowing the Negro race with the ballot had not been seriously entertained by any considerable portion of the American people.

Mr. Lincoln again and again, during his debates with Douglas, declared his opposition to the idea. He said in one of his speeches: "I am not nor ever have been in favor of bringing about in any way the social and political equality of the white and black races; I am not nor ever have been in favor of making voters or jurors of Negroes, nor of qualifying them to hold office or intermarry with the white people; and I will say in addition, that there is a physical difference between the white and black races which, I believe, will ever forbid the two races living together on terms of social and political equality."

This he reiterated in a speech delivered at Columbus. The furthest he ever went was when, on March 13, 1864, in his letter to his provisional governor in Louisiana, Governor Hahn, he said, "I barely suggest, for your private consideration, whether some of the colored people may not be let in: as, for instance, the very intelligent and especially those who have fought so gallantly in our ranks."

Of the thirty-four States which formed the Union in January, 1861, thirty excluded Negroes from the franchise by Constitu-

tional provision; while in the four States whose constitutions contained no such provision—New York, Vermont, Massachusetts, and New Hampshire—owing to the small number of Negroes among their population, and the property and educational qualifications, the Negro vote was so small as to be a negligible quantity.*

The opposition to universal Negro suffrage was so great throughout the North during the agitation of the question which was subsequently embodied in the Fifteenth Amendment, that, excluding the enforced acquiescence of the Southern States, it was when submitted to the people defeated in every State except Iowa and Minnesota. (See Notes 1, 2 and 3, following.)

It is probable that, had the South not been so intractable in matters relating to the Negroes, the admission of the Negroes to the suffrage would have been along the line suggested by Mr. Lincoln to Governor Hahn. But at that time it was deemed necessary to quell the South though the heavens fell. Moreover, there was grave danger that the South might again hold the balance of power in the National Assembly. With stern and reckless determination the implacable leaders of the radical wing of the dominant party created what one of them termed a force of "perpetual allies."

Having been drilled by years of slavery to follow the lead of their masters, and being reasonably apt at imitation, these

allies followed slavishly the direction of their new leaders. It was perfectly natural that they should at that time have given themselves unreservedly to the representatives of the agencies which had emancipated them, which stood for them, and which held out to them such glittering rewards as complete equality with, and finally domination over, their former masters. Possibly, it was not unnatural that they should have followed with unexceptional credulity the most unprincipled among those representatives who steadily held out to them greater and greater rewards. However it was, this was the history of the exercise of the suffrage. With the weapon of the ballot, the Negro soon exceeded the expectation of the most sanguine advocate of Negro suffrage. Only the supreme constancy of the Southern whites saved the Southern States.

From this, every question became a race question, until to-day no question can arise which is not regarded by the Negroes from a racial standpoint. It may be asserted that this is quite natural. But the fact that it is so is the best argument for the Southern view.

It is a somewhat curious if not pertinent fact that in the place where Negro suffrage was first established by Act of Congress, the District of Columbia (where it was established by the Act of January 8, 1867), which has always been under the direct

*In 1860 there were, of Negro men of voting age in New Hampshire, 149; in Vermont, 194; in Massachusetts, 2512, and in New York, 12,989. In New York alone, prior to 1863, was a Negro allowed by express provision to vote; but a Negro voter was subject to a property qualification of \$250 not applicable to the white voter.—Thorp's Const. Hist. of the U. S., p. 226-7.

NOTE 1.—See "The Fifteenth Amendment. An Account of its Enactment, p. 5. A. Caperton Braxton." *Everett Waddy Co., Richmond, Va.*

NOTE 2.—The Reconstruction Act forced through Congress in August, 1864, by the radical wing of the Republican Party and vetoed by Mr. Lincoln by a pocket veto, expressly limited the franchise to adult whites. The platform of the Republican Party on which Lincoln was renominated and re-elected in November, 1864, made no reference to Negro suffrage. During this year (1864) the Union people adopted new or amended old constitutions in Arkansas, Connecticut, Kansas, Louisiana, Maryland, Nevada, New York, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, and Virginia, but no mention was made of Negro suffrage except to exclude it. See *Id.*

NOTE 3.—The following is taken from the valuable account of the enactment of "the Fifteenth Amendment," written by Hon. A. Caperton Braxton, of Staunton, Virginia:

"In December, 1865, when the question of the establishment of Negro suffrage in the District of Columbia was submitted to the voters there, the vote stood, in Georgetown, 1 vote for and 812 votes against the measure and in Washington, 35 votes for and 6521 votes against the measure. *Id.*, p. 27.

In September, 1865, the question was submitted to the voters of the Territory of Colorado. The vote stood 476 for and 4102 against it. *Ib.*

In June, 1866, the people of Nebraska adopted a constitution which limited suffrage to whites. In October, 1867, the

proposition for Negro suffrage in Ohio was voted down by over 50,000 majority. In November of that year the people of Kansas and Minnesota "voted it down by large majorities." *Id.*, p. 29.

In November, 1868, the people of Iowa voted to strike out the word "white" from the Constitution. In this State by the census of 1870 there were 289,162 whites and 1542 blacks. The vote, however, on this measure was 22,000 less than that for the Republican ticket. *Id.*, p. 39, citing *Tribune Almanac* for 1869, p. 75.

In November, 1868, the people of Minnesota once more voted on the measure, and this time it was carried through by only about three-fifths of the majority given the Republican ticket. By the census of 1870 there were 114,344 adult white men and 246 adult Negro men. *Id.*, p. 40.

In 1868, in Missouri, the measure was voted down by 18,000 majority. *Ib.*

In Michigan, in 1868, when the Republican Party carried the State by nearly 32,000 majority, the question of Negro suffrage was voted down by nearly 39,000 majority. *Ib.*

In 1869 the people of New York defeated the proposed measure by over 32,000 majority, and the Legislature of that State rescinded a former act of the previous Legislature, which had, by a majority of two, ratified the Fifteenth Amendment. *Id.*, p. 65.

On the 4th of March, 1869, in Indiana, seventeen senators and thirty-six representatives resigned from the Legislature to break a quorum and prevent the ratification of the Amendment. Every one of these, with a single exception, was subsequently re-elected by the people. *Id.*, p. 66-7.

Meantime, under the "Reconstruction Acts," the Amendment was forced on the South. Seven of the Southern States ratified it by the Negro vote, the whites being generally disfranchised, while in three of them—Virginia, Mississippi, and Texas—ratification was assented to as a condition of readmission to the Union. *Ib.*

control of National Government, subsequent conditions became so insupportable that it was deemed necessary to do away with the ballot altogether.

In all the years that have passed the same unhappy condition has continued. The Negroes remained solidly banded against the whites. To meet this condition, one method after another was resorted to. At times, force was openly resorted to to prevent the recurrence of conditions that rendered life unbearable; at times shifts came into vogue that no one pretended to excuse except by the argument of necessity—such, for example, as the system of having separate ballot-boxes for each candidate, with a view to shifting them about; the system of “understanding-clauses” unequally applied; the system of ballot-box stuffing; the system of bribery, whether of leaders or of individuals.

In some places the question was seriously debated whether it was worse to use force or fraud, the necessity for one or the other being simply assumed. In others, some Negroes substantially auctioned off their votes.*

The result of such conditions was the retirement of many of the best men in the South from all part in public affairs, the withdrawal of the South from due participation in all other questions of the national life, the menace of the debauchery of public morals.

In this state of affairs the Southern people resolved to eliminate by law, as far as possible, the ignorant Negro vote. How universal the conviction was of its necessity may be judged from the fact that it has been attempted in nearly every State in the South. How legal it may be is a question for the Supreme Court of the United States. The new movement is being followed by stringent laws striking at all debauchery of the ballot.

It has been proposed to cut down the representation of the Southern States in Congress, and resolutions have been introduced in Congress to carry out this idea. Possibly the movement has not been as serious as it has appeared.

This proposition, which is intended to be partly monitory and partly punitive, is warmly advocated by most if not all of the Negro leaders and their *doctrinaire* friends.

It would undoubtedly be strongly opposed by the majority of the white people of the South, and possibly by some of the more far-sighted friends of the Negro race outside of the South, who, looking a little beyond the immediate disfranchisement of ignorant Negroes, see that the ultimate effect will be to establish a general and impartial electoral system, based on the disfranchisement of ignorance and vice.

Before the proposal is carried into effect, it might be well for its advocates to consider certain facts.

In the first place, it is a grave question whether the section of the Fourteenth Amendment of the Federal Constitution, on which such action must be based, is now valid or whether it was not repealed by the Fifteenth Amendment to the Constitution, which prohibits disfranchisement on account of race, color, etc. The latter view was taken and was ably argued in the recent notable address delivered in Albany in June last, by Charles A. Gardiner, Esq., of New York, before the Forty-first Annual Convocation of the University of the State of New York. He maintains that “a State can discriminate against Negro suffrage only by an organic or statutory law,” and that before Congress can penalize a State such a law must be adopted and it must be a valid law. But (he argues) since the adoption of the Fifteenth Amendment, no law which violated its provision could be valid. It would not merely be voidable, but void *ab initio*. “And a void law is no law.”*

But even assuming that the Congress might have the authority to cut down the representation under the present law, it is a question whether the disfranchising clauses of the New Constitution in the Southern States afford any basis for such an attempt at reduction in their representation.

The qualifications for voting in the various States of the South would not seem to be in any way improper on the face of their constitutions. The impropriety charged against them is based wholly on the fact that they disfranchise more of one class of citizens than of others.

According to the tabulation of the “Qualifications for Voting in each State in the Union,” published in the World Al-

*For such an instance see Dr. H. M. Field's “Sunny Skies and Dark Shadows.”

*1 Cr. 137; 118 U. S. Rep. 142.

manac for 1904, and "communicated to it" and corrected to date "by the Attorneys General of the respective States," all the States except the two Carolinas have the "Australian Ballot Law," or a modification of it in force, and all the States require that the "Voters shall be citizens of the State or of the United States, or an alien who has declared intention to become naturalized"; and all the States except Maine, Massachusetts, Michigan, New Hampshire and Vermont, exclude from the right of suffrage those convicted of felony or infamous crime, unless pardoned.

Besides these, paupers and persons *non compos mentis* are generally excluded. These provisions are general.

Arkansas, however, excludes from the right to the suffrage those who have failed to pay the poll-tax. California excludes every one unable to read the constitution in English and to write his name. Connecticut requires for citizenship that a man shall be a citizen of the United States who can read the English language. Delaware requires the payment of a registration fee of \$1; Georgia requires the payment of all taxes since 1877. Louisiana admits only those able to read and write, or who own \$300 worth of property assessed in their names, or whose father or grandfather was entitled to vote on January 1, 1867. (This last is the celebrated "Squaw Clause.") Massachusetts admits only those who can read and write. Mississippi admits only those who can read or understand the constitution when read to them. Missouri requires voters to have paid their poll-taxes for the current year. Pennsylvania requires a voter, if twenty-two years of age or more, to have paid taxes within two years. South Carolina requires that a voter shall have paid six months prior to the election any poll-taxes then due, and be able to read and write any section of the State Constitution, or to show that he owns and has paid the previous year all taxes on property in the State assessed at \$300 or more.

Tennessee requires that a voter shall have paid his poll-tax for the preceding year. Vermont excludes from the suffrage "those who have not obtained the approbation of the local board of civil authority."

Virginia's qualification for registration is as follows, until 1904: "First, a person who, prior to the adoption of the constitu-

tion, served in time of war in the army or navy of the United States or the Confederate States, or of any State of the United States or of the Confederate States; or, second, a son of any such person; or, third, a person who owns property upon which in the year next preceding that in which he offers to register, State taxes aggregating at least \$1 have been paid; or, fourth, a person able to read any section of this constitution submitted to him by the officers of registration, and to give a reasonable explanation of the same, or if unable to read such section, able to understand and give a reasonable explanation thereof when read to him by the officers." Those registering prior to 1904 form a permanent roll. After 1904 the soldier's-son clause and the understanding clause are done away with, and a poll-tax must be paid.

Thus, it will be seen that Arkansas, Missouri, South Carolina and Tennessee require the prepayment of a poll-tax, while Delaware requires the payment of a registration fee of \$1; that Georgia and Pennsylvania require the prepayment of taxes, while South Carolina, Louisiana, and Virginia require the payment of taxes in the alternative, another alternative being that the voter must, in South Carolina and Louisiana, as in California, be able to read and write, while in Virginia, as in Mississippi, he is required only to be able to read or understand the constitution when read to him, though in Virginia this last requirement was only for two years; and after two years the voter must be able to read and write.

Louisiana excepts those whose father or grandfather was entitled to vote on January 1, 1867, and Virginia excepts until 1904 those who were soldiers or seamen or whose fathers served as soldiers or seamen in time of war.

Vermont, on the other hand, has the singular requirement that the voter must "obtain the approbation of the local board of civil authority"—a requirement which would seem to place the qualification wholly at the mercy of the party in power.

Though the representation in Congress of the Southern States would appear at present to be greater than the recorded vote of those States would entitle them to, the inequality is by no means so real as it appears, and is not greater than that which

exists between some of the Eastern and Western States.*

It has been well shown by the same distinguished member of the New York Bar already quoted, that "the disparity between the Southern States where the ignorant Negro vote has been practically eliminated and the Eastern States, though glaring, is less than that between the Eastern States and some of the Western States. For example, "Rhode Island's vote is 1.59 times as great as Alabama's, but South Dakota's is 3.39 as great as that of Rhode Island. Vermont's is 2.22 times as great as Florida's, but Utah's is 3.01 as great as Vermont's. Maine's is 2.36 as great as Georgia's, but Colorado's is 3.48 times as great as Maine's.†

The figures cited fail to give the strength of the Southern vote. The small vote in the Southern States is due partly to the fact that the ascendancy of one political party is so great that voters do not feel it necessary to attend the polls.

In the next place, though it was frankly admitted that the motive of the disfranchisement clauses was to disfranchise the ignorant colored vote, while the ignorant white vote was admitted for a time, provided the voters or their fathers had been soldiers, this is but a temporary inequality; and that the ignorant colored vote does not come within the grandfather-clause or other saving clauses, is an accident of the time. In a comparatively short time the effect of these saving clauses will have passed away

and the suffrage will be based on a purely educational or property qualification.

It may also be well to consider the effect of such a penalizing measure on the future of the Negro himself. To adopt it would be to violate the one principle on which the permanent advance of the Negro race must be founded. That is, the recognition, even at this late hour, by the Negro that he must stand on his own merits and is to be left to work out politically, as well as economically, his own future. To adopt it would mislead him into thinking he is still the ward of the nation and is to be supported by it, irrespective of his conduct—an idea to which may be traced a considerable portion of all that has retarded the Negro's advance in the past. It will tend to divert once more his aim from the paths of industry to which it is being turned by the wisest of his friends. It will engender a new hostility to him on the part of the stronger race, on whose friendship his future welfare must depend.

Finally, should such a measure be adopted, it may lead the whites of the South to do what they have hitherto steadfastly refused to do—apply the money derived by taxation on the property of each race exclusively to the education of that race. It has been publicly alleged and appears to be generally assumed that the recent election in Mississippi was in a measure reactionary. The ground for this assumption seems to be that the successful candidate for the governorship had declared himself to a certain extent opposed to a continuance of the prevailing system. The writer, while recognizing the disappointing results that have followed the large expenditure for the education of the Negroes, would deplore immeasurably any backward step in the matter of education in the South. Light, however glimmering, is far better than darkness. The present system of education may be a poor one, but it is infinitely better than none. Every consideration of public policy would seem to urge its continuance until a better system can be devised. And one consideration would appear unanswerable. The Negroes will always have their own leaders, and it is better that these leaders should be enlightened rather than ignorant. No more deplorable disaster could befall the South than in this age of advancing enlightenment to have a great pariah class hope-

*For example, in 1880 the vote of

North Carolina	was	81	per cent. of its voting population.
Massachusetts	"	56	" " " "
South Carolina	"	82	" " " "
Rhode Island	"	37	" " " "
Mississippi	"	49	" " " "
Vermont	"	66	" " " "
Alabama	"	58	" " " "
Florida	"	83	" " " "

Maryland's vote for each Congressman at the last Congressional election averaged:

Maryland	44,085
Illinois	45,275
New York	41,826
Pennsylvania	36,662
North Carolina	29,267
Virginia	26,400
Massachusetts	29,628
Rhode Island	28,284
Vermont	28,108
Maine	26,430
South Dakota	96,131
Colorado	92,167
Alabama	17,731
Florida	12,677
Georgia	11,155
Louisiana	9,770
Mississippi	7,388
South Carolina	7,259

†Address of Mr. Charles A. Gardiner, cited ante.

lessly and irrevocably ignorant established within her borders.

In this view he believes the great body of thoughtful Southerners will unite. But no one can foretell what effect on public sentiment a crusade against the South, based on her attitude toward the Negroes, might produce. It might sweep away the last remnant of good feeling that remains, and with it every dollar raised by taxation on the property of the whites to educate the blacks. The South is now spending on the education of the Negro race by voluntary taxation of the property of the white race, over five and one-half millions of dollars annually. It would be a poor bargain to exchange for the figment of a right which ignorance should never have had, the remaining good-will of the whites of the South and the sum they annually expend from their own pockets in trying to uplift the Negro and fit him for the exercise of that right.

It is the conviction of the writer, and he gives it for what it is worth, that the disfranchisement of the main body of the Negro race in the Southern States was a measure of high necessity. He further believes that this disfranchisement is for the permanent welfare of both races. It removes for the time being what is the chief cause of bitterness—a bitterness from which the Negro is a greater sufferer than the white. It will turn the Negro generally from the field where, in his present condition, he has proved a failure, and leave him to develop himself in a field where he may be the equal of any other man.

One of the fundamental errors has been in considering the Negroes as a special class, to be regarded, discussed, legislated for, aided and sustained as such, instead of as plain human beings who, judged according to certain universal standards, belong to various classes in which those standards would place other members of the human family. This was the fundamental error of the *doctrinaire* in the first instance, and, unfortunately, the Negroes themselves have gotten it so firmly fixed in their minds that they have long regarded their race as a special species, to be considered from quite a special standpoint; judged by different standards, and dealt with in a different manner from the rest of the world.

Nothing could be more unwise, because

nothing tends more to mislead the Negro and to keep up the misunderstanding which blocks the way to a proper solution of the question.

If a white man is a brute or a blackguard, all whites do not feel it necessary to defend him. If a white man commits a crime, all whites do not conspire to shield him and aid him in escaping the law. If a white man is arrested, even illegally, all whites do not assail the arresting officers; he is left to his remedy at law. If a white man has committed rape and murder and a mob catches and lynches him, all white men, however they deplore and denounce lawlessness, do not feel it necessary to declare the miscreant innocent and a martyr.

A great step will be taken toward the correct solution of the problem when the Negroes shall be considered not "in the lump," but as individuals, just as any other members of the community are considered; not as a separate class, but as part of various classes to which their standing morally, mentally, and personally would assign them—when they shall be judged by the same standards and governed by the same rules; when the malefactor shall be dealt with as a malefactor; the reputable man shall be esteemed for his good character: in other words, when every man shall be judged on his own merits and shall stand or fall on his own showing. This must be the work of both races. It is what the more enlightened Negroes say they desire; but unfortunately, not a great many of them act upon this. Their acts, their addresses delivered at Afro-American meetings, their writings all tend to show that those who claim and would appear to be the leaders among them regard all matters wholly from a racial standpoint. They clamor for recognition and for assistance as Negroes; make inflammatory speeches; call on Congress to intervene, and at times even suggest, in case Congress does not interpose, that an appeal be made to foreign nations.

It is worth while to note that most of the appeals, addresses, resolutions and other things that tend to stir up the Negroes in the South come from those who are outside of her borders, and consequently are beyond any direct suffering from the oppression and other outrages against which they protest. In the main, the Negroes in the South appear to get on fairly well with their

other fellow-citizens; and the resolutions and addresses that emanate from these are much more temperate and reasonable than those which come from the outside. Compare, for example, the addresses and resolutions of the Negro Convention held last year at Louisville, with those in some of the Northern cities.

A sentiment has developed in parts of the South since the recent agitation to repeal the Fifteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States, but this has not been strong enough to lead to any concerted attempt to promote the movement. On the contrary, the leaders among the Southern people have hitherto firmly opposed the suggestion of such a measure. One reason undoubtedly has been the practical difficulties in the way of carrying it through; but another has been that they have generally not wished to exclude from the suffrage the best element among the Negroes.

Personally the writer does not, under existing conditions, believe in repealing the Amendment. He would, indeed, rather have it repealed than have a perpetual continuance of the evils that have resulted from unrestricted suffrage. But he believes that these evils will to a large extent be done away with by the new constitutions, and he believes that proper restrictions being provided, the rule should be applied impartially to all; and those individuals, whether white or black, should be admitted to the rights of citizenship who measure up to the full standard of citizenship.

A certain element among the Negroes are good citizens, and are becoming better citizens all the time. When this element shall have broken away from the false teaching which has been their bane, they will have no need to ask for outside aid. The South will recognize their value, and their reward will be the clear distinction between them and the ignorant element which now weighs them down.

It has long appeared to the writer that the prime necessity of the Negroes is to learn to distinguish between Negroes and Negroes; between the law-abiding and self-respecting Negro and the law-breaker and blackguard; between the honest man and the thief; the decent man and the dive-frequenter; the good citizen and the tough. In other words, to create for themselves

some standard of virtue and right living for both men and women. Not the least evil of the solidifying of the Negro race during the period of reconstruction was the destruction of all distinctions between virtue and vice, as a qualification for civic promotion. After thirty years the upright, law-abiding, conservative Negro is bound by that manacle to the thief and the evil-liver, and strangely enough he mainly appears unwilling to help break the shackles which hold him down.

These laws give him a chance to break away from his burden, if he but has the sense to see it. It will tend to break up the dense solidarity of the Negroes, and will give the best among them—that is, the conservative, the industrious, the thrifty and the enlightened—an opportunity to rise and range themselves in a class where they will be freed from the burden of the ignorant mass which weighs them down, and may form a better class to which the others may aspire. And this the writer esteems a supreme necessity. It leaves open the avenue by which all who are capable may re-enter the former field, not as Negroes who are admitted simply as such, however feeble and dull they may be, but as men who are admitted because they are strong and intelligent.

The Negro as a race, considered and acting solidly, may be a burden and a menace; but many Negroes are good men and good citizens. They contribute their part to the public wealth and are on every ground of justice and sound policy entitled to consideration.

This upper fraction of the race, relieved from the incubus of the great body which they have been forced to carry, would inevitably secure political representation in the South precisely as they have secured it in the North. They would before long probably have the intelligence to divide upon all economic questions just as any other race divides, and the whites, released from the necessity of maintaining a solidarity, would likewise be free to divide, in which case there would always be an inducement to secure rather than to repress the Negro vote.

A possible step in reaching the solution of the question might be for a reasonably limited number of representative Southern men to meet in conference a reasonable

number of those colored men of the South who are more familiar with actual conditions there, and thus are representative of the most enlightened and experienced portion of that race. These, in a spirit of kindness and of justice, might confer together and try to find some common ground on which both shall stand, and formulate some common measures as to which both sides shall agree and which both shall advocate.

One principle should be, that having established a law to eliminate forthwith the ignorant Negro and henceforth all ignorance, this law should be administered honestly, bravely, and impartially.

It is not imagined that such a conference could settle the question, but at least it would throw some light on it, and it would serve two good purposes. It would be a starting point for securing information which would command respect, and it

would show what the most conservative and broad-minded element at the South, both of the whites and of the blacks, who know the subject thoroughly and have no personal interest to subserve except the just and reasonable settlement of this vital problem, think of it, after they have had the fullest means of information.

Meantime, let the politician and the *doctrinaire*, if they are truly the Negro's friends, hold hands off. The direst injury the Negro's worst enemy can do him is to perpetuate hostility between him and the Southern white. Left to themselves they would settle the question along economic lines, and this it must come to at last.

However one side or the other may dogmatize, it is safe to assume that any final settlement of the problem must be one that will commend itself to the body of the intelligent whites at the South. No other settlement will ever be final.

AN ILL WIND

By Carter Goodloe

ILLUSTRATIONS BY GEORGE WRIGHT



WAS with Osborne when he got the telegrams. We were standing near the little station at Santa Lucrecia, watching the broken-winded engine of the Tehuantepec railroad puff asthmatically up to the platform, when the station agent came out of the telegraph office and handed them to him. Of course he opened the wrong one first, and had to resort to the second for a key to the puzzle. As he stood there reading and re-reading them in the blistering sun—it was January and the tropical heat was fierce—the perspiration trickled off his frowning brow and a vexed despair was apparent in all his features.

"By George! what an ill wind," he groaned. "Read these," he went on disgustedly, handing me the two pieces of paper. One was dated Mexico City and had been sent to Osborne by Richard Coleman, the owner of the big coffee plantation

which Osborne was managing. The native operator had made a wonderful mess of the English of both, but I managed to make out their meaning.

Just learned my youngest brother Arthur has eloped. Both on way to hacienda. Entertain them well as possible. Can't get down for a month.

RICHARD COLEMAN.

It had been delayed two weeks in transmission, after the fashion of tropical telegrams.

The other, from Coatzacoalcos, was addressed to Richard Coleman and signed Arthur Coleman:

My wife and I are here. Want to go to hacienda for honeymoon. Can you meet us, old man?

As I read this ebullition of irrepressible high spirits and young love I could not refrain from a short laugh. Osborne turned on me savagely.

"Well," he said, "what do you make of it, Randolph?"

"Why, it's very simple," I replied sooth-

ingly. "Mr. Coleman's kid brother has evidently run off with some nice little girl, and in their desire to escape from New York and irate parents, they naturally thought of taking refuge with their—let us hope—sympathetic brother in his hacienda in the wilds of the Isthmus of Tehuantepec. Of course, it never occurred to them that the said brother could be inconsiderate enough to be in Mexico City indefinitely at such a crisis in the affairs of their cosmos, and so they have come serenely on their way, never doubting that they would be met and taken care of."

Osborne wiped the perspiration from his streaming brow.

"Such confounded ill luck, Randolph! Here I've only had a week of your visit, and what pleasure we might have had together in the remaining two weeks is to be spoiled by the arrival of these two young idiots!"

An attack of tired nerves on the completion of a particularly difficult piece of engineering in Montana had sent me off on a six weeks' vacation to Mexico, where Osborne, my old chum at Sheffield, was living. We had always been the best of friends, and my hurried telegram to him had been answered by the most cordial invitation to come down to the big coffee hacienda which he was managing on the Isthmus of Tehuantepec. I secured passage on the *Vigilancia* immediately, and ten days later, after a delightful, restful trip, I had been met in Coatzacoalcos by Osborne and taken to the Coleman hacienda. We had had only a week of riding about in the fragrant coffee *fincas*, shooting alligators and otherwise enjoying ourselves after a semi-tropical fashion, when business had called Osborne to Santa Lucrecia. I had gone with him so as not to lose any of his companionship and to enjoy the doubtful delights of a two days' trip in a dug-out canoe, the naphtha launch being temporarily disabled. To be met with these telegrams announcing the arrival of the young runaways and foreshadowing the finish to our much-talked-of plans for a hunting trip was distinctly aggravating.

Suddenly I gave a low whistle. An idea had just struck me.

"Don't faint, Osborne," I said softly. "I have just thought—I am almost sure I came down on the same steamer with them!

There was a young bride and groom aboard named Coleman who had the whole ship interested in them and—let me see the telegram—yes, it would have been just about that time. I suppose they have been fooling around Orizaba and other romantic spots since landing. Oh, my boy, we are in for it! They are just about the spooneiest couple you ever set eyes upon! They had some sort of a tiff one day, and the whole outfit, from the Captain to the cook's scullion, was unhappy until they made up. I kept out of their way religiously, I can tell you!"

As I finished speaking another idea suddenly flashed through my brain, and I turned in distressed amazement at my own stupidity to look at Osborne. He was leaning against the door of the little telegraph office, gazing out across the yellow road blistering in the fierce heat, with the most bitter expression on his face that I have ever seen.

"So they are a pair of love-sick young fools, are they?" he said contemptuously, feeling my eyes upon him. "I wish to God they had not chosen to come to the Providencia hacienda for their honeymoon!"

I laid a detaining hand on his shoulder as he half turned away.

"Forgive me, Osborne! I had forgotten. It is hard on you, old chap. But they don't know, probably; and after all, he seemed to be a nice, manly sort of fellow, and she——"

"Oh, don't bother. I dare say I shall survive it all right. We will have to take the two o'clock train for Coatzacoalcos. I'll send back a couple of *mozos* in a canoe with instructions to Enrique to have the place in readiness for them."

He turned away definitely and walked down the road toward the river bank where the long dug-out canoes lay moored, and the Indian boatman lolled about in the shade of the mango trees. As he swung along, his hands in the pockets of his khaki riding trousers, his whole miserable story came back to me, and there were few choice epithets I did not apply to myself when I recalled what I had said.

Two years previous Osborne had married a very beautiful, spoilt young girl without the consent of her family, and a year later they had quarrelled and parted, and he, seemingly anxious to sever every

connection with his past life, had disappeared into Mexico, that kind land where so many ruined lives are quietly obliterated. I think I was one of the few of his old friends with whom he kept up any communication; but he was an unapproachable man when he wished to be, and we had not spoken of his affairs in the week we had been together. I loved him, though, and I was desperately sorry that our holiday was to be spoiled and our good-nature sorely tried, in all probability, by the presence of the runaway couple. As for Osborne, when he came back from the river he said never a word, but went grimly about getting the tickets to Coatzacoalcos and ordering our things put up by the Indian servant we were to take with us. Nor did we say much to each other all the long, hot afternoon, while the hard-worked little engine rocked forward in fantastic curves and hair-raising leaps and bounds over the palpitating rails of the *Ferro-Carril de Tehuantepec*. There was no getting away from the meeting before us; Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Coleman were to be the guests of the Providencia hacienda, and as they were unequal to getting there alone in a country whose language and customs were strange to them, they had to be met and taken care of. Osborne squared his shoulders to the task, mentally and physically. He sat bolt upright most of the afternoon, and there was a grim, half satiric look on his face which, remembering the actions of the young couple aboard ship, caused me to internally feel much pity for them.

Night had fallen with tropical swiftness when we reached Coatzacoalcos, and it was by the light of a big, low-hanging moon that we made our way along the street which followed the river bank out to the booming bar. As we walked along in silence I laid cheerful wagers with myself that the two we were going to find were the two who had come down on the *Vigilancia* with me. My first glance at them as they sat on the *corridor* of the little hotel won me all my bets.

They were the only Americans in the place, apparently, and they looked distinctly *désorientés* as they sat there in the brilliant moonlight, though not exactly forlorn, for he had his arm thrown around her, and her head lay on his broad shoulder while her eyes wandered out to the white

breakers in the Gulf. I thought to myself that they probably allowed themselves the luxury of this attitude, as they would escape all criticism by simply not understanding it. Later I realized that they would have allowed themselves that luxury in any case.

Osborne gave a low exclamation of disgust as he caught sight of them, and then clearing his throat, a warning which they ignored, he approached and made himself and his errand known.

At the mention of his name they both jumped up and showed themselves unaffectedly glad to see him and relieved that they were to be taken in hand. They were both tall, good-looking, and young, and as they stood there, illuminated by the clear moonlight, they gave one the impression of two extremely well-developed children who had just been rescued after having lost their way.

The boy grasped Osborne by the hand effusively.

"It's awfully good of you to come for us," he said. "We were beginning to feel pretty lonely"—he corrected himself—"that is, Madge here was feeling *triste* (I've learned that much Mexican!) and I confess we felt up a tree when we got this wire from my brother saying he could not get down for a month. But it's all right now you have come. My brother telegraphed you would meet us. I have heard a lot about you," he ended happily, handing the dispatch to Osborne.

Osborne glanced at it. "Yes," he said stiffly, "I received one from Mr. Coleman myself telling me of your arrival. My friend Mr. Murray Randolph"—I bowed—"is staying with me for the next two weeks, so we will all go back together to-morrow morning if that is perfectly convenient to Mrs. Coleman." He did not even look at the girl, who spoke up hastily:

"Oh, perfectly convenient—anything that suits Arthur," she said, smiling faintly and laying her hand on his arm. The boy put his other hand over hers, and they stood there for a second smiling at each other for pure pleasure. I saw Osborne wince as if someone had struck him.

"The train leaves at six in the morning, I regret to say. I will be up here for you in time to get your things to the station. Is there anything I can do for you now?"

Osborne's chill voice struck on the hot

night air like the clink of ice in a glass of wine.

"Why, yes," began the boy hesitatingly. "There are a few dozen things I would like to have attended to. I have been unable to express myself on the subject. I would like about five times as much water for bathing in our rooms, and at least six fresh towels, and we'd like some chops for breakfast and some coffee that isn't burnt to a cinder, and—but that will do for the moment. If you would kindly speak to the proprietor I'd be awfully obliged——"

Osborne cut short his thanks. "I will see that Don Gregorio makes you more comfortable, and—good-night! I will be here at half after five in the morning."

We made our way over the sandy, rocky street to the English club where we were to put up for the night, with never a word to each other. Once I heard Osborne mutter to himself, as we stumbled over a particularly disagreeable bit of road, "Oh, the young fools!" But I did not pay much attention to him. I also was thinking of the two we had left at the hotel, but not as "young fools." I had never been married myself, and they suddenly seemed to make the married state rather attractive. For the first time my engineering camp in Montana struck me as being decidedly lonely.

But on Osborne I could see they had no such softening influence. He was uncompromisingly stiff with them, and, when I met them at the station the next morning, in the chill grayness of the dawn, he wore a long-suffering, disgusted expression which finished by rather getting on my nerves.

We settled ourselves as comfortably as possible in the car, and for an hour we were all too sleepy to make any conversation. The girl, indeed, with a half smile and a word of apology, laid her head on her husband's shoulder and frankly went to sleep again. She looked very pretty and helpless so, and he manly and protecting. I liked to watch the picture the two made in the uncertain, shifting light of the morning, and I took many surreptitious glances at them. I couldn't help casting an eye now and then on Osborne too, who sat there staring ahead of him with the curiously hard, antagonistic expression on his face which I had noticed ever since he had first received the telegrams. I thought he was trying not to notice them in any way, and I

was much surprised when the boy began fumbling softly in his pocket for a cigarette, to hear him say shortly, "Better not smoke—you'll wake her up."

At some unpronounceable little station we all woke up and got out of the train for a cup of chocolate and some of the sweet bread that is to be found everywhere in Mexico. The two Colemans wandered off together after the casual fashion of newly married people, and when they got back into the train they seated themselves some little way from Osborne and myself, but directly in our line of vision, so that I was an interested, Osborne a pained, observer of the low but animated conversation and happy laughter they indulged in. With the exception of ourselves there were only *mozos* and low-caste Mexicans in the car, so that I noticed without much astonishment or dismay that his arm had resumed its apparently normal position around her waist. Osborne, as usual, though, looked thoroughly disgusted at the exhibition, as I knew he was mentally styling it, and for the most part gazed steadily out of the window.

His unsympathetic attitude of mind gradually made itself felt by the two young people and they withdrew as much as possible to themselves when we had left Santa Lucrecia and started on our journey down the river. A dug-out canoe does not permit of much exclusiveness, however, and although we left them the middle of the boat—Osborne sitting in moody silence in the bow and I contentedly in the stern—we could hear and see all that passed between them. He had made her as comfortable as possible, bracing himself against dress-suit cases and gun bags, so that she might lie out at full length under the *toldo* and lean against him, and in spite of the heat and cramped position they seemed absurdly happy.

It was all probably very silly and sentimental—I made mental allowances for Osborne's expression—but I rather enjoyed catching the low whispers and the whiffs of gay laughter from under the *toldo*. Once when the girl's soft, inconsequential laugh rang out unusually clearly, Osborne looked back quickly, and then as quickly looked away, as though angry at having shown any interest in his two guests.

The girl seemed troubled by his hostile

mood, and two or three times as we slipped down stream in the tropic afternoon she made timid advances to him. She was so young and pretty, so evidently bewildered by her strange surroundings and the rush of momentous events which had recently crowded into her life, that in spite of my sympathy with him, I could have shaken Osborne for the cool aloofness with which he treated her. Her naïve excitement over the alligators which slid off low, overhanging boughs and splashed into the water at our approach, did not arouse him to even a *cicerone's* interest.

Several times we ran the canoes up to the bank and got out to walk about and stretch our cramped limbs, but the last four hours of our trip we made without a halt, running rapidly down the swift current by the light of the big, tropic moon. Florentino, the Indian boatman, had taken off the *toldo* so that we might catch what cool air was blowing, and we lay in the boat gazing up at the strange, southern stars and listening to the soft lap of the luggage-canoes in our wake. That is, Osborne and the boy did, but I think the girl's eyes hardly ever left the face of her husband. He was evidently her god, her hero, and so absorbed was I in the two that I think it was almost as great a shock to me as to her when he got restless and impatient and swore softly in a most unheroic manner at his cramped legs. I saw Osborne give him a quick, displeased look, and then he himself, to my astonishment, arranged another resting place for the girl, who had moved from her husband's side, as though afraid of having added to his discomfort.

We all fell a little silent after that, Osborne's interest not carrying him to talking lengths—and suddenly as we turned a sharp *vuelta* in the river the lights of the Providencia hacienda shone upon us. Florentino blew his horn, and in a few seconds the *mozos* could be seen hurrying down to the landing with lanterns. A few minutes more and the two canoes were tied up at the bank and we were scrambling out of them as fast as our cramped and tired limbs would permit.

At sight of the steps which led up the steep bank the young girl gave a little gasp of dismay. The next instant I heard a little exclamation, half of laughter, half of fear, and turning around I saw young Cole-

man pick her up in his strong arms and run lightly up the steps with her. They made a pretty picture, I thought—the big, athletic fellow carrying the girl so easily in his arms up the steps, faintly discernible in the yellow glow of the swaying lanterns held aloft by the brown-skinned Mexicans.

I was so interested in the scene that I had quite forgotten Osborne, when suddenly I felt a hand on my arm and, looking around, I saw him beside me, his face white as death, and his eyes fastened on the boy with his burden.

"Great heavens, Osborne, what is the matter?" I asked anxiously.

"It's nothing," he said hurriedly, his eyes still on the boy. He dropped my arm and turned away. "I—I carried Alice that way once. She makes me think of Alice," he said in a low voice.

I was silent with surprise and pity. If that were so, poor Osborne had a trial before him which would indeed be hard to bear.

That it was hard for him was abundantly evident in the days that followed. They were like two frank, happy children in the display of their affection for each other, and what would have been amusing or, at worst, embarrassing to most people became positively painful to Osborne. A hundred times I saw the bitter, hopeless look creep into his eyes as he watched the two walking up and down the *corridor*, his arm thrown around her neck, or saw him stoop to kiss her and fasten a gardenia in her heavy brown hair. But though it was fraught with a bitter regretfulness to Osborne, yet it seemed to fascinate him, too, and I thought he soon came to love to see them together, and to watch for all their foolish, exquisite bits of sentimentality.

The young girl seemed determined to gain Osborne's friendship. I would willingly have given her mine, for she attracted me strongly, but she seemed to prefer Osborne. Perhaps it was his evident wish to avoid her that piqued her, or perhaps it was his quiet manner and the sadness indelibly written on his face that made him sympathetic to her. At any rate, after the first few days of constraint, I saw that Osborne was gradually falling in with her mood, and it no longer surprised me to see them walking together in the brief coolness of the twilight along the river bank or riding out into the coffee *fincas*



"Well," he said, "what do you make of it, Randolph?"—Page 24.

early in the morning. I think she told him her little troubles and anxieties from the first, blindly confident that he could advise her, although she knew him so slightly. It must have been simply a feminine intuition, for she had heard nothing of his history.

Perhaps it was the intolerable heat, or perhaps it was a realizing sense of the responsibility he had so recklessly assumed,

or perhaps the continued absence of his brother, whom he was anxious to see for business reasons, or possibly all three, and other things which we knew nothing of, that soon rendered young Coleman moody and irritable. Whatever the cause, the gayety and good-nature, which had seemed so natural to him during the first days of his stay at the hacienda, began to fail him.

After each little irascible outburst, he would try to resume his usual boyishly agreeable manner and to be more affectionate, if possible, to his young wife; but it was plain to be seen that she was surprised and deeply hurt, and being as high tempered as himself, the friction between them was often intense enough. Fortunately for Osborne's and my own peace of mind they seldom differed in our presence—we could only guess at any disagreement by the girl's flushed cheek or the boy's sulky manner. It all wore terribly on Osborne, in those two weeks, but I could hardly decide which seemed hardest for him to bear, their frank, open fashion of love-making when they were friends—I saw him many times watch them with eyes bright with pain and a queer, wistful look on his face—or their numberless, nerve-racking little tiffs. It was plain that neither knew the other thoroughly and neither had the patience or tact to avoid the dangerous, unsounded places.

The climax came on the last evening of my stay, as Osborne and I lay in our hammocks on the wire-screened *corridor*, smoking, after they had left us for the night. We heard them in their room, and suddenly came the sharp question and the quick, angry reply. A little later in the stillness I heard her crying softly. Osborne must have heard her, too, for he sprang up, his face pale and his eyes flashing.

"What a brute that boy is! Great Lord! what brutes all men are! He is a young tyrant already, and that poor girl——!" He broke off and began to pace the *corridor*.

I could only wonder what bitter thoughts of his own mingled with his pity for the girl beneath his roof and his anger against the boy who had taken her so far from home. While I was still gazing after him, trying to read his thoughts, she came out into the *corridor* and threw herself into a hammock at the farther end. She was crying bitterly, and Osborne and I drew back into the shadow, shocked and silenced. Before we could decide what to do, Coleman came to the door of the *corridor*, looking uncertainly into the semi-darkness. When he made out the bowed figure in the hammock he went slowly over to it and stood looking down.

"I wish you would listen to me for a moment," he said at length tentatively; and then as the girl did not lift her head he went

on in a hard tone: "I confess I've had about enough of this. We've only been married six weeks, but we've found out each other's faults pretty thoroughly, I think—at least you have found out mine and informed me of them on every possible occasion." He gave a bitter little laugh. "You don't or you won't understand me and you make me miserable, and apparently I make you miserable. One day you act as if you still loved me and the next, if I cross you in the slightest, you fly into a rage with me."

"And you never lose your temper! I have given up everything for you—home and family and *everything*—to come down here, and now I know you never really loved me. You understand me less and less, I think; and don't even care."

"I understand you well enough," said the boy coldly. He turned away and leaned against the folded shutter of the window. Suddenly he burst out passionately, "My God! to think of your talking to me like that when you promised!— But never mind—if you value your home and family so much more than me you can go back to them! It's time there should be an end of this. I'll chuck seeing Dick and take you back to New York. Then I'll come back here and try to forget you and everything."

The girl sat up stiffly in the hammock. "I'll be ready in the morning," she said in a dry, weary tone. "As you say, the sooner this ends the better. We are hopelessly incompatible. I wonder why we ever fell in love with each other!" She laughed a little. "You seem quite like a different person to me now—I shall be glad to be back home, but you need not go with me; I would far rather go alone——" She was half talking to herself.

"I shall take you back—how would I know what you would tell them——" The girl gave a little cry. He stopped half ashamed, even in his anger and wounded pride, at his own insinuations.

Suddenly I felt Osborne stir at my side. We had sat there hardly breathing, during the short, sharp talk between the two, but now he got up and strode out into the moonlight that lay in great silver patins upon the floor of the *corridor*. Even in the uncertain light I could see how pale he was.

"Have you two children any more hard things to say to each other? Can you hurt



"It's awfully good of you to come for us," he said.—Page 26.

each other more cruelly than you have already done?" he asked in a tone that vibrated with sorrow. At his words and unexpected appearance the boy flung himself around and the girl sprang to her feet in consternation.

"I did not know that you were listening," said Coleman, looking at Osborne defiantly.

"We did not mean to—but that is beside

the point. What I want to know is, what has happened to you two? What are you talking of, planning here so recklessly? The destruction of all your happiness, the breaking of every promise—all the spoken, all the unspoken ones? Are you mad to talk so lightly of these things?"

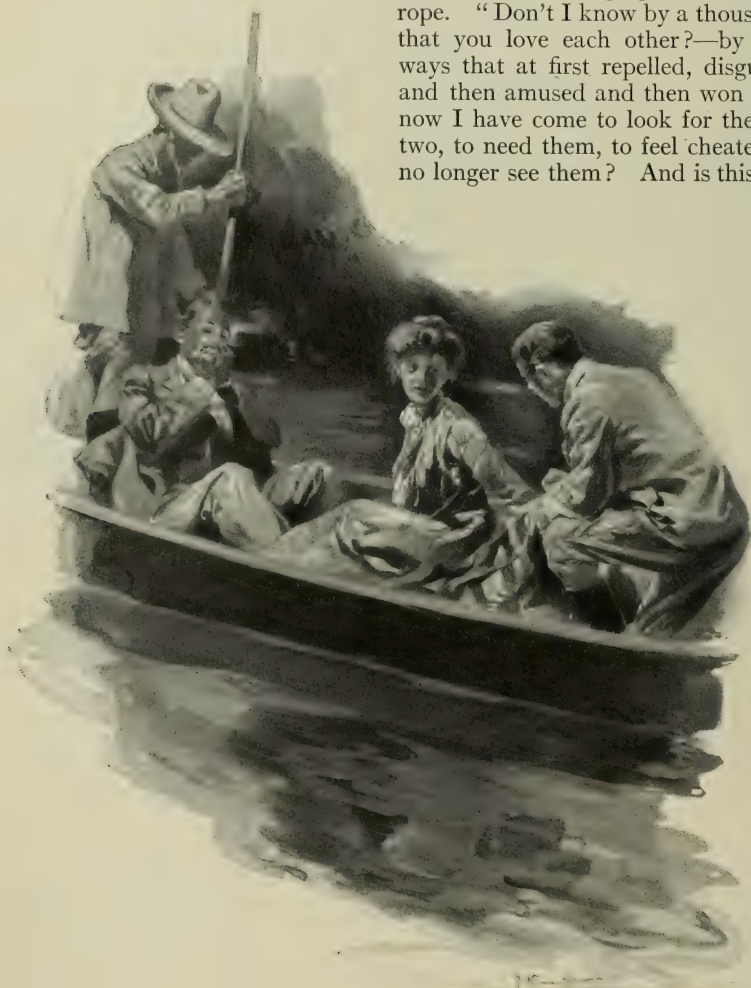
He stopped and looked at the boy and girl before him. Both stirred uneasily.

"Since you have thrust yourself into our most private affairs, Mr. Osborne," said young Coleman stiffly, "you must know that we are not speaking lightly; we are both agreed that it is best—that we——" He broke down a little and looked at the girl, who nodded defiantly but could not trust her voice to speak.

Osborne stood staring at them, clasping and unclasping his hands. Finally he spoke again.

"It is quite incredible—there must be some mistake," he said in a low voice. "You surely cannot mean to wreck your

happiness this early! Why, only last week you were the best of friends. It was only three days ago"—he turned eagerly to the boy, who was sulkily opening and closing the blind of the shutter behind him—"I saw you kiss her as we rode along in the banana grove and you thought Randolph and I were not looking. Haven't you told me," he looked at the girl, "over and over as we walked up and down in the garden here in the moonlight and along the river, how you adored him, and that you would do a hundred times as much for him as you had already done?" She gave a little sob and hid her face, leaning against the hammock rope. "Don't I know by a thousand signs that you love each other?—by all those ways that at first repelled, disgusted me, and then amused and then won me, until now I have come to look for them in you two, to need them, to feel cheated when I no longer see them? And is this to be the



He arranged another resting place for the girl, who had moved from her husband's side.



The big, athletic fellow carrying the girl so easily in his arms up the steps.—Page 28.

end? Don't let it—don't let it!" His voice and gesture pleaded powerfully.

The boy flung up his head in irritated defiance.

"It is the end," he said coldly. "She—she hates me—we can't get on together decently; why, only to-night——"

Osborne stopped him imperiously. "I don't want to hear what happened to-night. I have no right to know—I am pleading with you for your whole lives. To-night will pass and be forgotten; but what you are planning to do will live with you as long as you live. *You*—do you realize in the least what you are doing? You have won this girl's love and she has left everything to go with you, and now you propose calmly to break her heart and take her back to her

people! You propose to rid yourself of her and to come back here and forget her! And you call yourself a man!"

Suddenly the boy straightened up and looked at Osborne. He advanced a step in the moonlight and held up a menacing finger.

"And *you*—what have *you* done? Do you think I don't know *your* story? I have heard it from half a dozen people. You are a great one to be *my* censor! How dare you take me to task when you know what *you* have done? But Madge doesn't know—listen," he ran on excitedly, turning to the girl, his boyish voice breaking as he spoke—"this man, who is so shocked at us, married a girl like yourself, and he quarrelled with her and left her and came

down here to forget her! Isn't there something in the Bible about casting out the beam in your own eye before you attend to anybody else's?"

Osborne took a step backward and leaned shaking against the *corridor* railing. I sprang to his side, and I think he would have fallen if I had not steadied him. He looked at me quietly.

"It is quite true, Randolph. He is right. I have no business to condemn him when——" His voice stopped. He shook himself slightly and turned toward the girl, but he did not look at her. "It is quite true," he repeated. "I was as irritable and capricious and hard to manage as Coleman yonder, and I loved her as he does you, and I broke her heart as he is breaking yours. In a fit of anger I left her as he proposes leaving you, and I came down here to forget her; but in this place one does not forget—one does nothing but remember with bitterness. The remembrance and the bitterness eat into your very soul in this solitude. I have cursed myself a thousand times for having left her."

At her husband's words the young girl had sprung up, and now as Osborne spoke she came slowly forward until she stood before him. The tears were running down her cheeks and she put out her hand timidly and touched his arm.

"Oh!" she said—she could find no words.

Osborne looked at her. "You make me think of her a hundred times a day—of all I had and all I have lost! I have lived it all over—all the delight and all the pain!"

The girl sank down in the hammock and buried her face in her hands.

"You are good to cry for me when you are in trouble yourself," he said simply.

"I am so sorry for you!"

Coleman looked up. "She has sympathy for everyone but me." There was a sharp note of anguish in the boyish voice.

Osborne went over to the girl. "You heard?" he said; but she would not raise her head or answer. He looked at the boy,

but he had flung himself back against the railing and stood staring out into the night with miserable, burning eyes.

I saw a sudden passionate purpose leap into Osborne's pale face. With a palpable effort he squared himself around and laid a hand on Coleman's broad shoulder.

"You are right, my boy. How should I dare condemn you when I think what I have done? But if I prove to you that I am sincere when I tell you that I know that reconciliation and forgiveness and love are the only things in the world for you two—if I prove it—will you follow me?"

The boy turned his miserable eyes—and I saw there were tears in them—from the outer darkness and looked at Osborne.

"I don't understand," he said in weary perplexity.

I saw the look of painful effort redouble in Osborne's face.

"There is only one way," he said slowly. He turned from the boy to the girl and back again, as if half hoping they would help him. "If I go to my wife and on my knees beg her for her forgiveness and her love, will you believe me, and will you do likewise?"

For an instant I think none of us even breathed; and then I heard a short, deep sob as Coleman freed himself from Osborne's friendly hand and stumbled forward to where the girl sat in the hammock. With a gesture of infinite tenderness we saw her put her face close down to the bowed head in her lap, and then we slipped away into the darkness.

Until far into the warm, fragrant night I heard Osborne pacing up and down, and I knew that night, with its sudden, great decision, its thrilling renewal of hope and love, was like no other night in all his life.

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A month later in my lonely camp in Montana I received the telegram from Osborne which I had awaited with such confidence, saying all was well with him at last.



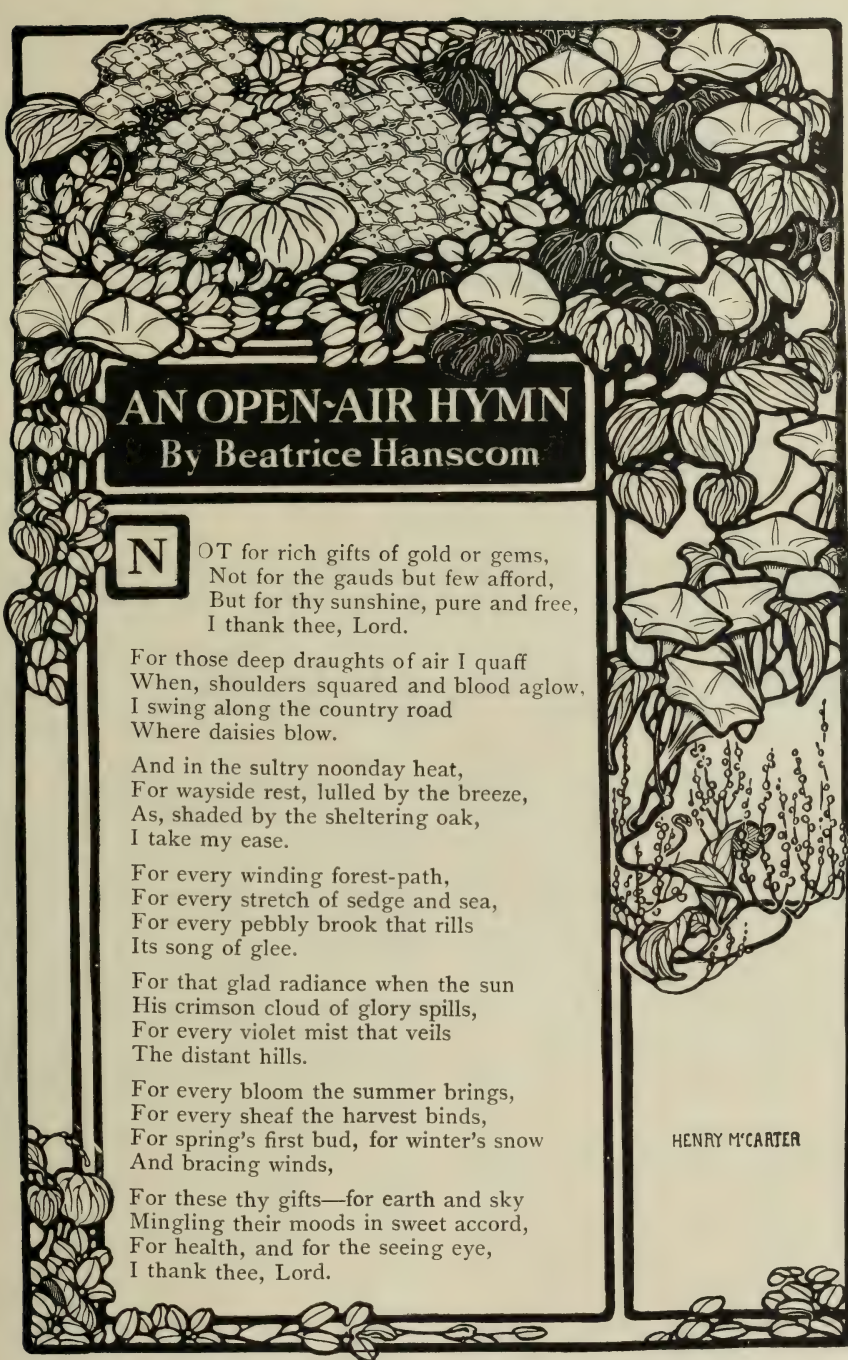
Drawn by George Wright.

"I confess I've had about enough of this."—Page 30.



Drawn by Henry McCarter.

"But for thy sunshine, pure and free,
I thank thee, Lord"



AN OPEN-AIR HYMN

By Beatrice Hanscom

NOT for rich gifts of gold or gems,
Not for the gauds but few afford,
But for thy sunshine, pure and free,
I thank thee, Lord.

For those deep draughts of air I quaff
When, shoulders squared and blood aglow,
I swing along the country road
Where daisies blow.

And in the sultry noonday heat,
For wayside rest, lulled by the breeze,
As, shaded by the sheltering oak,
I take my ease.

For every winding forest-path,
For every stretch of sedge and sea,
For every pebbly brook that rills
Its song of glee.

For that glad radiance when the sun
His crimson cloud of glory spills,
For every violet mist that veils
The distant hills.

For every bloom the summer brings,
For every sheaf the harvest binds,
For spring's first bud, for winter's snow
And bracing winds,

For these thy gifts—for earth and sky
Mingling their moods in sweet accord,
For health, and for the seeing eye,
I thank thee, Lord.

HENRY McCARTER



HARDSHIPS OF THE CAMPAIGN

By John Fox, Jr.



HAVE taken to the big hills in some despair and to rest from the hardships of this campaign. Truly the life of the war correspondent is hard in Japan.

The Happy Exile left America three years ago with a Puck-purpose of girdling the world. He got no further than Japan, and here most likely he will rest. He is a big man and a gentle one, and I have seen his six-feet-two frame quiver with joy like jelly as we rickshawed through the streets, he pointing out to me meanwhile little bits of color and life on either side. I have heard him when the dusk rushes seaward muttering half-unconsciously to himself:

"I'm so glad I am here. I'm so glad I am here."

It is the "lust of the eye" he says, and the lust is as fierce now as on the day he landed—which is rare; for the man who has been here before has genuine envy of the eye that sees Japan for the first time. I have watched the man who has seen, showing around the man who has not, with a look of benevolent sympathy and reflected joy such as one may catch on the face of a middle-aged gentleman in the theatre who is watching the keen delight of some youth to whom he is showing the sights of a great city. The Happy Exile was a painter once, but he came, saw Japanese art, and was conquered.

"I have never touched brush to canvas again. What's the use? Why, I can't even draw their characters. Other nations draw this way;" he worked his hand and fingers from the wrist and elbow. "The Japanese learn, drawing their characters in childhood, to use the whole arm. Imagine the breadth and sweep of movement!" The Happy Exile threw up both hands. "It's of no use, at least not for me. I have given it up." So he studies life and Myth in Japan, collects curios, silks, and satsuma, writes a little, dreams a good deal, and gives up his whole heart to his eye. The Happy Exile has a friend, a Japanese friend, who is one of the new types that one finds now in New Japan. His name is Amenemori. He is the husband of O-kin-san, mistress of the tea-house of One Hundred and One Steps, who herself can talk with her guests from all parts of the world in five languages and is an authority on tea-ceremonies and a poetess of some distinction. Amenemori is not only a linguist, but a scholar. He has English, French, German, Italian and Russian at his command, and more. Not long ago a wandering Indian priest came to Yokohama and could talk with nobody. Amenemori tried him in Japanese, Korean, and Chinese without success and the two finally found communication in Sanscrit. One of Lafacadio Hearn's books is dedicated to him, and through him that author acquired the widest acquaintance with old Japanese poetry yet attained by any for-

eigner. Illustrating the change that has taken place in an ancient Japanese world to its modern form, he quotes Chaucer and the modern equivalent for the Chaucerian phrase!

But the lust of the eye! Well, the eye is all the stranger has. The work his brain does has little value. No matter what he may learn one day, that thing next day he may have to unlearn. The eye alone gives pleasure—to the color-loving picture-loving brain—delight unmeasurable: but the eye does not understand. The ear hears strange new calls and sounds—unmusical except in the xylophonic click of wooden getas, the plaintive cry of the blind masseur and in the national anthem which is moving beyond words; and the ear, too, does not understand. But the nose—that despised poet of the senses—his faculty holds firm the world over. In Tokyo he puts on sable trappings at sunset that would gloom the dark hour before dawn. You will get used to it, you are told, and that frightens you, for you don't want to get used to it. You should go to China, is the comfort you get and in that suggestion is no comfort. Straightway you swear, and boldly:

No call of the East for me,
Till the stink of the East be dead.

That is why a man who comes from a land where he can fill both lungs fearlessly and stoop to drink from any stream that his feet may cross must go down now and then to the sea or turn his face firmly to the hills.

From Yokohama the little coaches start slowly for the country—so slowly that like Artemus Ward you wonder if it wouldn't be wise sometimes to put the cow-catcher on behind. There is the charm of thatched cottage, green squares of wind-shaken barley, long waving grass and little hills, pine-crowned; but by and by your heart gets wrung with sympathy for Mother Nature. Every blade of grass, every rush, every little tree seems to have been let grow only through human sufferance. It is as though a solemn court-martial had been held on the life of everything that grew not to make feed for man and man alone, for nowhere are there sheep, cattle, horses, and rarely even a dog. Here and there the little hills have been cut down sheer that the rice squares might burrow under them. The face of the earth looked terribly man-

handled, but the effect was still lovely. The little rows of pines on the hills seemed to have been so left that no rearrangement would have been necessary to transfer them to canvas, and even the crown of a pine sloping from a group of its fellows seemed to have been spared for no other reason than picturesque effect. Perhaps for that reason Nature herself seemed to enter no protest. It was as though she said:

"I know your needs, my children, you do only what you must; you know just what you do, and I forgive you, for you rob me with loving hands. A little further on is my refuge."

And a little further on was her refuge in the big volcanic hills, guarded by great white solemn Fuji, where birds sing and torrents lash with swirling foam and a great roar through deep gorges or drop down in white cataracts through masses of trembling green. But you have an hour first in an electric car, with a bell ringing always to keep multitudinous children from the track, along the old road that the Daimios took in their semi-annual trip to and fro from their estates to Tokyo and back again—the Daimios—gorgeously arrayed, in palanquins, with their retinues following, while the people kept their foreheads to the earth and dared not raise their eyes—honors which they no longer pay even to the great Mikado. It seemed a sacrilege. Then an hour in a rickshaw—two pushers behind, up a deep winding gorge from which comes the wild call of free rushing water, and you are in the untainted air of the primeval Cumberland.

It is pleasant to be welcomed by a host and a host of servants bent at right angles with courtesy—a courtesy that follows you everywhere. Ten minutes later, as I stepped from behind the screen—the ever-present screen—in my room, the Maid of Miyanoshita—another new type in New Japan—stood bowing at my door, and I am afraid I gave her scant greeting. I had read of feminine service, and Saxon-like I was fearsome; but how could I know that she was the daughter of mine host—a man more well to do than most of his guests, who include the princes and princesses at times of the royal household—and that she had come merely to welcome me? And how could I know that she was a lady, as I understand the word? for how can a stranger

know who is gentlewoman or gentleman in a land where gentle manners are universal, when he has not learned the distinctions of dress and when face and voice give no unerring guidance in any land? Later I was sorry and tried to make good, but here lack of breeding is condoned in a barbarian. Straightway one little maid came in to build a fire, while another swiftly unpacked my bag, laid out evening clothes, and played the part of a blind automatic valet. Embarrassment, even consciousness, fled like a flash, as it must flee with any man who is not blackguard or fool, and I am thinking now how foreigners have lied about the women of Japan.

I want no better dinner than the one that came later, and I went to sleep with mountain air coming like balm through the windows, the music of hushed falling water somewhere, and a cherry tree full-blown shining like a great white, low star at the feet of a mountain that rose darkly toward the stars. This life of the war correspondent in Japan—truly 'tis hard!

Next morning I heard the scampering of many feet and much laughter in the hallways, and I thought there were children out there playing games. It was those brown little chamber-maids hard at work. I wonder whence comes the perpetual sunny cheer of these little people; whether it be simple temperament or ages of philosophy—or both.

"You have your troubles," they say, "therefore I must not burden you with mine." And a man will tell you with a smile, of some misfortune that is almost breaking his heart.

The little maid who had unpacked my bag brought breakfast to me, and I could see that I was invested with some interest which was not at all apparent the night before. Presently it came out:

"You are going to Korea?"

"Yes, I am going to Korea."

"I want to go to Korea, but they won't let girls go."

"Why do you want to go to Korea?"

For the first time I saw Japanese eyes flash, and her answer came like the crack of a whip:

"To fight!"

Among the thousands of applications, many of them written in blood, which the war office has received from men who are

anxious to go to the front, is one from just such a girl. In her letter she said that she was the last of an old Samurai family. Her father was killed in the war with China; her only brother died during the Boxer troubles. She begged to be allowed to take the place in the ranks, which had always belonged to her family. She could shoot, she said, and ride; and it would be a lasting disgrace if her family name should be missing from the rolls, where it has had an honored place for centuries, now that her country and her Emperor are in such sore need.

After breakfast I climbed the mountain that I could see from my window—it ran not so high by day—and up there great Fuji was gracious enough for one fleeting moment to throw back the gray mantle of a cloud and bare for me for the first time his sacred white head. Coming down, I found a pretty story of American chivalry and the Maid of Miyanoshita. There was a man here whose nationality will not be mentioned, and a big young American who hasn't lost the traditions of his race and country. With the lack of understanding that is not uncommon with foreigners during their first days in Japan, this particular foreigner said something to the little lady that he would not have said under similar circumstances at home. Now, just behind the hotel are two foaming cascades which drop into a clear pool of water wherein sport many fishes big and little—green, silver, gold, or mottled with white and scarlet—which it is the pleasure of the guests to feed. A few minutes later there was a commotion on the margin of the pond, and those fishes, gathering as usual for biscuit and sugar, got a surprise. The American had invited the other foreigner out there, and the two were having a mighty mill. After a nice solar-plexus landing, the American caught up his opponent and threw him bodily into the fish pond. The man disappeared next morning by the first train. Wallah, but it was grateful to the soul—striking a Saxon trail like that!

After tiffin I was struggling with Japanese idioms in a guide book. "I will be glad to help you," said the Maid of Miyanoshita.

She had gone to school in a convent in Tokyo. Only Japanese girls and a few Eurasians, girls whose fathers are foreigners,

were students, and they were allowed to speak only French. There she was taught to read and write English. To speak it, she had learned only from guests at the hotel.

"Well," I said, "if the Japanese in this book is as bad as the English, I don't think I want to learn it." She looked at the book.

"It iss bad," she said; "there are words here you must not use." (It is impossible to give dialectic form to her quaint variations from normal pronunciation.) By and by we found an example.

"Yes," she said, "sukimas means 'I like.' I like flowers, birds, and so on, but you must not use that—" with one pointed finger on a word that I proceeded straight-way to damn forever.

"What is the proper word for *that* word?"

"Ai suru," she said.

"And what does that mean?"

A vertical line of mental effort broke the smoothness of her forehead.

"It iss *deeper* than 'like.'"

"Oh," I said. She continued her mental search for an English equivalent. I tried to help.

"Love," I ventured.

With straight eyes she met purely impersonal inquiry with response even more impersonal.

"Yess," she said.

.

That afternoon I walked further up the gorge, past curio shops, with the river roaring far beneath and water tumbling from far above, and I turned in for a moment where the word "Archery" curved in big letters over a doorway, to see an old chap put eight arrows out of ten in a small target a hundred feet away, and triumphantly shout:

"Russian!"

And then on past tea-houses and work-shops and rice-mills with undershot water-wheels such as I had left in the Cumberland Mountains. In a rice square below and beyond me three little girls were playing. When they saw me they ran toward the road, stooping now and then to pick up something as they ran. The littlest one held up to me a bunch of blue flowers. I was thrilled; here is where I get the courtesy of the land even from the peasant

class and untainted by the rude manners of the Saxon and his Caucasias kind. I took off my hat.

"Arigato," I said, which means "Thank you." Out came the mite's chubby hand.

"Shinga!" she said, "much shinga!"

Now I have not been able to find anyone who knows what "shinga" means except the little highway robbers who held me up in the road and made it plain by signs. I went down into my pocket for a coin. Up stepped number two of the little hold-ups, with number three in close support; but I was too disappointed and sore, and I declined. Those three little ones followed me half a mile and up many score of steep steps to a temple in a grove, still proffering flowers and saying,

"Shinga." It was sad.

Going back I met another mite of a girl in a many-colored kimono. She said something. I am afraid I glowered, but she said it again, with a bow and a smile, and it was—

"Konnichi-wa!" which means "Good-day." Then wasn't I sorry! This was the real thing. I took off my hat and then and there this little maid and I exchanged elaborate Oriental ceremonies in the middle of the road, concluding with three right-angle bows of farewell, each saying three times that very beautiful Japanese good-by,

"Sayonara."

I went on cheered and thinking. This was Old and New Japan, the lingering beauty of one, the trail of the tourist over the other, and this was Japan in general. When you are looking for a thing you get something else; when you look for something else you get what you were looking for. The trouble was that in neither case should I have been surprised, for the Japanese even say,

"It is not surprising if the surprising does not surprise," which must be thought about for a while. And then again, What's the odds, no matter what happens.

"Shikata ga nai," says the Japanese; "It can't be helped"—a fatalistic bit of philosophy that may play important part on many future battle-fields.

.

The Little Maid of Miyanoshta and I were tossing bits of cracker to the gold-

fishes in the pond, and each bit made a breaking, flashing rainbow as they rushed for it in a writhing heap. She had never been to America nor to England.

"Wouldn't you like to go?"

"Verry much," she said.

"Well, aren't you going some day?"

"I hope so, but—" she paused; "if I wore these clothes the people would follow me about the streets. If I wore European clothes, I would look like—what you say—a fright."

"Never!" Again she shook her head.

"Yess, yess I would." And the pity of it is I am afraid she was right.

The Little Maid did not walk the hills much.

"Japanese men do not like for women to go about much," she said. "My uncle does not like that I go about alone, but my father he does not care. He has been in America."

"It is perfectly safe?"

"Yess, perrfectly safe. Is it not so in America?"

"Well, no, not always; at least not in the South, where I come from."

She did not ask why, though I should not have been surprised to learn that she knew, and I did not explain.

She was very fond of Schiller, she said, and she had read many American and English novels. She liked "The Crisis" verry much—she did not mention others—though she liked better the novels that were written by women.

"Because you understand them better?"

"Not only that," she said slowly, "but I think that men who write novels try to make the women happy, and the women who write novels do not do that so much; and I think the women must be nearer the truth."

She turned suddenly on me:

"You have written a book."

"Guilty," I said.

"And what does that mean?"

"It means that I have," I said lamely. We talked international differences.

"American women use verry many pins, is it not true?"

"I think it is true," I said.

"We do not," she said; "we use what you call"—with her fingers on a little cord at the breast of her kimono—"strings. But," she added suddenly, "an American

says to me that I must not speak of such things."

"Tut!"

"Well," she said, "I do not see anything wrong."

In America, I explained, we put the woman in a high place and looked up at her.

"Is it not so in Japan?" I said.

"No," she said simply, "it is not so in Japan." She thought a while. "That must be verry nice for the woman in America," she said.

"I think it is," I said.

"But then," she said, to explain the mystery, "they are so well ed-u-ca-ted."

"Well, I don't think it is because they are so well educated," I said.

"Then they are worthy," said the Little Maid.

I have been to Big Hell—a climb of some three thousand feet past rice squares and barley fields and little forests of bamboo trees, where on a God-forsaken mountain top sulphurous smoke belches into the clouds that drift about it. Now smoke suggests human habitation, human food, and human comfort, and that smoke swirling up there gave the spot a loneliness unspeakable. Under you the gray earth was hot, here and there were springs of boiling water, and the ashy crust crackled under your feet. Around the crest we went, and down through a forest of big trees left standing because the place was a royal preserve. The absence of animals, tame or wild, has constantly depressed me ever since I have been in Japan. Even up there in the hills I had seen nothing hopping, crawling, or climbing by the roadside or in the woods, and I could see nothing now.

"Is there nothing wild up here?" I said.

"Oh, yes," said the guide, "there are deer and monkeys." If he had said there were dodos I could have been no more surprised; but to this day I have seen nothing in freedom except a few birds in the air.

By and by a thatched roof came in view. The path led sharply around one corner of the house and I was brought up with a gasp. I had read and heard much about bathing customs in Japan. The government has tried, I believe, to legislate into

the people Occidental ideas of modesty. One regulation provided that the sexes should be separated. They were separated—by a bamboo rod floating on the water. Another time it was announced that bathing trunks must be worn at a certain place by the sea. One old chap issued leisurely from his house on the hill-side and stalked down without clothes, swinging his trunks in his hand. After he got into the water he put the trunks on, and as soon as he came out he took them off again and stalked home swinging them as before.

Well, there they were—old and young, and of both sexes, and it was apparent that the regulations of the bamboo rod and the bathing trunks had not reached that high. It was a natural Turkish bath-house, and it seems that the farmers around Big Hell furnish a certain amount of produce each year to the proprietor for the privilege of hot baths, and when work is slack, they go up there—husband and wives, sons and daughters—and stay for days. Apparently work was slack just then. The bath, some ten feet square, and sunk in the floor, was screened from the gaze of the passing pedestrian and the coldness of the outer air merely by slender bamboo rods, some eighteen inches apart. It was full to the brim.

That night an Englishman seemed greatly taken with Big Hell.

"Most extraordinary!" he said. "Do you know, they never minded us at all. Not at all. A chap had a camera, and one dear old lady actually stood upright when he was taking a picture. They asked me to come in, and I really think I would, but—gad, you know, there wasn't any room."

The key-note of this symphony of ills will not be sounded here.

She could play the koto (the harp), and the piano a little—could the Maid of Miyanoshita. She would play neither for me, but that afternoon she would take me, she said, to hear a friend play the koto—an elderly friend, whom she called, she said, her aunt. Later, she said she had asked another gentleman also. Now when I spoke once of the musical click of the getas, the Happy Exile had told me that the wearers often chose them, taking only such pairs as pleased the individual ear. The

statement has since been much laughed at, so I asked the Maid of Miyanoshita for confirmation. She at least did not choose her getas for their sound.

"But," she said, "the Japanese say the getas go—

" 'Kara-ko, kara-ko, kara-ko!' "

The notes she gave were the notes I had heard on the stone platforms of every station between Tokyo and Yokohama, and going straightway to the piano I found those notes to be F and D in the scale of F Minor. Let the laugh proceed. The Happy Exile possibly might say that those notes were the prominent ones in some old national song, and that the geta-makers had been unconsciously reproducing them ever since.

It was raining. Alack and alas! the Little Maid carried an American umbrella—impious trail of the Saxon! while the Other Man and I bore picturesque Japanese ones that would have given the crowning touch to her, but looked simply ridiculous over us. Thus we went to meet the exquisite courtesy and genuine kindness of a real Japanese home.

Two kotos were played for us, while the players sang "Wind Among the Pines," and the tale of the fairies who fell in love with the fisherman.

"Do you like Japanese music?" said the Little Maid to the Other Man.

"Yes," he said promptly, lying like a gentleman.

"Don't you think it is rather monotonous?" she asked.

"Well—um—um. Don't you like Japanese music?" he said, taking refuge.

"Well," she said, "I like your music better, I think. It is more lively and has more variety."

Then we had tea, and after tea of the kind usually served in Japan, the husband, a fierce Samurai in the pictures he showed us, but now a genial, broad-smiling doctor of the old Japanese school, insisted that we should take bowls of powdered tea which he prepared with his own hands. In the drinking of this the Little Maid instructed us. We were to take the bowl, the left hand underneath, the fingers of the right hand clasped about it, lift it to the forehead, a movement of unspoken thanks, and very gently, so as not to suggest that the

tea needed to be dissolved, were to roll the tea around in the bowl three times and then take one drink—making much noise, meanwhile, with the lips to show how much we enjoyed it.

"That is very vulgar in your country," interrupted the Little Maid, "is it not so?"

"Well," I said, "lots of people do it, but not for the reason of courtesy."

We were to roll it around three times more, and then drink again; three times more, and a third drink, leaving this time but a little, which, without being rolled around again, was to be drunk at a swallow—three drinks and one swallow to the bowl. O-kin-san says that this last swallow should be only the foam, which must be drunk to show that the tea is so good that the guest must have even the foam; and that not until then does the noise of appreciation come, and then only because the foam cannot be drunk without noise. It was well. We exchanged autographs and cards. With the kind permission of the Little Maid's aunt we took pictures of the interior, and then with much bowing and many "sayonaras" we passed out under the cherry trees.

"We say 'Good morning,'" said the Little Maid, explaining the courtesies of Japanese greeting and good-by, "and we bow; and we say 'It is a long while since I have seen you,' or 'It is a fine day,' and we bow again. At the end of each sentence you must bow, and it is the same when you say good-by."

Before I learned that the Mikado had sent a general edict through the land that all foreigners in Japan were to be treated with particular consideration while this war is going on—thus making it safer for the tourist now in this country than it ever has been or will be, perhaps, for a long time—I had been greatly impressed by the absence of all signs of disorder, street quarrels, loud talking, and by the fact that in Tokyo, one of the largest cities in the world, one could go about day or night in perfect safety. I told this to the Maid of Miyanoshita.

"So desuka," she said without surprise, and that means "Indeed." And when she said later that there were many Japanese novelists, but they did not write love

stories, I was reminded further that I had seen no man in Japan turn his head to look at a woman who had passed him—no exchange of glances, no street gallantry at all.

"The song of the 'Goo-goo Eyes,'" I said, "would never have been written in Japan."

"What iss 'Goo-goo Eyes,'" said the Little Maid, mystified.

Then had I trouble—but I must have made it clear at last.

"Perhaps the Japanese girl does not want to be seen—looking."

"Oh, you mean that she may look, but the foreigner doesn't see it?"

"Well, we are all human. That is very frank, is it not?"

It was frank—very frank—and of an innocence not to be misunderstood save by a fool. Then I got a degree.

"But I am always frank with you, for if you are what you say 'guilty,' I think you must understand. I call you to myself a Doctor of Humanity."

Wallah, but the life is hard!

By and by this remarkable Little Maid went on:

"The Japanese may be what you call in love, but they must not tell it—must not even show it."

"Not even the men?"

"No, not even the men. Is it not so in your country?"

I laughed.

"No, it is not so in my country." I found myself suddenly imitating her own slow speech. "That's the first thing the man in my country does. Sometimes he tells it, even when he can't ask the girl to marry him, and sometimes they even tell it over there when they don't mean it."

"So desuka!"

"They call that 'flirting.'"

"Yes, I know 'flirting,'" said the Little Maid.

"It is not a very nice word," I said. "There is no flirting in Japan?"

"There is no chance. Parents and friends made marriage in Japan."

"They don't marry for love?"

"It is as in France—not for love. And in America?"

"Well, we don't think it nice for people to marry unless they are in love."

"So desuka," she said, which still means "Indeed." And then she went on:

"Japanese girls obey their parents." And then she added, rather sadly, I thought, "and sometimes they are very unhappy."

"And what then?"

"Oh, deevorces — are very common among the lower classes, but among the middle and upper classes it is verriy difficult."

"So desuka!" I said, for I was surprised.

"So desu," said the Little Maid, which is the proper answer.

The Maid of Miyanoshita loves flowers, and at sunset this afternoon I saw her coming down from her garden, where she had been at work. She had a great round straw hat on her black hair. I got her to draw it about her face with both hands, and with a camera she was caught as she laughed. We went down the steps and stopped above the cascade which shook the water where the goldfishes were playing.

Now I have been a month in Japan; I have seen the opening of the Diet, heard the Emperor chant the fact that he was at peace with all the world save Russia, and observed that he must show origin from the gods in other ways than in his stride. I have dined with the gracious representative of the Stars and Stripes and his staff, who seem to have taken on an Oriental suavity that bodes well for our interests in this Far East, and have seen an Imperial Highness play the delicate and difficult double rôle of hand-shaking Democrat to Americans and God-head to his own people — while both looked on. I have eaten a Japanese dinner at the Maple Club, while Geishas and dancing-girls held fast the wondering Occidental eye; have heard, there, American college songs sung by Jap-

anese statesmen, and have joined hands with them in a swaying performance of "Auld Lang Syne." I have seen wrestling matches that looked at first sight like two fat ladies trying to push each other out of a ring—but which was much more. I have been to the theatre, to find the laugh checked at my lips and to sit thereafter in silence, mystification, and wonder. I have tossed pennies to children—the "babies" who here "are kings," while wandering through blossoming parks and among people whom I cannot yet realize as real. I have visited shrines, temples; have heard the wail of kite and the croak of raven over the tombs of the Shoguns, and have seen a Holy Father beating a drum and praying a day-long prayer with a cigarette-stub behind one ear. I have learned that this is the land of the seductive "chit" and the deceptive yen which doubles your gold when you arrive and makes you think that when you have spent fifty cents you still have a dollar of it left. Moreover, I have seen the glory of cherry-blossoms. But of all these trifles and more—more, perhaps, anon. I pulled a little red guide book out of my pocket.

"That word," I asked, pointing to the proper one, "would you use that word to your—well, your mother?"

"No," she said very slowly, and with straight eyes, again answering impersonal inquiry, with response even more impersonal, "I—don'—don't—think—you—would—use—that word—to your—mother."

The sunlight lay only on the great white crest of Fuji. Everywhere else the swift dusk of Japan was falling. In it the cherry tree was fast taking on the light of a great white star. In the grove above us a nightingale sang.

Truly 'tis hard.



JUDITH LIEBESTRAUM

By Mary Moss



"O you feel like starting now?" asked Judith Liebestraum.

If it had been to go through a classical concert, fire and pestilence or Wagner—without cuts—Jerry would have cheerfully squared those broad shoulders of his in readiness to do her bidding. As it was, though far from sharing a fancy for seeing the interior of a dilapidated old building, he felt only satisfaction at the prospect of helping her to search for the synagogue keys, through this sleepy West Indian town.

San Diego itself struck him simply and forcibly as a "hole"—hot, dusty, and unsuited to any familiar variety of sport. Never troubling to discover what she found of charm and interest in the place, he wisely rested content to enjoy the blissful privilege of strolling at her side through walled-in narrow lanes with houses blind to passers-by, with more donkeys than negroes, with more goats than donkeys, and after all, not even so very many goats.

As the pair wandered somewhat aimlessly, Judith deciphered the signs over little cavernous shops, and Jerry fed upon the sight of her. He did not know that she looked like a princess of Israel, with her almond eyes, drooping mouth, and heaven-sent gift of grace and bearing. In fact he knew absolutely nothing of this new acquaintance with the queer name, but that she was travelling with an aunt, and that after four days on shipboard he had become eternally disinclined to forego her company.

Hitherto what he found admirable in woman had been ruddy gold hair, a frank direct glance, vigor, muscle, dash, and a vocabulary of monosyllables. He could take pleasure only in a brisk feminine creature with no nonsense about her, agreeably resembling a boy—such a one, in short, as Dorothy Holland, the tennis champion at home. That was before he met Judith Liebestraum. Now, in his inarticulate, undeveloped soul of college-bred athlete, there came vague prickings toward mystery and romance, things whose very existence he had heretofore ignored or scorned.

"De Cordova!" She spelled out all but

obliterated letters above a tiny, squalid booth, half open to the street. "We might ask here."

Jerry meant to precede, to shelter his princess; but with a gliding movement all speed and all leisure, she had mounted the broken steps before him and questioned the vender of dried fish, cheese, and oily rope tobacco.

Mr. Michael De Cordova imparted information slowly. "Services in our synagogue! No, hardly to-morrow," he hesitated. Indeed, his brother Solomon could give a better account, he himself not being highly occupied with religious matters.

"That seems a great pity," commented Judith, with a serious inclination of her dark head.

"But you understand how it is yourself, about those ancient ideas," the fish seller protested; "they weary a young person."

"They never weary me!" Judith spoke very gently.

And there, all in the stifling heat, Jerry felt a sudden shiver; also for no reason, as he turned to follow Judith's slim, undulating form in search of the religious brother Solomon, his deep chest and even breathing were disturbed by an unbidden sigh.

He drew closer to the girl, looking down upon the low-browed oval face. A frill of her rose-colored dress brushed softly against his hand. The young man resolved that this must not happen again, since the sensation it gave him distinctly amounted to taking a liberty. If he was simple and just a trifle stupid, Jerry's inmost thoughts about women never failed of being what he himself might have described as "white"; only Jerry seldom described.

Now he grew uneasy; she would certainly not turn in here! Yes, but she did—straight to the door of a reeking, black rum shop. She paused on the threshold. Close behind, Jerry stood grimly ready to kill any man who even looked too earnestly her way.

Solomon De Cordova was short, dirty, but fine-featured, with lustrous eyes and manners worthy a grandee of Spain.

He ushered them into a dusky back room with plaster dropping from its low ceiling

and a choking atmosphere of salt fish, vile spirits, and *bouquet d'Afrique*. From the drinking booth outside came cries and laughter, an incomprehensible babble of negro dialect.

With a flourish fit for a king's court, Solomon invited Judith to be seated. The only chair was backless.

Depositing himself upon a case of bottles, Jerry riveted his attention on a dusty cobweb waving a scant inch above his lady's sacred head. If that bit of filth touched her, no consideration of civility should prevent him from tearing it down. Tantalizing, for an athlete of national fame to have no better vent for his strength than the hope of sweeping away a spider's web!

The Jew had embarked upon some endless legend concerning a lukewarm congregation—the theft of silver vessels—how true piety grew so scarce that hardly at Yom Kippur could enough men be gathered together for a lawful Minyan, to mourn the fate of Israel.

What was it all about? Judith's long white hands lay loosely folded on her knee. With tilted chin and half-shut, listening eyes she absorbed the Jew's flowery and grandiloquent phrases.

A black boy pushed in from the outer room—a hook-nosed black boy!

"I'm occupied with this lady. Let me not again have cause to reprove you, Ephraim Menassah!" Solomon De Cordova settled his collarless shirt with unclean fingers and turned again to the guest, whose pale face now showed horrified query.

"Ephraim Menassah? A negro?" she questioned in dismay.

Solomon nodded disapproval. "It came about in the olden time, up among the mountains. The cruel Spaniard persecuted Jew and negro alike. Those unhappy fugitives lived together, hidden in caves. It never happens now," he ended reassuringly.

"You will trust me with the keys? You are very kind." Judith smiled upon her host.

"And your name, lady?" He gave her the rusted bunch.

"Liebestraum." She took the grimy iron in her pointed fingers, the fingers Jerry barely dared to touch in a rarely granted hand-shake.

"Liebestraum!" Solomon De Cordova's

manner grew even loftier. "Ashkenazim?" It was as though he had exclaimed, "Deny this slur, I beg you. Clear yourself of this discredit."

"Yes," Judith answered meekly, "we are of the German congregation."

"And we are Sephardim!" Solomon's voice expressed all the recoil of an aristocrat trapped into low society; but hastily recovering poise he added with grandiose politeness, "I've never before spoken with one of you, but doubtless among the Ashkenazim there may be excellent people, and pious."

Heavens above! Jerry clenched strong, clean fists. Must he bear this, too? Seeing her snubbed and patronized by a thing he could step on and crush?

"What beautiful dignity!" was Judith's only comment, as they again reached the street, and Jerry drew comforting breaths of outer air, freeing his lungs from the reek of Solomon's filthy den.

Passing the sad old synagogue with its overgrown burial-ground and crumbling arches, Judith paused. "Too late to go in to-night, it's growing dark so soon." Her minor tones breathed regret.

Together they lingered, leaning their elbows on a broken railing, silent and thoughtful in the quickening tropic twilight.

As Jerry feasted upon her marked and delicate profile, the melancholy mouth and musing eyes, suddenly she seemed so infinitely far away that while without moving one inch nearer he could put an arm about her tempting waist, all at once he knew that this would never come to pass. If her slender body were clasped hard and tight to his, if his lips were laid to hers, if her head rested against him, her remoteness could never be less than it was at this moment.

They spoke a different tongue, they lived in different worlds!

And then there swept athwart his vision the image of a ruddy-haired girl, victorious, untouched by shadow, easy to be understood. She quickly vanished, leaving him free to study this secret, alien creature at his side.

But as the stranger still bent her wistful gaze on the neglected place of worship, he saw her half-shut almond eyes brimming with slow, unfallen tears, and Jerry likewise saw that even his bare existence had been quite forgotten by Judith Liebestraum.

HERACLITUS

"ON wings of light and darkness flies
The open secret of the skies,
And death and life one truth disguise."

If thou couldst know, for all thy care and pain,
That one might win to live eternally—
Or, through long lapse, that he might come again,
Were this thy rede: Being is *still to be*—
As death were empty, or an idle thought—
A name erased, as if a pen distraught
Had blurred the eternal with mortality?

Thus Heraclitus: Lo, the life of life
Is death; and harmony is born of strife:—
To deem this truth, yet prove it not!—to live,
Nor know that death shall have a life to give!

Nay, "Life immortal!" O'er my tired brain
Come, thou sure death, with murmur of the sea,—
Come with rude ocean gurgles in mine ears,
And the chill blinding swell amid my tears,—
Come when I linger on the course unknown—
Yea, if my harp stand silent by the Throne,
Roll your strong waves unto the shoreless lea!
Rocking the cradles of futurity
Resolve the burthen of the exhausted years!

Uncoil the meaning—for his thread is twain:
The light or darkness equally appears;
There is no being save *to be again*—
I know not whether with the old arrears:
Again, again, the rapt alternates yield,
Ever forgetting, and their cadence seems
Of phantom footfalls in a poppy field—
A lair of silence, where a lion dreams.



The sugar prune.

Larger in size and higher in per cent. of sweetness than any other prune yet grown.

A MAKER OF NEW PLANTS AND FRUITS

By W. S. Harwood

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

I HAVE met recently in a little vine-mantled cottage, not far from the Pacific, a remarkable man, known to experts throughout the country and beyond, yet one of the least known to the general public. Mr. Luther Burbank has evolved more extraordinary, and, indeed, more marvellous plant life than any other man. Without the training of the college or the university, he yet leads in one of the most subtle and elusive, one of the most complex and baffling departments of modern research.

On a wind-swept mesa he finds a wild flower of some native beauty, but insignificant in size, and, in the main, uncomely. He takes this flower and gives it a new life, increases its size, doubles its vigor, hastens its spring-time appearing; or, if it suits him, he transforms it utterly, producing a flower unlike anything which has yet blossomed. He finds two trees, neither one, to his mind,

filling its true place in the world;—he joins them and produces a new tree possessing the best of both. One such tree he has made which is now the most rapidly growing tree known in the temperate zones of the world, and one of the most prolific of all nut-producing trees.

He takes a small, unpalatable fruit, inferior in size and lacking in nutrition, and makes it over into another fruit, large, rich, toothsome, beautiful. A little daisy, small and imperfect, appealed to him one day, and he developed the insignificant flower into one several inches in diameter. He takes a flower with a large, showy bloom, a handsome creature among its more delicate companions, but having an offensive odor, and gives to it a delicate, fragrant scent. He has changed the hue of a yellow poppy into silver or amethyst or ruby. He has driven the pit from the plum and filled its

place with substances rich, juicy, and sweet. He created a walnut with far thinner shell—so thin, indeed, that the hungry birds could perch upon the branches, drive their bills

He has created a white blackberry, large, luscious in flavor, beautiful to look upon. He has made rhubarb yield the entire year round, in garden or under glass.

Not satisfied with either the choicest plum or the apricot, he joined the two and produced a new fruit, naming it, from its parents, the plumcot, a rich, rare fruit, unlike father or mother, surpassing both.

To a plum, which needed richer flavor and flesh, he imparted the taste of the Bartlett pear. He made a new plum which would bear lavishly, and yet endure long on the market stalls. Known in other lands as he is, perhaps better than in his own country, his new plum was asked for a number of years ago by Cecil Rhodes for introduction into South Africa. It proved all that it had promised, and, some time since, to demonstrate its fitness and hardiness, a consignment of the plums was shipped from Cape Town to San Francisco, a distance of eighteen thousand miles, arriving at their destination in prime condition.

It should be noted in passing that nearly or quite twenty millions of dollars have been added to the wealth of the nation by reason of the Burbank potato, his first significant creation, when he was little more than a lad.

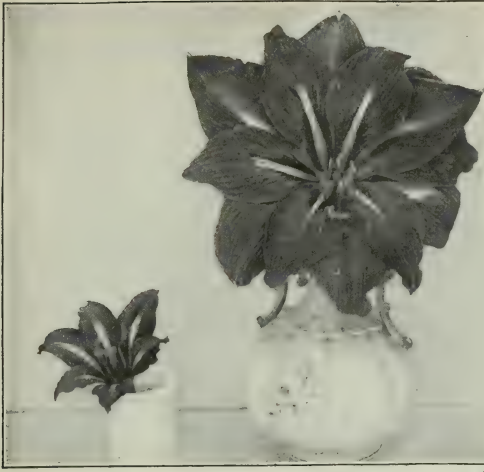
Before considering the man and his mode of work, attention may be called to one of the most wonderful things he has accomplished—the creation of the primus berry, the first recorded instance of the production of a fixed species by man. It is the offspring of the native California dewberry and the Siberian raspberry. He is now perfecting what has already nearly reached its last stages of development, a cactus plant bearing no spines or thorns. The vast desert spaces, where the cactus now thrives in defiance of rains, have been steadily inhospitable to cattle because of the thorns upon the cacti which prevent the cattle from eating an otherwise highly desirable plant.

One day upon the grounds of Mr. Burbank at Santa Rosa, some fifty miles north of the city of San Francisco, I made a photograph of a giant cactus higher than a fence, with leaves a foot in length by six or eight inches in width and nearly an inch thick, which was very nearly thornless. Another



The Shasta daisy, shown in comparison with the Ox-eye daisy in Mr. Burbank's hands.

through it and rob the nut of its meat. This would not do, and he reversed the process and bred back until he had a nut of just the right shell thickness. Incidentally he drove the tannin from the walnut and has left the meat almost as white as snow.



The development of the amaryllis.

The smaller one to the left is the ordinary bloom; the one to the right the flower as Mr. Burbank has developed it. The new flower is as beautiful as the old, nothing being lost in brilliancy or texture. The photograph was made from flowers blooming all winter in the open.

year or two and the thornless desert cactus will be ready for its mission.

I may not more than mention the sugar-prune, five or six times larger than the French prune whence it sprang; the hybrid amaryllis, which now, possessing all its own rare beauty and taking on new attractions, has been increased in size until



A new and curious two-petaled seedling lily—a beautiful and unique flower.

a single bloom measures ten and one-half inches in diameter; marvellously improved lilies, cannas, and gladioli; a new race of clematis; columbines with blooms full three inches in diameter; a chestnut bearing nuts eighteen months after planting from the seed; these are but illustrations of the progress made by this man in many lines.

But in the midst of all this improvement in the flowers, the fruits, and the trees of the world, the intensely practical is never for a moment lost sight of. The size, flavor, texture, fragrance, beauty, nutritiousness—these must all conform to the actual conditions of everyday life. Each fruit or flower is



A double hybrid clematis.

challenged before it goes to the world. Can it, or can it not maintain itself under normal, average climatic and other conditions as well as it has been maintained under the magic influence of its creator? If it cannot, it is cast away as unworthy.

And how have these changes in plant life been accomplished?

At the foundation of it all are two causes:

1. The observance of the laws of Nature.
2. The absolute devotion of a life, possessed of marvellous patience, with an intelligence of high order.

There are no secrets in this man's life work. He is as open as a book. He is as ready to tell a friend of his methods, or a stranger seeking earnestly the secret of his power, as he is reticent and retiring when it comes to personal exploitation.

Appreciating keenly any intelligent and generous estimate of his work, he has never been swerved by flattery, he has never sacrificed the slightest fraction of gentleness, modesty, simplicity. While hating with a strong man's hatred all pretence and sham, he is yet so kind of heart that he has lost many a precious day by yielding to the importunities of the curious.

stigma of the other, and thus producing a new flower which perhaps breaks away from the form and character of either parent.

Following up this comes the selection of the very best flowers created from a series of such breedings—those that approach nearest the ideal toward which he is working; and so the work progresses, always the best plants selected for further work, the best

in form, in vitality, in color, in general character. Season by season the work goes forward, until, after years have elapsed, years of anxiety, of failure, of discouragements, the end sought is reached, and the new flower takes its place among its fellows.

Frequently strange variations appear, wholly apart from the line of work in hand; and these are followed up with the intensest interest and care, in order that any new results may be developed. These are not the chief factors, they are ever subordinate, but they may become of wonderful potency. Out of many thousands of new plants whose life course is watched with such infinite pains, perhaps not half a dozen will prove of any value, but this half-dozen, this single one, indeed, is counted worth all the years of toil.

Very much budding or grafting is done, and hundreds of different and allied fruits may be grow-



A row of the fastest growing trees in the temperate zone.

A species of walnut bred by Mr. Burbank.

The keynote of the great work which he has accomplished and which is but now fairly begun, is selection, selection combined with breeding, but selection first, last, and all the time. He has before him a given plan, one long cherished, perhaps, and at last ready for development; for example, the creation of a new, or the ennoblement of an old, flower. At the outset he may breed together two separate flowers in order to create what may be termed a working basis, sprinkling the pollen of the one flower upon the

ing at the same time upon one tree. An infinite variety is the result, thousands upon thousands of which are utterly valueless, or, which is as fatal, are no better than those already in existence. In the production of the primus berry noted above, he secured five thousand seedlings from the many crosses made, and though they produced strange, and, indeed, marvellous results, some of them being the most uncanny and grotesque affairs ever seen, yet not a single plant was found to be of any permanent value, and



On the grounds of the experimental farm at Sebastopol.

they were all destroyed. Nine hundred thousand berry bushes, one and two years of age, were torn up and burned in bonfires in a single season—not one of them was able to prove its right to live.

To accomplish all this requires judgment of the highest order, infinite patience, unique powers of perception, a certain rare audacity which hesitates at no combinations, and, above all, knowledge—not the



Mr. Burbank's home at Santa Rosa, California.

knowledge of the books, nor the information imparted in the schools, but that fine, subtle, intimate knowledge which is acquired in no other way than by a direct and constant study of Nature herself.

You will see nothing wonderful in this man's surroundings. You will find no vast conservatories, no splendidly furnished laboratories, no costly equipment; all you will find is the earth and the man.

order to meet the steadily increasing demands of his investigations.

For the last five or six years he has been robbed by the unthinking public. People who have heard of his work and of the strange things he has accomplished at his home at Santa Rosa and at the experimental farms at Sebastopol, some seven miles distant, visit the place with no other motive than the idlest curiosity, are



Cactus plant photographed on Mr. Burbank's grounds at Santa Rosa.

It is nearly free from all spines or thorns, though the places show on the leaves where the thorns should have been. Other plants now under way are thornless. The desert promises to be thus stripped of one of its greatest annoyances and dangers.

When Mr. Burbank left his New England home twenty-eight years ago and became a California nurseryman, he rapidly advanced in his business, and reaped a generous harvest. To-day, as each "creation" comes from his hand, dealers in rare plants and fruits in Europe, Asia, Australia, and Africa, and in his own land, are eagerly waiting the chance to buy; and yet, notwithstanding all, not a year passes when he does not eat up all his profits and steadily encroach upon his hard-earned store in

received with unfailing courtesy, and in many cases, utterly losing sight of the tremendous demands of his every hour, waste many hours of his time. He has no endowment from any individual, government, state, university or other source, his grounds are private and the public has no right, moral, social, or legal, to trespass upon his time or his premises.

In person Mr. Burbank is slender almost to frailness. He is in the prime of life, being but just past fifty years of age. He is a



A tomato-potato.

tireless worker, spending many hours each day at his experimental grounds, or, when in search of some wild flower combination, roaming over the mesas and the low mountains alone with absorbing quest until he has found what he needs for the propagation under way. He has found scant time or inclination for literary expression. I do not think he has written more than two short papers upon his work, and these delivered before small bodies of interested people with no expectation of their ever going further than the ears of his auditors. Yet, in these two short papers, his clarity of vision appears, and his saneness of purpose, and devotion to the noblest in nature.

In one of these addresses he defines the chief end of the botanists of yesterday to be the study and classification of dried, shrivelled plant mummies, whose souls had fled, rather than the living, plastic forms of life, while he holds this plant life to be as plastic to the hand of man as the clay of the potter. Side lights are thrown upon his life by such expressions as these:

Weeds are weeds because they are jostled, crowded, cropped, and trampled on, scorched by fierce heat, starved, or perhaps suffering with cold,

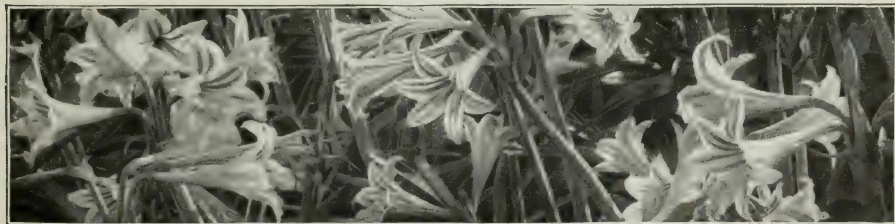
wet feet, tormented by insect pests or lack of nourishing food and sunshine. There is not a weed alive which will not, sooner or later, respond liberally to good cultivation and persistent selection.

In the profound changes in plant life no powder is burned, no big guns brought forth, no martial music is heard—these are destroyers, not producers; the beneficent forces of Nature are like truth itself, quiet, but persistent, and all-powerful.

Everything we now have in fruits, flowers, vegetables, or grain, has been brought to the present state by education and selection, they have all travelled the same road, ever upward and onward, under the tender care of the horticultural missionaries of the past, who really knew but very little of the possibilities of plant life or the transcendent forces which Nature has placed in the keeping of plants for the growth and uplift of humanity.

A day will come when the earth will be transformed, when man shall offer his brother man not bullets nor bayonets, but richer grains, better fruits, fairer flowers.

At the meeting of the California Academy of Science, held in the city of San Francisco on the evening of May 18, 1903, a beautiful gold medal was displayed, struck in commemoration of the fiftieth anniversary of the Academy and in honor of Luther Burbank, in recognition of his noble services to mankind.



A new and very beautiful amaryllis.



Drawn by A. B. Frost.

Perry Thomas stands confronting the English warrior.—Page 64.

THE SOLDIER OF THE VALLEY

BY NELSON LLOYD

ILLUSTRATIONS BY A. B. FROST

CHAPTER VIII



BOOKS! Books! Eternal, infernal books! The sun was printing over the floor the shadow skeleton of the juniper tree by the westerly window. That always told me it was one o'clock. And one o'clock meant books again—three long hours of wrangling with dull wits, of fencing with sharper ones; three long hours of a-b-abs, of two-times-twos and three-times-threes; hours of spelling and of parsing, hours of bounding and describing. With it all, woven through it, now swelling, now dying away, now broken by a shrill cry of pain or anger, was the ceaseless buzzing of the school. There was no rest for the eye, even. The walls were white, their glare was baneful, and through the chalk-dust mist the rustling field of young heads suggested anything but peace and repose to one of my calling. That was the field I worked in.

I had been with Tim. His letter from New York was in my hands, and over and over I had read it, until I knew every twist in the writing. In the reading I had been carried away from myself, and seemed to be beside him in his battle in the world, laying about with him right lustily. Then by force of habit I had looked up and had seen the shadow of the juniper tree. I was back again in my prison. And it was books!

"Brace up there, Daniel Arker, and quit your blubbering!" I cried.

Daniel was a snuffler. Whenever I had a companion in the schoolhouse at the noon recess, it was generally this lad, and when he was there he was nursing a wound and snuffling. If there was any trouble to be got into, if there was a flying ball to come in contact with, ice to break through or a limb to snap, Daniel never failed to be on hand. Then he would burst rudely into my solitude and while I sopped cold water over his injured members, he would blub-

ber. When I turned from him into my own corner by the window, the blubber would die away into a snuffle, and there he would sit, his head buried in his hands, snuffling and snuffling until books.

Now I spoke sharply to the boy. He raised his head and fixed one red eye on me, for the other was hidden by his hand.

"I guesst you was never hit on the eye by a ball, was ye?" he stuttered.

"I guess I have been," was my reply. "I was a good round-town player, and you never saw me crying like that, either."

"I was playin' sock-ball," snuffled the boy, and a solitary tear rolled down his snub nose. He flicked it away with his right hand, and this act disclosed to me a great bluish swelling, from under which a bit of eye was twinkling mournfully at me. The boy was hurt; my heart went out to him, for the memory of my own sock-ball and tickley-bender days came back to me.

"Come, come," I said more kindly, laying a hand on the black head. "Brace up, Daniel, for I must call the others in, and you don't want them to see you crying. Dare to be like the great Daniel, who wasn't even afraid of the wild beasts."

"But Dan'el in the Lions' Den never played sock-ball," whimpered the boy, covering each eye with a chubby fist as he rubbed away the traces of his tears.

Beware, Daniel Arker! Form not in my mind such a picture as that of the mighty prophet in his robes being "it." Over the mantel in our parlor we have a picture of the lions' den, and it is one of the choicest of our family treasures. Whence it came, we do not know. Even my mother, familiar as she was with the minutest detail of our family history as far back as my grandfather's time, could not tell that; but I know we always believed it to be one of the world's great pictures that by some strange chance had come into our possession. How well I remember my keen disappointment on learning that it was not a photograph.

It took me years to convince Tim of that, and we consoled ourselves that at least it had been drawn by one who was there. Else how could he have done it so accurately? For the likeness of Daniel was splendid! The great prophet of Babylon must have looked just like that. He must have sat on a boulder in the middle of the rocky chamber, his eyes fixed on the ceiling, one hand resting languidly on the head of a mighty lion, a sandalled foot using another hoary mane as a footstool. There were lions all around him, and how they loved him! You could see it in their eyes. Tip Pulsifer told me once that Daniel had them charmed, and that he was looking so intently at the ceiling because he was repeating over and over again the mystic words—probably Dutch—that his grandfather had taught him. One slip—and I should see the fiery flash return to the eyes of the beasts! One slip—and they would be upon him! To Tip I replied that this was preposterous, as Babylon lived before there was any Dutch, and there being no Dutch, how could there be effective charms? Daniel was saved by a miracle. But Tip is slow witted. Charms were originally called miracles, he said. The miracle was the father of the charm. Folks would say there were no charms to-day, yet they would believe in charms that were worked a few thousand years ago, only they called them miracles. It was useless to argue with a thick fellow like Tip. I had always preferred to think of Daniel stilling the wild beasts by the grandeur of his soul, and the suggestion that I drag him from his throne, king of men and king of beasts, and picture him playing sock-ball, doing a double shuffle with his sandalled feet, tossing his long robe wildly about, now leaping, now dodging, to avoid the flying sphere—it was too much. It angered me.

"You should be ashamed of yourself, Daniel Arker!" I cried. "The idea of a boy that comes of good church folks like yours talking that way about one of the prophets. I'll dally with you no more. The boys shall see you as you are. It's books!"

I threw the window open and shouted, "Books!" I pounded on the ledge with my ruler and shouted, "Books!"

For a minute the boys feigned not to see me, and played the harder, trying to drown

my cries in their yells to the runners on the bases. But the girls took up my call and came trooping schoolward. The little boys began to break away, and soon the school resounded with the shuffle of feet, the clatter of empty dinner pails, and the banging of desk tops.

"It's books, William; hurry," I cried to the last laggard.

I knew this boy well. He was the biggest in the school, and to hold his position among his fellows he had to defy me. As long as I watched him, he must lag. The louder I called, the deafer he must seem to be. His post was hemmed around by tradition. It was his by divine right, and it involved on its holder duties sometimes onerous, often dangerous; but for him to abate one iota of his privileges would be a reflection on his predecessors, an injustice to his heirs. It would mean scholastic revolution. He knew that I must yell at him. My position also was hemmed about by tradition. To appear not to fear the biggest boy was one of the chief duties of a successful pedagogue. We understood one another. So I yelled once more and closed the window. The moment my back was turned he ran for the door.

"It is," Daniel Arker was shouting.

"It ain't," Samuel Carter retorted, sticking out his tongue.

"Boys, be quiet!" I commanded.

"He said his eye was swole worse 'an mine oncet," cried Daniel.

His good eye was blazing, his shoulders were squared back, and his fists were clenched. There was no sign of a snuffle about him now. Heaven, but he looked fine! All this time I had wronged Daniel. I had only known him as he crawled to me broken and bruised after the conflict. I had never known the odds he had encountered, for when I questioned him he just snuffled. Now I saw him before the battle, ready to defend his honor against a lad of more than his years and size, and the wickedest fighter in the school. I believed that had I let him loose there he would have whipped. But one in my position is hemmed in by tradition, so in my private capacity I was patting the boy's head with the same motion that I used in my public capacity to push him into his seat, while with a crutch I made a feint at Samuel that sent him scurrying to his place.

The biggest boy in the school sauntered in. He carefully upset three dinner pails from the shelves in the rear as he hung up his hat. I reprimanded him most severely, but I finished my lecture before he had replaced the cans. Then he shuffled to his place and got out a book as a sign that school might begin.

Now, I always liked that biggest boy. He knew his position so well. He knew just how far it was proper for him to go, and never once did he overstep those bounds. He held the respect and fear of his juniors without making any open breach with the teacher. But in one way William Bellus had been peculiarly favored. His predecessors had to deal with Perry Thomas, and in spite of his gentle ways and intellectual cast, Perry is active and wiry. He is a blacksmith by trade, and is the leading tenor in the Methodist choir. This makes a combination that for staying powers has few equals. My biggest boy's predecessor had been utterly broken. Even the girls jeered at him until he quit school entirely. But William had another problem. It was the disappointment of his life that Perry Thomas retired just as he came into power. He had declared at a mass-meeting behind the woodshed that it was a gross injustice on the part of the directors to put a crippled teacher in charge of the school. Where now was glory to be gained? They would have a schoolma'am next, like they done up to Popolomus, and none but little boys, and girls not yet out of plaits, would be so servile as to suffer such domination. Mark Hope, the soldier, he honored! Mark Hope, the veteran, he revered! Mark Hope, the teacher, he despised; for his crutches made him a safe barricade against which no Biggest Boy with a spark of honor would dare to hurl himself. There might be in the school boys base enough to charge that he lacked spirit in his attitude of armed neutrality. Let those traducers step forward, whether they be two or a dozen. What would follow, the Biggest Boy did not say; but he had pulled off his coat, and there was none to dispute him. His position was established. Thereafter he assumed toward me a calm indifference. He was never openly offensive. He always kept within certain carefully laid bounds of supercilious politeness. At first he was exasperating, and I longed to have him forget

himself and overstep those bounds, that I might make up for his disappointment in being cheated out of Perry Thomas. But he never did.

To-day William Bellus really opened the school, for not till he had buried his face in his book did the general buzz begin.

That buzz was maddening. For three long hours I had to sit there and listen to the children as they droned over and over their lessons. Yet this was my life's work. To my care Six Stars had intrusted her young, and I should be proud of that trust and earnest in its fulfilment. But Tim's letter was in my pocket. It was full of the big things of this life. It told of great struggles for great prizes, and the chalk dust choked me when I thought of him, and then turned to myself as I stood there, trying to demonstrate to half a dozen girls and boys that the total of a single column of six figures was twenty-four. Tim had been promoted and was a full-fledged clerk now. There were many steps ahead for him, but he was going to climb them rung by rung; and what joy there is in drawing one's self up by one's own strength! I was at the top of my ladder—at the very pinnacle of learning in Black Log. Even now I was unfolding to the marvelling eyes of the children of the valley the mysteries of that great science, physical geography. I was explaining to them the trend of the Rockies and the Himalayas, and of other mountains I should never see; I was telling them why it snowed, and unfolding the phenomena of the aurora borealis. Alexander with no more worlds to conquer was a sorry spectacle. We pedagogues who have mastered physical geography are Alexanders. But if I was bound to the pinnacle of learning so I could neither fly nor sink, I could at least watch Tim as he struggled higher and higher. And Mary was watching with me! That was what made my work that day seem doubly irksome and the hours trebly long; for she was waiting to hear from him, and when the sun seemed to rest on the mill gable I should be free to go to her. So the minutes dragged. It made me angry. Ordinarily I speak quietly to the scholars, but now I fairly bellowed at Chester Holmes, who was reading in such a loud tone that he disturbed me and called me to the real business of the moment.

"Don't say Dooglas!" I cried.

"That's the way Teacher Thomas used to say it," retorted Chester, sitting down on the long bench where the Fifth Reader class was posted.

"D-o-u-g—dug—Douglas," I snapped. "'Douglas round him drew his cloak.' Now, Ira Snarkle, you may read five lines, beginning with the second stanza."

Ira was very tall for his sixteen years. His clothes had never caught up to him, for his trousers always failed by two inches to grasp his shoe-tops, and his coat had a terrible struggle to touch the top of his trousers. For the shortness of the sleeves he partly compensated with a pair of bright red worsted wristers. When he bent his elbows the sleeves flew up his arms, and these wristers became the most conspicuous thing in his whole attire.

Ira was holding his book in the correct position now, so I saw a length of bare arms embraced at the wrists by brilliant bands of red.

"'My manors, halls, and bowers shall still be open at my soveryne's will,' " chanted the boy.

He paused, and to illustrate the imperious humor of the Scot, he waved his fingers and a red wrister at me. The gesture unnerved him for a moment, and he had to go thumbing over the page to find his place. He caught it again and chanted on—" 'At my sover-sover-yne's will. To each one whom he lists, however unmeet to be the owner's peer.' "

Again the boy waved the fingers and the red wrister at me. Again he paused, gathering himself for the climax. That gesture was abominable, but at such a time I dared not interrupt.

" 'My castles are my king's alone from turret to foundation stone,' " he cried. The red wrister flashed beneath my eye. Ira had even forgotten his book and let it fall to his side. He took a step forward; paused with one knee bent and the other stiff; extended his right arm and shouted, " 'The hand of Dooglas is his own, and never shall in friendly grasp, the hand of sech as Marmy-yon clasp.' "

Well done, Ira! The proud Marmion must indeed have trembled until his armor rattled if the Scot bellowed at him in that way and shook a red wrister so violently under his very nose. Excellent, Ira; you put spirit in your reading. One can almost

picture you beneath Tantallion's towers, drawing your cloak around you and giving cold respect to the stranger guest. But why say "Dooglas"?

"S-o-u-p spells soup," answered Ira loftily, to my question. "Then D-o-u-g must spell doog."

"I tell you it's Douglas. 'The hand of Douglas is his own!'" I cried. At the mention of the doughty Scot I pounded the floor with my crutch and repeated "Dug—dug—dug."

"But Teacher Thomas allus said Doog," exclaimed Chester Holmes.

"I don't care what Teacher Thomas said," I retorted. "You must say Dug—Dug—Douglas."

"But Teacher Thomas is the best speaker they is," piped in Lulu Ann Nummler from the end of the bench.

"I don't care if Teacher Thomas can recite better than Demosthenes himself," I snapped. "In this school we say Douglas." My crutch emphasized this mandate, but I could not see how it was received, for every scholar's face was hidden from me by a book.

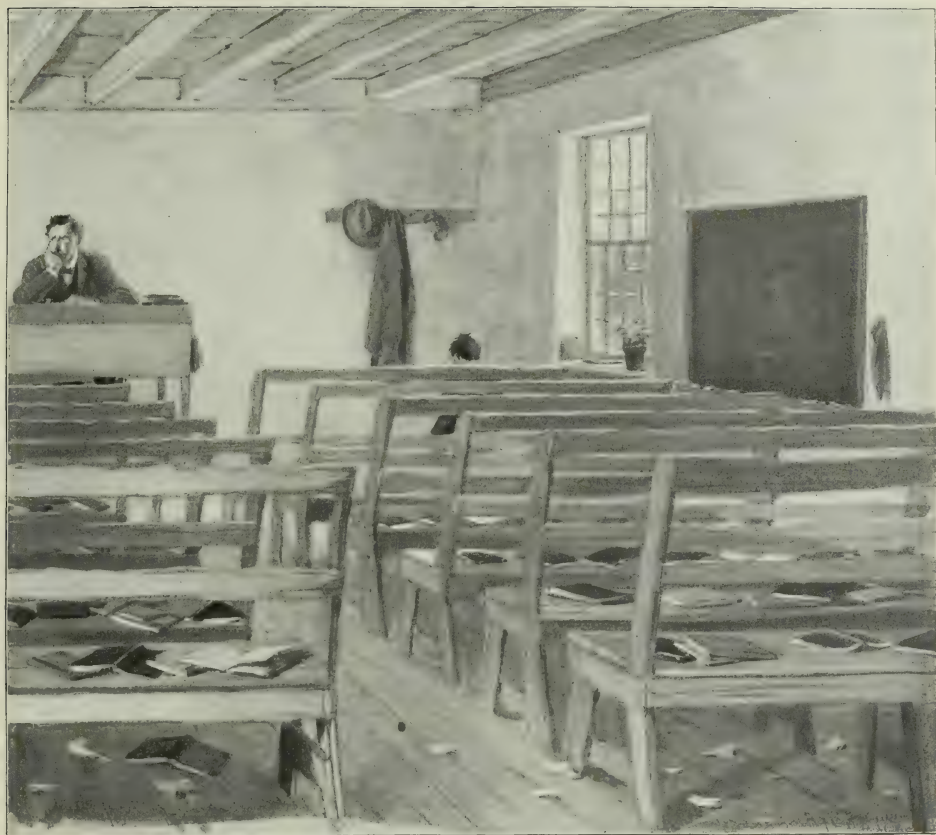
"Now, Abraham, six lines."

Abraham Lincoln Spiker was two years younger than Ira Snarkle, but he seemed much taller and correspondingly thinner. In our valley the boys have a fashion of being born long, and getting shorter and fatter as they grow older. Abraham's mother in making his clothes had provided against the day when he would weigh two hundred pounds, and consequently his garments hung all around him, giving him an exceedingly dispirited look. His hair relieved this somewhat, for it was white and always stood gayly on end, defying brush and comb. Daniel Arker, a sturdy black-haired lad, would have done fuller justice to the passage that fell to Abraham, for the Spiker boy with his gentle lisp never shone in elocution; but our reading class is a lottery, as we go from scholar to scholar down the line. The lot falling to him, Abraham pushed himself up from the bench, grasped his book fiercely with both hands, and fixed his eyes intently on the ceiling.

"Go on," I commanded kindly.

"'Fierth broke he forth,'" lisped the boy.

"Louder. Put some spirit in it," I cried. "'Fierce broke he forth!'" And my crutch beat the floor.



I was back again in my prison.—Page 57.

“ ‘Fierth broke he forth, and durtht thou then to bared——’ ”

“To beard,” I corrected.

“ ‘Bared the lion in hith den—the Doog-dug-lath——’ ” Abraham stopped and took a long breath. I just gazed at him.

“ ‘In hith hall,’ ” he shouted. “ ‘And h-o-p-hop e-s-t-hopest thou then unthscathed to go.’ ”

The boy’s knees began to bend under him, and he was reaching a long, thin arm out behind hunting for the bench. He was fleeing. I knew it. I warned him.

“No—go on—read on.”

Abraham sighed and drew his sleeve across his mouth from the elbow to the tips of his fingers. Then he sang:

“ ‘Noby—Thent Bride—of Both—wellno—updraw—bridgegrooms—whatward—erho—lettheporculluthfall!’ ”

Young Spiker collapsed.

“ ‘Lord Marmion turned; well was his

need,’ ” I cried, “if Douglas ever addressed him in that fashion.”

“Now watch me, boys,” I added. And with as much fire as I could kindle in so short a time and under conditions so dampening, I thundered the resounding lines: “ ‘No, by St. Bride of Bothwell, no! Up drawbridge, grooms—what, warder, ho!’ ”

“ ‘Let the portcullis fall!’ ” This last command rang from the back of the room. Perry Thomas stood there smiling.

“I couldn’t have done it better myself, Mark,” he said. “It’s a splendid piece—that Marmy-yon—ain’t it—grand—noble. I love to say it.”

“Teacher Thomas, Teacher Thomas,” came in the shrill voice of Chester Holmes, “ain’t it Dooglas?”

Perry was at my side, smiling benignly on the school. He really seemed to love the scholars; but Perry is a pious man, and

seeks to follow the letter of the Scriptures, and the command is to love our enemies.

"Doogulus—Doogulus," he said. "Of course, boys, it's Doogulus."

The word seemed to taste good, he rolled it over and over so in his mouth.

"Teacher Hope says you ain't such a fine speaker after all," cried Lulu Ann Nummler from the distant end of the bench.

She is fifteen and should have known better, but the people of our valley are

dreadfully frank sometimes, and this girl spoke in the clear, sharp voice of truth that cut through one. Perry turned quick as a flash and eyed me.

For a moment all I could do was to thump the floor and cry "Order! Silence! Lulu Ann Nummler, when you want to speak, you must hold up three fingers."

The three fingers shot up at once and waved at me, but I pretended not to see them and turned to my guest.





"You'll begin to think you ain't there at all."—Page 66.

"I said, Perry, that you were not quite so great a speaker as Demosthenes," I stammered. Chester Holmes had three fingers up and Ira Snarkle was waving both hands, but I went calmly on: "They were telling me how beautifully you recited, and I was trying to instil into the piece a little of your spirit. But now that we have you here, I insist on your showing me and the school just how it is done."

Perry frowned fiercely on Lulu Ann Nummler, and the three fingers disappeared. On me he smiled.

"It's a great pleasure to me to be able to recite," he said. "To be able to repeat great po-ems at will, is to have a treasure you can allus carry with you while your voice lasts." All this was to the scholars. "There are three great arts in this world—singin', hand-paintin', and last but not least, speakin'. I try my hand at all of them except hand-paintin', and I wish to impress on all you scholars what a joy it is to oneself and one's friends to have mastered one of these muses. Singin' and speakin' are closely allied, startin' from the same

source. And hand-paintin', it allus seemed to me, is really elocution in oils; for a be-yutiful picture is a silent talker. What suggestions it brings to us as we look upon a paintin' of a wreath of flowers, or fruit, or a handsome lady! This art is lastin'. Speakin' and singin' is over as soon as they is done. So I have often thought that had I only time I'd hand-paint; but bein' a busy man I've had to content myself with but two of the muses."

Perry paused a moment to rub his hands and smile. I did not miss this opportunity to break in, for I had no intention of listening to a dissertation on art as well as to a recitation.

"Now let us have your 'Marmion,'" I said.

He had forgotten all about "Marmion," and came back to the knight with a start and a cough. Then he gazed long at the floor. The school buzz died away, and you could hear the ticking of my little clock. Perry coughed again and I knew that he was started, so I settled down in my chair and gazed out of the window.

“But Doogulus round him drew his cloak,” Perry was buttoning the two top buttons of his Prince Albert as his voice rang out. “Folded his arms and thus he spoke.”

Annagretta Holmes is only three years

Prince Albert around him once more and spoke.

A grand figure Perry would have made in Tantallion's towers. I forgot the school, and the village and the valley, as I sat there looking out of the window into the sky. I



I saw a girl on the store porch.—Page 68.

old. They send her to school to keep her warm and out of mischief. She sat on the very front row, right under Perry's eye. The poor child didn't understand why Teacher Thomas should stare so at her, and she let out one long unending bleat. This gave me a chance to send Lulu Ann Nummiller out of the room in charge of the infant, and I rested easier, when Perry drew his

am in those towers when Marmion stops to bid adieu, but in place of the proud Scottish noble, Perry Thomas stands confronting the English warrior. What a pair they make—the knight armed cap a-pie, standing at his charger's side, and Perry in that close-fitting, shiny coat that has seen so many great occasions in the valley. There is a gracious bigness about the Englishman

forgetting the cold respect with which he has been treated and offering a mailed hand in farewell. But Perry buttons his Prince Albert, waves his brown derby under the very vizor of the departing guest, rests easily on his right leg, bends the left knee slightly, folds his arms and speaks. "Burned Marmion's swarthy cheek like fire." Little wonder! If Perry Thomas spoke to me like that I'd cleave his head. But Marmion spares proud Angus. He beards the Doogulus in his hall. He dashes the rowels in his steed, dodges the portcullis, and gallops over the draw. And Perry Thomas is left standing with folded arms, gazing through the chalk-dust haze into the solemn, wide open eyes of the children of Six Stars.

IX



ERRY'S head was close to mine, over my table. The school was studying louder than ever, and our voices could not have gone beyond the platform; but my friend was cautious. The scholars might well have thought that the whispered conference boded them ill; that the new teacher and the old teacher were hatching some conspiracy against them. It must have looked like it. Perry's elbows were on the table, and my elbows were on the table. My chin rested in my hands, but his hands were waving beneath my chin as he unfolded to me the plot he had just discovered against his hopes and his happiness. But the school was good. The second grammar class had been relieved from a recitation by this confab, and somehow Perry had a subduing influence. Even the Biggest Boy opened his desk quietly and never once looked up from his geography except for a cautious glance out of the corner of his left eye.

"There was a pile of 'em that high, Mark," said Perry, waving his hands about a foot above the table. "There was some books of po-ems and novels and such. He'd sent them all to her in one batch—all new, mind ye, too—and it pleased her most to death. Well, it made me feel flat, I tell you—so flat that when she asked me if I didn't think it was lovely of him, I burst right out and said it was really. What I

should of done was kind of pass it off as if it didn't amount to much."

"Who is the young woman?" I asked.

"I ain't mentionin' names," Perry replied, "and I ain't givin' the name of the other man; but I have an idee you could guess if you kep' at it."

Our valley does not bloom with beautiful young women. We always have a few, but those few can be counted on one's fingers. Our valley does not number among its men many who can supplement their sentimental attentions with gifts of books. I knew of one. So it did not require much guessing on my part to divine the cause of Perry's heart-sickness; but as long as the other persons in his drama were anonymities, he would speak freely, so I relieved him by declaring solemnly that never in the world could I guess. I had always supposed him a lover of all women, a slave of none.

Perry smiled.

"I have kep' a good deal of company," he said. "On account of my fiddlin' and singin' and recitin' I've always had things pretty much my own way. It's opposition that's ruination. That's what shatters a man's heart and takes all his sperrit. As long as the game's between just a man and a girl there's nothin' very serious. One or the other loses, and you can begin a new game somewheres else. But when two men and one girl get a playin' three handed then it is serious; then it's desperate. A man has to th'ow his whole heart and mind into it, if he'd whip, and he gets so worked up he thinks his whole happiness to the end of time depends on his drivin' the other fellow to drownin' himself in the mill-dam."

"In other words, if you had not found another laying piles of books and such gifts at the feet of this fair one, whose name I can never guess, you would have fiddled to her and sung to her and recited to her until she said 'I love you.' Then you would have sought new heavens to conquer."

"That's about it," said Perry, smiling feebly. His face brightened. "You know how it is yourself, Mark. Mind how you kep' company once with Emily Holmes and nothin' come of it. She went off to Normal School in desperation—you mind that, don't ye?—and she married a school teacher from Snyder County—you mind that, don't ye? Now supposin' you and that Snyder

County chap had been opposin' one another instead of you and Emily Holmes—I allow her name would have been changed to Emily Hope long ago, or you'd a-drownded yourself."

"But I never had any intention of marryin' Emily Holmes," I protested.

"I know you didn't," Perry replied, thumping the table in triumph. "That's just the p'int. If the world was populated by one man and one woman, they'd be a bachelor and an old maid. If there was two men and one woman, then one of the men would marry the old maid sure."

"Your meaning is more clear," I said.

Though Perry did not know it, I was meeting the same opposition that so aroused his ire. In part there was truth in what he said, for where opposition does not increase one's love, it surely quickens it. I doubt if I should have been making a journey nightly up the hill if I had not expected to find Weston there. Of Perry I had no fear, and it was not egotism in me to be indifferent to him. He lives so far down the valley. It's a long walk from Buzzard's Glory to Six Stars, and the road has many chuck-holes. Perry is a man-about-the-valley *par excellence*, but he is discreet, so it had chanced we met but once at Warden's, and that was on the night we heard the story of Flora Martin and the famine in India. He knew me still as a friend, and not regarding him as a rival, I treated him as a companion in arms. To be sure, I could not see where he could be of much assistance; but we had a common aim and a common foe. That made a bond between us. With that common foe disposed of, the bond might snap. Till then I was Perry's friend.

"I agree with you partly," I said. "Still, it seems to me a man should love a woman for herself—wholly, entirely for herself, and not because some other fellow has set his heart on her."

"You are right there, in part," Perry answered. "I have set my heart on a particular young lady, but the fact that another—a lean, cadaverous fellow with red whiskers and no particular looks or brains—is slowly pushing himself between us makes it worse. It aggravates me; it affects my appetite." Perry smiled grimly. "It drives away sleep. You know how it 'ud have been if that Snyder County teacher had been

livin' in Six Stars when you was keepin' company with Emily Holmes."

"I don't know how it would have been at all," I retorted hotly.

"Well, s'posin' when you'd walked four miles to set up with her, and thought you had her all to yourself, s'pose this Snyder County teacher with red whiskers and little twinklin' eyes, and new clothes, come strollin' in, and stretched out in a chair like he owned her, and begin tellin' about all the countries he'd seen—about England and Rome, Injy and Africa—and she leaned for'a'd and looked up into his eyes and just listened to him talk, drank it all in like—s'pose all that, and then s'pose——"

"I'll suppose anything you like," said I, "except that I am in love with Emily Holmes and that the Snyder County teacher is putting me out. For example, let us put me in your place. I am enamoured of this fair unknown—of course I can't guess her name—and this second man, also unknown—he of the red whiskers, is my rival. Let us suppose it that way."

"If you insist," Perry replied. "Well then, you are settin' up with her. You've invited her to be your lady at the next spellin' bee between Six Stars and Turkey Walley, and she has said she'll think about it. Then you've told her that there is something wrong with you. You don't know what it is, 'ceptin' you feel all peekit like for no special reason; you can't eat no more, and sleep poorly and has sighin' spells. Then she kind of peeks at you outen the corner of her eye and smiles. S'posin' just then in comes this man and bows most polite, and tells you he is so delighted to see you, and makes her move from the settee where you are, to a rocker close to him; and leans over her and asks about the health of all the family as if they was his nearest and dearest; inquires about her dog; tells her she looks just like the portraits of his great-grandma. S'posin' she just kind of looks at the floor quiet-like or else up at him—you'll begin to think you ain't there at all, won't you? Then you'll concide that you are there but you oughtn't to be, and kind of slide out without your hat and forget your fiddle. I tell you, Mark, it's then love becomes a consumin' fire."

Perry looked at me appealingly. Men hesitate to speak of love—except to women. He had already shown a frankness that was

surprising, but then with a certain deftness he had placed me in the position of the sentimental one with a problem to solve. He was seeking for himself a solution of that problem, and was appealing to me to help him.

"Suppose again," said I, "that going another day to see the girl, I found her purring over a pile of books—all new books—just given her by this same arrogant interloper." Perry was silent, but when I paused and looked at him, I saw in his face that I was arguing along the right line. "Then the question arises, what shall I do?"

Perry nodded.

"What would you do?" he said. "That's it exact."

"I'd meet him at his own game," I answered.

"With what?" he asked.

"With what?" I repeated.

There was the rub! With what? I sat with my head clasped between my hands trying to answer him.

"With what?" I repeated, after a long silence.

"S'posin' I got her a wreath." Perry offered the suggestion, and in his enthusiasm he forgot that in our premise I was the person concerned; but I was not loath to let him take on himself the burden of our perplexity.

"Is she dead?" I asked.

"I needn't get one of that kind," he solemnly replied. "Somethin' in autumn leaves ought to be nice."

"You might do better."

"A hand-paintin', then," he ventured timidly.

I smiled on this with more approval.

"They have some be-yutiful ones at Hopedale," he said with more heart. "The last time I was down I was lookin' at 'em. They've fine gold frames and——"

"Why send her a picture of a tree when the finest oak in the valley is at her door?" I protested. "Why send her a picture of a slate-colored cow when a herd of Durhams pastures every day right under her eye?"

"That's true," Perry answered. "Hand paintin's is meant for city folks. But what can a fellow get? A statue!" His eyes brightened. "That's just the thing—a statue of Washington or Lincoln or General Grant—how's that for an idee, Mark?"

"Excellent, if you are trying to make an impression on her uncle," I answered.

Perry shook his hands despairingly.

"You have come to a poor person at such business, Perry," said I. "What little I know of courting I have from books, and it seems to me that the usual thing is flowers—violets—roses."

My friend straightened up in his chair and gazed at me very long and hard. From me his eyes wandered to the calendar that hung behind my desk.

"November—November," he muttered. "A touch of snow too—and violets and roses."

He leaned toward me fiercely. "Violets come in May," he said. "This here is a matter of weeks."

"I'm serious, Perry," said I. "Books are the thing, and flowers; not wreaths and statutes and paintings. You must send something that carries some sentiment with it."

He saw that I was in earnest, and his countenance became brighter.

"Geraniums," he muttered, thumping the table. "I'll get Mrs. Arker to let me have one of them window plants of hers, and I'll put it in a new tomato can and paint it. How's that for a starter?"

"I've never read about men sending geraniums," I replied. "It's odd, but I never have. I suppose the can makes them seem a little unwieldy. Still——"

"I had thought of a fortygraph album." Perry spoke timidly again.

I had no mind to let him venture any more suggestions. His was too fickle a fancy, and I had settled on an easy solution of the problem. He was to send her a geranium. Somehow, I knew deep down in my own heart, ill versed as I am in such things, that I should never send her such a gift myself. I would climb to the top of Gander Knob for a wild rose or rhododendron; I would stir the leaves from the gap to the river in search of a simple spray of arbutus for her. But step before her with my arms clasping a tin can with a geranium plant? Heaven forbid! Perry was different. The suggestion pleased him. He was rubbing his hands and smiling in great contentment.

"I might send a po-em with it," he said. "I've allus found that poetry kind of catches ahold of a girl when you are away."

It keeps you in her mind. It must be sing-song, though, kind of gittin' into her head like quinine. It must keep time with the splashin' of the churn and the howlin' of the wind. I mind when I was keepin' company with Rhoda Spiker—she afterwards married Ulysses G. Harmon, of Hopedale—I sent her a po-em that run somethin' like this: 'I live, I love, my Life, my Light; long love I thou, Sweetheart so bright——'

Perry's po-em never got into my brain, for as he repeated the captivating lines, I was gazing over his shoulder, out of the window, down the road to the village. I saw a girl on the store porch, standing by the door a moment as if undecided which way to go. Then she turned her head into the November gale and came rapidly up the road. In a minute more she would be passing the schoolhouse door. Tim's letter

was in my pocket and the sun was still high over the gable of the mill.

"Rhoda sent me a postal asking me to write her a po-em full of Ks or Xs or Ws, just so as she could get the Ls out of her head, and——"

"Perry!" I broke right into his story and seized the lapel of his waistcoat as though he were my dearest friend. "My girl is going by the schoolhouse door this very minute. Now you help me. Take the school for the rest of the afternoon."

"Your girl?" cried Perry. His voice broke from the smothered conference tone and the school heard it and tittered. He recovered himself and poked me in the chest.

"Oh!" he said, "Widow Spoonholler—I seen you last Sunday singin' often the same book—I seen you. Hurry, Mark, hurry; and luck to you! You've done me 'most a mighty good turn."

(To be continued.)

THE RUN ON THE BULL HILL BANK

By George Daulton

ILLUSTRATIONS BY J. N. MARCHAND



HOLLISTER threw his bulky Sunday paper on the scoured whiteness of one of Jimmie's deal tables, and taking a painted chair, tilted it back to a comfortable balance and felt at home.

Chicago, that had outgrown his recognition, stretched flat as the table for more than twenty miles southerly along the lake, and a big, ugly lake freighter, new and strange to him in design, was slowly ploughing over a vast pool of sunshine that floated off-shore in Lake Michigan's blue. He had made his money and had returned home to live, as he had always promised himself, and now he was feeling homesick for the rough mining camp in the Rockies he had left but Thursday. He wondered, as he glanced out at the fashionable suburb on the opposite side of Devon Avenue, if he would ever again admire such shaven and clipped greenery,

and the accurate alignment that made the macadam, the curb, and the boulevard lamps disappear at the point of a perfect perspective. But here in the little lake-side restaurant he felt at home again, for "Jimmie's place" on the skirt of Edgewater, was merely a sheltering roof reared on enough posts to support it and inclosed in wire gauze, and Jimmie's little lean-to kitchen, hiding no unclean mysteries from the open view of his custom, reminded Hollister of his own tar-paper shack where he had "bached it" so long on the side of Bull Hill.

The queer little resort was deserted, but human interest was in the drift-wood fire, that was making audible protest at its confinement behind the dampers of Jimmie's shining range, and his bright copper kettle that was softly singing to itself. The neighborhood seemed to be still asleep; while Hollister glanced over his paper it wasso quiet he could hear the gritty

crackle of bicycle tires wheeling down Sheridan Road, the hiss and puff of escaping air from the brakes of a trolley car three blocks away, and the pounding of a gasoline roadster coming up the shore.

Presently, as if by a signal, the vicinity awoke, a heavy door gave a muffled bang, and Hollister saw Dunham, in summer attire, strolling in and out of the shade of Kenmore Avenue to breakfast at the little café. Jimmie suddenly appeared from behind the breakwater with a fish basket, and the automobile, having a case of spasmodic snuffles that bespoke some serious disorder, turned into Devon.

"I'm glad you didn't take my laughing invitation to breakfast at Jimmie's as a joke," greeted Dunham, hurriedly entering as Jimmie came scuffling in from the sand. "I wasn't sure of you, or I'd have been here sooner. In the unusual quiet of a house just deserted for the summer I am likely to oversleep. Jimmie, I was praising your breakfasts to Mr. Hollister last night. What can you give us this morning?"

Jimmie grinned and raised the lid of his basket. Upon a bed of the grape leaves, with which his arbor was shaded, four shining white fish were lying, fresh from the lake.

"Well, it isn't good for some folks to go up into the mountains too suddenly," returned Hollister, in answer to Dunham's apology when the breakfast had been ordered. "On the other hand, I came down too quickly. I had to seek the open this morning; the change from the crate and cracker-box architecture on the shoulder of Bull Hill to that——" Hollister nodded toward the big terra-cotta balls crowning the stately gables of his sister's home—"was too sudden; I had to get out."

By fits and starts the automobile fussed nearer and nearer, and while Dunham was serving the melons out of their bed of crushed ice, the machine broke down, apparently not to be cajoled into making its elephantine wheels go by Jimmie's screen door. The huge vehicle was an interesting novelty to Hollister, and Dunham's witticism against the constant liability of all its kind to need repair was lost on him, while he intently watched the perspiring and irritating tinkering of the auto driver upon some part within its intricate vitals.

The automobilist arose with an impa-

tient jerk and softly cursed the machine, while he grabbed for something in the tool box; then he dashed the box-lid shut, and with a red and angry face strode into the restaurant to order a cup of coffee.

"Am I right in guessing that you need a washer?" asked Hollister, as the man impatiently glanced at his watch.

"Why, yes," replied the other, as he took a hasty draught of coffee and glanced again at his watch. "I have lost all together nearly thirty minutes from my record for just one little washer. You haven't such a thing about you?"

The question was impudently put, but Hollister arose beaming and brought up from the depth of his trousers pocket a handful of gold, from which he picked three ordinary iron washers.

"Then, I think, I can fit you out," said he. "Here are three sizes. You are welcome to the one you need."

The auto driver stood dumb for an instant with his cup raised in his hand.

"Well, for the love of heaven! The very thing!" he burst out. "Thank you, sir, thank you! This one is just it!"

He dashed out to his car, and the machine was soon pounding away as wickedly as at best.

"It's all right!" he called. "You've saved my life. Thank you again, and sorry you're not jogging with me."

"If it were expensive enough to be fashionable they would ride threshing machines, and then I'd buy wheat for all I was worth," remarked Dunham, gazing after the automobile as it thumped out of sight. "I never saw your equal, Hollister, in an emergency," he added. "Thrown out of a three-pair-of-stairs window you would alight on your feet as careless as a cat."

Hollister laughed, and spun the two remaining washers on the table.

"No," he said, "the virtue is in the washers. There are times, of course, when events seem to fall in a sequence that is inevitably all one way: sometimes for good that all perdition can't prevent; sometimes for bad that heaven itself cannot help. The Bull Hill Bank had such a run of luck while I was with it—a run that was nothing but evil, until a few bags of these little iron washers never said a word, but turned in and put the concern on Easy Street."

"I didn't know," interposed Dunham, "that solid little institution was ever anywhere but on 'Easy Street.'"

"My boy," returned Hollister, "if you had known the bank a matter of twelve years ago you would have thought it was doing business at No. 13 Thirteenth Street. It was shortly after I went out to the mountains," he continued, "kid that I was, and, like a young goat, jocularly daring anything. Why, I took up two or three gross of mining claims, annexing enough of the hills and gulches of the Spring Valley country to cover a congressional district, if they could have been flattened out on a prairie State. A bank is *the* place for marketing and financing mining deals, and it was for that reason, and that the work would still leave me ample time for the outside care of my property and the development of the Alma Mater Mine, that I accepted Hadley's offer to make me his assistant.

"The Bull Hill Bank was as good a concern as any of its class in the mountains—nearly all of them had done a more or less wild-cat business. Hadley had the pride of a young financier; if he had ever jeopardized the depositors by certain little manipulations of securities and accounts, it was only to make a showy balance for the stockholders, and that is what many another young and ambitious bank has done and grown into a steady-going institution, with never a day of precious excitement to enliven the monotony of its eminently respectable money-getting career. Bull Hill had sown its wild oats when I went into it, but it was certainly caught off its base that fall.

"I had been with the bank some eight or nine months when the run of bad luck struck us. First there was an utter collapse of some mining stocks in our district, which made slumps in others, all involving the bank and many of its depositors in irritating losses and settlements. It wasn't our fault that the Dial pinched out, nor that the water raised in the Olentangy nearly to the grass roots, nor that the manager of the Golden Zone overworked the mine and then lit out with everything in sight; but everybody was mad at us for the perfectly legitimate settlements that grew out of them. We lost a few accounts, but it was not till we had to withdraw our

patronage from two of our depositors, Mosier and Rand, an assayer and a prospector, whose rascality lost us the commission on the sale of a mine, that the malcontents began to get it back at us.

"Hadley had been called to Chicago to promote some of our mining deals, and I was in charge with old Blasland, our president, merely a fussy old figurehead, subject to bad turns with his heart. Things were running smoothly enough, but our working funds, which we usually kept in the neighborhood of forty thousand dollars, had been suddenly checked low by some of our ranchers, who were buying stock, and I was just thinking I would have to wire our Denver correspondent for ten thousand by express, when I walked the two glowering gentlemen I have mentioned and drew out their measly accounts, and before the bank closed two or three others had followed suit.

"Things were beginning to look serious and the old man nearly had a fit. We sent a cipher dispatch to Denver for thirty thousand dollars, and closed the safe with less than twenty thousand in it—Blasland, in his nervous meddling, attending to the time 'lock' himself.

"I was at the bank bright and early the next morning, but the old gentleman was there before me, looking pale and anxious, with a message from the Denver bank, stating that our telegram had been delivered too late to make the Overland Express, and that they would ship the money the following day. We would have to run the bank, then, for the next twenty-six hours on the money we had in the safe.

"I was mechanically filing the telegram in a tumult of thought of how we should bluff our way through the day, when Robert, our clerk, rushed out of the vault. 'I can't get the safe open,' he panted; 'I've tried my best, but the lock is set!'

"We all crowded into the vault, even to Jerry, our watchman and janitor. I threw myself upon the handles of the screw door, but it was as solid as though it were welded in its place. I hoped that the little lock setting the screw bar had failed to act, but Robert showed us how freely the tiny key worked, and the oily thuds of the well-fitting steel told that the bolt released the bar which should unscrew the great, round steel door and swing it out on its

ponderous crane. Again and again we strained at the screw bar, each one of us and all of us together—I, until I saw lightning and my chin dripped sweat; Blasland silly in the fright of what he had done, and pitiful in his tremulous and childish efforts. We might as well have tried to lift Pike's Peak; we were shut out, and the safe was guaranteed to withstand the skill of expert cracksmen within a very liberal time limit.

"A sickening all-goneness struck me, as I realized the very possible results of this culminating misfortune. Blasland, too, was white as death. Each knew the thought of the other—our recent losses, the soreness of some of our depositors, the enmity of Mosier and Rand, the intimation of a run they had caused the day before, the absence of Hadley, and now this strange and untimely accident; who wouldn't believe that the bank had gone to Styx? That meant then, on Bull Hill, nothing short of a fusillade of guns or a gallows tree.

"Then, Dunham, as if fate would add another damning circumstance against us, poor old Blasland caught his breath and collapsed on the counting-room floor.

"The full weight of affairs was now on my shoulders, and with the sense of responsibility my brain cleared for action. I must acknowledge my first impulse was to cut and run, but the gaming instinct is too strong in me; I'd save the bank or die trying to win out.

"Jerry was sworn to secrecy, and drove home with Mr. Blasland as quietly as common. Robert was dispatched with another cipher to Denver, ordering the shipment increased to fifty thousand, which was more than we had there, but they were to draw on us in New York for the balance. I also asked the Denver bank to send us an expert safe-man; and this I had to put in plain English, as the bank's code was too meagre for anything more than the ordinary requirements of business.

"Meanwhile, I had opened the bank, making the first transaction myself, a deposit of all the cash I had in my clothes. The money was lost in the old tin tray where we kept the odds and ends of the business, and you can bet I let it stay in the drawer under the teller's window, along with the six-shooter, and not in its usual place exposed on the counter.

"Fortunately, the big leather wallet con-

taining our discounts was never put in the safe, but was on its iron shelf in the vault, and our tickler showed that I might hope for the payment of a number of good-sized notes that day. Luckily, too, business opened with deposits from some of the regular old stand-bys of the bank, and I issued several drafts for cash. In dribs my working fund crept up to five hundred, eight, twelve, fifteen hundred, and more than two thousand. The morning wore on, while the balance in the drawer sawed up and down among the meagre hundreds; there were no accounts closed, but, though this somewhat reassured me, something of uneasiness was in the air; I could feel it, partly by intuition, as I knew the money that came from the butcher's or the baker's or the grocer's.

"At eleven o'clock my blotter showed we had a little more than thirteen hundred in the drawer; I was playing fair, but I was nursing my cash whenever I had the slightest pretext that would not be construed in an unkindly way to the bank. Just twenty-four hours remained until relief could arrive by the Overland from Denver—twenty-four hours, in which the chance transaction of a friend might break the bank as easily as the stampede of those who were sore.

"I knew I could not trust the wire to keep the secret of the safe; and sure enough at noon Buddie, the station messenger, came in with a telegram from the safe-man, who was coming, and two from Denver papers asking if there was any story for print about the safe. If the tale was being guessed at over the wire, how long would it be getting abroad in Bull Hill?

"The slow minutes crept into the afternoon, and the race to close for the day settled into an exciting finish. A depositor, whom I least suspected of unfriendliness, checked out without a word; bills receivable, and a few unavoidably payable, deposits and checks, collections and drafts, passed in and out of the window, raising and lowering my little margin."

"It was like a wild day on 'Change," broke in Dunham; and Jimmie was nervously hovering about the table, making preoccupied dabs of unnecessary service.

"Once I thought the jig was up," Hollister drove on, "when a bull-headed contractor wanted cash for a twenty-five-hun-

dred-dollar County voucher to take up to Ogden. In the knowledge that a bank is hedged about with a dignity that makes it autocratic beyond appeal to those not used to financial forms, I politely but firmly forced him to accept the safety and convenience of exchange on New York. It was a bad scare, but I was rewarded, for a few minutes after that I was counting, with the certainty and lightning-like nonchalance of the expert, three thousand dollars in gold, poured from the buckskin belt of a ranchman!

"The clock was nearly on the closing hour; Robert and I were balancing the books. A few little accounts had been paid in full, with no show of hard feelings about it, when Prentiss, a kind of corner-desk banker in the camp, came in with a handful of our checks. He said he needed cash rather than exchange, and as the checks I had taken against him were, of course, few, and for small amounts, there was nothing to do but pay him a cash balance of nearly four thousand, and be thankful I could do it. Among the lot there were five or six checks that closed our business with as many depositors, who had, beyond doubt, gone over to him, through the underhand work of Mosier and Rand; and I saw the malicious smile with which he received the irregular mass of money—as heterogeneous as a church collection—that I shoved out to him: there were no neat bundles of bills, no smooth one-hundred-dollar notes, nor fifties. I paid him all my gold, and the balance in straggling paper, and enough fives for the pay-roll of the Homestake Mine."

"And he walked off with all your sinews of war, O Napoleon of finance?" cried Dunham.

"By no means," retorted Hollister. "I had a hundred and some odd dollars in the drawer!"

"I let myself sit down at my desk," Hollister chuckled, and ran on, "just to enjoy and talk over with myself the exhilarating game of the day. I was having such a good time that it seemed to me Robert had scarcely gone away when he was back again with a scared face.

"There'll be a run on us in the morning," he cried in an undertone. 'I overheard it posting the mail; someone inside by the letter-drop was talking. Mosier and Rand

are at the bottom of it. The wire has just leaked the story of the safe, and they say it's some bluff—and Hadley's being gone, and Mr. Blasland sick is making all kinds of talk."

"Very well," said I; "we shall be ready for them. Avoid talking outside; but if you have to say anything, stick to it that we'll show them money to burn!"

"You are too sure, Mr. Hollister," he blurted out; "this is a life-and-death matter, out here; they'll stop your clock as sure as fate!"

"Don't you worry, Robert; we'll make some of these assayers and prospectors feel as cheap as a cancelled check for two bits. That reminds me that I shall need you here at eight in the morning—you will have to take Jerry and go with the guns to meet the express from Ogden."

"I went into the vault and closed the doors, when Robert had gone in religious awe of my gall, and blind trust of whatever I might have up my sleeve. I lit the lamp, and pressing my ear against the cold steel of the safe, I listened with my very heart for the ticking of the time lock; it was still going. Then taking down from a shelf three small canvas bags, such as the United States Treasury uses for the delivery of specie, I put them, with an old bank seal and a stick of red sealing-wax, into one of those awfully official-looking little boxes made of heavy pine, that the Government also uses for gold. These were then done up in a slovenly newspaper-covered bundle.

"I felt better, and, undisturbed, ate a hearty dinner at the Houp-la Hash House, and chuckled over my cigar, while they put me up a midnight lunch of their rat-trap cheese and a bottle of coffee. My chuckle, I fear, was like that of a man who delays his end by killing one of a hundred pursuing wolves.

"When I returned Jerry was at the bank with word that poor old Blasland was too ill to care how things went. So I sent to the livery for my horse—thanking my stars that, as I was still living in my shack out at the mine, no one would be suspicious of my riding out of town.

"Now, Jerry," said I, when he came back, "there is something you must do for me with the utmost caution and without fail." He shook hands and feet on it that



"Then, I think, I can fit you out," said he.—Page 69.

he'd do whatever I wanted. 'Have three jackscrews in the bank by three o'clock in the morning; you will find them in the section boss's tool house. I shall be here myself about that time.'

"With the bundle tied to my saddle I was about to hit the trail when a group of men came up and stopped to speak with me. I never said a word, but let them drag it to the point of a plain declaration that they were a 'committee from the depositors, who wanted to know . . .' Then I lit in and gave them no chance to talk. I bluffed them to a standstill, abso-

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lutely refusing to jaw-smith over business matters with anybody. If the depositors wanted their money, all they had to do was to be on hand in the morning. They might check to a fare-you-well every dollar they had with us, and we'd be glad to be rid of a lot of them. With that I bade them good-night, and without knowing that I was having a fool's luck, I rode away.

"'Sonny,' one of them called sardonically after me, 'you're surely a tender-foot on Bull Hill, so do be careful to-morrow, or it will be Katy-bar-the-door for you.'

"This parting shot had hardly winged



“ ‘I can’t get the safe open,’ he panted; ‘I’ve tried my best, but the lock is set!’ ”—Page 70.

my triumph when Mosier saluted me in front of his office in sneering tones: ‘Good-evening! good-evening, indeed,’ says he, and with that swung himself on his horse and took up the trail back of me at a lope that kept no more than thirty yards between us all the way to Rand’s shack outside of Bull Hill, and, there being joined by Rand, the surveillance became so impudently matter-of-course that I knew it was their intention to keep in touch with me until the game came to some kind of a show-down.

“I want to say that those two hounds, steadily pounding my trail in the dim night, was the most unnerving thing I had to bear. I was scared, but luckily I held myself down to attending to my own knitting in as openly matter-of-fact way as they did.

“It was a fine autumn night with a thin slice of moon to light me, and busy as I was with my excited thoughts, the road over Bull Hill to the mine seemed short as the clear mountain air makes it appear to the eye. The handful of cabins in the gulch was dark with one exception; new machinery was going into the mine, and night work had been shut down. In the boss’s shack I was doubtless expected, for there was a light in the window, and Wilkinson’s concertina was moaning away as usual.

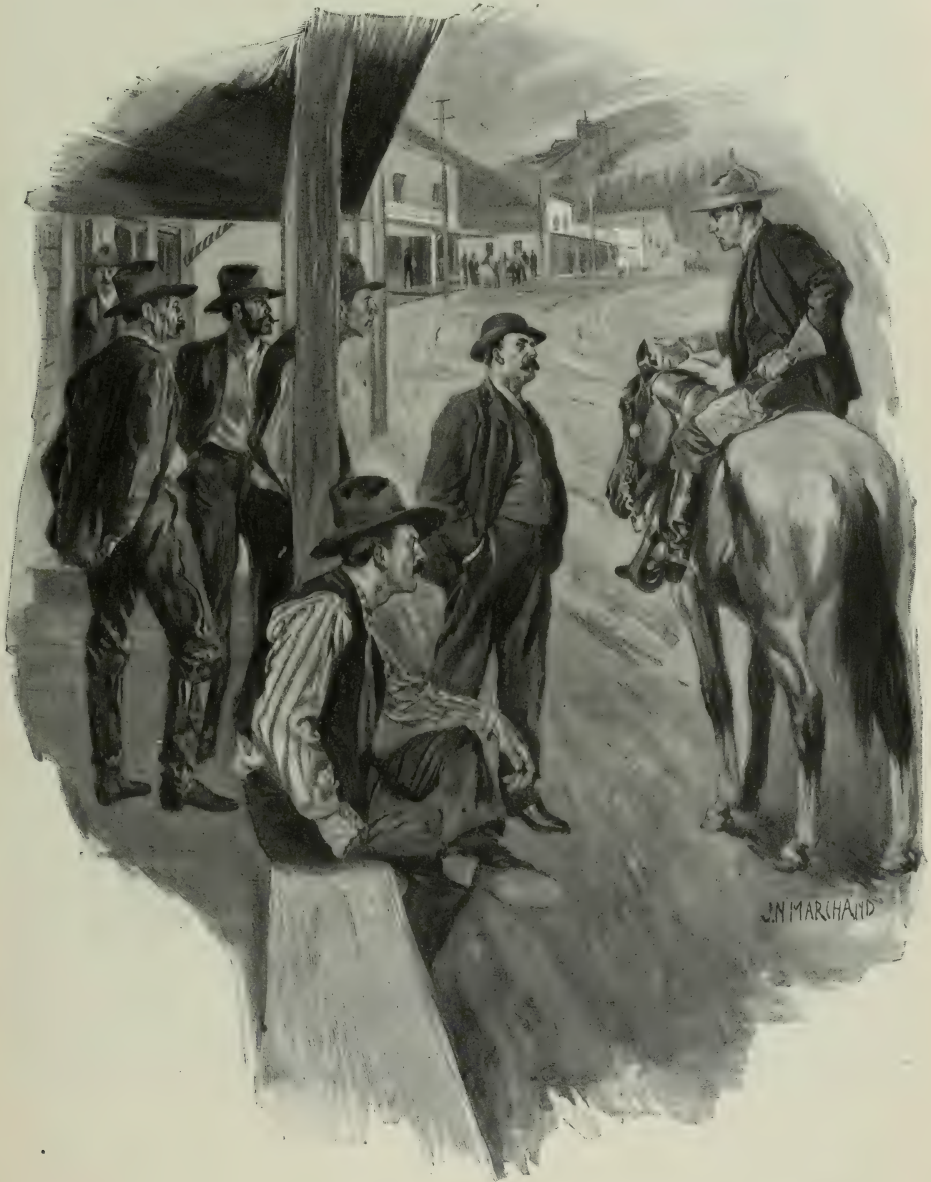
“Instead of going in I rode up to his door and had all the talk that I wanted with Wilkinson, just then, from the saddle; at the same time letting Mosier and Rand, who were hanging in the background, see that I was merely attending to my own

affairs. When I gave him good-night I said that as I intended going to Bull Hill unusually early, I'd go up to the shaft house to look at things before going to bed, and I'd not trouble him to go with me.

"Now, for the time being, I had fixed up a rude stable in the rocky niche forming the entrance of the old tunnel of the vein. disused since the sinking of the shaft.

Here, if they had only forgotten it, lay my one way of evading my bodyguard: the tunnel, now covered by the shed, ran into the hill about seventy-five yards, where it opened into the shaft sixty feet below the shaft house.

"Mosier and Rand kept the unvarying measure of their distance, while I put up my horse and walked ahead of them to the shaft.



"For the first time the exciting game of mining gold had no charms for me; the new machinery received only the attention necessary to impress my guards, who were near at hand outside. A keg of washers down in the bottom of the mine was the thing—washers that I had not valued before at the price of a box of cigars, but were now the precious poker chips with which I was gambling for my life.

"Did you ever have to climb to the top of one of your skyscrapers when there was an elevator strike? Well, that's easy. The washers were in the lowest drift, where a tram was being laid. What would you say to four hundred feet of wet ladders, made in the rough of trees snaked down from the hill, with frequent gaps where rungs were out or ends didn't meet; over beams and braces, now at one angle, now at another, where the vein had been so crooked a snake wouldn't crawl it; where a slip would mean that you'd rattle down to your death and land a shapeless mass in the black water four hundred feet below? I was used to it, but I had to do it in a hurry, lest I arouse the curiosity of the men above; and I carried forty pounds of washers balanced in two bags over my shoulder. I was all unnerved when I reached the old tunnel and set my light down where it would speak for my presence with a dim glimmer into the shaft; then I staggered on in the darkness to the stable, and panted my heart out with my arms around my horse's neck.

"When I got my wind, I slipped out and found that Mosier and Rand were still keeping their vigil above the shaft!

"Back in the tunnel again with my bundle, I cut the newspapers into slips the size of a greenback. These I did up in a correct package, so richly decorated with seals that it looked like it came from the Bank of England. Some of the washers went into the gold-box, and the screw-heads in the lid were sealed with the blazing wax and stamped. The canvas bags, also conspicuously sealed, held the remainder of the washers, and their round faces made as pretty an impression through the canvas as if they'd been gold, fresh from the mint. Dunham, it was pelf; it was lucre. When I had finished, the tunnel held properties fit for a scene in Monte Cristo."

"A counterfeit presentment, as it were, beyond the dreams of avarice," assented Dunham.

"My horse and I stole like spirits down the trail from Bull Hill, while Mosier and Rand still kept their tryst at the head of the shaft. Shortly after midnight I was at Lovelock, the next station west of Bull Hill—perhaps fifteen miles by rail, but not more than eight by trail. I had a frequent hunting companion in Thoman, the station agent of the place, and knowing his quality as a sportsman, I had no hesitation in trusting him to do what I wanted. So routing him out, I paralyzed him with my wealth, had it receipted and packed in his safe, with instructions to forward to the Bull Hill Bank by the morning express, and was away again almost before he was fully awake.

"Jerry was there with the jackscrews when I let myself into the bank. I was too strained and nervous to make any explanation to him other than that we must throw the safe over on its side with the front out and the lock up, and trust to luck. We threw off our coats and went silently to work, behind closed doors, like two safe-crackers.

"You may guess how we must have toiled to lift all those tons of steel to the tipping point, and the numberless trips to the cellar for blocks and boards, and bricks and stones, to help us in our labor! Finally, about dawn, we got it jacked up to a balance, and then, with hardly an inch to spare between walls, it went over with one thunderous thump that shook the whole block."

"It hadn't more than struck on its side when I had the screw unlocked and Jerry and I were straining at the handles. Holy Mackinac! The door started! It slowly screwed out, and fell forward upon its crane hinge, almost carrying me under it. The one chance in the hundred I had thought might be, had proved true: the hook that should have withdrawn the bolt had, doubtless through Blasland's bungling, been broken, and the jar of the fall had made the bolt drop back in the lock.

"The money, spilled from its racks and trays, lay in confusion in the safe. I plunged half my body through the yawning door and fairly bathed my hands in the luscious ruck of the real stuff!



Drawn by J. N. Marchand.

"Two hounds steadily pounding my trail in the dim night."—Page 74.

"By half-past eight a crowd had begun to collect at the bank, and as the last half hour progressed before business opened, the street filled with depositors and on-lookers who were hungry to see a fuss. An unusual number of side-arms were in evidence, and I have no doubt they were supplemented by enough lariats among the ranchers as to have hung me as high as the Government station on Pike's Peak. Mosier and Rand were there too, feeling no better, I dare say, for their night out.

"Promptly at nine o'clock I unlocked the door and the crowd rushed in. But Robert had timed his arrival so nicely that I was hardly in my place at the window when the express wagon dashed through the throng, and he and Jerry, with the messenger, jumped out among the astonished men with their guns and the sealed treasure.

"Make way, there. Make way!" I yelled. "The crowd fell back, and our men filed in, burdened with the grim dignity of their charge. Everyone in sight was visibly impressed by the precious weight of solid wealth in its official uniform. They placed it in full view, and when piled on the coun-

ter, by the side of the well-ordered contents of the safe, it was most becoming to the situation.

"Come on now!" I shouted; "come get your dust. There's enough here to keep things interesting, and the Overland is bringing more. Step up lively now!

"Here, you, and you," I called; for not a man moved, and I actually singled out a few of the discontents and shook the money in their faces.

"The run ended there, with the crowd jeering those who had to take their cash and go."

"And of course it was as you say—the virtue was in the washers," remarked Dunham admiringly.

"Why, yes," contended Hollister, between puffs as he lighted one of Dunham's cigarettes and pushed back from the table to sit at his ease; "they had the best of the bluff. The cash without them would have melted away like a paper collar in a harvest field. Have one of them for a pocket-piece? It'll bring you luck. They did me. There are a lot of them in the Alma Mater."

I KNOW NOT HOW NOR WHY

By Alice Corbin

I KNOW not how nor why,
But that his heart some day
Will turn to meet my heart
I have known since Time held sway;

That in that distant blue
Where sleep the folded flowers,
One waits and blooms apart,
That, opening, will be ours.

And he will come sometime, somehow,
To justify this thought of me—
Else vacant were the words of song,
And all the heart of prophecy!

THE UNDERCURRENT

BY ROBERT GRANT

ILLUSTRATION BY F. C. YOHN

XIX



HE news of the tragedy in her daughter's life—of the double domestic tragedy, which included her nephew—came to Mrs. Wilson as an appalling surprise. She had gathered from the tenor of Lucille's letters that her daughter was not entirely happy; but her appreciation of this was derived rather from what she read between the lines than from actual admissions. It had never entered her head that there was danger of a rupture between Lucille and her husband until the dreadful truth was disclosed to her by her brother. From him she learned that Paul and his wife had separated and were to be divorced because of the relations between Paul's wife and Clarence Waldo. Carleton Howard added that his son had not the heart to tell her himself before his departure for New York, and had delegated him to break the intelligence.

When the first wholesale mutual commiserations had been exchanged between the brother and sister, Mrs. Wilson realized that she was practically in the dark regarding Lucille. Paul's calamity was so completely the controlling thought in her brother's mind that, though he occasionally deplored the plight in which his niece appeared to be left, he was evidently bent on working his way through the labyrinth of his personal dismay until he could find a clue which would lead his mind to daylight. After various ebullitions of anger and disgust, he found this at last in the assertion that it was best for Paul to be rid of such a wife; that he had never really fancied his daughter-in-law, and that the only course was to obliterate her from their memory. She had disgraced the family, and her name was never to be mentioned

again in his presence. This was an eminently masculine method of disposing of the matter. After Mr. Howard had accepted it as a solution, he was able to compose himself in his chair and to smoke. For the past two days, ever since Paul had talked to him, he had been walking up and down his library, champing an unlighted cigar, with the measured stalk of a grim lion. Now his brow lifted appreciably. But his sister's eyes fell before his aspect of dignified relief. His solution was of no avail to her. It could not answer the distressing questions which were haunting her. Why had not Lucille written? What did the silence mean? She resolved that if she did not hear something in the morning she would take the first train East, for might not the child be sobbing her heart out, too mortified even to confide in her mother? Thus speculating, Mrs. Wilson looked up to inquire once again whether Paul had not said something more definite regarding his cousin. She had asked this twice already, and on each occasion Mr. Howard had suspended his cogitations in order to ransack his memory, but only in vain; which was not strange, for Paul had taken pains in his conversation with his father to avoid unnecessary allusion to Lucille, letting her appear, like himself, an innocent victim of the family disaster. Mr. Howard was now equally unsuccessful in his recollection. Yet while he was speaking, the tension of Mrs. Wilson's mind was relieved by the receipt of a telegram. Lucille was on her way from Newport, and would reach Benham the following evening.

Mrs. Wilson met her at the station. The mother and daughter embraced with emotion, thus betraying what was uppermost in the thought of each. But Lucille promptly recovered her composure, chatting briskly in the carriage as though she



F. C. Yohn

Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

"I should like to marry because I am in love."—Page 94.

were bent on avoiding for the time being the crucial topic. On reaching the house she evinced a lively interest in the supper which had been prepared for her, eating with appetite and leading the conversation to matters of secondary import. Mrs. Wilson, though burning to ask and to hear everything, held her peace and bridled her impatience. It seemed to her that Lucille was looking well, and had gained in social dignity, which might partly be accounted for by the fact that she was a matron and a mother, partly by a slight access of flesh; but the impression produced on Mrs. Wilson's mind was that she appeared less spiritually heedless than formerly—a consummation devoutly to be desired in this hour of stress. As she watched her at table she noted with a mother's pride the tastefulness of her attire, and the sophistication of her speech. For the first time—much as she had longed for it in the past—the hope took root in her heart that their tastes might yet some day coincide, and each find in allegiance to the fit development of the human race the true zest of life. Yet how could Lucille be so calm? How could she appear so unconcerned?

Lucille's mask, such as it was, was not lifted until she had been shown to her room. "I will come to you presently, mamma," she said, and Mrs. Wilson understood what was meant. When she came—it was to her mother's boudoir and study—she had loosened her hair, and was wrapped in a dainty pink and white wrapper. She established herself comfortably on a lounge, and crossed her hands on her breast. Mrs. Wilson was sitting at her desk obliquely in the line of vision, so she had merely to turn her head on her supported elbow in order to command her daughter's expression. So they sat for a moment, until Lucille said:

"Well, mamma, I suppose Paul has told you everything. Clarence and I have separated for good, and I am on the way to South Dakota."

There was a profound silence. In spite of the introduction the import of the last words was lost on Mrs. Wilson. She was simply puzzled. "South Dakota?" she queried. "Paul told me nothing. Your uncle —"

"You know surely what has happened?" It was Lucille's turn to look surprised.

"I know, my child, that your husband has been false to you with your cousin Paul's wife."

"And both Paul and I are to obtain a divorce."

Mrs. Wilson winced. "Your uncle intimated as much in the case of Paul. I had hoped you might not think it obligatory to break absolutely with your husband. Or rather, Lucille, my mind was so full of distress for you that I did not look beyond the dreadful present. You do not know how my heart bleeds for you, dear."

As she spoke, Mrs. Wilson left her seat and kneeling beside the lounge, put her arms around her daughter's neck. Lucille, grateful for the sympathy, raised herself to receive and return the embrace, but her speech was calm.

"It is a mortification, of course; it would be to any woman. If he had been faithful to me, I would never have left him. But we were mismated from the first. We found out six months after our marriage that we bored each other; and then we drifted apart. So there would be no use trying to patch it up. We should only lead a dog and cat life. Besides—" she paused an instant, then interjected, "I hoped Paul had broken this to you, mamma—I want to be free because I am going to marry again."

Mrs. Wilson sprang back as though she had been buffeted. "Marry again?" she gasped.

Lucille spoke softly but with firmness: "I am going to marry Mr. Bradbury Nicholson of New York." She added a few words as to his identity, then with an emphasis intended to express the ardor of a soul which has come to its own at last, exclaimed:

"I'm deeply in love with him, mamma; and I never was with Clarence. I thought I was, but I wasn't. This time it's the real thing."

Mrs. Wilson rose and returning to her desk rested her head again upon her supported elbow. She was stunned. The shock of the announcement was such that she did not attempt to speak. But Lucille, having begun, was evidently bent on making a clean breast of her affairs.

"So I am on my way to Sioux City to obtain a divorce."

"Why do you go there?"

"Because it's one of the quickest places. Residence is necessary to enable me to sue, and residence can be acquired by living there ninety days. Then, too, the courts don't insist on very strict proof, so I can obtain a divorce for neglect or cruelty, and avoid the unpleasantness of alleging anything worse. I thought of Connecticut, where the law allows a divorce for any such misconduct as permanently destroys one's happiness and defeats the marriage relation, but my lawyer said it would be simpler and quicker to go to South Dakota. Clarence knows all about it, and is only too glad, and he has agreed to give up all claim on baby."

The reference to her grandchild plunged a fresh dagger into Mrs. Wilson's heart.

"Where is your baby?" she asked, sternly. She had already in the carriage inquired for its welfare, taking for granted that its mother had been unwilling to bring it on what had appeared to be a flying journey.

"At Newport. Two of my maids and baby are to join me here. I don't wish to start for a week, if you will keep me, and, as there was packing still to be done, and the Newport air is fresher so early in the autumn, I told them to follow. You may keep baby here until I send for her, if it would make you feel any happier, mamma."

Mrs. Wilson made no response to this self-sacrificing offer. She was asking herself whether it were not her duty as an outraged parent to rise in her agony and, pointing to the door, bid Lucille choose between her lover and herself. But would not this be old-fashioned? Could she endure to quarrel with her own and only flesh and blood? Overwhelmed as she was by her daughter's absolute indifference to considerations which she revered as the laws of her being, Mrs. Wilson prided herself on being equally a leader of spiritual progress, a woman of the world, and an American. She recognized that it behooved her to display no less acumen and tact in dealing with her personal problem than in confronting the quandaries of others. She knew instinctively that violent opposition would simply alienate Lucille and confirm her in her purpose. It was obvious that their point of view was as divergent as the poles. How could Lucille take the affair so philosophically? How

could she calmly regard the neglect and sin of her husband merely as the logical sequence of the discovery that they were mismatched, and find a sufficient explanation for everything in the announcement that they had bored each other? Yet Mrs. Wilson appreciated in those moments of horror that it would be worse than futile to give bitter utterance to her emotions. By so doing she would alienate her daughter and fail to alter the situation. Though protesting with the full vigor of her being, she must be reasonable, or she could accomplish nothing. So she put a curb upon her lips. There were so many things she wished to say that for a spell she could not formulate her thoughts. She was reminded that she appeared tongue-tied by hearing Lucille remark:

"I was afraid that you would be distressed, mamma. That's why I didn't write or consult you. You don't approve of divorce, I know. It's opposed to your ideas of things. But I've thought over everything thoroughly, and it's the only possible course for me."

This complacency was disconcerting as a stone wall, and made still plainer to Mrs. Wilson that the offender indulgently regretted the necessity of explaining and vindicating such common-sense principles.

"It is true, Lucille, that I disapprove of divorce on æsthetic if not religious grounds. It is an unsavory institution." She paused a moment to give complete effect to the phrase. "It seems to me to diminish spiritual self-respect, and to impair that feminine delicacy which is an essential ornament of civilization. At the same time, if you had told me that, on account of your husband's sin, you had decided not merely to leave him, but to dissolve the bond, I should have demurred, perhaps, but I should have acquiesced. I should have counselled you to live apart without divorce, as I regard marriage as a sacrament of the Christian church, but I should have accepted your decision to the contrary without a serious pang. But you have just told me, my child, that you are seeking a divorce from your husband because you are mismatched, in order to become as quickly as possible the wife of another man, whom you profess to love. I cannot prevent you from doing this if you insist, but as your mother, I cannot let you commit, what seems to me, from the most

lenient standpoint, a gross indelicacy, without seeking to dissuade you."

In conjunction with her ambition to reason in a triple capacity, Mrs. Wilson was well aware that the world demands promptness of decision no less than wisdom from its busy leaders; that the public relies on the past equipment of the lawyer or the physician for correct advice on the spur of the moment. It was her custom to face confidently the problems of life which others invited her to solve, as a surgeon confronts the operating table, ready to do her best on the spot. She knew that the consciousness of being rushed is part of the penalty of success, and that half the effectiveness of a busy person consists in the ability to think and act quickly. So now, face to face with her own dire problem, her mind centred on the fit solution of her daughter's tragedy, she relied on the same method, yearning to apply the knife, tie up the ligaments and cauterize the heart-sorrow in summary fashion by virtue of her past equipment. So she spoke with conviction, yet aware that the problem presented had been hitherto for her mainly academic, and now for the first time loomed up on the horizon of life as an immediate practical issue.

Pursuing her theme Mrs. Wilson singled out for urgent protest the one point which stood out like an excrescence on the surface of the sorry story, and put all else in the background—the projected hasty marriage. Its precipitancy offended her most cherished sensibilities. With all the sentiment and mental suppleness at her command she endeavored to point out the vulgarity of the proceeding. How was it to be reconciled with true womanly refinement? Was the holy state of matrimony to be shuffled off and on as though it were a misfit glove? She appealed to the claims of good taste and family pride. But, though Lucille listened decorously, it was obvious that the effect of the scandal of mutual prompt re-marriages had no terrors for her. Or, rather, when her mother paused, she disputed it, claiming that the affair would be a seven days' wonder; that the world would speedily forget or, at least, forgive, if the new ventures proved successful; that precipitancy in such cases was not novel, and that the people whose social approbation she desired would consider her sensible for putting an end to an

intolerable relation and claiming her happiness at the earliest possible date.

From a wholesale plea of what she referred to as spiritual decency directed against unseemly haste, Mrs. Wilson, sick at heart, began to particularize, and at the same time enlarged her attitude so as to disclose her innate feeling against divorce in general. She spoke of the plight of the children concerned, and in alluding to her grandchild, her tone was piteous. The thought seemed to give her courage, so that when Lucille, who evidently had a pat response to this contention ready, sought to interrupt, Mrs. Wilson raised a warning hand to signify that she must insist on being heard to the end. She dwelt upon the value of the home to human society, and in this appeal she gave free utterance to her religious convictions, defending the sacredness of the marriage tie from the point of view of Christian orthodoxy. She spoke with emotion and at some length. Though she had never thought the matter out hitherto as a personal issue, she found that she had in reserve a whole set of argumentative principles to back her æsthetic eloquence. She urged upon her daughter that if neither good taste, family pride, nor maternal solicitude would restrain her, she heed the teachings of the church, which had prescribed the law of strict domestic ties as essential to the righteous development of human civilization, and which regarded the family as the corner-stone of social order and social beauty. Was her only child prepared to fly so flagrantly in the face of this teaching? Would she refuse to reverence this standard? As she evolved this final plea, Mrs. Wilson felt herself on firmer ground. It seemed to her that she had welded all her protesting instincts into a comprehensive claim which could not be resisted, for though emphasizing the obligations of the soul, she had tried to be both broad and modern. She had not quoted the language of Scripture—the words of Christ imposing close limitations, if not an absolute bar on divorce. She felt that there was more chance in influencing Lucille through an intellectual appeal to her sense of social wisdom based on present conditions, though to the speaker's own mind, the modern argument was simply a vindication of the precious inspired truth. But she dismissed the thought that her daughter was regarding her as old-

fashioned, and she spoke from the depths of her being, so that when she ceased, there were tears upon her cheeks.

Lucille had listened indulgently with downcast eyes. She was unmoved; nevertheless, with nervous inappropriateness, she turned slowly round and round the wedding-ring on her finger as she revolved her mother's appeal. When the end came she remained respectfully silent for a moment, but there was matter-of-fact definiteness in her reply.

"You know, mamma, that you and I never did agree on things like that. I don't recognize the right of the church to interfere, so I put religion out of the question. As to injury to civilization, it seems to me of no advantage to society, and preposterous besides, that two persons utterly mismatched, like Clarence and me, should continue wretched all our lives when the law of the land will set us free. What good would it do if I remained single?"

"Live apart, if you like; but to marry again—and so quickly, Lucille, is an offense both against the flesh and the spirit," said Mrs. Wilson, tensely. "Good? It would help to maintain the integrity of the home, upon which progressive civilization rests."

Lucille pursed her lips. "I shall have a home when I marry again. A far happier home than before; and baby will be far happier than if she grew up in a discordant household where there was no love, and mutual indifference. Besides, supposing I didn't marry again—supposing Paul's wife did not marry again, what would happen? We should lead immoral lives, as people similarly situated do in the Latin countries, where the church forbids the marriage of divorced persons. It ought to satisfy you, mamma, that there is not a word of truth in the story of too intimate relations between me and Mr. Nicholson circulated at Newport. I told him I should keep him at arm's length until I was divorced and at liberty to marry him. I let him kiss me once, and that was all. What would a woman in Paris or London have done? The church there doesn't seem to mind what goes on behind the scenes, provided the mass of the people is kept in ignorance."

Mrs. Wilson had colored at the reference to calumniating rumors. It was clear,

now, why Paul had preferred to speak by proxy. Could it be her own daughter who was claiming credit for such forbearance? Her first impulse was to inquire what conduct had given rise to the more serious imputation, but she shrank from the question. It was Lucille who spoke first.

"I assure you, I expect to have a very charming home, and, if I have more children, to bring them up well. In a year or two the hateful past will seem only a nightmare. Why should you or the church seek to deprive me of happiness? In my individual case our—your church would marry me because my husband had been unfaithful, provided I procured a divorce on that ground—which I do not intend to do. But I am defending myself on general principles. As your daughter you would wish me to have the courage of my convictions."

Mrs. Wilson sighed. This appeal to her independence was discouragingly genuine. "Then, where do you draw the line?" she asked, repeating a formula.

"As to divorce?" Lucille shrugged her shoulders. "The courts decide that, I suppose. I asked what the law was, and the lawyer told me."

Mrs. Wilson groaned. "The courts! And, accordingly, you apply to the court which will grant you a divorce most speedily."

"And with the least possible unpleasant procedure. Certainly, I wish to be married as soon as possible."

"The law must be changed." Mrs. Wilson clasped her hands energetically.

"Very likely, mamma. Now we are on sensible ground. But if the law were made more strict the church would still object. So it wouldn't make much difference from your point of view."

There was a touch of complacent paganism in the tone of this last remark which fused Mrs. Wilson's poignant emotions to a fever point.

"It crucifies renunciation. It is individualism run mad. Child, child!" she exclaimed, "do not be too sure that easy-going rationalism is the answer to all the problems of the universe. The time will yet come when you will recognize what ideals mean—when your eyes will be opened to the unseen things of the spirit. Before you take this step I beg of you to talk with Mr. Prentiss."

Lucille shook her head, but her reply

was unexpectedly humble. She avoided an opinion regarding the prophecy, but her words disclosed that she wished her mother to perceive that her soul had its own troubles, and was not altogether self-congratulatory in its processes.

"Of course I would give anything if Clarence and I had not fallen out, and our marriage proved a failure. I can see that such an experience takes the freshness from any woman's life. It would be of no use, however, for me to see Mr. Prentiss. We should differ fundamentally. I do not regard marriage as a sacrament, he does. You see I have considered the question from all sides, mamma."

"You regard it as a contract, I suppose," said Mrs. Wilson, pensively.

"Yes; the most solemn, the most important of contracts, if you like, but a contract." Lucille was trying to be reasonable, but her sense of humor suddenly getting the better of her filial discretion, she added:

"Why, of course, it is simply a contract. Everyone except clergymen regards it so nowadays. If Clarence had died, I could marry again; why shouldn't I be just as free, when he has been untrue to me, to regard our marriage at an end—and——"

Mrs. Wilson put up her hand. "I am familiar with the argument. For adultery, perhaps, yes; but for everything else, no. And the Roman church forbids it absolutely." She reflected a moment, then, as one who has worked out vindication for an ancient principle by the light of modern ideas, she added, impressively, "It may well be, that from the standpoint of the welfare of the home—the protection of human society against rampant selfish individualism—the oldest church of all was wise, and is wise, in insisting on adherence to the letter of the words of Christ as best adapted to the safety of civilization. And that, too," she continued, significantly, "even though the souls affected sin in secret, because they cannot override the law. I do not say," she added, noticing the surprise in her daughter's face, "that this winking of the church is defensible; but I submit that the consequences can be no worse than those resulting from the flood-tide of easy divorce, the fruit of unbridled caprice."

"And what do you say to the attitude of

the Church of England, of which our Episcopal Church is an offshoot? An English woman in Newport told me the other day that a wife cannot obtain a divorce from her husband unless infidelity be coupled with cruel and abusive treatment, though the contrary is true in case of a man. A husband can have his affairs, provided he does not make them public or beat his wife; but she must toe the mark. And in England the law of the church is the law of the land."

Mrs. Wilson pondered a moment. "Our Episcopal Church sanctions no such distinction. But, after all, woman is not quite the same as man. Her standard is different; she still expects to be held to a subtler sense of beauty and duty in matters which involve the perpetuation of the race. The English rule seems old-fashioned to us, for we insist on equal purity for the husband and the wife as essential to domestic unity. Yet the framers of that law were wise in their day; wise, surely, if the doctrine of loose marital bonds is to imperil the permanence of the institution we call the family."

"But I fail to see the advantage to human society of any family the two chief members of which are at daggers drawn, and mutually unhappy."

Mrs. Wilson recognized that the gulf of contradiction which yawned between them was bottomless, and not to be bridged. We learn with reluctance that each generation is a law unto itself. Yet she said, as a swan song, "The Episcopal Church and also the Roman Catholic Church stand for, and reverence, the ideals of beauty, of imagination, of aspiration. They abhor spiritual commonness. They forget not the words of the proverb: 'Keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life.' Divorce is a device of mediocrity and dwarfed vision. It is a perquisite of commonness."

The phrase made Lucille start, and she sat troubled for a moment. To be adjudged common, was the most disconcerting indictment which could have been framed. But reflection was reassuring. She answered presently.

"I'm sure it won't make any difference in my case; everybody I care about will call on me just the same."

Meanwhile, under the shock to her con-

victions, Mrs. Wilson had bowed her face on her hands on her desk, and hot tears moistened her palms. Lucille watched her nervously, then rose and went to her, and put her arm about her. "You mustn't feel so badly, mamma. It will come out all right: I know it will. I am certain to be happy—and though you may not think it, I am much more serious than I used to be. Of course, I wouldn't belong to any other church than the Episcopal; all the nicest people one knows are Episcopalians now. As you say, that and the Roman Catholic are the only ones which appeal to the imagination."

Mrs. Wilson's tears flowed faster at this demonstration of sympathy. She accepted and was soothed by the caresses, but she was ashamed of and stunned by her defeat, and could not reconcile herself to it. She would make one effort more.

"Since you will not permit Mr. Prentiss to remonstrate with you," she said, "you will, at least, talk with your uncle?"

Lucille reflected. She had not forgotten the diamond tiara with which her uncle had presented her as a wedding present as the crowning act of many splendid donations, though to have only one tiara had already become a sign of relative impecuniosity in the social circle in which she aspired to move. The wife of a genuine multi-millionaire was expected to have as many tiaras as she had evening dresses. Lucille was fond of her uncle, and she still wished to appear what she considered reasonable. "He could not alter my determination, mamma. But if Uncle Carleton wishes to talk with me, I shall feel bound to listen," she responded.

Mrs. Wilson felt encouraged by the first effect on her brother of the announcement of Lucille's plans. From Paul's report, Mr. Howard had assumed that his niece, like his son, was simply a victim of the distressing double-tragedy, and the news of Lucille's projected hasty divorce with a view to immediate re-marriage, offended his sense of propriety, and evoked at once a fiat no less explicit than his earlier declaration that the sooner Paul's nuptial knot was cut, and the wretched business terminated, the better. His present words—that such indecorous proceedings were not to be tolerated for a moment—were uttered with the deliberate emphasis which marked

his important verdicts—his railroad manner, some people called it—and conveyed the impression of a reserve force not to be resisted with impunity. The interview between him and Lucille took place in the evening, and lasted nearly an hour. Mrs. Wilson was not present. At its close she heard her daughter re-enter the house through the private passageway and go up-stairs. Shortly after, her brother joined her. He sat for a few moments without speaking, as though reviewing what had occurred, then said, with the plausible air of one claiming the right to revise a judgment in the light of having heard the other side of the issue:

"Apparently we have to decide whether we prefer that Lucille should marry young Nicholson as soon as the law allows, or that she should continue to receive his marked attentions, which have already inspired compromising rumors, happily baseless. It seems that the object of her infatuation—a circumstance which she did not state to you—is anxious—in fact, hopes, to obtain one of the minor diplomatic appointments. His father, as you know, is president of the Chemical Trust and intimate with some of the influential senators. Should I intervene in his behalf with the authorities at Washington, the probabilities of his obtaining the position, already excellent, will be improved, provided, of course, there is no scandal. If we could shut Lucille up—confine her by summary process for six months, until she had time to reflect—she might change her attitude. At any rate, we should avoid the precipitancy which is the most objectionable feature of the affair. But the girl is a free agent. We cannot prevent her from going to South Dakota if she insists, and she does insist. She refuses to wait the three years requisite to obtain a divorce for desertion here, and were she to allege what the newspapers are pleased to call the statutory offence, the proof required by our court would be exceedingly painful. She prefers a more accommodating jurisdiction, where fewer questions are asked, and the tie is promptly dissolved. So on the whole——"

He paused to choose his phraseology, and his sister, guessing its substance, interposed:

"Then you sided with her?"

"On the contrary, I opposed her stren-

uously. I expressed my disapproval in positive terms. But it became evident to me that she is in love with this young man and determined to marry him, and from every point of view I prefer the sanction of the law to clandestine illicit relations. Would you prefer to have her abstain from a divorce and live abroad with Bradbury Nicholson? That is what she intimated would happen if she followed our wishes."

Mrs. Wilson groaned. "And to think that this is the reasoning of my daughter!"

"I will do her the justice to say," continued Mr. Howard, joining the points of his fingers, "that she talked quietly and with some discrimination. It troubles her greatly that you are distressed. I disapprove of her conduct, but I was pleased on the whole with her mental powers."

"Yes. She is cleverer than I supposed," murmured Mrs. Wilson. "So you gave in?"

"Not at all. We agreed to differ. I presume you did not wish me to quarrel with her?"

"Oh, no. We must never do that."

"Exactly. In the course of our discussion she asked me if I thought she ought to remain a widow all her days, and, as a reasonable human being, I was obliged to admit that there was much to be said on her side."

"A widow! She is not a widow."

"She chose the word, not I. She tells me that you have already discussed with her the religious—the sentimental side of the question."

"And failed utterly."

There was a silence which was broken by the banker. "I advise you, Miriam, to make the best of a painful situation. There are only two courses open: to disown her, or to let her follow her own course, and put the best front on it we can. After all, she is only doing what thousands of other women in this country——"

"Ah, yes!" cried Mrs. Wilson. "And with that argument what becomes of noble standards—of fine ideals of life? I almost wish I had the moral courage to show myself the Spartan mother, and to disown her."

"Oh, no, you don't. You would only make yourself miserable." Having discovered that he had been checkmated, it was a business maxim with Mr. Howard

to accept the inevitable and clear the board of vain regrets. He set himself to counteract these hysterical manifestations of his sister. "Besides, it would do no good in this case to cut off the revenue, for Nicholson has plenty for them both. To disinherit one's children is an antiquated method of self-torture."

"I had no reference to money," answered Mrs. Wilson, with a gesture to express disdain for the consideration. "I was thinking of my love as a mother."

"You cannot help loving her, whatever happens," answered her brother significantly.

Mrs. Wilson acknowledged the force of this comment by a piteous stare. She forsook the personal for the philosophic attitude. "But if this loose view of the marriage tie is to obtain, where is it to end? How long will it be before we imitate the degeneracy of Rome? We are imitating it already."

"I made a similar remark to Lucille. I reminded her that the ease and frequency of divorce were among the causes of the decline of Rome. Her reply was that we are Americans, not Romans. Of course, there is something in what she says. Our point of view is very different from theirs." Mr. Howard felt of his strong chin meditatively.

"But where is it to end?" repeated Mrs. Wilson in a tragic tone.

He shook his head. "It is an abuse, I admit; especially as administered in some of our States. Presently, when we get time, we Americans will take the question up and go into it thoroughly."

The hopeless incongruity of this reply from Mrs. Wilson's point of view put the finishing touch to their conversation. It was obvious to her that she could not expect true sympathy or comprehension from her brother. It was clear that he was satisfied with opportunist methods, and that the precise truth had no immediate charms for him.

Rebuffed in respect to the support of both her champions, Mrs. Wilson felt strangely powerless; almost limp. She made no further appeal to her daughter; the discussion was not resumed, but when the baby arrived, she reminded Lucille of the proposal that she keep possession of her grandchild during its mother's sojourn in South Dakota, and accepted it. This was

some comfort, and Mrs. Wilson remained in a trance, as it were, seeking neither sympathy nor outside suggestion until after the evil day of Mrs. Waldo's departure.

Not until then did she send for Mr. Prentiss. That the rector could do nothing to thwart the programme outlined by Lucille was clear, and she had dreaded the possibility of his advising an attitude on her part which would induce complete estrangement from her daughter. When he came she was relieved that he made no such suggestion. He seemed, like herself, overwhelmed with dismay, and, after he had heard her story, equally conscious of helplessness in the premises. Indeed, it resulted that Mr. Prentiss, having realized that he could be of no avail in the particular emergency, turned from the shocking present to the future. Lucille was beyond the pale of influence (though he declared his intention of writing to her), but this painful example would be a fresh spur to the church to take strong ground against the deadly peril to Christian civilization involved in playing fast and loose with the marriage tie. Mr. Prentiss glowed with the thought of what he could and would put into a sermon. Consciousness of the abuse had for some time been smouldering in his mind, and he reflected that it was time for him to imitate the example of other leaders of his sect by undertaking a crusade against indiscriminate divorce. Appalled as he was by the behavior of his friend's daughter, he reverted—but not aloud—to his previous opinion that it had been a godless marriage. Hence there was less occasion for surprise, and the instance in question lost some of its pathos as a consequence. But it provided him with a terrible incentive for saving others from the pitfall which had engulfed this self-sufficient and worldly minded young woman. His zeal communicated itself to Mrs. Wilson—for he did not fail in due manifestation of personal sympathy—and when he left her at the end of a visit of two hours her favorite impulse toward social reform was already acting as a palliative to her anguish and disappointment as a mother.

A few days later her brother informed her that Paul's wife had refused to wait the three years necessary to entitle the one or other of them to institute dignified divorce proceedings, on the ground of desertion, in the State where her husband had his

domicile, and that she had gone to Nebraska to pursue her own remedy. Mr. Howard, though obviously disgusted, finally dismissed the matter with a sweep of his hand and the utterance, "I guess, on the whole, the sooner he is rid of her the better." But this apothegm, which for a second time did him service, only increased his sister's dejection. The disgrace of the family seemed to stare her in the face more potently than ever. Following within a few weeks of this information came the disclosure in the newspapers of the double divorce, with its sensational innuendoes as to what had occurred at Newport. For three days she kept the house, too sick at heart to attempt to simulate in public the veneer of an unruffled countenance. Then she visited Gordon Perry's office, and consulted him as to the feasibility of putting some legal obstacle in the way of her daughter's procedure; but learned from him, as she had feared, that she was powerless. When she resumed her ordinary avocations she feared lest the shame she felt should mantle her cheek and impair the varnish of well-bred serenity. It was while she was in this frame of mind that she was accosted by Loretta, and the effect of the bald remarks was as though someone had invaded her bosom with a rude, cold hand. It froze her to the marrow, and while, on second thought, she ascribed the liberty to ignorance, she felt disappointed at the evolution of her ward. Such lack of delicacy, such inability to appreciate the vested rights of the soul, argued ill for Loretta's progress in refinement. There was no second invasion of Mrs. Wilson's privacy. It seemed to her, as the days passed, that she had been through a crushing illness, and she felt the mental lassitude of slow convalescence. The receipt of Mrs. Stuart's brief letter informing her that she had been injured and was in need of counsel was a sudden reminder that she had allowed her personal sorrow to render her selfishly heedless of all else. It served as the needed tonic to her system. She swept away the cobwebs of depression from her brain, and with a firm purpose to resume her place in the world, despatched forthwith a sympathetic note and two bunches of choice grapes to the invalid, and on the following morning gave orders to her coachman to drive her to Lincoln Chambers.

XX



THE sight of Constance's colored glasses stirred Mrs. Wilson's sensibilities, already on edge.

"You poor child!" she exclaimed, advancing with emotional eagerness, as the culmination of which she drew the young woman toward her and kissed her. This was a touch of bounty beyond Mrs. Wilson's ordinary reserve, but in bestowing it she was conscious that the recipient had deserved it, and consequently she was pleased at having yielded to the impulse. Besides having noticed with satisfaction the gradual change in Constance's appearance—both her increasing comeliness and tasteful adaptiveness in respect to dress—it distressed her that her ward's charm should be marred by so un-aesthetic an accompaniment.

"What does this mean? What grisly thing has happened?"

Constance was touched by the embrace. She had passed a sleepless night confronting her exciting problem. Already this morning she had listened to the passages in those chapters of the first three gospels, Matthew xix, Mark x, and Luke xvi, in which are set forth Christ's doctrine concerning divorce and remarriage. As soon as the children had gone to school, she had taken her concordance of the Bible from the shelf, and heedless of Mrs. Harrity's wonder, had pressed the old woman into service to find and read to her the texts in question. Constance had not considered these for years, and had only a general remembrance of their phraseology, but in the watches of the night her thoughts had turned to them as traditional spiritual signposts with which she must familiarize herself forthwith. Just before Mrs. Wilson's entrance she had taken up her broom, hoping that, while she performed her necessary housework, she might thresh out the truth from her bundle of doubts. What if the truth meant the sacrifice of bright, alluring prospects for her children, and of her own new, great happiness? Could it then be the truth? More than ever did she feel the need of counsel and sympathy. At the appearance of her benefactress her pulses bounded, and the appeal in her glad greeting doubtless gave a cue to the visitor's in-

itiative. The gracious kiss on her cheek, so unexpected and so grateful, added the finishing touch to her overstrained nerves, and she burst into tears.

Mrs. Wilson folded her in her arms and encouraged her to sob. Such philanthropy seemed to bless the giver no less than the receiver. She had arrived in the nick of time to be of service.

"There, there," she said, "you are suffering; you should be in bed. You must tell me presently everything, and I will send my own doctor to prescribe for you." So, presuming the cause of this distress, she stroked the back of Constance's hair and held her soothingly.

For some moments Constance made no attempt to check her convulsive mood, but with her head bowed on the friendly shoulder wept hysterically. When the reaction came she drew back dismayed at having lost her self-control, and as she wiped away her tears and hastily regained her ordinary dignity of spirit, exclaimed, "It isn't that. I have been in bed—I had a fall in the street; but I am quite strong again except for my eyes. I am forbidden to use them for six months. But otherwise I am as well as ever. And I have had a competent doctor."

"Not use your eyes for six months?"

There was incredulity no less than horror in Mrs. Wilson's tone. Constance was herself again by this time. She made her visitor sit down, and she succinctly described the circumstances of the accident and the specialist's examination, so that the authenticity of his verdict and the reality of her predicament were patent. Mrs. Wilson rose gladly and promptly to what seemed to her the occasion.

"You poor child. It is cruel—disastrous. But give yourself no concern. I shall claim my prerogative as a warm friend to see that you and yours do not suffer until the time when you are able to resume your regular work. Your employer, Mr. Perry, what has he said to this? His necessities oblige him to let you go, I dare say."

"On the contrary, he has been kindness itself. He wished me to remain; he would have invented occupation for me. Then I wrote to you and Mr. Prentiss. It occurred to me that you might think of something genuine which I could do for a living until I could use my eyes." Constance

paused. Her heart was in her mouth again at the approach of the impending revelation.

"Leave it all to me. There will not be the slightest difficulty. I will find just the thing." Then, suspecting that Constance's troubled look was due to suspicion of this blithe generality, Mrs. Wilson bent forward and added beseechingly, "You will let me help you this time, won't you?"

"Indeed I will—if if you wish," answered Constance with a sweet smile. So at this heart-to-heart appeal she stripped herself of her pride as of a superfluous garment and cast it from her. Then she said, "You don't understand. Everything has changed since I wrote to you yesterday afternoon. I need your help, your advice, Mrs. Wilson, more than I ever needed it before. You do not know how thankful I was when I saw you at the door. I have been trying to bring myself to the point ever since. I think I can talk composedly now. Last evening my employer, Mr. Gordon Perry, asked me to become his wife."

The instinctive thrill which the disclosure of unsuspected romance inspires in every woman seized Mrs. Wilson, and with it swift realization of what a piece of good fortune from every point of view had befallen her deserving ward. Constance's tears and need for counsel suggested but one thing, a problem old as the hills, but like them always interesting. Jumping at this hypothesis, Mrs. Wilson, eager to show that she had comprehended in a flash, responded, "And you do not love him?"

"That is the pity of it; I love him with all my heart."

Then Mrs. Wilson remembered. She had been so accustomed to think of Constance as alone in the world, that in the first glow of interest she had overlooked the crucial fact in the case. The recollection of it was disconcerting in a double sense, for she suddenly found herself confronting the same dire problem from the haunting consideration of which she had just emerged. But though her first resulting emotion was similar to that which one feels at re-encountering an obnoxious acquaintance, from whom one has escaped, that which followed was a sense of contrast between the two points of view presented by the separate situations, which culmi-

nated in the animating thought that here at last was a soul alive to its own responsibilities. Meanwhile she heard Constance say by way of interpretation:

"My husband is still living so far as I know, and I have never been divorced from him."

Mrs. Wilson put up her hand. "I know, I know, my dear. Pardon the momentary lapse. I am entirely aware of your circumstances. And there is no need, Constance, to explain anything. Believe me, I appreciate all; I understand the meaning of your agitation, I recognize the luminous reality of the issue with which you have been brought face to face."

Constance drew a deep breath. It was a relief to her to be spared preliminaries and to pass directly to the vital question.

"It would mean so much for my children."

To Mrs. Wilson's ear the simple words were imbued with a plaintive but courageous sadness, suggesting that the speaker was already conscious that this plea for her own flesh and blood, although the most convincing she could utter, fell short of justification.

"It would."

Constance ignored if she observed the laconic intensity of the acquiescence. She was bent on setting forth the argument with more color, so she continued:

"If I become Mr. Perry's wife, my children's future is assured. My son will be able to acquire a thorough education in art; my daughter, instead of being obliged to earn her living before she is mature, will have leisure to cultivate refinement. They would become members of a different social class. I need not explain to you, Mrs. Wilson, for it is from you that I have learned the value and the power of beauty. I covet for them the chance to gain appreciation of what is inspiring and beautiful in life, so that they need not be handicapped by ignorance as I have been."

No other appeal so well adapted to engage her listener's sympathies could have been devised by a practical schemer. And the obvious ingenuousness of the almost naïve statement increased the force of it, for like the woman herself the plea stood out in simple relief impressive through its very lack of circumlocution and sophistry. Except for the church's ban a new mar-

riage seemed the most desirable, the most natural thing for this sympathetic woman in the heyday of feminine maturity and usefulness. Mrs. Wilson felt the blood rush to her face as the currents of religious and æsthetic interest collided. Her brain was staggered for a moment.

"Oh, yes. I am sure you do," she murmured. "But——"

Her utterance was largely mechanical and the pause betrayed the temporary equilibrium of contending forces. But Constance received the qualifying conjunction as a warning note.

"There is a 'but,' an unequivocal 'but.' That is why I wish to consult you. I need your help. There is something more to add, though, first. Marriage with Gordon Perry would freshen, sweeten my life, and make a new woman of me. He is the finest man I have ever known." She spoke the last sentence with heightened emphasis, plainly glorying in the avowal. "The simple question is, must I—is it my duty, to renounce all this? I ask you to tell me the truth."

"The truth?" Mrs. Wilson echoed the words still in a maze. Yet the clue was already in her grasp, and she delayed following it only because the greatness of the responsibility, precious as it was to her, kept her senses vibrant. At length she said with emotion:

"This is a strange coincidence, Constance. I have been face to face with this same issue for the past fortnight. My daughter has begun divorce proceedings against her husband in order to marry again. They simply were tired of each other; that is the true, flippant reason they are separating. Each is to marry someone else. Her light view of the marriage relation has almost broken my heart. And what is to blame? The low standard of society in respect to the sacredness of the marriage tie. I endeavored with all my soul to dissuade her, but in vain. I come from her to you. The circumstances of your two lives are very different, but is not the principle involved the same? My dear, if Lucille—my daughter—could have seen the question as you see it, I should have been a happy mother. You ask my opinion. I recognize the solemnity of the trust. A blissful future is before you if you marry, wel-

fare for your children and yourself. But in the other scale of the balance are the eternal verities, the duty one owes to society, the fealty one owes to Christ. You spoke of beauty. The most beautiful life of all is that which embraces renunciation for a great cause, even at the cost of the most alluring human joys and privileges."

Gaining in fluency as she proceeded, because more and more enamoured of the cruel necessity of the sacrifice, Mrs. Wilson poured into these concluding words all the intensity of her nature. She would gladly have fallen on her knees and joined in ecstatic prayer with the victim had the demeanor of the latter given her the chance. Her heart was full of admiration and of pity for Constance and also of solicitude for the triumph of a human soul in behalf of an ideality which was at the same time the highest social wisdom. If for a moment her modern mind had revolted at the sternness of the sacrifice demanded, she was now spellbound by the shibboleth which meditation on her late experience had reaffirmed on her lips as a rallying cry, the safety of the home.

"You cannot be ignorant," she exclaimed in another burst of expression, "that the stability of the family—the greatest safeguard of civilization—is threatened. What is the happiness of the individual compared with the welfare of all? In this day of easy divorces and quick remarriages is it not your duty to heed the teaching of the Christian Church, which stands as the champion of the sacrament of marriage?"

Constance's mien during the delivery of this exhortation suggested that of a prisoner of war listening to sentence of death, one who yearned to live, but who was trying already to derive comfort from the consequent glory; yet a prisoner, too, who clung to life and who was not prepared to accept his doom, however splendid, without exhausting every possibility of escape. Though her face reflected spiritual appreciation of the great opportunity for service held out to her, and her nostrils quivered, her almost dauntless and obviously critical brow offered no encouragement to Mrs. Wilson's hope of a tumultuous quick surrender. She listened, weighing impartially the value of every word. But suddenly at the final sentences she quivered, as though they had pierced the armor of her

suspended judgment, and inflicted a mortal wound.

"Would the Church demand it absolutely?" she asked after a moment.

"Our church forbids remarriage except in case of divorce for adultery granted to the innocent party. The language of Christ in the gospel of Matthew seems to sanction this exception, contrary to His teaching as expressed in the other gospels. But there are many who maintain with the Roman Catholic church that the marriage tie can be dissolved only by death."

"I know. I had them read to me this morning."

Though Mrs. Wilson regarded herself as a liberal constructionist of scriptural texts, and as in sympathy with the priests of her faith who glossed over or ignored biblical language justifying outworn philosophy, she was glad now of the support of the letter of the Christian law for the great social principle involved. Divining by intuition what was working in the struggler's mind, and ever on the watch to satisfy her own standard as regards modern progressiveness of vision, she ventured this:

"Though the words of Christ seem far away—though His world was very different from ours, as perhaps you were thinking, the human needs of to-day are a grand and unanswerable vindication of His teachings and of the Church's canon."

Constance looked up wondering. Was she dealing with a seer?

"I was thinking that very thing, that the Saviour's words seem so far away, that perhaps He did not anticipate such a case as mine."

"He invites you to suffer for His sake even as He did for yours."

Mrs. Wilson had heard the doctrine of the atonement criticised as outworn, and she was by no means sure in her heart that it would survive the processes of religious evolution; yet she felt no scruples in proffering this cup of inspiration to a thirsty and not altogether sophisticated spirit.

Constance's lip trembled. "I neglected once to heed the voice of the Church. I strayed away from Christ. When I was in trouble the Church sought me out, helped me and took me back."

"I remember. Mr. Prentiss has told me."

"Would Mr. Prentiss consent to marry me?"

"He could not perform the service; he is forbidden. You could be married only by some clergyman of another sect, if one would consent, or before a justice of the peace."

It was evident from her tone that Mrs. Wilson classed the civil ceremony with the ugly things of life.

"I see," said Constance. "I feared that he would not—that he could not." She sat for some moments with her hands clasped before her staring at destiny. Then spurred by one of the voices of protest she cried like one deploring an inevitable deed, "Gordon will not understand. He will deem that I am flying in the face of reason and sacrificing our and the children's happiness to a delusion. He is a sane and conscientious man. He strives to do what is right. Is it common sense that I must give him up?" she asked almost fiercely.

Mrs. Wilson recognized the cry as the fluttering of a spirit resolved to conquer temptation. "To satisfy common sense would not satisfy you, Constance," she answered with gentle fervor. "What you desire would be selfish; what the Church invites you to do for the sake of the world, of the family, would be spiritual."

"I wish to do what is right this time at any cost."

As Constance spoke there was a knock, and a moment later the rector of St. Stephen's appeared in the doorway, a large, impressive figure. For an instant he stood looking to right and left, taking in the surroundings, while the two women rose to greet him, and Mrs. Wilson uttered an eager aside to Constance:

"Here is someone who will tell you what is right."

Perhaps she did not intend to smother the remark. At all events it was overheard by Mr. Prentiss, and it suggested to him an appropriate greeting.

"I know of few better qualified to decide for herself what is right than Mrs. Stuart," he exclaimed with sonorous geniality, advancing. "I received your letter, and here I am. I am glad to see that another friend has been even more prompt," he added, shaking hands with Mrs. Wilson.

"Yes, I wrote to you both that I had been ill, because I felt sure that you would

be willing to advise with me as to my future," said Constance.

She endeavored to take the clergyman's silk hat, but he urbanely waved her back, and, depositing it on the table, threw open his long coat, and squaring himself in the chair offered him glanced around the somewhat darkened room.

"Well," he said, with cheery solicitude, "you must tell me your story."

"Let me explain, my dear," interposed Mrs. Wilson, and thereupon she glided from her chair, and seating herself on the sofa beside Constance, proceeded to enlighten him. "Our young friend has had a painful accident," she began, and in half a dozen graphic sentences she informed Mr. Prentiss of the details of the catastrophe and the scope of the injury. Meanwhile she possessed herself of Constance's hand, and from time to time patted it softly during the narration, in the course of which the rector on his part expressed appropriate concern for the victim.

"When Mrs. Stuart wrote," she continued, "it was in order to consult us as to how she might best earn her livelihood until such time as her eyesight is restored. This was a pressing and delicate consideration, for the reason that she suspected her employer of a design to invent occupation for her relief, which under all the circumstances was distasteful to her pride. The particular matter of providing her with suitable means of support I have taken upon myself, and the question is no longer perplexing her. It has been put in the shade by another and far more momentous problem, the solution of which we have been discussing for the last half hour. You come just in time to give her the benefit of your abundant insight and experience. Since she wrote to you an unexpected and appealing event has come to pass. Mrs. Stuart has received an offer of marriage from Mr. Perry, her employer, who of course is aware that she still has a husband living from whom she has never been divorced."

Mrs. Wilson designedly threw this searchlight upon the past history of her ward in order to save her rector from the possibility of finding himself in the same slough into which she had slipped as a result of inadvertence, and also to place the precise situation before him in one vivid flash.

Presumably what he had heard was a

stirring surprise to Mr. Prentiss, but versed in receiving confessions he gave no sign of perturbation beyond compressing his lips and settling himself further back in his chair like one seeking to get his grip on an interesting theme. When Mrs. Wilson in bright-eyed consciousness of having sprung a sensation waited to enjoy its effect, he nodded, as much as to inform her that he had grasped the facts and that she might proceed.

She fondled Constance's hand for a little before doing so. She wished to come to the point directly, yet exhaustively; to avoid non-essentials, yet to present the theme with picturesqueness.

"This little woman's heart is deeply engaged," she resumed. "She loves dearly the man who has offered himself to her. His wish to make her his wife is not only a precious compliment, but it holds forth interesting opportunities for happiness and advancement for her and for her two children. He is, as you know, a man of high standing in the community, with prospects of distinction. From the point of view of worldly blessedness the offer is exceptionally alluring. Moreover, she would be a wife of whom he could be justly proud. You see what I mean. I have given you, I think, all the vital data which bear on the case." As she paused she noticed that Constance stirred beside her. It had not been her intention to proceed further, but she made this clear by saying, "I leave the rest for you, my dear."

The next moment the rector responded with grave, solicitous emphasis. "I believe that I recognize precisely the circumstances with all the inseparable perplexities and pathos."

By an involuntary restless movement Constance had indeed revealed her dread that Mrs. Wilson was about to state the arguments as well as the point at issue, and her spirit had risen in protest. For sitting there intent on every word she had had time to realize that a crucial moment in her life had arrived, and that no one else however clever could fitly express what was working in her mind in defence of her lover's cause. When now the desired chance to speak was afforded her there was no hesitation; the necessary burning question was on her lips—the one question which demanded an unequivocal answer.

"Mrs. Wilson has stated all the facts. I

ask you, Mr. Prentiss, to tell me truly if it is possible for me to marry Mr. Perry without doing wrong, without doing what you—the Church—would not have me do. I am ready to renounce this great happiness if it would not be right in the highest sense for me to become his wife.”

It was the rector's turn to stir uneasily. His soul was rampant over the horrors of the divorce evil, but his humanity was momentarily touched by the rigor of this particular case. He, too, had had time to think, and his opinion was already formed. It had indeed risen spontaneously from the depths of his inner consciousness as the only possible answer. Yet as a wrestler with modern social problems he was disturbed to perceive that this sacrifice on this petitioner's part would have the surface effect of a hardship which, however salutary as a tenet of Christian doctrine, was not altogether satisfactory from the practical standpoint. Consequently his reply was a trifle militant.

“Have you as a woman considered whether remarriage while your husband is alive would be consistent with the highest feminine purity?”

It was a specious attack, but for a moment Constance did not comprehend. Then when it came over her that he was imposing chastity upon her, and expressing surprise at her restlessness, she lowered her eyes instinctively. That phase of the case had occurred to her many times already. Was it an impurity that she, with a husband living, should love another man? Was the implied reproach sound? Her feminine self-respect was dearer to her than life. Yet she had not discussed the point with Mrs. Wilson, as exploration with the plummet of conscience of the recesses of her womanly self had left her without a qualm. She had even faced the repugnant possibility that, as the wife of Gordon, she might hereafter be brought in contact with Emil, and decided that it could not become a controlling bugbear. Yet now when she raised her eyes again she looked first at her mentor. That lady had hers turned toward the ceiling in rapt meditation, but becoming conscious of Constance's glance, she lowered them to meet it, and Constance gathered from their troubled appeal that she agreed with the clergyman that remarriage for her would be incompatible with the highest personal

delicacy and a breach of the law of beauty. This was almost a shock, and increased her trouble. Her reason was still unconvinced that the objection was other than an affectionation, but the joint disapproval was a challenge to her confidence. Still she answered with the courage of her convictions:

“I should like to marry because I am in love. If my husband were dead, it would not seem inappropriate that I should wed another.”

“You are well provided for; you have employment and are earning a decent livelihood. You have friends who will see that your children do not lack opportunities for advancement. Is not that enough?” He paused and quoted rhetorically: “Wherefore they are no more twain, but one flesh.”

Constance broke the silence by completing the passage with reverence, “What therefore God hath joined together let not man put asunder.”

“Precisely,” murmured the rector.

Constance slipped her hand from Mrs. Wilson's and rose to her feet. Why, she scarcely knew. She felt the impulse to stand before her judges, even as a petitioner at a court of final resort. Though her heart was hungry for permission to enter the land of promise, she already guessed what the verdict would be. If her rector's hint that the project ought to have jarred upon her finer feminine instincts had left her unconvicted before the tribunal of her own wits, it had set her thinking. It had brought before her a retrospective vision of the long fealty of her sex to the voice of carnal purity, and its twin sister, woman's long fealty to the Church. She must be true to her birthright as a woman; she must obey the higher law whatever the cost. No happiness could be comparable to that which obedience would bring. Yet another thought held her, and a little doggedly. Whatever her penitence for past error, she had never abdicated her heritage as an American woman—her right to the exercise of free judgment where the interests of her soul were concerned. Her intelligence must be satisfied before she yielded. Yet even as she rallied her energies for a second bout, it seemed to her that the memory of her late forgiveness by the Church stood in the guise of an angel at the rector's side with grieving eyes, and the charge of ingratitude

on its lips. But Constance said sturdily and carefully:

"I have reread the Bible texts, Mr. Prentiss, and Mrs. Wilson has explained to me that as a priest of the Episcopal Church you could not marry me. I understand that. What I wish you to tell me is whether it would be a sin, a real sin, were I to be married elsewhere. The law allows it, only the Church forbids. Has the Church no discretion, could no exception be made in a case like mine? In this age of the world it would seem as though justice and the demands which religion makes on the conscience ought to tally. You know the circumstances of my first marriage. Because I made a dreadful mistake, is it my highest duty to renounce this happiness as a forbidden thing? It is for you to tell me. I must trust in you; I cannot decide for myself. My reason whispers to me that it would not be wrong for me to consent, but I am prepared to put this seeming blessing from me if by accepting it I should be guilty of a genuine weakness, should be helping to push society down instead of helping to maintain the standards of the world."

Mr. Prentiss beamed upon her with pitying, gracious approval. Now that he had recovered from his momentary access of temper he beheld in a clear light the reality of the sacrifice, her touching sincerity and his own opportunity. From the standpoint of righteousness there was no room in his mind for doubt or evasion; yet he felt that it behooved him to meet this spiritual conflict with all the tenderness of his priestly office. He had learned to admire this lithe, dark-haired woman; nor was her greater physical attraction lost on him. He realized as she stood before him that under the new dispensation she had waxed in charm and social effectiveness; and once more she was showing herself worthy of his enthusiasm. His ear had noticed the felicity of her last thought, and he was musing on the sophisticated scope of it when Mrs. Wilson's dulcet voice broke the silence.

"I have made clear to Mrs. Stuart, Mr. Prentiss, that the advanced thought of the Church finds in the words of Christ not merely an inspired utterance concerning divorce, but the rallying cry in behalf of a profound, practical, social reform."

The rector bent on his ally a discerning glance of satisfaction. He perceived grate-

fully that she had made the most of her opportunities to till the soil from which he looked for a rich harvest.

"My dear friend," he said to Constance, "you have put upon me a great responsibility from which I must not shrink. But however uncompromising my duty as a servant of Christ may cause me to appear, believe me that my understanding is not blind to the human distress under which you labor. You are asked to renounce what is for woman the greatest of temporal joys, the love of a deserving man." He paused a moment to mark the fervor of his sympathy. "Were I willing to palter with the truth, and did I deem you to be common clay unable to appreciate and live up to it, I might say to you 'Go and be married elsewhere. It will be an offence; it will not have the sanction of the Church; but others have done the same, and you will have the protection of the secular law.' Although the Roman Catholic priest has but one answer under all circumstances however pitiful—'who, having a husband or wife living, marries again, cannot remain a member of the Church,' it might seem permissible to some of my cloth not to condemn remarriage in the case of a dense soul as a grievous sin. But such palliation would sear my lips were I to utter it for your relief. You have asked me what is the vital truth—your highest Christian duty. There can be but one answer. To respect the marriage bond and, keeping yourself unspotted from the world, hold to one husband for your mortal life so long as you both do live. To yield would not be a crime as the ignorant know crime, but it would be a sapping carnal weakness, inconsistent with the spiritual wisdom which has hitherto led you. It would indeed help to lower the standards of human society. I may not equivocate, my dear friend. This is the ideal of the Christian Church in respect to marriage and divorce. Invoke the human law for your protection against your husband if you will, but he is still your husband in the eyes of God, and if you wed another you commit adultery."

Constance, seeming like a breathing statue, save for her odd disfigurement, her arms before her at full length, her hands folded one upon the other, heard her sentence and love's banishment. Already she felt the thrill of a solemn impulse to

bear this cross laid upon her, not as a cross but as a fresh opportunity for service, yet she said:

"Then the law of the Church and the law of the State stand opposed to each other!" She spoke in soliloquy as it were, phrasing an existing condition for the explanation of which her intelligence still lacked the key.

Mr. Prentiss drew himself up. "Yes, they stand opposed as in so many other instances. The law of the State is for the weak; the law of the Church—of Christ—is for the strong. Verily the Church has been magnanimous and forbearing. It has resigned to the State little by little control of the social machinery. But here, where the foundations of society are at stake, it behooves her to stand firm. The law of spirit is at war with the law of flesh. Monogamy is the corner-stone of Christian civilization."

"And hence it is that marriage is a sacrament; that the marriage bond bears the seal of heaven," added Mrs. Wilson ardently, as the rector, contented with his metaphor, stopped short in his righteous foray.

"If my marriage was made in heaven, we were ill-mated," retorted Constance. The thought seemed so repugnant to her that she revolted at it. But Mr. Prentiss, like a true physician of the soul, was equal to the emergency.

"The choice was yours, and you made a dreadful mistake. Have you yourself not said so? Shall you not pay the penalty, my daughter? You thought you knew him whom you married."

"Oh, yes, indeed; but I was very young."

"May they not all say the same? And yet," pursued the rector, in a tone of proselytizing triumph, "the demon of divorce lurks at our firesides, and stalking through every walk of life makes light of the holy tie as though it were of straw, mocking the solemn associations of the family, and taking from the innocent child the refining and safeguarding influence of a stable, unsullied home. Yet the State stands by and winks at—aye, connives at and promotes the foul programme, rehabilitating shallowness and vice through the respectable red seal of the law. Yes, there are two standards. As a modern priest I am aware of the sophistry of the criticism,

for who, if the Church does not, will stand as the protector of the home? And if it sometimes happens, as it must happen," he concluded in an exalted whisper, "that the apparent earthly happiness of one must be sacrificed for the good of the many, I know that you are not the woman to falter."

"Oh, no—oh, no," answered Constance, shaking her head. "It is a terrible condition of affairs, is it not? I see; I understand." She resumed her seat on the sofa and covered her face with her hands. For a few moments there was silence. Mrs. Wilson restrained a melting impulse to put her arm around her ward's shoulder in pitying encouragement. She felt that it was wiser to wait.

"Terrible!" repeated Constance, as though she had been dwelling on the thought, and she looked up. Her manner was calm and sweetly determined. "Thank you, Mr. Prentiss—thank you both so much. There is only one thing to do—one thing I wish to do now that my duty has been made entirely plain. I shall tell Mr. Perry that though I love him I cannot marry him."

"There is no reason that you should come to a decision on the spot," said Mr. Prentiss, reluctant to take undue advantage of an emotional frame of mind. "Take time to consider the matter."

But Constance shook her head. "That would not help me. I have thought it out already. I could not consent to sin, and you have explained to me that it would be a sin."

"A sin surely; a carnal sin for you, Mrs. Stuart," said the clergyman with doughty firmness.

Constance gave a little nervous laugh—or was it the echo of a shiver? "I had a conviction that it could never be. It was a pleasant dream."

The pathos of the simple utterance reawoke Mrs. Wilson's strained sensibilities. She bent and kissed Constance on the forehead. Then turning to her rector she murmured with reverent ecstasy:

"Will you not pray with us, Mr. Prentiss?"

It was a grateful, benignant suggestion to the sufferer; the tonic which her yearning, baffled spirit needed. Divining as by telepathy that the moment had arrived for just this spiritual communion, the clergy-

man set the example to the two women by falling on his knees, and presently his voice was raised in fervent prayer. It was the prayer of praise and victory, not of consolation and distress. He thanked God—as he could do with an overflowing heart—for this triumph of intelligent spiritual discernment over the lures of easy-going and numbing materialism. The outcome of the occasion was indeed for him an oasis, one of those green, fruitful passages in the more or less general dryness of heart-to-heart contact with his parishioners, the occurrence of which made him surer both of his own professional capacity and of the eternal truths of his religion. His invocation of his God was alike a pæan of thanksgiving and an acknowledgment of rekindled faith. As for Constance, his words were so many cups of water to a thirsty soul. Scorched by his exaltation the cloud mists of doubt

no longer perplexed her, and she beheld with radiant eyes her cross, her privilege to renounce what reason and human passion urged, for the sake of an ideal, the higher, vital needs of the human race.

When Mr. Prentiss had finished, Mrs. Wilson did not for a moment trust herself to speak. Her eyes were full of tears. She had knelt as close to Constance as she felt to be harmonious. It was a glorious hour also for her. The steadfastness of this woman of the people was not only a subtle personal tribute, but it had refreshed the tired arteries of her being. When her daughter had left her house, secure and cold in the pride of a revolting scheme of life, it had almost seemed that God mocked her. But now the glories of His grace were manifest.

"Constance," she said, "I will call for you to-morrow, to sit in my pew. It is Sunday, you know."

(To be continued.)

ODYSSEUS

By George Cabot Lodge

HE strove with gods and men in equal mood
 Of great endurance: not alone his hands
 Wrought in wild seas and laboured in strange lands,
 And not alone his patient strength withstood
 The clashing cliffs and Circe's perilous sands;
 Eager of some imperishable good
 He drave new pathways thro' the trackless flood,
 Foreguarded, fearless, free from Fate's commands.
 How shall our faith discern the truth he sought?—
 We too must watch and wander till our eyes,
 Turned sky-ward from the topmost tower of thought,
 Perchance shall find the star that marked his goal,
 The watch-fire of transcendent liberties
 Lighting the endless spaces of the soul.

THE WAR OF 1812

BY CAPTAIN A. T. MAHAN, U. S. N.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY STANLEY M. ARTHURS, CARLTON T. CHAPMAN, AND HENRY REUTERDAHL

VII*

LAKE FRONTIER CAMPAIGN OF 1813—
TO THE BATTLE OF LAKE ERIE.



HEN Chauncey, on March 18th, penned the plan of operations analyzed in the last article, there were in York two vessels, the *Prince Regent* of 20 guns, the *Duke of Gloucester* 16, and two—by his information—on the stocks. On the 14th of April the ice in Sackett's Harbor broke up, though large floes still remained in the lake. On the 19th these also had disappeared. Eighteen hundred troops were embarked by the squadron, and on the 24th the expedition started, but was driven back by heavy weather. The next day it got away finally, and on the early morning of the 27th appeared off York. The troops were landed a little westward of the town, and proceeded to the attack, supported by the shipping. The enemy, who were inferior in number, retired; the small regular force making its escape, with the exception of about fifty who surrendered with the militia present. The American loss, Army and Navy, was a little over three hundred, among whom was General Pike, an excellent soldier, who commanded the landing and was mortally wounded by the explosion of a magazine. The *Duke of Gloucester* schooner was taken, but the *Prince Regent* had gone to Kingston three days before; doubtless availing herself of the weather which drove Chauncey back, to join her fleet as soon as released by the ice. By her escape the blow lost most of its effect; for York itself was indefensible, and was taken again without difficulty in the following July. A vessel approaching completion was caught on the stocks and burned, and a large quantity of military and naval stores were either destroyed or

brought away by the victorious squadron. These losses were among the news that greeted Yeo's arrival; but, though severe, they were not irreparable, as Chauncey for the moment imagined. He wrote: "I believe that he has received a blow that he cannot recover, and if we succeed in our next enterprise, which I see no reason to doubt, we may consider the upper province as conquered." The mistake here was soon to be evident.

No time was wasted at York. The work of destruction, and of loading what was to be carried away, was completed in three days, and on May 1st the troops were re-embarked, to sail for Fort George on the morrow. The wind, which had been fair and moderate from the eastward for some days, then came on to blow a gale which would make landing impossible off Niagara, and even navigation dangerous for the small vessels. This lasted through the 7th, Chauncey writing on that day that they were still riding with two anchors ahead and lower yards down. So crowded were the ships that only half the soldiers could be below at one time; hence they were exposed to the rain, and also to the fresh-water waves, which made a fair breach over the schooners. Under such circumstances both troops and seamen sickened fast. On the 8th, the weather moderating, the squadron stood over to Fort Niagara, landed the troops for refreshment, and then returned to Sackett's; it being thought that the opportunity for surprise had been lost, and that no harm could come of a short further delay, during which also reinforcements might be expected.

Soon after his return Chauncey sent a flag of truce to Kingston. This made observations as to the condition of the enemy which began to dispel his fair illusions. His purpose to go in person to Niagara was postponed; and dispatching thither the squadron with troops, he remained at Sackett's to protect the yard and the ships

* A map of the Lake region illustrative of this article is to be found in the March number of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE on page 346.

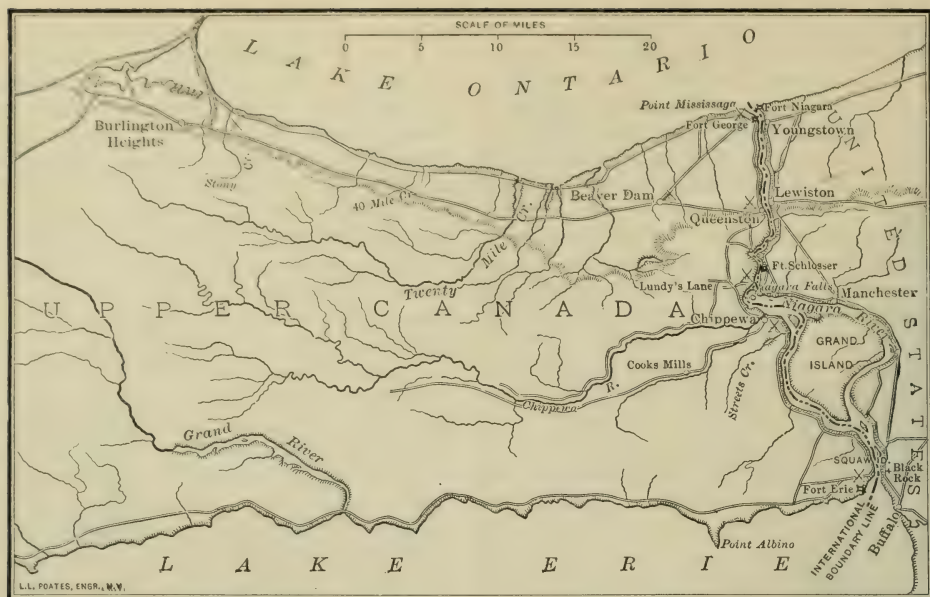
building, in co-operation with the garrison. His solicitude was not misplaced. Niagara being a hundred and fifty miles from Sackett's, the fleet and army had been committed to a relatively distant operation, depending upon a main line of communication,—the lake,—on the flank and rear of which, and close to their own inadequately protected base of operations, was a hostile arsenal, Kingston, with a naval force quite able to compete with their own. The danger of such a situation is obvious to any military man, and even to a layman needs only to be indicated. Nevertheless, the enterprise was launched, and there was nothing for it but to proceed on the lines laid down.

Chauncey accordingly sailed on the 22d, reinforcements of troops for the defense of Sackett's having meantime arrived. He did not reach Niagara until May 25th. The next day was spent in reconnoissances, and other preparations for a landing on the lake shore; a short mile west of Fort George. On the 27th, at 9 A.M., the attack began, covered by the squadron. General Vincent, in command of the British frontier, moved out to meet his enemy with the entire force near Fort George, leaving only a small garrison of 130 men to hold the post itself. There was sharp fighting at the coast line; but Vincent's numbers were much inferior, and he was compelled steadily to give ground, until finally, seeing that the only alternatives were the destruction of his force or the abandonment of the position, he sent word to the garrison to spike the guns, destroy the ammunition, and then to join his column as it withdrew. He retreated along the Niagara River toward Queenston, and thence west to Beaver Dam, about sixteen miles from Fort George. At the same time word was sent to the officers commanding at Fort Erie and the intermediate post of Chippewa, to retire upon the same place, which had already been prepared in anticipation of such an emergency. The three divisions were thus in simultaneous movement, converging upon a common point of concentration, where they all assembled during the night. Their casualties during the day's fighting had been heavy, over four hundred killed and wounded; but no prisoners were lost in the retreat except the garrison of the fort, who were intercepted.

Dearborn, as before at York, had not

landed with the troops; prevented, doubtless, by the infirmities of age increasing upon him. Two days later he wrote to the Department, "I had presumed that the enemy would confide in the strength of his position and venture an action, by which an opportunity would be afforded to cut off his retreat." This guileless expectation, that the net may be spread not in vain before the eyes of any bird, provoked beyond control such measure of equanimity as Armstrong possessed. Already probably suspecting that his correct design upon Kingston had been thwarted by false information, he retorted: "I cannot disguise from you the *surprise* occasioned by the *two escapes of a beaten enemy*; first on May 27th, and again on June 1st. Battles are not gained, when an inferior and broken enemy is not destroyed. Nothing is done, while anything that might have been done is omitted." Vincent was unkind enough to disappoint his opponent. The morning after the engagement he retired toward a position at the head of the lake, known then as Burlington Heights, where the town of Hamilton now stands. Upon his tenure here the course of operations turned twice in the course of the next six months.

While Vincent was in retreat upon Burlington, Captain Barclay arrived at his headquarters, on the way to take charge of the Lake Erie squadron; having had to coast the north shore of Ontario, on account of the American control of the water. The inopportune moment was prophetic of the numberless disappointments with which the naval officer would have to contend during the brief three months preceding his defeat by Perry. "The ordnance, ammunition, and other stores for the service on Lake Erie," wrote Prevost on July 20th, with reference to Barclay's deficiencies, "had been deposited at York for the purpose of being transported to Amherstburg, but unfortunately were either destroyed or fell into the enemy's hands when York was taken by them; and the subsequent interruption to the communication, by their occupation of Fort George, has rendered it extremely difficult to afford the supplies Captain Barclay requires, which, however, are in readiness to forward whenever circumstances will permit it to be done with safety." The road from Queenston to Fort Erie, around Ni-



Map of Niagara Peninsula.

agara Falls, because the shortest, was the most used and the best line of transportation. To be thrown off it to that from Burlington to Long Point was a serious mishap to a force requiring much of heavy and bulky supplies. To add to these more vital embarrassments, the principal ship, the *Queen Charlotte*, which had been lying at Fort Erie, had been ordered by Vincent to leave there when the place was evacuated, and to go to Amherstburg, thus giving Barclay the prospect of a land journey of two hundred miles through the wilderness to reach his station. Fortunately for him, a vessel turned up at Long Point, enabling him to reach Amherstburg about the 7th of June.

The second step in Chauncey's programme had now been successfully taken, and the vessels at Black Rock were free to move. With an energy and foresight which in administration seldom forsook him, he had prepared beforehand to seize even a fleeting opportunity to get them out. Immediately upon the fall of York, "to put nothing to hazard, I directed Mr. Eckford to take thirty carpenters to Black Rock, where he has gone to put the vessels lying there in a perfect state of repair, ready to leave the river for Presqu' Isle the moment we are in possession of the opposite

shore." Perry was also on hand, being actively engaged in the landing at Fort George; and the same evening, May 27th, he left for Black Rock to hasten the departure. The process involved great physical labor, the several vessels having to be dragged by oxen against the current of the Niagara, here setting heavily toward the falls. It was not until June 12th that they were all above the rapids, and even this could not have been accomplished but for soldiers furnished by Dearborn. The circumstance shows how hopeless the undertaking would have been, if the enemy had remained in Fort Erie. Nor was this the only peril in their path. Barclay, with commendable promptitude, had taken the lake in superior force very shortly after his arrival at Amherstburg, and about June 15th appeared off Erie (Presqu' Isle). Having reconnoitred the place, he cruised between it and Black Rock, to intercept the expected division; but the small vessels, coasting the beach, passed their adversary unseen in a fog, and on June 18th reached the port. As Chauncey had reported on the 29th of May that the two brigs building there were launched, affairs on that lake began to wear a promising aspect. The Lakes station as a whole was still, however, very short of men; and the commo-

dore added that if none arrived before his approaching return to Sackett's, he would have to lay up the Ontario fleet to man that upon Erie.

To do this would have been to abandon to the enemy the very important link in the communications, upon which chiefly depended the reënforcement and supplies for both armies on the Niagara peninsula. The inherent viciousness of the plan upon which the American operations were proceeding was now quickly evident. At the very moment of the attack upon Fort George, a threatening but irresolute movement against Sackett's was undertaken by Prevost, with the co-operation of Yeo. Had the place fallen, Chauncey would have lost the ship then building, on which he was counting to control the water; he would have had nowhere to rest his foot except his own quarter-deck, and no means to repair his fleet or build the new vessels continually needed to maintain superiority. The case of Yeo dispossessed of Kingston would have been similar, but worse; for land transport in the United States was much better than in Canada. The issue of the war, as regarded the lakes and the northwestern territory, lay in those two places. Upon them depended offensive and defensive action.

At the time of the attack upon Sackett's only two vessels of the squadron were there, the senior officer of which, Lieutenant Chauncey, was in momentary command of the Navy Yard as well. The garrison consisted of four hundred regular troops, the arrival of whom a week before had enabled Chauncey to leave for Niagara. Dearborn had already written to Major-General Jacob Brown, of the New York militia, asking him to take command of the station; for which his local knowledge particularly fitted him, as he was a resident of some years' standing. He had moreover manifested marked military capacity on the St. Lawrence line, which was under his charge. Brown, whose instincts were soldierly, was reluctant to supersede Colonel Backus, the officer of regulars in command; but a letter from the latter received on the 27th, asking him to take charge, determined his compliance. When he arrived, five hundred militia had assembled.

The British expedition left Kingston with a fine fair wind on the early morning

of May 27th—the same day that the Americans were landing at Fort George. The whole fleet accompanied the movement, having embarked troops numbering over seven hundred; chiefly regulars. At noon they were off Sackett's Harbor. Prevost and Yeo stood in to reconnoitre; but in the course of an hour the troops, who were already in the boats ready to pull to the beach, were ordered to re-embark, and the squadron stood out into the lake. The only result so far was the capture of twelve out of nineteen American barges, on their way from Oswego to the Harbor. Three were intercepted, their crews escaping to the woods. The other seven gained the port.

During the next thirty-six hours militia kept coming in, and Brown took command. Sackett's Harbor is an indentation on the south side of a broad bay, called Black River Bay, into which the Black River empties. The harbor opens eastward; that is, its back is toward the lake, from which it is distant a little over a mile; and its north side is formed by a long narrow point, called Navy Point, on which was the naval establishment. Where Black River Bay meets the lake, its south shore is prolonged to the west by a projection called Horse Island, connected with the land by a fordable neck. Brown expected the landing to be made upon this, and he decided to meet the attack at the water's edge of the mainland, as the enemy crossed the neck. There he disposed his five hundred militia, placing the regulars under Backus in a second line; a steadying point in case the first line of untrained men failed to stand firm. It was arranged that, if the enemy could not be resisted, Lieutenant Chauncey was to set fire to the naval stores and shipping, and cross with his crews to the south side of the harbor, east of a work called Fort Volunteer, where Brown proposed to make his final stand. From there, although an enemy at the yard could be molested, he could not certainly be prevented from carrying off stores or ships; hence the necessity for destruction.

The British landed upon Horse Island soon after daylight of the 29th, and from there advanced. They were met with a volley from the militia; but as had been foreseen by Brown, himself yet a militia officer, they then broke and fled. Their

colonel behaved gallantly, and was killed in trying to rally his men; while Brown himself, collecting about a hundred of the fugitives, worked round with them to the left flank of the approaching British. These, moving through the woods, now encountered Backus and his regulars, who made upon them an impression of overwhelming numbers, to which the British official report bears a vivid testimony. The failure to carry the place is laid by this paper upon the light and adverse winds, which prevented the co-operation of the squadron's heavy guns, to reduce the batteries and blockhouse. Without this assistance, it was impracticable to carry by assault the works in which the Americans had taken refuge. "The troops were reluctantly ordered to leave a beaten enemy." Brown makes no mention of this retreat into the works, though it appears clear that the Americans fell gradually back to their support; but he justifies Prevost's withdrawal, bitterly criticised by writers of his own nation, in the words, "Had not General Prevost retreated most rapidly under the guns of his vessels, he would never have returned to Kingston."

In the midst of the action word was brought to Lieutenant Chauncey that the battle was lost, and that the yard must be fired. Brown, in his official report, expressly acquitted him of blame, with words of personal commendation which are difficult to reconcile with others written by him to Dearborn, unofficially, some weeks later. The two schooners in commission had retreated up Black River, but the prize *Duke of Gloucester*, and the ship approaching completion, were fired. Fortunately, the flames were extinguished before serious damage was done; but when Commodore Chauncey returned on June 1st, he found that among a large quantity of materials consumed were the stores and sails of the new ship. The loss of these he thought would delay the movements of the squadron three weeks; for without her Yeo's force was now superior.

The defense of Sackett's Harbor obtained immediately for Brown, who was just thirty-eight, the commission of brigadier-general in the army; for the new Secretary, Armstrong, was looking round anxiously for men to put in command, and was quick to seize upon one when he found him.

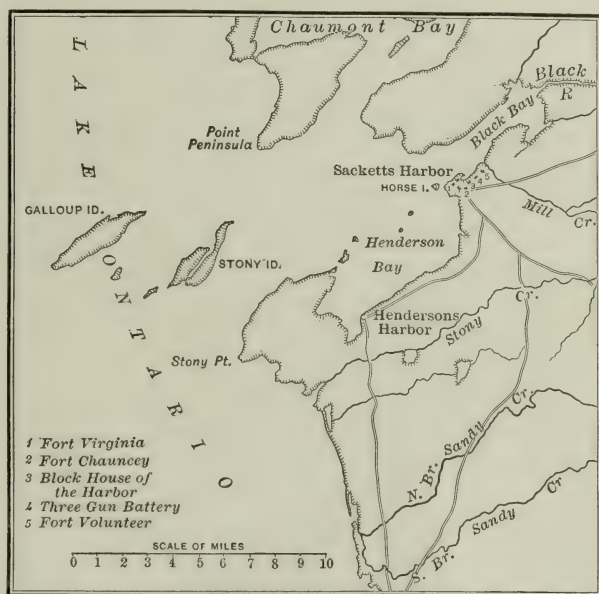
To Chauncey, on the other hand, the affair in its consequences and demonstration of actualities was a rude awakening, to which his correspondence during the succeeding six weeks bears witness by an evident waning of confidence not before to be noted. On the 4th of June, he tells the Secretary of the Navy that he has on Ontario, exclusive of the new ship not yet ready, fourteen vessels of every description, mounting sixty-two guns; whereas Yeo has seven, which, with six gunboats, carry one hundred and six. "If he leave Kingston I shall meet him. The result may be doubtful, but worth the trial." This resolution is not maintained. On the 11th he hears, with truth, that Yeo was seen at the head of the lake on the 7th, and that the Americans at Fort George had taken his squadron to be Chauncey's. By the same channel he learns of a disastrous engagement of the army there, which was likewise true. His impulse is to go out to meet the British squadron; but he reflects that the enemy may then again find an opportunity to descend upon Sackett's, and perhaps succeed in burning the new ship. Her size and armament will, he thinks, give him the decisive superiority. He therefore resolves to put nothing to hazard till she is finished.

The impression produced by the late attack is obvious, and this decision was probably correct; but Yeo too is building, and meantime he has possession of the lake. On the 3d of June he left Kingston with a squadron, two ships and four schooners, carrying some three hundred troops for Vincent. On the evening of the 7th, about six o'clock, he was sighted by the American army, which was then at Forty Mile Creek, so named from its distance from Niagara; a position to which it had retired after a severe reverse inflicted by the enemy thirty-six hours before. Vincent's retreat had been followed as far as Stony Creek, about ten miles west of Forty Mile Creek, and the same distance from Burlington Heights, where the British lay. The situation of the latter was in fact extremely perilous; for, though strongly placed, they were greatly outnumbered. In case of being driven from their lines, they must retreat on York by a long and difficult road; and upon the same bad communications they were dependent for supplies, unless their squadron kept control of the lake. Recognizing

that desperate conditions call for desperate remedies, Vincent resolved to risk an attack with seven hundred men under Colonel Harvey, in whose suggestion the movement originated. These fell upon the American advance corps at two o'clock in the morning of June 6th. An hour of fighting ensued, with severe loss on both sides; then Harvey, considering sufficient effect produced, drew off his men before daylight revealed the smallness of their numbers.

There was in the affair nothing intrinsically decisive, scarcely more than a business of outposts; but by a singular coincidence both the American generals present were captured in the confusion. The officer who succeeded to the command, a colonel of cavalry, modestly distrustful of his own powers, could think of nothing more proper than to return to Forty Mile Creek, sending word to Fort George. Dearborn, still too weak to go to the front, dispatched thither General Morgan Lewis. On his way Lewis received from the commander-in-chief two brief messages, announcing the appearance of Yeo's fleet, and indicating apprehension that by means of it Vincent might come upon Fort George before the main army could fall back there. It was most improbable that the British general, with the command of the lake in dispute, would thus place himself again in the position from which he had with difficulty escaped ten days before; but Dearborn's fears for the safety of the forts prevailed, and he ordered a retreat. The movement began by noon of June 8th, and in a few days the army was back at Niagara River, having lost or abandoned a quantity of stores. The British followed to within ten miles of the fort, where they took up a position. They also reoccupied Beaver Dam; and a force of six hundred Americans sent to dislodge them, under Colonel Boerstler, was compelled to surrender on the 24th of June. Dearborn, who had already reported to the Department that he personally was "so reduced in strength as to be incapable of any command," attributed his

embarrassments "to the temporary loss of command of the lake. The enemy has availed himself of the advantage and forwarded reinforcements and supplies." The effect of controlling the water cannot be



Plan of Sackett's Harbor.

contested; but the conditions at Stony Creek were such that it should have been possible to drive Vincent away from any hold on the south shore of Ontario; for, creditable as had been the enterprise of Colonel Harvey, it had accomplished no change in material conditions. Dearborn was soon afterward relieved. His officers, including Scott, joined in a letter of regret and esteem, prompted doubtless by sympathy for the sufferings and miscarriage of an aged officer who had served gallantly in his youth during the War of Independence.

To Colonel Harvey's attack, on the morning of June 6th, British military critics have with justice assigned the turning of the tide in the affairs of Upper Canada. It is perfectly true that that well-judged movement, admirable in conception and execution, checked the progress of the American arms at a moment most favorable to them, and put an end to conditions of advantage which never there recurred. That this effect was produced, however, is attributable to the inefficiency of the American officers

in command. If Harvey had divined this, from the previous operations, and made it a part of his calculations, it is so much more to his credit; the competency of the opponent is a chief factor to be considered in a military enterprise. It detracts nothing from Harvey's merit to say that there was no occasion for the American retreat, nor for the subsequent paralysis of effort, which ended in expulsion from the Niagara peninsula at the end of the year. "For some two months after this," wrote a very competent eye-witness, afterward General Scott, "the army of Niagara, never less than four thousand strong, stood fixed in a state of ignominy, under Boyd, within five miles of an untrenched enemy, with never more than three thousand five hundred men." Scott seems not to have known that this inactivity was enjoined by the War Department till Chauncey could resume control of the lake. From this time, in fact, the Niagara army and its plans disappear from the active operations.

Yeo remained in undisputed control of the water. That the British at this time felt themselves the stronger in effective force, may be reasonably inferred from their continuing to keep the lake after Chauncey's new ship was out. She was launched June 12th, and named the *General Pike*, in honor of the officer killed at the taking of York. Her armament was to be twenty-six long 24-pounders, which under some circumstances would make her superior, not only to any single vessel, but to any combination of vessels then under the British flag. If it was still possible, by use of favoring conditions, to contend with the American fleet after the addition to it of this ship, by so much more was Yeo able to deal successfully with it before her coming. A comparison of the armaments of the opposing forces also demonstrates that, whatever Chauncey's duty might have been without such prospect, he was justified, having this decisive advantage within reach, in keeping his fleet housed waiting for its realization. The British new vessel, the *Wolfe*, with the *Royal George** and the *Melville*, carried a broadside weight of 962 pounds, to which the *Madison* and *Oneida* could oppose only 578; and the batteries of all five being mainly carronades, there are no qualifica-

tions to be made on the score of differing ranges. The American schooners, though much more numerous than the British, in no way compensated for this disparity, for reasons which will be given when the narrative of operations begins. Unknown to Chauncey, the vindication of his delay was to be found in Yeo's writing to the Admiralty, that he was trying to induce the enemy to come out before his new ship was ready.

Disappointed in this endeavor, the British commodore meantime employed his vessels in maintaining the communications of the British and harassing those of the Americans, thus observing the true relation of the lake to the hostilities. Mention has been made of the effect upon Dearborn; morally, in the apprehension created, actually, in the strength contributed to Vincent's army. "The enemy's fleet is constantly hovering on the coast and interrupting our supplies," wrote Lewis, during Dearborn's incapacity. Besides incidental mentions by American officers, Yeo himself reports the capture of two schooners and boats loaded with stores June 13th; and between that date and the 19th he landed parties at the Genesee River and Great Sodus, capturing or destroying a quantity of provisions. Transit between Oswego and Sackett's was also in constant danger of an unexpected interference by the British squadron. On the 20th of June it appeared off Oswego, with apparent disposition to attack; but Yeo, who in his exercise of chief command displayed a degree of caution remarkable in view of his deservedly high reputation for dash acquired in less responsible positions, did not pass beyond threat. All the same, the mere uncertainty exercised a powerful influence on the maintenance of intercourse. "If the schooners *Lark* and *Fly* are not now in Sackett's," wrote Lieutenant Woolsey from Oswego, "they must have been taken yesterday by the British boats. They were loaded with powder, shot, and hospital stores for the army." He has also cordage, powder, guns, cables, to send, and boats in which to ship them; but "under existing circumstances I dare not take upon myself to send them farther than to Sandy Creek, under strong guard. I think it would be unsafe to venture round Stony Point [a projecting headland twelve miles from Sackett's] without convoy or a good guard."

* Formerly the *Prince Regent*.



Drawn by Stanley M. Arthurs.

The burning of a vessel on the stocks at York.

On July 2d, having ranged the lake at will since June 1st, Yeo returned to Kingston, and Chauncey again began to hear rumors. "The fleet has taken on board two thousand men, and two thousand more are to embark in boats; an attack upon this place is the object. The plan is to make a desperate push at our fleet before the *General Pike* can be got ready. . . . His real object may be to land reinforcements near Fort George, to act with General Vincent against Dearborn. If this be his object, he will succeed in obliging our army to recross the Niagara River;" a serious commentary on the American plan of campaign. This fear, however, was excessive, for the reason that an effective American army on the Niagara had a land line of communication, bad but possible, alternative to the lake. The British had not. Moreover, the Niagara peninsula had for them a value, as a land link between Ontario and Erie, to which nothing corresponded on the United States side. Had Vincent been driven from Burlington Heights, not only would he have lost touch with the lake, and been forced back on York, but Ontario would for the British have been entirely cut off from Erie.

The *General Pike* was ready for service on July 20th, and the following evening Chauncey sailed. With this begins a period, extending over ten or twelve weeks, which has no parallel in the naval lake history of the war. It was unproductive of decisive results, and especially of the one particular result which is the object of all naval action—the destruction of the enemy's organized force and the establishment of one's own control of the water; nevertheless, the ensuing movements of Yeo and Chauncey constituted a naval campaign of considerable interest. Nothing resembling it occurred on either Lake Champlain or Erie, and no similar condition recurred on Ontario. The fleets were frequently in presence of each other, and three times came to blows. On Erie and on Champlain the opposing forces met but once, and then without any prolonged previous period of manœuvring. They fought immediately; the result in each case being an American victory, not only complete but decisive, which has kept their remembrance alive to this day in the national memory. On Ontario, after the close of the season of 1813,

the struggle resolved itself into a race of ship-building; each party endeavoring to maintain superiority by the creation of ever-increasing numbers, instead of by crushing the enemy. Such a contest sufficiently befits a period of peace; it is, for instance, at this moment the condition of the great naval nations of the world, each of which is endeavoring to maintain its place in the naval scale by the constant production and development of material. In war, however, the object is to put an end to a condition of national tension and expense by destroying the enemy; and the failure of the commanders to effect this object calls for examination.

The indecisive result on Ontario was due to the peculiar composition of the two squadrons; to the absence of strong compelling conditions, such as made fighting imperative on Barclay upon Erie, and perhaps also on Downie upon Champlain; and finally, to the extreme wariness of the commanders, each of whom was deeply impressed with the importance of preserving his own fleet in order not to sacrifice control of the lake. Chauncey has depicted for us his frame of mind in instructions issued at this very moment—July 14th—to his subordinate, Perry. "The first object will be to destroy or cripple the enemy's fleet; but in all attempts upon the fleet you ought to use great caution, for the loss of a single vessel may decide the fate of the campaign." A practical commentary of singular irony was passed upon this utterance within two months; for by sacrificing a single ship Perry decided his own campaign in his own favor. Given the spirit of Chauncey's warning, and also two opponents with fleets so different in constitution that one is strong where the other is weak, and *vice versa*, and there is found the elements of wary and protracted fighting, with a strong chance that neither will be badly hurt; but also that neither will accomplish much. This is what happened on Ontario.

The relative powers of the two fleets need to be briefly explained; for they constituted, so to say, the hands in the game which each commander had to play. The British had six vessels, of varying sizes and rigs, but all built for war, and sailing fairly well together. They formed therefore a good manœuvring squadron. The Americans had three vessels built for war, and at the



Drawn by Henry Reuterdahl.

The retreat of the British from Sackett's Harbor.

beginning ten schooners also, not so designed, and not sailing well with the armaments they bore. Whatever the merits of this or that vessel, the squadron as a whole manœuvred badly, and its movements were impeded by the poorer sailors. The contrast in armaments likewise had a very decisive effect upon the conditions. There were in those days two principal classes of naval cannon—long guns, often called simply “guns”, and carronades. The guns had long range with light weight of shot fired; the carronades had short range and heavy shot. Now in long guns the Americans were four times as strong as the British, while in carronades the British were twice as strong as the Americans. It follows that the American commodore should prefer long range to begin with; whereas the British would be careful not to approach within long range, unless with such a breeze as would carry him rapidly down to where his carronades would come into play.

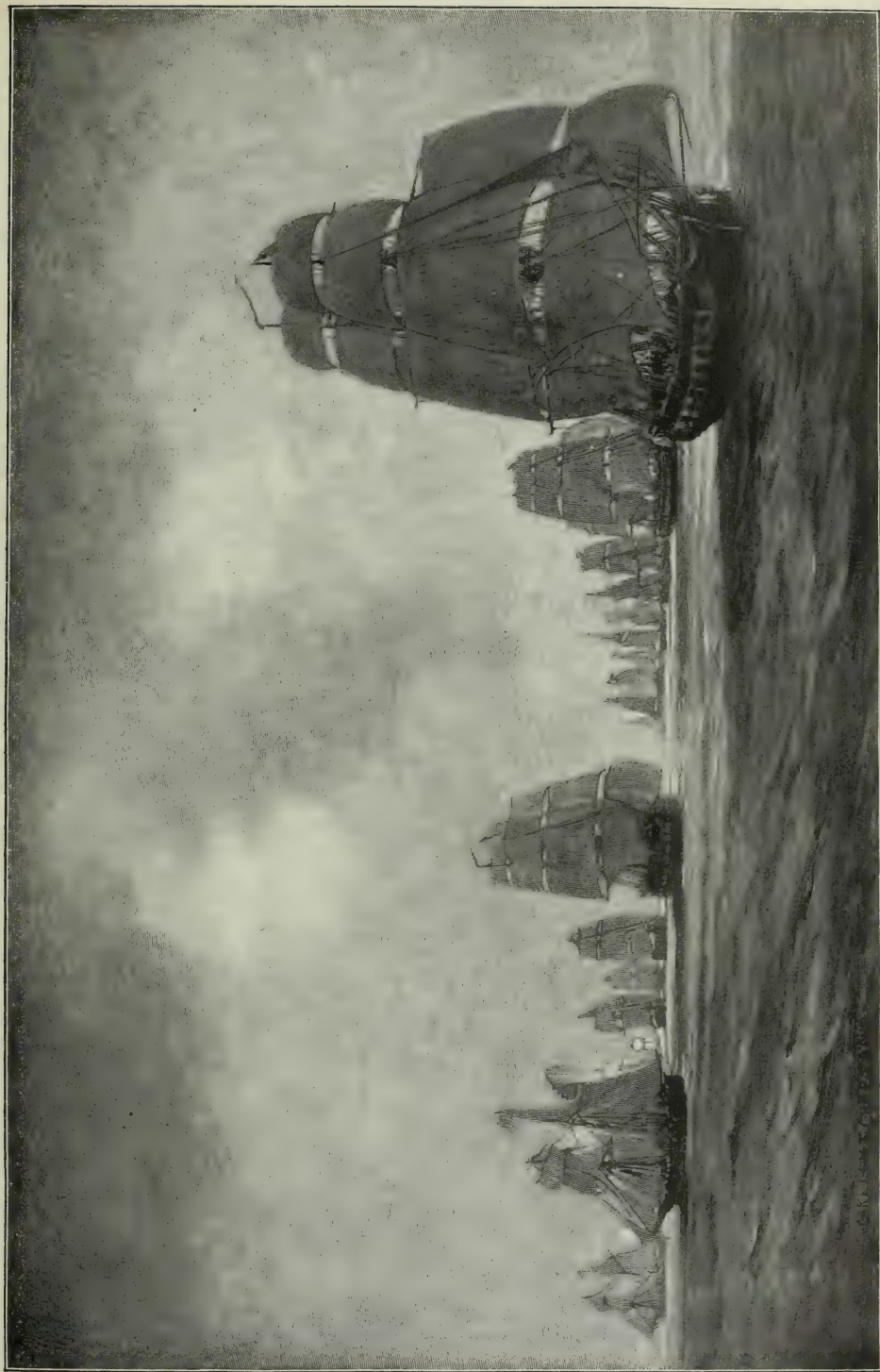
There was another very decisive reason why such short range favored the British against the Americans. The schooners of the latter, not being built for war, carried their guns on a deck unprotected by bulwarks. The men, being exposed from the feet up, could be swept away by canister, which is a quantity of small iron balls packed in a case and fired from a cannon. When discharged, these separate and spread like buckshot, striking many in a group. They can maim or kill a man, but their range is short and penetrative power small. A bulwarked vessel was, so to say, armored against canister; for it makes no difference whether the protection is six inches of wood or ten of iron, provided it keeps out the projectile. The American schooners were in this respect wholly vulnerable.

Over-insistence upon details of advantage or disadvantage is often wearisome, and may be pushed to pettifoggery; but these quoted are general and fundamental. To mention them is not to chaffer over details, but to state principles. There is one other that should be noted, although its value may be differently estimated. Of the great long-gun superiority of the Americans considerably more than one-half was in the unprotected schooners; distributed, that is, among several vessels not built for war, and not capable of acting well together, so as to

concentrate their fire. There is no equality between ten guns in five such vessels and the same ten concentrated on one deck, under one captain. That this is not special pleading, to contravene the assertion of great American superiority on Ontario advanced by James, I may quote words of my own, written years ago with reference to a British officer: “An attempt was made to disparage Howe’s conduct (in 1778), and to prove that his force was even superior to that of the French, by adding together the guns in all his ships, disregarding their classes, or by combining groups of his small vessels against D’Estaing’s larger units. For this kind of professional arithmetic Howe felt and expressed just and utter contempt.”* So Nelson wrote to the commander of a British cruising squadron, “Your intentions of attacking the *Aigle*”—a seventy-four—“with your three frigates are certainly very laudable, but I do not consider your force by any means equal to it.” The new American ship, the *General Pike*, possessed this advantage of the seventy-four. One discharge of her broadside was substantially equal to that of the ten schooners, and all her guns were long; entirely out-ranging the batteries of her antagonists. Under some circumstances,—a good breeze and the windward position,—she was doubtless able to encounter and beat the whole British squadron on Ontario. But the American schooners were mere gunboats, called to act under conditions unfavorable to that class of vessel, the record of which for efficiency is under no circumstances satisfactory.

After leaving Sackett’s, Chauncey showed himself off Kingston and then went up the lake, arriving off Niagara on the evening of July 27th. An abortive attempt, in conjunction with the army, was made upon a position of the enemy at Burlington Heights, then far in rear of his main line; but it being found too strong, the fleet, with the troops still on board, bore over to York and there retaliated the injury done by Yeo at Genesee and Sodus. There was no opposition; many stores were destroyed or brought away, some military buildings burned, and the vessels then returned to Niagara. They were lying there at daybreak of August 7th when the British appeared: two ships, two

* “History of the Royal Navy,” edited by Sir W. L. Clowes Vol. III, p. 411.



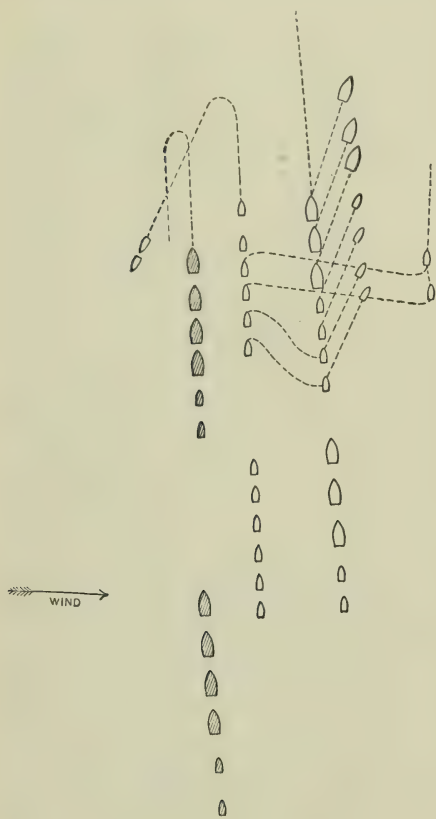
Drawn by Carlton T. Chapman.

The fleets of Chauncey and Yeo manœuvring on Lake Champlain.

brigs, and two large schooners. Chauncey had substantially his whole force: two ships, the *Pike* and *Madison*, the brig *Oneida*, and ten schooners. He got under way shortly and put out into the lake. Various manœuvres followed, his principal object being to get to windward of the enemy; or, when the wind failed, to sweep—row—the schooners close enough for their long guns

omitting from the account the concentration of power in the *General Pike*.

Yeo did not estimate conditions in the same way, and persisted in warily keeping the weather gage, watching for a chance to cut off schooners, or for other favoring opportunity; while Chauncey as diligently sought to gain the advantage of the wind, to force action with his heavy ships. Manœuvring continued all day of the 8th, 9th, and 10th. The winds, being light and shifting, favored now one, now the other; but in no case for long enough to insure a meeting which the American with good reason desired, and his antagonist with equal propriety would accept only under conditions that suited him. At nine in the evening of the 10th the American squadron was standing north-west, with the wind at southwest, when the British, which was then following to windward, wore and stood south. Chauncey made no change in direction, but kept his vessels in two lines; this being the order of battle by which, not being able to attack himself, he hoped to induce Yeo to engage incautiously. The six smallest schooners, of the eight now left to him, were put in the weather line; therefore toward the enemy, if he persisted in keeping to windward. The lee line, abreast of the other, and six hundred yards from it, was composed of the *Pike*, *Madison*, and *Oneida*, astern of which were the two heaviest schooners. The smaller vessels were displayed as a tempting bait, disposed, as it were, in such manner that the opponent might hope to lay hands on one or more, without coming too much under the *Pike's* heavy guns; for the other two ships, carrying chiefly carronades, might be neglected at the distance named. If such an attempt were made, the schooner's orders were to edge imperceptibly to leeward, enticing the enemy to follow in his eagerness; and when he was near enough they were to slip cleverly through the intervals in the lee line, leaving it to finish the business. The lure was perhaps a little too obvious, the enemy's innocent forgetfulness of the dangers to leeward too easily presumed; for a ship does not get out of the hold of a clear-headed captain as a mob of troops in hot pursuit may at times escape the control of their officers. In view, however, of Yeo's evident determination to keep his "fleet in being," by avoiding action except on his own terms,



Plan of Chauncey's engagement, August 10, 1813.

to reach; the only useful function they possessed. These efforts were unsuccessful, and night shut in with the two opponents in line, heading north, with the wind at west; the Americans to leeward and in rear of the British. At two in the morning, in a heavy squall, two schooners upset, with the loss of all on board, save sixteen souls. Chauncey reckoned these to be among his best, and, as they together mounted nineteen guns, he considered that "this accident gave the enemy decidedly the superiority"; another instance of faulty professional arithmetic,

nothing better was open to Chauncey, unless fortune should favor him.

At half-past ten the British again wore, now standing northwest after the American squadron, the rear vessels of which opened fire at eleven. At quarter-past eleven the cannonade became general between the enemy and the weather line. Fifteen minutes later, the four rear schooners of the latter, which were overmatched when once within carronade range, bore up and ran to leeward; two taking position on the other side of the main division, and two astern of it. So far all went according to plan; but unhappily the leading two American schooners, instead of keeping away in obedience to orders, tacked—went about towards the enemy—keeping to windward. Chauncey, seeing the risk involved for them, but prepossessed with the idea of luring Yeo down by the appearance of flight set by the schooners, made what can scarcely be considered other than the mistake of keeping away himself, with the heavy ships; “filled the maintop-sail, and edged away two points, to lead the enemy down, not only to engage him to more advantage, but to lead him away from the *Growler* and *Julia*.” Yeo, equally dominated by a preconceived purpose of not bringing his ships under the guns of the *Pike*, acted much as a squirrel would do with two nuts in sight; he went for the one safely distant from the danger he suspected. “He kept his wind,” reported Chauncey, “until he had completely separated those two vessels from the rest of the squadron, exchanged a few shot with the *Pike* as he passed, without injury to us, and made sail after the two schooners.” These surrendered some time after midnight to odds plainly irresistible.

The tacking of the two schooners was an act as ill-judged as it was insubordinate, for which Chauncey was in no wise responsible. His bearing up was certainly an error, which unfortunately lent itself to the statement, contemporaneously made by an American paper, that he retreated, leaving the two vessels to their fate. It was possible, therefore, for Sir James to word the transaction as he airily did: “At eleven, we came within gunshot of their line of schooners, which opened a heavy fire, their ships keeping off the wind to prevent our closing. At half-past twelve, this ship

came within gunshot of the *Pike* and *Madison*, when they immediately bore up, fired their stern chase-guns, and made sail for Niagara, leaving two of their schooners astern, which we captured.” This gives a more victorious and dashing air to the success than it quite deserves. As it stood, it was real enough, though trivial. To take two vessels from a superior fleet, within range of its commander-in-chief, is a handsome business, which should not need to be embellished by the implication that a greatly desired fight could not be had. To quote Marryatt, “It is very hard to come at the real truth of these sort of things, as I found out during the time that I was in His Majesty’s service.” Chauncey’s version is perfectly probable. Seeing that the enemy would not follow, “tacked and stood after him. At twelve (midnight), finding that I must either separate from the rest of the squadron, or relinquish the hope of saving the two which had separated, I reluctantly gave up the pursuit.” His reading of Yeo’s conduct is plausible. “From what I have been able to discover of the movements of the enemy, he has no intention of engaging us, except he can get decidedly the advantage of wind and weather; and as his vessels in squadron sail better than our squadron, he can always avoid an action. . . . He thinks to cut off our small dull sailing schooners in detail.” Here and always Chauncey’s conduct reflects the caution prescribed in his instructions to Perry, rather than the resolute determination the latter showed to bring matters to an issue. On the other hand, it is to be remembered that, owing to the nearly equal facilities for ship-building—for replacing ships lost—possessed by Kingston and Sackett’s, a decisive naval victory would not have the finality of result to be expected on Lake Erie. Contrary to the usual conditions of naval war, the two ports, not the fleets dependent on them, were the decisive elements of the Ontario campaign; and the ignoring of that truth was the fundamental, irremediable, American error.

Chauncey returned to Sackett’s on August 13th, provisioned the squadron for five weeks, and sailed the same evening. On the 16th he was back off Niagara, and there again sighted the enemy; but a heavy westerly gale drove both squadrons to the lower end of the lake, where each entered its

own harbor on the 19th. On the 29th the American put out again, having an additional newly built schooner, named the *Sylph*, large and fast, carrying three or four long 32-pounders. Chauncey reported that he had now nine vessels with ninety-one guns, but that the enemy was still superior. In number of guns, possibly; but it is difficult to accept the statement otherwise, except in the one very important particular of squadron-manœuvring power. This enabled Yeo to avoid action, except when it suited him to fight; or unless Chauncey was willing to engage first with part only of his squadron, following it with the rest. This advantage in manœuvring greatly increases the ability of the inferior to serve his own cause, but it does not constitute superiority. The delusion of measuring force by guns, irrespective of the ships that carry them, has been explained.

Yeo's intermediate movements do not appear, but on September 7th the antagonists again met off the Niagara River. From that day till the 12th the American fleet endeavored to force a general action, which the other steadily, and properly, refused. The persistent efforts of the one to close and of the other to avoid, led to a movement round the lake, ending by the British enter-

ing Amherst Bay, five miles west of Kingston. On one occasion, off the Genesee on September 11th, a westerly breeze carried the United States squadron within three-quarters of a mile of the enemy, before the latter felt it. A cannonade and pursuit of some hours followed, but without decisive result. There seems traceable throughout Chauncey's account a distinct indisposition to what is called technically "a general chase;" to press on with part of the squadron, trusting to the slower vessels coming up in time to complete the work of the faster. He was unwilling thus to let his fleet loose. "This ship," (the *General Pike*), "the *Madison*, and the *Sylph*, have each a schooner constantly in tow, yet the others cannot sail as fast as the enemy's squadron, which gives him decidedly the advantage, and puts it in his power to engage me when and how he chooses." In such a situation success can be had only by throwing the more rapid upon the enemy, as an advance guard engaging as they get within range, relying upon their effecting such detention that the others can arrive in time to their support. To this recourse, though in halting fashion, Chauncey finally came on what proved to be his last collision with Yeo, September 28th.

(To be continued.)

THE TWO TIDES

By Edith M. Thomas

CHILD, I beheld thee, one night, swept in by the Tide on this known shore of Being;
Naked thou wert, and unfain to be here, and thine eyes were averse to all seeing;
Bitter and small was thy first-uttered cry, and filled with unnamed desolation—
Thou, so encompassed by Love and by Joy in their marvelling proud salutation!

Child, in thy turn, thou shalt see me, rapt by the reflux Tide swiftly flowing;
All sound shall be stopped from these lips save only the last sigh of breath in outgoing;
The face thou shalt watch will grow strange, the word thou wouldst hear—it shall not
be spoken!

Then shalt thou sweep the dim seas for a beacon, and storm the locked heavens
for token!

O child, in that hour of the Ebb, left alone on the ignorant shore, crying, "Whither?"
I charge thee, Remember, naught didst thou know of the Tide that once brought
thee hither,

Loath to thine heritage—thou, the darling of Life, whom the banquet invited;
So much, and no more dost thou know, what awaiteth the outbound pilgrim benighted,
What sovereignty royal—what dream beatific fulfilled in Youth's restoration—
What galaxy crowding in welcome—what guest-rites—what marvelling proud salutation!

"DIVIDED"

THE STORY OF A POEM

By Clara E. Laughlin

I



HE was a lonely little girl in a bleak farmhouse. Years ago her mother had come hither, flushed with romantic sacrifice, from the teaching of literature in a semi-rural academy to the practical facts of "help-meeting" on a farm. From the eminence of being appealed to from three counties to say who wrote "Beautiful Snow," and who was the greatest American poet, "and why," the little girl's mother had come to take up the love-life her poets told about, in a home whose treadmill demands broke her feeble spirit long, even, before they wore out her frail body. Love had not failed her, but it had failed to satisfy her. The poor little spirit that had fattened on the husks of neighborhood eminence and a hectic love of sentiment, starved on the ripe grain of motherhood and an honest love, and when the little girl was eight years old she found herself vaguely mourning her motherlessness. She missed her mother rather more sentimentally than actually, however, for the broken-spirited woman had given no companionship and little even of supervision to her child. But the child had an inherited sentimentality; she knew it was a pathetic thing to be motherless—everyone said so, the poetry books, the neighbors, even her big, kind, quiet father, who indulged her more than ever because she had "no mother now."

And so the little girl, whom her mother had named Aurora, for love of Aurora Leigh, went her lonely way across the fields to school when the weather permitted (a question which she alone decided), and when it didn't, sat curled up for long hours in some quiet corner absorbed with her dead mother's "Family Editions" of Longfellow and Whittier and Burns, and her well-worn copies of Felicia Hemans, Owen Meredith, and Jean Ingelow, where-

out of her untrained fancy read marvels of literalness and constructions that might well have wrought consternation in the authors.

Many of the poems mystified her unpleasantly, many of them she liked not at all, but of her many favorites one gave her, above all, the supreme satisfaction of continually piquing her interest. It answered all the purposes of the Sphinx to the lonely child, who was forever questioning it and never getting any answer.

It was the opening poem in a red-bound book by Jean Ingelow, and it was called "Divided." Perhaps its illustrations were its chief charm; the first of them represented a boy and girl of about Aurora's age playing in a meadow, for all the world like the south meadow of Aurora's father. The boy chased butterflies and the girl gathered posies. In the next picture they knelt, jubilant, beside a tiny silver thread of water trickling through the grass. Parting the grasses to determine its course, the laughing children, in picture three, "took hold of hands" across the baby brook, and started to run with it. In picture four the brooklet had become a brook, and the children, following their new treasure toward its mouth, had to loose their mutual clasp as they ran, one on either bank. In the picture following, the brook had widened still more and the boy and girl, now larger grown, waved gaily at each other from their opposite sides. By and by it became a river, and the flowering fields led the way to a town of masts and spires; they could no longer call across, but only signal, yet they kept on and on and on. At last the river, passing the town, widened to a great estuary, and on a shore whose opposite was not even dimly discernible, the girl, a woman grown, and weary, stood and waved a signal to the companion she could not see, and from whom no answering signal came to her.

Aurora agonized over the story. What did it all mean? Why did they "let go hands"? Or why, if after letting go they

found the stream separating them, did they not go back a little space and either abandon the trail or follow it together? The joys of their companionship looked so beatific to the lonely child she marvelled herself heart-sick over their separation.

There was a brook in her father's south meadow, — a full-grown, trout-yielding brook, to be sure, and not an incipient trickle playing hide and seek among the grasses, — and Aurora looked to that meadow to yield her, some day, a boy companion. And most determined was Aurora if that boy were ever found, never to adventure with him where they could not hold hands across, never to lose him for lack of going over, as a woman should, to his side.

One day — such is, sometimes, the power of faith — one warm, bright June day in the summer when Aurora was ten, she wandered lonesomely down into the south meadow to think about the boy and all that he typified of companionship, and lo! there he was, fishing in her father's brook.

The very white bare feet that he dangled in the clear water were all that was needed to denote a being from remote parts — in other words, The Boy! Wrapped in delicious reflections of her own, Aurora stood so long silently contemplating the boy that he grew restive.

"Well," he snapped finally, with a suddenness and a testiness that nearly precipitated Aurora into the brook, "what you gawking at?"

Aurora evaded the question.

"You can't catch trout that way," she volunteered after an awkward silence. It was an ill beginning.

"What way?" demanded the boy, haughtily.

"The way you're doin'," rejoined Aurora, losing her first awe and waxing bold with the consciousness of superior knowledge.

"You dassent to put your feet in the water when you're fishin' fer trout! Why, you dassent even to leave your shadow be on the water, they're that timid and smart. You got to git out o' sight and not leave 'em see your line, even, and bait with a grasshopper, and be awful quiet."

It cost the boy a struggle to know how to receive this gratuitous advice, but two hours of patient dangling and flicking the water with his gaudy patent fly had prepared him

to hearken to Aurora's wisdom with inner, but not outer, meekness. That she was right he more than mistrusted, but how to avoid saying so — that was the question.

The white feet, therefore, remained defiantly in the water, and the gaudy fly continued to keep wary trout at a distance, while between the two on opposite banks of the wee brook an ominous silence rested.

"Where do you live?" asked the boy at length, with as superior an air as he could manage.

Aurora indicated, with a backward jerk of her thumb.

"I live in New York," said the boy, without waiting to be asked. Aurora gasped, so audibly that the boy almost forgave her for her advice about the trout.

"Ever been there?" he asked, and the meekness of her faltering "No, oh, no!" put the boy again in good favor with himself, and in a proper masculine position of superiority.

He was Garrett Levering, he informed her, visiting his uncle, Amos Levering, for the school holidays, and went on to explain that he lived in a "brown-stone front" four stories high; and seeing that four stories conveyed little meaning to Aurora, who had never seen a house of more than one story and a half, he elucidated by saying that it was as high as the giant elm against whose lofty bole Aurora's little home-cot leaned, small as a toddling child against a great man's knees. This comparison was just a bit of an exaggeration, but the boy knew it no more than the girl — so really sky-high did his home loom in his proud memory alongside the low-roofed cottages of the country. The first impression of that great stone house reaching far into the sky, stayed with Aurora for many years and lent its majesty to the boy who emanated therefrom for her companionship.

That summer Aurora read no more poetry books; she had never divulged to Garrett her former interest in them, being a little sentimentally shy about THE poem which he was in part realizing for her, and, for the rest, feeling that A Psalm of Life, Snowbound, Miles Standish, even Bingen on the Rhine, were ill worth mentioning after the tales Garrett told her about Richard and Saladin, the Scottish Chiefs, and Robinson Crusoe.

When, however, the first of September was at hand, and Garrett was about to go, with only a possibility of return the following June, the pall of separation, the shadow of dread of her former loneliness, lay heavy on the spirit of Aurora.

He left on a Sunday afternoon, and after the early dinner at his uncle's Garrett obtained permission to trudge, in his Sunday suit of black and his shining black shoes, the two miles of hot, dusty road to Aurora's house, to say good-by. Battered by his uncle's family he set off, and received by Aurora's father with a good-natured but insinuating grin, he was bidden to "set out in the yard where it's cooler," and to take off his coat for comfort. This latter Garrett, with chilling dignity, declined to do, and Aurora's father was reminded how averse her mother had been to the practice, which sent him ruminating into the house, where, in the shelter of the kitchen porch, he weighed the chances of Aurora's getting "mixed up with a city feller," and suffering the rebuffs for her country rudeness that he had suffered for his in days gone by.

Left to themselves the children were a little constrained at first. Garrett was not specially depressed by the impending separation; he had the world-old masculine advantage of new activities ahead to anticipate, minimizing the reluctance he might have felt at leaving a pleasant summer behind. Aurora, however, woman-like, enjoyed no such advantage; change for her meant simply a staying behind in scenes long irksome through familiarity and now to be more bare of charm than ever by reason of the passing of companionship.

The shadow of the sky-high house waiting to receive him added to the tragedy of his leaving, made the conversational channels of other days seem quite inadequate to Aurora, and she strove, with real woman bravery, to turn the talk in the direction of his future interests and to keep it off the subject of her own distress.

Not until the moment came to say the actual good-by did Aurora summon courage enough to ask him if he thought he would come again next summer. He didn't know; maybe so, maybe not. But if she came to New York she must come and see him. Aurora thanked him, and

voiced nothing of her bitter disbelief that she should ever go to New York.

When Garrett was actually gone, out of sight down the dusty road, Aurora went up to her little room in the half-story of her painless home, and threw herself on her bed, and cried, and cried.

"Gosh!" said her father, who tip-toed to her door, and tip-toed away again.

When she got up it was six o'clock, the time Garrett was to take his train. And going to the little hanging shelf where she kept her neglected "poetry books," she took down her favorite, and for the first time in her starved little life, full of harsh practicalities, a symbolism flashed upon her inner sight. The literalness of her former renderings became foolishness to her in the twinkling of a tear-wet eye, and "I know," she said, shutting the book with a sob, "it wasn't a brook; he had to go away."

II

GARRETT did not come next summer; he went to Europe, whence he wrote Aurora once or twice, boyish letters filled with statistics of things seen. Nor did he come the next summer, nor the next, nor the next; his father had bought a place at the seashore, and Garrett preferred going there each year, and renewing acquaintance with the companionable young people of the other cottages.

After five summers, however, the place rather palled on Garrett, just beginning to know the ennui of eighteen. In June of that year, therefore, when he was preparing to take his examinations for college, his father proposed to him that he go up to his uncle's and put in a long, quiet summer of hard work and simple living. Garrett agreed, and one afternoon was set down on the blistering board platform of the station at Overbrook, with a bicycle, a tennis set, an up-to-date fishing outfit, a guitar, a collie dog, a camera, a trunk of large dimensions, and a very nobby valise.

The next morning, after an hour of Horace, Garrett felt more attuned in spirit to "green fields and running brooks" than to "rendering" and syntax, so, putting away his books, he got up, thinking to hunt a favorable place to lay out his tennis

court, and while he was looking he might be doing something with the camera.

It was hot, very hot, when he left the shade of Aunt Leila's garden and set foot on the dusty road, and something in the heat and the dust brought back to mind prim little perspiring Aurora as she had looked that Sunday afternoon, in her stiffly starched white dress and vivid pink bows. He had almost, if not altogether, forgotten Aurora of late.

Now, as the recollection of her flashed over him, it was not unpleasant to contemplate the effect of his great stature, his threatening mustache, his bull-dog pipe, his bicycle, his guitar, his camera, his tennis set and "Sportsman's Standard" on the gawky country girl. Garrett quite liked the idea of her surprise and awe. Perhaps he would take her picture, he promised himself, recalling sundry novels he had read in lazy hammocks on summer days, of artists who went sketching and painting in rural parts and stirred up "tumult of emotions" in the breasts of their nut-brown models. With all his holy zeal for books, Garrett was at the age when stirring up a tumult of emotions in the breast of anything young and feminine was no ill-favored thought.

Accordingly, he faced him in the direction of Aurora's home, and the two miles thereto seemed but a stride, so lightly buoyant were the thoughts of conquest that carried him along. How surprised she would be to see him! She would remember him, of course! Doubtless, it being early in the morning, she would be unprepared for company—more than probably confused at being caught about her homely tasks. But he would reassure her, Garrett promised himself. He would tell her how picturesque the peasant women of Europe were in their field dress, how infinitely preferable to the artist eye, to the modish women of the cities. (Garrett had just read this in a monthly magazine.)

Ought he to knock at the seldom-used front door, and give her time to "primp" ere she came to open? Or should he walk 'round to the side or back and surprise her? Politeness dictated the former course; dramatic instinct the latter, and dramatic instinct won.

To the side door, therefore, Garrett proceeded, and if anything one-half so

splendid had ever been at Aurora's side door before Garrett knew little about the probabilities in a one-horse country town.

Before he had rounded the corner of the house the pungent smell of suds smote his nostrils. Aurora was washing! A jutting angle of the house hid the side door from view until one was quite upon it, and there, on a sort of platform made by the widening of the board walk, a lusty country girl stood rubbing coarse clothes with hands that looked capable of felling an ox. Garrett gave a gasp of surprise, but the keeping of "hired help" in these parts was, he knew, exceptional; therefore the young lady of the house this must be.

Lifting his cap with a courtly deference, he inquired if he had the honor of addressing Miss Aurora Russell.

"La!" said the lady addressed, and after an interval of frank examination, "No; she ain't to hum."

"She still lives here, does she?" Garrett inquired, replacing his cap.

Yes, she lived there, but had gone out nearly an hour ago. No, the lady addressed could not say where she might be.

Thanking her, Garrett took his way down the plank walk, past the well and the barn, in the direction of the south meadow. Back of the house was the orchard, a scraggly little patch of poor-pedigreed apples and "picklin' pears," which never grew luscious and golden. In spite of its poverty, however, it was June-beautiful to-day, but Aurora was not there.

She was by the brook-side, in the south meadow, book in hand, and her book was Jean Ingelow's poems, bound in red.

Although she had a book in her hand Aurora was not reading—that is, not until she became aware, out of the corner of her eye, of an unwontedly nobby figure striding down in her direction from the orchard. Then her absorption in the poetess became prodigious; not even the shadow that fell across her book roused her until a gentle "Ahem!" made her start as if stung. She looked up, 'way up, and Garrett grinned.

"I guess you don't know me," he said. Aurora looked puzzled for a moment.

"Why, it's Garrett Levering!" she exclaimed, as if she could hardly believe her senses.

Yes, he assured her, it was Garrett, and if he was not mistaken, she was Aurora

Russell who had once given him a lesson in fishing for trout. Having said so much Garrett was at a loss for a few seconds for further speech; he had forgotten to calculate on the girl's being pretty!

Aurora was better prepared; she had pictured him so much, and so idealizingly, that it would scarcely have surprised her to find his head three feet further into the clouds than it was, or his distinguished bearing three times augmented (if that could have been possible). Also Aurora had her due complement of feminine finesse. Garrett had come here to find her, had found her, and was no more able to dissimulate the fact than any man of eighteen, or twice eighteen. Aurora had come here to be found, had realized her expectations, but was woman-child enough to appear dumfounded by the unheralded apparition. And as guile is readier of tongue than simple honesty, Aurora advanced to command of the situation long before Garrett's frankly astonished gaze had done wandering from point to point of her, as if in pursuit of some least suggestion of the girl of six years ago.

It was not (although Garrett did not know this) that the girl was so pretty, but that she appealed so strongly to the imagination—which is a much more dangerous quality, of course, than any amount of mere prettiness. There was something in the unconscious grace of her supple young body that thrilled one like the swaying of tall grasses, and there was an unforgettable look in the serious brown eyes, a look that might record or portend almost anything. Garrett was more bewildered than merely admiring, and while he pondered, awkwardly and obviously, Aurora plied him with questions as to when he had come, how long he was to stay, and the like, just as if she had not been informing herself on these points by interrogating his uncle's family for an interminable fortnight.

When he found his sober senses somewhat, he inquired of Aurora politely what she was reading. Told it was poetry, he inquired whose. Told it was Jean Ingelow's, he inquired if Aurora liked it. Told that she did, he made request that she read him some passages, and then threw himself down alongside her as the painters in the novels always did by their nut-brown heroines.

Aurora considered HER poem for a brief moment, then turned shyly toward the back of the volume, as far away from it as possible, and read sedately "Seven Times," conscientiously through, from seven times one to seven times seven.

Sympathy lent modulation to her clear young voice, and Garrett, listening, caught far less of Miss Ingelow's intent than of the more salient fact that the girl who read was a poetry-lover—a kindred soul, in other words.

One poem from the book sufficed, for when the heart beats young it has recourse to poetry only to stimulate itself; old hearts read to forget—young hearts read to be reminded that the world is theirs.

Talking of poetry, Garrett asked Aurora if she liked Shelley—that dear idol of youth—and Aurora pleading ignorance of his poems, Garrett recited to her snatches of "The Skylark," "The Cloud," "To Jane with a Guitar," "Constantia Singing," and "The Sensitive Plant." Aurora's face flushed with delight in their beauty, but the poems that moved her to her young soul's depth, Garrett soon learned, were poems like "Evangeline," "Enoch Arden," and the *Idylls of the King*. Her perception of beauty was good, considering that it had been so wholly uneducated; but passionate appreciation of the human drama requires no preparation save a nature tuned to sympathy. In her starved little life Aurora had not turned, as so many lonely souls do, to Nature for companionship, but had sat through the procession of the years—bud and blossom and fruit and seed, requiem and resurrection, bird-song and sighing wind—indifferent to the drama of earth and wistful to be close to the human drama; unregardful, of course, of the human drama as it played itself at Overbrook—but that was to be expected of her youth.

From Shelley and her confession of fealty to Longfellow and Tennyson, it seemed but a step, to Garrett, to the declaration of his own poetic purposes, a confidential murmur of some of his achievements, even.

Aurora was entranced, though the poems recited to her by their author were so crammed with mythological allusions that she could scarcely catch their meaning.

It was high noon ere it seemed to the young people by the brook that they had

fairly exchanged civilities, and Garrett, getting up to go, remembered his camera, and posed slim, sweet Aurora for a "snapshot." They made no tryst for further meetings, but each knew, as if the words had been spoken, that the little brook would witness many.

At dinner, Uncle Amos inquiring if he had spent a pleasant morning, Garrett replied that he had, and went so much further as to add that he had been looking for a good, level place to set up his tennis.

"And while I was looking, I stumbled on that little Aurora Russell I used to play with years ago when I was here."

"She's a real nice little thing," said his aunt, "but I mistrust how she's goin' to turn out—the way her father brings her up."

On Garrett's inquiry what that way might be, practical, hard-working Aunt Leila shook her head ominously.

"You know her ma was a school-teacher," she began, "and had a lot of high-falutin notions. Not that poetry and all that ain't all right for them that have time for it, but you can't run a farm and moon over poetry books at the same time; and 'Rory's ma wa'n't never no helpmeet to her pa; it's kind of a good thing she died, poor body, though it does seem hard to say it. Now this little gal's got her ma's ways all over, and her pa, Jake Russell, is that soft over the child, and that foolish about thinkin' mebbe farm life was too hard for her ma and wore her out before her time, that he don't make 'Rory do a thing; hires help to keep the house, and lets that young thing do as she pleases. Now what way is that to bring up a poor farm girl, I'd like to know?"

Garrett made no reply, but toward three o'clock he remarked that he believed he would take a book "out somewhere" and "study," and, Shelley in hand, took the direction of the brook, where he found Aurora, without a book this time, her slim brown hands clasped about her updrawn knees and a wondrous look of eager expectancy on her sweet young face.

Intimacy becomes a thing of moments under such conditions. Inside three days Aurora had confided to Garrett the story of *THE* poem, and her belief that the brook symbolized parting such as theirs of six years before, with the fluttering of letters first, then silence.

"But now I have you back again," said the little maid, naïvely. She made no secret of her joy in him.

And within a week Garrett had written three poems to her, had photographed her daily, and had made her the repository of all his dreams touching a poetic career.

And so the summer waxed to its zenith. Billy, the collie, was adopted into the concern, the guitar was kept strung for the playing of plaintive little melodies out under the trees on warm, moonlit July nights, the "Sportsman's Standard" came into use because, while one may not talk and catch trout, one may talk and fish for them; and moreover, in circumstances like these one may be very still and yet very happy.

In August the inevitable happened: they had a quarrel. Like most serious quarrels, it began in some absolutely unimportant trifle. They had agreed to meet by the brook on an August afternoon at three o'clock. It was a day of sullen heat; overhead a brazen sky, underfoot a baked, dry earth. At noon Aurora's father came in from the fields exhausted, seeing through a red mist and dizzy unto nausea.

To Aurora, who came to him in alarm, he said there was nothing to worry about, only on no account must she venture out of the house before sundown. Aurora had been an indulged child, but she had never learned disobedience therefrom, and three o'clock came and went and she kept no tryst by the brook.

The sun was no sooner down, however, than she sped to the meeting place, hopeful that Garrett might have been detained at home by his uncle's counsel, and perchance be at the brook now. But he wasn't, nor was he there next morning, nor that afternoon, and poor little Aurora's heart grew sicker and sicker as the hours dragged by and he did not come.

Perhaps he had been sunstruck, was her agonized thought. But a moment's reflection showed her that if anything had happened to Garrett the fact would have been neighborhood news long ere this.

Another day and another went by, and the girl went faithfully to the brook twice each day and waited and waited, going home each time to throw herself on her bed and cry, until a whole week went by and the misery in her face smote even her unobservant father with alarm.

Meanwhile, over at the Levering farm a haughty boy nursed a grievance. It had been hot that afternoon, certainly! Who knew it better than he, who had toiled two miles in the blistering mid-afternoon sun to keep his tryst? She had but a few steps to come, down through the shady orchard, and yet she had kept him there waiting a whole hour and a half of oven heat, augmented by his impatience to read to her a sonnet he had composed to her that morning. He considered it the finest thing he had ever done in a poetic way; using a poet's license to cover the anachronism, he acclaimed Aurora as her

meant to do either, and which, when it was done, so surprised and confused them both that they sat silent for a long while.

Presently Garrett noticed that Aurora had a book in her lap, the red-bound book of Jean Ingelow's poems she had had when he found her here in June, and on his speaking of it, Aurora opened up her heart about her poem.

"I never could understand it," she said, the tears shining in her brown eyes, "but now I do. It was a misunderstanding—a little, little thing at first, but neither of them would 'cross over' until it had grown so big they couldn't, and it was too late."

Whose name the Dawn hath borrowed to express
Acme of dewy freshness.

III

Hot, hurt, and very angry, Garrett returned home. His first impulse, to destroy the sonnet, was succeeded by the sober second thought that a fine poem was worth all the girls in existence. Suppose Keats had torn things up when Fanny Brawne irritated him! Perish the thought! But no, it was not such a bad thought after all, for did it not lead to the reflection how poets in all times have suffered at the caprice of vain, silly women, and thus, "cradled into poetry by wrong," have learned "in suffering what they teach in song."

This enduring indignities in great company kept Garrett interested and busy, poetically busy, for a week, at the end of which time he was confronted with an old, old need—the need of some one to read his passionate verses to.

He considered Aunt Leila for the honor, but recalled what she thought of poetry for all but the strictly leisure class; he thought of Uncle Amos, but knew him to be out of the question. Finally he thought of Aurora! To tell the truth, the idea of what posterity might think of his heart-broken verses did not move him to half the curiosity he felt to know what she would think of them, whose light caprice had called them into being.

After eight interminable days, therefore, he repaired to the brook, and there, as he had confidently expected, he found Aurora, pale and red-eyed, and so very, very humble that he forgave her at once, though he had not meant to. Also, when she cried he kissed her, which he had not

AFTER Garrett left that summer a divine discontent stirred the spirit of Aurora. He had confided to her how little likely his people were to appreciate his determination to be a poet, and there came a noble dignity into his bearing when he spoke of the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune that he expected to suffer in his ardent spirit, and the path of anguish that would doubtless be his path to fame.

"You must be my Mary Shelley, Aurora," he had told her. And with eyes very round with awe and sympathy Aurora promised that she would.

"Pa," she said to Jake Russell, the day after Garrett left, "I want to go to school."

"Why, 'Rory," was his surprised comment, "I thought y'd been *through* the school!"

"Oh, *that* school!" retorted Aurora contemptuously, "*that's* nothing! I mean to a real school where you get education. I want to go to a young ladies' seminary, pa, and learn about gods and goddesses and something called mythology."

"Well, now, 'Rory, I dunno but ye kin," said Jake Russell; "where'd y' like to go?"

And Aurora never knew what that drawling assent cost the man threatened with the renewal of an old tragedy.

To a young ladies' seminary in Elmira, therefore, Aurora went, and if the teachers wondered at her avidity for Latin verbs and Greek fables, it was because they did not know of a boy in his freshman year at a great New England college—a boy who wrote odes and elegiacs so full of classical

allusions that it required the most downright "plugging" to interpret them.

It was their plan that Garrett should spend all his college vacations at Overbrook, but it is easier to plan, God knows, than to execute! One summer he had to spend tutoring in mathematics, and another summer he went camping in Canada with three fellows of his class; and the summer of his graduation, when he had promised her that nothing should keep him from spending with her his last real, long vacation before going to work, his father died, and it was out of the question that he desert his mother in the poignancy of her fresh grief, to idle away the sad, bright days in the companionship he longed for at Overbrook.

So, of all the time they had planned to spend together, there was only one summer when he could be with her; but it was enough to blow into a lively flame a sentiment that, in Garrett's case, letters had not kept from dwindling to a mere glow.

It was that summer they became engaged. When Aurora went back to school for her third and last year, there came to her from New York a slender wire of gold, and hanging from it a "bangle" in the shape of a heart set with tiny turquoises.

She used to fear, sometimes, as she looked at the little ring, lest Garrett in his so-different life be weaned away from her; but she might have spared herself (poor anxious little maid!) the tears of terror this thought occasioned. She was afraid of the "stylish girls" of his strange world, but she needn't have been! There was not one in all Garrett's acquaintance who had a tithe of Aurora's reverence. She was all compounded of a great wistfulness and a sympathy that was half brooding, wholly worshipful. Other girls exacted; Aurora paid tribute. And Garrett was a budding poet—so Aurora had no rival.

Jake Russell went to Elmira to see his daughter graduate, and when they were riding home to Overbrook, her school life behind her, he asked her, fondly, what she was going to do now with all her learning.

And Aurora looked up into his face with the serene look of one who has never been gainsaid, and replied:

"I'm going to marry Garrett as soon as he gets a start in his career. It was so I could help him that I studied so hard."

Jake Russell was not surprised—at least not greatly. He had expected as much, and nerved himself for it.

"What is his career?" he asked Aurora, politely.

"Poetry," Aurora answered fervently.

Jake Russell had never heard of Ibsen, else he might have bowed his head upon his hands and whispered "Ghosts!" Instead, after some seconds of silence, he laid a rough brown hand on Aurora's slim white one, and crushed it in an eloquent pressure.

"I hope you'll be almighty happy, little gal," was all he said.

Aurora never knew what her father suffered with her and for her in those two summers when Garrett could not come, and she strove so bravely to hide her intolerable loneliness.

After his graduation Garrett went to work in earnest—not in a dilettante way, as he might have but for the altered family circumstances consequent on his father's death, but as a man works who must not only make his mark, but his daily bread.

Naturally, the beckoning of the Muse and the dull demands of bread-winning were not always, nor often, in the same direction, and Garrett suffered no little bitterness thereby. His letters to Aurora were full of an impassioned sense of the complete, fundamental wrongness of things, and Aurora, who cared so little about the material as to be almost abnormal, yearned to share with her poor poet his attic and crust (which were fairly figurative, however), but deferred to Garrett's assurance that it would be impossible.

She taught the country school at Overbrook in those days of waiting, and really strove, as best she could, to do it more than perfunctorily—remembering the husks fed to her childish spirit here in the days that seemed so long ago.

But with her whole soul she longed for him—for the sound of his voice, the touches of his hands, the thrill of his presence. There were times when her great wistfulness for him was almost more than she could bear, and she would creep out to the south meadow and sit in the shade of the bushes by the brookside and shut her eyes tight and try to imagine him beside her. And when the effort failed her, as it was bound to (poor child!), she would lay her head on the grass and cry—silently, not bitterly nor rebelliously, but with a piteous loneliness.

Meantime Garrett was succeeding. He had been an absurdly natural, ingenuous youth, and in due process of shaking up and settling down, he became something more than a dull, feeble-aspiring man. He had enthusiasm, and the world loves enthusiasm—if it can understand it. And he had a kind of superb self-confidence which, also, the world loves—if it be tactfully displayed. Stern necessity made him consent

"For life,

To work with one hand for the booksellers
While working with the other for himself
And Art."

And greatly to his surprise, it was not when he was working for himself and what he thought his art, that success came to him.

His first book gained him recognition among the few who discern keenly; his second gained for him a fame among the many who acclaim loudly. His third book made him a full-fledged celebrity.

Aurora, teaching and longing at Overbrook, received from him bundles of newspaper clippings in which his work was extolled, and gloried in them so that she tried not to remember that the letters enclosing them were oftentimes hurried and scant.

There was nothing niggardly in the letters she wrote Garrett. She never dreamed it, and he was not aware of it (so gradually had Aurora developed in his knowledge of her), but they were really wonderful letters—the outpouring of a woman's heart such as it is seldom a man's privilege to receive.

Poetry had never tilted futilely against practicality in Aurora's life. Such practicality as she knew was quite mechanical, and no more interfered with her poetry than breathing interferes with love. She lived in a world of the spirit, and her feet touched the homely, familiar earth unconsciously. She read, not widely but searchingly, not so much with intelligence as with passion, and she dreamed exceedingly, without bounds.

In Garrett's presence, on the few occasions when he was able to be with her for a hurried visit, she was constrained in the greatness of her joy. It was when he was away from her and she sat in her schoolroom, after the children were gone, or in her room at home under the eaves, and poured out her heart to him on paper, that she came nearest to satisfying him.

He would have missed her letters sorely; her bodily presence he had learned to do without. Thus it came about that, dependent as he was on her in a way, Garrett had never been impelled to make sacrifices to have her constantly by him.

It was sweet to think of the girl up in the country who loved him and revered him and followed his every move toward his goal with burning, eager interest. It was sweet to get her impassioned letters, full of unconscious beauty. It was sweet to dispatch her the first copy obtainable of each of his books, to inscribe them, "To her who has helped me most of all," and to know that she gloried more in that inscription than in any other the world could have written over against her name. All these were sweet, but his life was very full. One cannot serve two masters at any time, but least of all if one of them be Success.

There was never any hint of reproach in Aurora's letters, nor in her manner when he saw her, never any hint that the waiting was weary to her, that she felt her youth slipping by—the years when she should have come into her kingdom of home and wifehood and motherhood. She never upbraided him when he broke his engagements with her to keep others that seemed more demanding to a man whose face was set determinedly toward success.

And so the years went by, with incredible swiftness to the man in the hurly-burly of tense, nerve-straining life; with intolerable slowness to the woman in the farmhouse at Overbrook.

For two years Garrett Levering had not been to Overbrook. He was working as no slave ever worked, he told her—working on a book that was to be far and away superior to anything he had yet done. Every hour he could get from bread-winning went into the book. When it was finished they would celebrate in long days by the brook in the south meadow, he told her. When it was finished he would give himself a real vacation, would rest on his oars a spell and see how far the momentum of these straining strokes would carry him. She must excuse his hurried letters; he felt that every pen-stroke of which he was capable should go into the book. She must forgive him for forgetting to send her a birthday remembrance; he hadn't torn a page off his calendar pad in weeks.

She excused, she forgave, she condoned neglect and overlooked the grinning grimaces of the monster Self-Absorption. And she counted the weeks until the approximate time he had set for the book's completion.

"In six weeks I'll come," he wrote her, and then, "You may expect me in about three weeks," and then,

"I don't know what you'll think of me, Aurora dear, but I've contracted for another book to be delivered not later than six months from now. I didn't mean to do it, didn't want to, really, but the offer came unsolicited, and it was so flattering I didn't feel I dared refuse. My hand is tired, my brain is tired, I want to see you and I cannot. But I must make a beginning. After that the rest will come, somehow."

That night Aurora lay long on the floor of her little room beneath the eaves, her head on her arms, which were stretched in an abandon half weariness, half wistfulness on the window sill.

Later, when the lights in all the houses in Overbrook had gone out, a lamp burned in the little room that had seen so much, as child and woman, of the travail of a woman's heart.

Still there was no reproach in the letter, only sorrow.

"You may remember," she wrote, "the poem of Jean Ingelow's I have often spoken of to you. I can't get it out of my mind to-night. I used to think it was a quarrel that divided them, but I don't think so now—people get over quarrels, even the worst. And I used to think it might be caste, social differences, an ever-widening inequality of means or mind, but I don't think so now; for if the books, which are all my world, speak the truth, love is greater than these. I think it was a career, dear. I think she helped him find it when they were both young and light-hearted and thought only of how they would journey into the great world by its winding flow, and never dreamed how, presently, it would divide them, and how always it would widen the breach between them from thenceforth. I don't know, now, why they don't go back when they see that they must let go each other's hands to follow further—or why one of them does not cross over. But I guess there's no going back along the way we've come; I guess it's the

law of life that we have to keep on in the way our feet are set, and there's no crossing over. I guess that's a law of life too—each to his own side, with the stream between; first, kisses thrown across, then calls of mutual reassurance, then only signals of remembrance, then nothing—void, silence, the sunshine on the broad bosom of the river, cowslips giving place to cities on its brim, the current threading the mazes of commerce instead of the long, sweet grasses of the meadows, and by and by the ocean, the illimitable, the end—and not even the faint flutter of a far white handkerchief discernible when one puts out to sea. To-night, dear, as I knelt by the window of my little room and looked out, out, out, in fancy over the broad earth and then up at the kindly stars above, it seemed to me that the world is full of men and women who have suffered this great, universal anguish, this letting go of hands . . . and oh, dearest, your signals are already growing faint! I can no longer touch your hand across the little stream, I can hardly hear your old, familiar voice. The cowslips are far, far behind, the masts and spires of the city are looming in the distance; beyond them is the ocean! I know you'll be angry, I know you'll call me blind, foolish, selfish—but oh! I wish we'd never left the meadows; I wish we'd never let go hands; I wish there were no river, no city of masts and spires. . . ."

Shortly after noon the next day Jake Russell walked into the little office where Garrett Levering did his writing and laid a letter on the desk where sheets of Garrett's new book lay scattered.

"Rory's sick," said the older man abruptly; "she was took in the night, and I found that letter addressed to you in her room. I've read it," he finished—and waited.

Garrett read the letter, then laid his head in his arms, folded on his desk, and wept. The hard lines about Jake Russell's mouth broke, and his lips twitched as he laid a rough hand on the young man's shoulder.

"Thank God fer givin' you this fair notice," he said. "Not many of us git it."

And late that night Garrett crept up to the little room under the eaves where Aurora lay, spent with the spirit's weariness, and bent over her and whispered, "Give me your hand to hold, my dear."

THE POINT OF VIEW

"WHAT can be more encouraging," asks Stevenson, "than to find the friend who was welcome at one age still welcome at another?" Such satisfaction in a renewed friendship—a rare, and hence a precious experience, as Stevenson hints—is, speaking in the large, oftenest found in the case of college friendships; perhaps oftener also in the case of more recent generations of graduates than of those of the earlier time. Indeed, the unique development of the American college "commencement" has contributed in no small part, by the emphasis it has come to place on the return of the graduates as *the* feature of the academic festival, to fixing for life the associations of undergraduate days. The late ex-President Woolsey, in his address at the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the founding of Yale, delivered now more than a half century ago, described the commencement of that date as having, in this regard, "no counterpart that I know of in the older institutions of Europe." The peculiar feature of graduate participation which differentiated the American commencement then, now dominates it. The other features have passed into eclipse with the "commencement orators," who are either crowded wholly off the stage or else lag superfluous upon it. The significance of the event, which is the ostensible occasion for holding a commencement, that another company of young men is to be "sent out into the world," would be almost lost sight of but for the baccalaureate sermon.

The philosophy of the change is not far to seek. The college graduate of to-day is not in a class by himself. The caste of "the three learned professions," an archaic phrase, is no longer recognized. The distinction of an academic degree counts for but little in the diversified activities into which the grad-

uate is now increasingly drafted, to meet a competition in which he can "make good" by individual capacity alone. With no limited choice in professional life expected of him, as of course on graduation, and with a very practical world, where the expert alone is listened to, caring little for promising immaturity until it has found itself, the graduating senior has ceased to be a personage, even at his own commencement. But, on the other hand, the traditions of the place still prevail to charm and attract those who in youth came under the spell, however radical the changes in the undergraduate life. These traditions were doubtless born of that fixed curriculum which for four years subjected all to the same conditions of study and discipline. They thus created a double loyalty, the more intense loyalty the English graduate of the public school feels for Eton or Harrow, joined to the less intense loyalty he feels, if also a university man, for Oxford or Cambridge. The development of the big "fitting school," and the making over of the college course on lines of a generous choice of studies, with small groups and occasional contacts in a vastly greater community substituted for the old closeness of association, must, it would be said *a priori*, strengthen the loyalty which the graduate feels for the school at the expense of the loyalty felt for the college.

Whatever may be true of the future, this menace is as yet unrealized. Schools change, but the college stays. Diversified studies, diversified interests, diversified sports, a richly diversified life, one lived in the atmosphere of the old traditions though almost in defiance of them, have tended, on the whole, to stimulate the spirit of college idealism. The very fact that wide separation of career waits the throng of youth who crowd through the gates at each return of commencement has created a clannishness of college men, a cult of

college associations, as significant as unexpected. In the large cities, the university club and the fraternity club, each twenty years ago an experiment, are each to-day a commonplace. And in the largest cities the alumni association is constantly nursing an ambition, not always according to knowledge, to expand into a club where the younger graduates may find at once a congenial circle, and the older may, on occasion, renew the experiences peculiar each to his own college. On another side, the growing tendency to limit the law department of universities to college graduates recognizes, quite apart from the academic reasons for the proscription in insuring a certain quality of students, the fact that college men are gregarious and will choose that law school, by preference, other things being equal, where they will meet other college men exclusively.

The paradox, then, is that the widely diversified education of the modern college course, and the scattering of the college graduates in numberless diversified activities, is marked by the active cultivation of friendly association as college men and of the

traditional college loyalty. Such cultivation is perhaps an unconscious protest against the narrowness of absorption in a specialty or vocation, the inevitable penalty of success in doing the individual's part of the world's work. The ordinary college friendship has certainly very little in common with Stevenson's thought of a friend once welcome and still welcome, for it is so often, as men get along in life, a friendship reminiscent rather than contemporary. It is a congeniality seeming to result "more from one or two large principles of thought than from any peculiar similarity of taste," to quote a now almost forgotten observer, Sir Arthur Helps. It is a "congeniality"—an excellent word—founded on a certain general sympathy in attitude, in point of view. It realizes Thackeray's injunction: "Cultivate, kindly reader, those friendships of your youth; it is only in that generous time that they are formed. How different the intimacies of after years are, and how much weaker the grasp of your own hand after it has been shaken about in commerce with the world, and has squeezed and dropped a thousand equally careless palms!"



THE FIELD OF ART

CRITICISM

IN Mr. Taft's recently published contribution to the increasing body of literature concerned with American Art (I refer, of course, to his volume, "American Sculpture") there is the following passage, and I can well imagine that moving over it a few readers receive a very distinct jolt: "Mr. MacMonnies has been criticised for lack of spirituality, of depth; and beside certain of our sculptors this deficiency is evident enough; but it is almost as unreasonable to find fault with him for what he lacks as it is to reproach him for his facility, though even this has been done by lovers of conscientious and obvious toil. To learn to appreciate his sincere contribution is better business."

I must confess to an effort, in refraining from immediately underscoring certain of those words. Restraint is due to the sense that these sentences obviously should be read lightly, as by nature a parenthesis, particularly as I quote them here not with the view of discussing Mr. MacMonnies, or Mr. Taft's opinion of that clever artist, or even of touching at all upon sculpture, but with the sole object of illustrating by a really authoritative and "up-to-date" example a certain notion now current as to the correct exercise of the critical power. Mr. Taft, I must hasten to add, is not by any means a notorious exemplar of his own teaching, for his book is in general an excellent essay in straight-forward criticism; but his expression is serviceable to me at this moment on account of its conspicuousness and completeness, and for the very reason that the idea is by no means peculiar to Mr. Taft—nor does he lay more than ordinary stress upon it. His notion that the function of criticism as applied to art should be restricted to appreciation, or chiefly to appreciation as the "better business," is exactly the one that is hardly to be avoided now-a-days in any company wherein artistic matters are topics of ordinary or professional conversation. It is not only that the artist—and by that much-hackneyed word I

mean the serious worker of high and even of eminent attainment—resents any deprecatory criticism as an unnecessary and useless exercise of the critic's office, but even excellent critics themselves apparently have come to sympathize with the artist's disapproval of too wide a critical angle of view. I want to make it quite clear that Mr. Taft is but an example of the common case. Why speak of the deficiencies of a work of art that is generally good? Is it wise, even is it right, to discuss the smaller shortcomings of a meritorious production, evident though these shortcomings may be? Is there not, indeed, at least a trace of impertinence in the extreme effort of the critical faculty? "To learn to appreciate the artist's sincere contribution, is not that the better business?"

Here we have the objection in its gradations. It might be urged, certainly, that these views may be but a whiff of the critical spirit itself blowing from the opposite quarter, or possibly even an expression of a robust reactionary mood from the centres of artistic production. Either supposition, no doubt, might be considered, but unfortunately one hardly derives the impression that the one or the other is the fact one has to deal with from intercourse with artists themselves or with those that are in a position to expound their opinions. One senses rather not so much the return of criticism to the home roost as, to shift our simile a trifle sharply, a change in the artist's atmosphere, as though perchance the Muses had admitted the modern plumber and his steam heat and thereby had acquired a too strong liking for a high and a regulated temperature into which any opening of doors or windows to the free air inevitably intruded a draught. Indeed, in artistic circles to-day criticism has all the pathological effects of a draught. We witness the same buttoning of coats and uplifting of collars and moving of seats, and finally polite isolation of him who persistently occasions the offence. Why does Brown say such things? True? Of course it is all true, but——. Has the man no reticence?

Is not silence the "better business"? Exactly! Why not maintain the temperature steadily at the comfortable 70 degrees? It is of no avail to declare the atmosphere intellectually stifling and spiritually enervating; no, nor even to hint of the importance of the critical integrity. Commend or be silent! And as the permitted alternative allows the critic the negative possession of his honesty, what more is desirable? Andrew Jackson could say that searching his heart he knew he was entirely free from all prejudice, but he hated a nigger; and the artist, while protesting his desire for truth, perceives nothing contradictory in a vehement distaste for the mildest deprecatory remarks. This, which may be termed the ceremonial view of criticism, is fast becoming a part of the code of the artist. It is of small account who speaks, so long as "be they Solomon's words or the words of Agur, the son of Jakeh, they are canonical." Under these circumstances it is quite clear that, no matter what this obscurantist spirit may concede for the moment to the missionary, the authority of the critic is doomed. The "better business" is bound finally to dominate, and judgment of a work of art must tend to become more and more an ambidextrous affair.

I am ready without hesitation to admit that this statement will not miss protest. Indeed, it was the expectation of opposition that induced me at the outset to subpoena Mr. Taft to court. "Mr. MacMonnies has been criticised . . . is it reasonable to find fault . . . to reproach him. . . ? To learn to appreciate his sincere contribution is better business." There is, I hold, a naïvely candid air about this, and the *enfant terrible* who blurts out the domestic secret could not be more completely convincing. Not for a moment be it understood Mr. Taft has been indiscreet. I venture to say that all who move critically these days among our artists recognize how wise it is to step with a light foot in another's house, and they, I am sure, will corroborate my assertion that Mr. Taft's words fairly represent the situation. It may be that the taste for the saccharine is not in all quarters quite so extreme as I put it, but in that case any difference of opinion will only be as to degree.

And even so, it may be urged, granting the necessary reasonable qualifications to all that is stated above, is not the artist's position in some degree tenable? People speak of criticism, continues the objector, as Emerson

said people spoke in his day of transcendentalism "as a known and fixed element like salt or meal." One is bound, of course, in a discussion of this matter to hear it re-echoed that the business of criticism is to "see things as in themselves they really are." These and similar phrases, are they not of so fine an intellectuality that they pass too easily into cant? They are not only not "the simple produce of the common day," but they truly are, to use Bacon's word, of the nature of "transcendentals," never to be quite realized by any stretch of the thinking faculty. They remind one of Don Quixote's Beauty—"Had I once shown you that Beauty, what wonder would it be to acknowledge so notorious a truth? The importance of the thing lies in obliging you to believe it, confess it, swear it and maintain it without seeing her." Precisely as it has been said that there are some utterances so obscure that it would seem that they must contain some superior truth, so are there some statements so apparently clear, so deceitfully obvious, that they are rarely subjected to the test of the understanding. To speak of seeing things as in themselves they really are, and like dicta, are but metaphysical speeches that lend to criticism at least the fictitious air of a fine impartiality. But after all we see that our judgment does not operate in a vacuum, and to free our opinions from the sense of ourselves is as impossible as the somersault by means of the boot-straps. Public criticism—and it is public criticism our supposititious objector is speaking of—is essentially an exchange between at least two minds. It is related to an audience somewhere. It is easy enough to declare that criticism is not instruction, but it is much more difficult to prove that the schoolmaster is not inevitably present. And if criticism presupposes purpose, audience, instruction, and the ever-dangerous presence of the critic's personality, ought we to insist that criticism shall be a sort of fire-bell flinging its arousing notes promiscuously to the wind? Is criticism at all the worse if it proceed a little with the occasion? May its fine wine be carried wisely to any wayside inn? And what is all this but just Mr. Taft's "better business," or, to appeal over Mr. Taft's head to a higher opinion—that of Montaigne—can we not say that "truth must be able to bear the yoke of our necessity?" Even with the artist himself, all other things being equal, may we not expect

the effect of judgment to be in proportion to its hospitality? It is absurd to expect the patient to possess a surgical indifference to his treatment. There are so few qualities that do not impinge upon some fault, and to-day, where the qualities are so easily missed by a raw and uninstructed public, is not the fostering of a generous appreciation of good work of far more worth to the artist and the layman alike than a too scrupulous insistence upon shortcomings? Even if "the thing as in itself it is" must be the preoccupation of the critic, may he not at the same time see other things as well?

This view of criticism as a sort of direct-acting utility, a commodity for immediate consumption, is, for the initiated, extant in many strenuous variations. There is, no doubt, a coarse practicality about it all, even the air of a good-natured working compromise. It is this, I believe, that frequently commends it to the layman, who I am sure is inclined to side with the artist, at least to the extent of regarding all thorough-going criticism as essentially unfair, as a sort of unwarranted attack upon property which the owner is legally unable to resent. The common instincts, to the credit of humanity, are generous, and popular criticism in the mass is unfortunately much more vicious in its strictures than in its praise. The vulgar identification of criticism with fault-finding is unconscious testimony to this fact; and indeed, is not too much even of the better class of critical work that finds its way into the public prints rankly vitiated the moment the line of commendation is crossed by the writer's evident relish for the smart phrase, the witty quip, or the flippant jibe? It is instinct, at best, not with genuine insight but with verbal ingenuity. The praise given may be unintellectual even to the limit of taste, but by its own nature it polices itself, whereas when "the criticism" comes in, to use the vernacular, it is too often as an exhibition of literary bad manners. How much this strengthens the general distaste for criticism and the argument against its full, free, disinterested exercise is not to be estimated off-hand. It tends to obscure in the popular mind the whole case for criticism, and clouds to misapprehension the real issue, so far as the public takes any interest in it.

I hope I shall not be understood as implying that were criticism shorn of its mere smartness the layman would evince any greater

intellectual concern about it. At best it is a case of many called, few chosen. Art, despite its omnipresent intrusion now-a-days, is still in a great measure an extraneous affair in the common life, a matter chiefly of superficial decoration and embellishment. It lends a distinction to existence, not value. It is not really an essential element, and in the very nature of things criticism cannot hope to rise above its source or transcend at any moment the value and vitality of its subject-matter. If this be correct, there must be something erroneous in the idea that criticism is entirely an affair with the public, which one hears expressed so often by the very persons who deplore most strongly Mr. Taft's "better business" and all the rest with it. The artist, we are assured, cares nothing about it. You cannot get his ear. Turn, therefore, so runs the exhortation, to the public and instruct it as to what it ought to think about the artist's work. As though the public ear were a whit more receptive! As though this were not merely a different phase of Mr. Taft's heresy and of those other errors of principle that lead up to the notions of compromise, judicious reticence, and expectation of direct returns upon the critical investment!

I have returned to Mr. Taft's words perhaps more frequently than was quite fair; let me therefore now quote from someone else in support of the point of view to which I believe we must finally hold. "Art lives upon discussion, upon experiment, upon curiosity, upon variety of attempt, upon exchange of views and the comparison of standpoints." It lives, I would like to add, upon much else, but not much else that criticism can deal with effectively. In other words, art is in some measure an intellectual business, and criticism is simply the expression of this intellectual business in operation. As soon as we become in any degree curious about a work of art, and begin to discuss it, exchange views regarding it, or compare standpoints, the critical faculty is at work. We are started upon an intellectual pursuit as full of adventure and magical surprise and delicious discovery as ever befell traveller in romantic lands. The botanist studying petals and sepals, stamens and stigma, comparing plant with plant, recording then his observations and grouping the plant world into species and genus, is no more concerned with the "better business" than is the critic. Neither is he, in the narrow class-room meaning of

the word, any more of an instructor. The critic's is not an affair with anybody's ignorance. He is oriented neither toward the improvement of the artist nor the education of the public. His address is Minerva's Tower, which I would like to believe is in Perigord, in the atmosphere Montaigne breathed. I recognize how far, by more than geographical miles, this removal is from the existing "field of operations," but the more we inject any restricted purpose into criticism the more we limit it and deprive it of intellectuality. Its "better business" is to be absolutely free, absolutely curious, absolutely removed from practical results.

Nobody, I suppose, will imagine that in insisting upon the intellectual detachment of the critical function I am asserting that by nature it is entirely an affair of dry understanding. Taine confessed that he knew the arts only by the intellect; but this, if true in his case, is to miss much, for the critical spirit must be but the artistic spirit viewed from another side, if it is to be in any sense interpretative and more than a scientific business—a making of catalogues, an enumeration of dates, a classification or description of superficial data. Still less, of course, must I be understood as asserting that criticism is not fecund with practical results. The economic principle in life rarely fails in its service to humanity, and the critical function, by producing "the return again and yet again on one's own impressions," is no more likely to remain a mental sport without issue in daily affairs than is pure science or pure morality. The beauties of art are after all fixed, and the great thing is to get them expressed in and recognized through their variable forms. Herein lies the great service that criticism ultimately renders to the artist and to the public. It renders the soil fertile, the atmosphere benevolent. Lacking these favorable conditions, great art is impossible. The artist's individuality imposes itself so intensely upon our recognition that art is apt to be regarded as largely a personal impulse, whereas, fundamentally, in its most important aspect, it is a part of our intellectual and so-

cial life. If art is not borne along by the national current, precisely as is the case with commerce or science, religion or literature, it cannot go far toward the realization of supreme results. I have no great faith in the idea, so frequently expounded, that separates periods of great critical effort from periods of high creative production. I rather think the two are usually contemporaneous, and that the great art epochs were also times of the keenest critical effort. The error that begets the separation of the one from the other is due to a too exclusive recognition of criticism as documentary expression. One feels pretty sure, however, that the atmosphere of the Periclean Age or of the high-noon of the Renaissance was every bit as alive with the critical as with the creative spirit. All the better for the latter, one is impelled to say, if the former is in the agora, the forum, or the street. This is in very fact to launch our galley on the stream of national life! And if criticism is to assist this process, it must possess a wider horizon than the "better business." If unfortunately it is called upon to exercise its function somewhat isolated from its great companion, its first affair is to arouse the sleeper, get it on the march again, and at the same time awaken the public from the dull sensualism of the commonplace—for alone, criticism is but a paper judiciary. And to this end the critic, in dealing with whatever may be at hand, must at first, like the surveyor, try firmly to establish his points, his bases for the future measurements of unknown distances. In his utterances he must omit nothing material to the elucidation of any particular point of view, and while seeking to establish the characteristic in any work of art, remember that his chief concern is not with the particular example, but with the universal case—all that we mean by artistic integrity, hospitality, progress. The "better business" will not help us far in this direction. Much more to the purpose would it be with a work of art to insist, as old Burton reports Alexander the physician would have done by lapis lazuli, that it be "fifty times washed before it be used."

HARRY W. DESMOND.



Drawn by W. L. Jacobs.

"AND WHAT SHALL I SAY TO HIM? WHAT SHALL I SAY?"

—"Diagnosis."

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THEY *

BY RUDYARD KIPLING

ONE view called me to another—one hill top to its fellow—half across the county; and since I could answer at no more trouble than the snapping forward of a lever, I let the county flow under my wheels. The orchid-studded flats of the East gave way to the thyme, ilex, and grey grass of the Downs; these, again, to the rich cornland and fig trees of the lower coast, where you carry the beat of the tide on your left hand for fifteen level miles: and when, at last, I turned inland, through a huddle of rounded hills and woods, I had run myself clean out of my known marks. Beyond that precise hamlet which stands Godmother to the capital of the United States, I found hidden villages where bees, the only things awake, boomed in eighty-foot lindens that overhung grey Norman churches; miraculous brooks diving under stone bridges built for heavier traffic than would ever vex them again; tithe-barns larger than their churches, and an old smithy that cried out aloud how it had once been a hall of the Knights of the Temple. Gipsies I found on a common where the gorse, bracken, and heath fought it out together up a mile of Roman road; and a little further on I disturbed a red fox rolling dog-fashion in the naked sunlight.

But, as the wooded hills closed about me, I stood up in the car to take the bearings of that great down whose ringed head is

a landmark for fifty miles across the low countries. I judged that the dip of the country would bring me across some westward-running road that went to his feet; but I did not allow for the confusing veils of the woods. A quick turn plunged me first into a green cutting brimful of liquid sunshine, and next into a gloomy tunnel where last year's leaves whispered and scuffled about my tyres. The strong hazel stuff meeting overhead had not been cut for a couple of generations at least, nor had any axe helped the moss-cankered oak and beech to grow above them. Here the road changed frankly into a carpeted ride, on whose brown velvet spent primrose clumps showed like jade, and a few sickly white-stalked bluebells nodded together. As the slope favoured I shut off the power and slid on over the whirled leaves, expecting every moment to meet a keeper; but I only heard a jay arguing against the silence under the twilight of the trees.

Still the track descended. I was on the point of reversing and working my way back on the second speed ere I ended in some swamp, when I saw sunshine through the tangle ahead and lifted the brake.

It was down again at once. As the light beat across my face my fore wheels took the turf of a great lawn from which sprung horsemen ten feet high with levelled lances, monstrous peacocks and sleek round-headed maids of honour—blue black and

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glistening—all of clipped yew. Across the lawn—the steep woods besieged it on three sides—stood an ancient house of lichen and weather-worn stone, with mullioned windows and roofs of rose-red tile. It was flanked by semi-circular walls, also rose-red, that embraced the lawn on the fourth side, and at their feet a box hedge grew man-high. There were doves on the roof about the slim brick chimneys, and I caught a glimpse of an octagonal dove-house behind the screening wall.

Here, then, I stayed; the horseman's green spear laid at my breast, held by the exceeding beauty of that jewel in that setting.

"If I am not packed off for a trespasser or if this knight does not ride a wallop at me," thought I, "Shakespeare and Queen Elizabeth at least will come out of that half-open garden door and ask me to tea."

A child appeared at an upper window and I thought the little thing waved a friendly hand. But it was to call a companion, for presently another bright head showed. Then I heard a laugh among the yew-peacocks, and turning to make sure (till then I had been watching the house only) saw the silver of a fountain behind a hedge thrown up against the sun. The doves on the roof cooed to the cooing water, but between the two notes I caught the utterly happy chuckle of a child absorbed in some light mischief.

The garden door—of heavy oak sunk deep in the thickness of the wall—opened. A woman in a big garden-hat set her foot slowly on the hollowed stone step and as slowly walked across the turf. I was forming some sort of apology when she lifted up her head and I saw that she was blind.

"I heard you," she said. "Isn't that a motor car?"

"I'm afraid I've made a mistake in my road. I should have turned off up above—I never dreamed——" I began.

"But I'm very glad. Fancy a motor car coming quite into the garden! It will be such a treat——" She turned and made as though looking about her. "You—you haven't seen anyone, have you—perhaps?"

"No one to speak to, but the children seemed interested at a distance."

"Which?"

"I saw a couple up at the window just now and I think I heard a little chap in the grounds."

"Oh, lucky you!" she cried, and her face brightened. "I hear them, of course, but that's all. You've seen them, and heard them too?"

"Yes," I answered. "And if I know anything of children one of them's having a beautiful time by the fountain yonder. Escaped, I should imagine."

"You're fond of children?"

I gave her one or two reasons why I did not altogether hate them.

"Of course, of course," she said. "Then you understand. Then you won't think it foolish if I ask you to take your car through the gardens once or twice—quite slowly. I'm sure they'd like to see it. They see so little, poor things! One tries to make their life pleasant—but——" she threw out her hands towards the marshalled woods. "We're so out of the world here."

"That will be splendid," I said. "But I shall cut up your turf."

She faced to the right. "Wait a minute," she said. "We're at the South gate, aren't we? Behind those peacocks there's a flagged path. We call it the Peacocks' Walk. You can't see it from here, they tell me, but if you squeeze along by the edge of the wood you can turn at the first peacock and get on to the flags."

It was sacrilege to wake that dreaming housefront with the clatter of machinery, but I swung the car to clear the turf, brushed along the edge of the wood, and turned it in on the broad stone path where the fountain-basin lay like one star sapphire.

"May I come too?" she cried. "No, please don't help me. They'll like it better if they see me."

She felt her way lightly to the front of the car, and with one foot on the step called: "Children, oh, children! Look and see what's going to happen!"

The voice would have drawn lost souls from the Pit, for the yearning that underlay its sweetness, and I was not surprised to hear an answering shout behind the yews. It must have been the child by the fountain, but he fled at our approach, leaving a toy boat in the water. I saw the glint of his blue blouse among the still horsemen.

Very disposedly we paraded the length of the walk, and at her request backed again. This time the child had got the better of his panic, but stood, far off, and doubting.

"The little fellow's watching us," I said. "I wonder if he'd like a ride?"

"They're very shy still. Very shy. But oh, lucky you to be able to see them! Let's listen."

I stopped the machine at once, and the humid stillness, heavy with the scent of box, cloaked us deep. Shears I could hear where some gardener was clipping; a mumble of bees and broken voices that might have been the doves.

"Ah, unkind!" she said wearily.

"Perhaps they're only shy of the motor. The little maid at the window looks tremendously interested."

"Yes?" She raised her head. "It was wrong of me to say that. They really are fond of me. It's the only thing that makes life worth living—when they're fond of you, isn't it? I daren't think what the place would be without them. By the way, is it beautiful?"

"I think it is the most beautiful place I have ever seen."

"So they all tell me. I can feel it, of course, but that isn't quite the same thing."

"Then have you never——?" I began, but stopped abashed.

"Not since I can remember. It happened when I was only a few months old, they tell me. And yet I must remember something. Else how could I dream about the colours? I see light in my dreams, but I never see *them*. I only hear them—just as I do when I'm awake."

"It's difficult to see faces in dreams. Some people can, but most of us haven't the gift," I went on idly, looking at the window where the child stood all but hidden.

"I've heard that too," she said. "And they tell me that one never sees a dead person's face in a dream. Is that true?"

"I believe it is—now I come to think of it."

"But how is it with yourself—yourself?" The blind eyes turned cruelly towards me.

"I have never seen the face of my dead in any dream," I answered.

"Then it must be as bad as being blind."

The sun had dipped behind the woods and the long shade was possessing the insolent horsemen one by one. I saw the light die off from the top of a glossy-leaved lance and all that brave, hard green turn to soft black. The house, accepting another day at end, as it had accepted an hundred

thousand gone, seemed to settle deeper into its rest among the shadows.

"Have you ever wanted to?" she said, after the silence.

"Very much sometimes," I replied. The children had left the window and the shadow lay upon it.

"Ah, so 've I: but I don't suppose it's allowed. . . . Where d' you live?"

"Quite the other side of the county—fifty miles and more, and I must be going back. I've come without my big lamp."

"But it's not dark yet. I can feel it."

"I'm afraid it will be by the time I get home. Could you lend me someone to set me on my road at first? I've utterly lost myself."

"I'll send Madden with you to the cross-roads. We *are* so out of the world, I don't wonder you were lost. I'll take you round to the front of the house; but you will go slowly, won't you, till you're out of the grounds?"

"I promise you I'll go like this," I said, and let the car start herself down the flagged path.

We skirted the left wing of the house, whose elaborately castlead guttering alone was worth a day's journey to see; passed under a great rose-grown gate in the red wall, and so round to the high front of the house, which in beauty and stateliness as much excelled the back as that all others of its age I had ever visited.

"Is it so very beautiful?" she said wistfully, when she heard my raptures. "And you see the lead statues too? There's the old azalea garden behind. They say that this place must have been made for children. Will you help me out, please? I should like to come with you as far as the cross-roads, but I mustn't leave them. Is that you, Madden? I want you to show this gentleman the way to the cross-roads. He has lost his way, but—he has seen them."

A butler appeared noiselessly at the miracle of old oak that must be called the front door, and slipped aside to put on his hat. She stood looking at me with open blue eyes in which no sight lay, and I saw for the first time that she was beautiful.

"Remember," she said quietly. "If you are fond of them you will come again," and disappeared within the house.

The butler in the car said nothing till we were nearly at the lodge gates, where, catch-

ing a glimpse of a blue blouse in a shrubbery, I swerved amply lest the devil that leads little boys to play should drag me into murder.

"Excuse me," he asked of a sudden, "but why did you do that, Sir?"

"The child yonder."

"The young gentleman in blue?"

"Of course."

"He runs about a good deal. Did you see him by the fountain, Sir?"

"Oh, yes, several times. Do we turn left here?"

"Yes, Sir. And did you 'appen to see them upstairs too?"

"At the upper window? Yes."

"Was that before the mistress come out to speak to you, Sir?"

"A little before that. Why d' you want to know?"

He paused a little. "Only to make sure that—that they 'ad seen the car, Sir, because with children running about, though I'm sure you're driving particularly careful, there might be an accident. That was all, Sir. Here are the cross roads. You can't miss your way from now on. Thank you, Sir, but that isn't our custom, not with——"

"I beg your pardon," I said, and thrust away the British silver.

"Oh, it's quite right with the rest of 'em, as a rule. Your road, Sir."

He retired into the armour-plated conning tower of his castle and walked away. Evidently a butler solicitous for the honour of the house, and interested, probably through a maid, in the nursery.

Once beyond the signposts at the cross-roads I looked back, but the wooded hills interlaced so jealously that I could not see where the house had lain. When I asked its name at a cottage along the road the fat woman who sold sweetmeats there gave me broadly to understand that people with motor cars had small right to live—much less to "go about talking like carriage-folk." They were not a pleasant-mannered community.

When I retraced my route on the map that evening I was little wiser. Hawkin's Old Farm appeared to be the Survey title of the place, and the old County gazetteer, generally so ample, did not allude to it. The big house of these parts was Hondington End, Georgian with early Victorian embellishments, as an atrocious steel-en-

graving attested. I carried my difficulty to a neighbour—a deep-rooted tree of our soil—and he gave me a name of a family which conveyed no meaning.

A month or so later—I went again, or it may have been that my car took the road of her own volition. She overran the fruitless Downs, threaded every turn of the maze of lanes below the hills, drew through the high-walled woods, impenetrable in their full leaf, came out at the cross-roads where the butler had left me, and a little farther on developed an internal trouble which forced me to turn her in on a grass way-waste that cut into a summer-silent hazel wood. So far as I could make sure by the sun and a six-inch ordnance map, this should be the road flank of that wood which I had first explored from the heights above. I made a mighty serious business of my repairs and a glittering shop of my repair-kit, spanners, pump and the like, which I spread out orderly upon a rug. It was a trap to catch all childhood, for on such a day I argued the children would not be far off. When I paused in my work I listened, but the wood was so full of the noises of summer (though the birds had mated) that I could not at first distinguish these from the tread of small cautious feet stealing across the dead leaves. I rang my bell in an alluring manner, but the feet fled and I repented; for to a child a sudden noise can be a very real terror. I must have been at work half an hour when I heard in the wood the voice of the blind woman crying: "Children! Oh, children, where are you?" and the stillness made slow to close on the perfection of that cry. She came towards me, half feeling her way between the tree-boles, and though a child it seemed clung to her skirt, it ran into the leafage like a rabbit as she drew nearer.

"Is that you?" she said. "From the other side of the county?"

"Yes. It's me—from the other side of the county."

"Then why didn't you come through the upper woods? They were there just now. Expecting you?"

"They were here a few minutes ago. I fancy they knew my car had broken down, and came to see the fun."

"Nothing serious, I hope? How do cars break down?"

"In fifty different ways. Only, mine has chosen the fifty-first."

She laughed at the tiny joke—cooed with delicious laughter and pushed her hat back.

"Let me hear," said she.

"Wait a moment," I cried, "and I'll get you a cushion."

She set her foot on the rug all covered with spare parts and stooped above it eagerly. "What delightful things!" The ringless hands through which she saw glanced in the chequered sunlight. "A box here—another box! Why, you've arranged them like playing shop!"

"I confess now that I put it out to attract them. I don't need half those things really."

"How nice of you! I heard your bell in the upper wood. You say they were here before that?"

"I'm sure of it. Why are they so shy? That little fellow in blue who was with you just now ought to have got over his fright. He's been watching me like a Red Indian."

"It must have been your bell," she said. "I heard one of them go past me in trouble when I was coming down. They're shy—so shy, even with me." She turned her face over her shoulder and cried again: "Children! Oh, children! Look and see!"

"They must have gone off together on their own affairs," I suggested, for there was a murmur in the wood of lowered voices broken by the sudden squeaking giggles of childhood. I returned to my tinkering and she leaned forward, her chin on her hand, listening interestedly.

"How many are they?" I said at last. The work was finished, but I saw no reason to go.

Her forehead puckered a little in thought. "I don't quite know," she said simply. "Sometimes more—sometimes less. They come and stay with me because I love them, you see."

"That must be very jolly," I said, replacing a drawer; and as I spoke heard the inanity of my answer.

"You—you aren't laughing at me?" she cried. "I—I haven't any of my own. I never married. People laugh at me sometimes about them because—because——"

"Because they're savages," I returned. "It's nothing to fret for. That sort laugh at everything that isn't in their own fat lives."

"I don't know. How should I? I only don't like being laughed at about them.

It hurts: and when one can't see . . . I don't want to seem silly"—her chin quivered like a child's as she spoke—"but we blindies have only one skin, I think. Everything outside hits straight at our souls. It's different with you. You've such good defences in your eyes—looking out—before anyone can really pain you in your soul. People forget that with us."

I was silent, reviewing that inexhaustible matter, the more than inherited (since it is also carefully taught) brutality of the Christian peoples, beside which the mere heathendom of the West Coast nigger is cleanly restraint. It led me a long distance into myself.

"Don't do that," she said of a sudden, putting her hands before her eyes.

"What?"

She made a gesture with her hand.

"That! It's—it's all purple and black. Don't! Those colours hurt."

"But how in the world do you know about colours," I exclaimed, for here was a revelation indeed.

"Colours as colours?" she asked.

"No, those colours which you saw just now."

"You know as well as I do," she laughed, "else you wouldn't have asked that question. They aren't in the world at all. They're in *you*—when you went so angry."

"D'you mean a dull purplish patch, like port wine mixed with ink?" I said.

"I've never seen ink or port wine, but the colours aren't mixed. They are separate—all broken."

"Do you mean black streaks and jags across the purple?"

She nodded. "Yes—like this," and zig-zagged her finger again; "but it's more what is called red than purple—that bad colour—to me."

"And what are the colours at the top of the—the picture as you see it?"

Slowly she leaned forward and traced on the rug the figure of the Egg Itself.

"I see them *so*," she said, pointing with a grass stem. "White, green, yellow, red, purple, and when people are angry or bad, black across the red—as you were just now."

"Who told you anything about it—in the beginning?" I demanded.

"About those Colours? No one. I used to ask what colours were called when I was

little—in table covers and curtains and carpets, you see—because some colours hurt me and some made me happy. People told me; and when I got older that was how I saw people.” Again she traced the outline of that Egg which it is given to very few of us to see.

“All by yourself?” I repeated.

“All by myself. There wasn’t anyone else. I only found out afterwards that other people did not see them.”

She leaned against the tree-bole plaiting and unplaiting chance-plucked grass stems. The children in the wood had drawn nearer. I could see them with the tail of my eye, frolicking like shadows among the swaying shadows.

“Now I am sure you will never laugh at me,” she went on after along silence. “Nor at them.”

“Good Heavens!” I cried, jolted out of my train of thought. “A man who laughs at a child—unless the child is laughing too—is a heathen!”

“I didn’t mean that, of course. You’d never laugh *at* children, but I thought—I used to think—that perhaps you might laugh about *them*. So now I beg your pardon. . . . What are you going to laugh at?”

I had made no sound, but she knew.

“At the notion of your begging my pardon. If you had done your duty as a pillar of the state and a landed proprietress you ought to have summoned me for trespass when I barged through your woods the other day. It was disgraceful of me—inexcusable.”

She looked at me, her head against the tree trunk—long and steadfastly this blind woman who could see the naked soul.

“How curious,” she half whispered. “How very curious.”

“Why, what have I done?”

“You don’t understand . . . and yet you understood about the Colours. *Don’t* you understand?”

She spoke with a passion that nothing had justified, and I faced her bewilderedly as she rose. The children had gathered themselves in a roundel behind a bramble bush. One sleek head bent over something smaller, and the set of the shoulders told me that fingers were on lips. They, too, possessed some wonderful child’s secret. I alone was astray there in the broad summer light.

“No,” I said, and shook my head as though the dead eyes could note. “Whatever it is, I don’t understand yet. Perhaps I shall later—if you’ll let me come again.”

“You will come again,” she answered. “You will surely come again, and walk in the wood.”

“Perhaps the children will know me well enough by that time to let me play with them—as a favour. You know what children are like.”

“It isn’t a matter of favour, but of right,” she replied, and while I wondered what she meant, a dishevelled woman plunged round the bend of the road, loose-haired, purple, almost lowing with agony as she ran. It was my rude fat friend of the sweetmeat shop. The blind woman heard and stepped forward.

“What is it, Mrs. Madehurst?” she asked.

The woman flung her apron over her head, and literally grovelled in the dust, crying that her grandchild was sick to death, that the local doctor was away fishing, that Jenny the mother was at her wits’ end, and so forth, with repetitions and bellowings.

“Where’s the next nearest doctor?” I asked, between the paroxysms.

“Madden will tell you. Go round to the house and take him with you. I’ll attend to this. Be quick!” She half supported the fat woman into the shade. In two minutes I was blowing all the horns of Jericho under the front of the House Beautiful, and Madden, in the pantry, rose to the crisis like a butler and a man.

A quarter of an hour at illegal speeds caught us a doctor five miles away. Within the half hour we had decanted him, much interested in motors, at the door of the sweetmeat-shop, and drew up the road to await the verdict.

“Useful things, cars,” said Madden, all man and no butler. “If I’d had one when my first took sick she wouldn’t have died.”

“How was it?” I asked.

“Croup. Mrs. Madden was away. No one knew what to do. I drove eight miles in a tax-cart for the doctor. She was clean choked when we came back. This car ’ud ha’ saved her. She’d have been close on ten now.”

“I’m sorry,” I said. “I thought you were rather fond of children from what you told me going to the cross-roads the other day.”

"Have you seen 'em, Sir—this mornin'?"

"Yes, but they're well broke to car. I couldn't get any of them within twenty yards of mine."

He looked at me carefully as a scout considers a stranger—not as a menial should lift his eyes to his divinely appointed superior.

"I wonder why," he said, just above the breath that he drew.

We waited on. A light wind from the sea wandered up and down the long lines of the woods, and the wayside grasses, whitened already with summer dust, rose and bowed in fallow waves.

A woman came out of the cottage next the sweetmeat shop wiping the suds off her arms.

"I've been listenin' in de back yard," she said cheerily. "He says Arthur's unaccountable bad. Did ye hear him shruck just now? Unaccountable bad. I reckon t'will come Jenny's turn to walk in de wood nex' week along, Mr. Madden."

"Excuse me, Sir, but your lap-robe is slipping," said Madden, deferentially. The woman started, dropped a courtsey, and hurried away.

"What does she mean by 'walking in the wood'?" I asked.

"It must be some saying they use hereabouts. I'm Norfolk myself," said Madden. "They're an independent lot in this county. She took you for a chauffeur, Sir."

I saw the doctor come out of the cottage followed by a drabble-tailed wench, who clung to his arm as though he could make treaty for her with Death.

"That sort," she wailed—"dey're just as much to us dat has 'em as if dey was lawful born. Just as much—just as much! An' God He'd be just as pleased if you saved 'un, Doctor. Don't take it from me! Miss Florence will tell 'ee de very same. Don't leave 'im, Doctor!" . . .

"I know—I know," said the man; "but he'll be quiet for a while now. We'll send the nurse and the medicine as fast as we can."

He signalled me to come forward with the car, and I strove not to be privy to what followed, but I saw the girl's face, blotched and frozen with grief, and I felt her hand clutching at my knees when we moved away.

The doctor was a man of some humour, for I remember he claimed my car under

the Oath of Æsculapius, and used it and me without mercy. First we convoyed Mrs. Madehurst and the blind woman to wait by the sick-bed till the nurse should come. Next we invaded a neat country town for prescriptions (the Doctor said the trouble was cerebro-spinal meningitis) and when the County Institute, banked and flanked with a market day's scared cattle, reported itself out of nurses for the moment, we literally flung loose upon the county. We conferred with the owners of great houses—magnates at the ends of overarching avenues, whose big-boned women-folk strode away from their tea-tables to listen to the imperious doctor.

At last, a white-haired lady sitting under a cedar of Lebanon, and surrounded by a court of magnificent Borzois—all hostile to motors—gave the doctor, who received them as from a princess, written orders which we bore many miles at top speed, through a park, to a French nunnery, where we took over in exchange a pallid-faced and trembling Sister. She knelt in the bottom of the tonneau telling her beads without pause till, by short cuts of the doctor's invention, we had her to the sweetmeat-shop once more.

It was a long afternoon, crowded with mad episodes that rose and dissolved like the dust of our wheels; cross sections of remote and incomprehensible lives through which we raced at right angles: and I went home in the dusk, wearied out, to dream of the clashing horns of cattle, round-eyed nuns walking in a garden of graves, pleasant tea-parties beneath shaded trees, the carbolic-scented grey painted corridors of the County Institute, the steps of children in the wood, and the hand that clawed my knee when the motor began to move.

I had intended to return in a day or two, but it pleased Fate to hold me away from that side of the county, on many pretexts, till the elder and the wild rose had fruited. There came at last a brilliant day, swept clear from the southwest, that brought the hills within hand's reach—a day of unstable airs and high filmy clouds. Through no merit of my own I was free, and set the car for the third time on that known road. As I reached the crest of the Downs I felt the soft air change; saw it glaze under the sun, and looking down at the sea, in that

instant, beheld the blue of the Channel turn through polished silver and dulled steel to dingy pewter. A laden collier hugging the coast steered outward for deeper water, and through copper-coloured haze sails rose one by one on the anchored fishing fleet. In a deep dene behind me an eddy of sudden wind drummed through sheltered oaks, and spun aloft the first dry sample of autumn leaves. When I reached the beach road the sea-fog fumed over the brick-fields, and the tide was telling all the groins of the swell beyond Ushant. In less than an hour, summer England vanished in blank grey. We were again the shut island of the North, all the ships of the world bellowing at our perilous gates; and between their outcries ran the piping of bewildered gulls. My cap dripped moisture, the folds of the rug held it in pools, or sluiced it away in runnels, and the salt rime stuck to my lips.

Inland, the smell of autumn loaded the thickened fog among the trees, and the drip became a continuous shower. Yet the late flowers—mallow of the wayside, scabious of the field, and dahlia of the garden—showed gay in the mist, and beyond the sea's breath there was little sign of decay in the leaf. Yet in the villages the house doors were all open, and bare-legged, bare-headed children sat at ease on the damp doorsteps to shout "pip-pip" at the stranger.

I made bold to call at the sweetmeat shop, where Mrs. Madehurst met me with a fat woman's tears. Jenny's child, she said, had died two days after the nun had come. It was, she felt, best out of the way, even though insurance offices, for reasons which she did not pretend to follow, would not willingly insure such stray lives. "Not but what Jenny didn't tend to Arthur as though he'd come all proper at de end of de first year—like Jenny herself." Thanks to Miss Florence, the child had been buried with a pomp that, in Mrs. Madehurst's opinion, more than covered the small irregularity of its birth. She described the coffin, within and without, the glass hearse, and the lining of the grave.

"But how's the mother?" I asked.

"Jenny? Oh, she'll get over it. I've felt dat way with one or two o' my own. She'll get over. She's walkin' in de wood now."

"In this weather?"

Mrs. Madehurst looked at me with narrowed eyes, across the counter.

"I dunno but it opens de 'eart. Yes, it opens de 'eart. Dat's where losin' and bearin' come so alike in de long run, we do say."

Now the wisdom of old wives is greater than of all the fathers, and this last oracle set me thinking so extendedly as I went up the road that I nearly ran over a woman and a child at the wooded corner by the lodge gates of the House Beautiful.

"Awful weather!" I cried, as I slowed dead for the turn.

"Not so bad," she answered placidly out of the fog. "Mine's used to 'en. You'll find yours indoors, I reckon."

Indoors Madden received me with professional courtesy and kind enquiries for the health of the motor, which he would put under cover.

I waited in a still nutbrown hall made pleasant with late flowers, and warmed by a delicious wood-fire—a place of good influence and great peace. A child's cart and a doll lay on the black and white floor where a rug had been kicked back. I felt that the children had only just hurried away—to hide themselves most like—in the many turns of the great adzed staircase that climbed stately out of the hall, or to crouch at gaze behind the lions and roses of the carven gallery that ran round three sides of it above. Then I heard her voice singing as the blind sing—from the soul.

"In the pleasant orchard-closes" (and all my early summer came back at the call)

In the pleasant orchard-closes
God bless all our gains, say we—
But may God bless all our losses
Better suits with our degree!

She dropped the marring fifth line and repeated

Better suits with our degree!

I saw her lean over the gallery, her linked hands white as pearl against the oak.

"Is that you—from the other side of the county?"

"Yes, me—from the other side of the county," I answered laughing.

"What a long time before you had to come here again." She ran down the stairs, one hand lightly touching the broad rail. "It's two months and four days. Summer's gone!"

"I meant to come before, but Fate prevented."

"I knew it. . . . Please do something to that fire. They won't let me play with it, but I can feel it's behaving badly. Hit it!"

I looked on either side of the deep fireplace, and found but a half-charred hedge-stake with which I punched a black log into flame.

"It never goes out, day or night," she said, as though explaining. "In case anyone comes in with cold toes, you see."

"It's even lovelier inside than it was out," I murmured. The red light poured itself along the age-polished dusky panels till the Tudor roses and lions of the gallery took on colour and motion. An old eagle-topped convex mirror gathered the picture into its mysterious heart, distorting afresh the distorted shadows, and curving the gallery lines into the curves of a ship. The day was shutting down in half a gale as the fog turned to stringy scud; through the uncurtained mullions of the broad window I could see the valiant horsemen on the lawn curvet and caracole against the wind that pelted them with dead leaves.

"Yes, it must be beautiful," she said. "Would you like to go over it? There's still light enough upstairs."

I followed her up the unflinching waggon-wide staircase to the gallery whence opened the thin fluted Elizabethan doors.

"Feel how they put the latches low down for the sake of the children." She swung a light door inward on its long hinge.

"By the way, where are they?" I asked. "I haven't even heard them."

She did not answer at once. Then, "I can only hear them," she replied softly. "This is one of their rooms. Everything ready, you see."

She pointed into a heavily-timbered room. There were little low gate-tables and children's chairs. A doll's house, its hooked front half open, faced a great dappled rocking horse from whose padded saddle it was but a child's scramble to the broad window-seat overlooking the lawn. A toy gun lay in a corner with a gilt wooden cannon.

"Surely they've only just gone!" I whispered. In the failing light a door creaked cautiously. I caught the rustle of a frock and the patter of feet—quick feet through a room beyond.

"I heard that," she cried triumphantly. "Did you? Children, O children, where are you?"

The voice filled the walls that held it lovingly to the last perfect note, but there came no answering shout such as I had heard in the garden. We passed on from room to oak-floored room; up a step here, down three steps there, among a maze of passages—always mocked by our quarry. One might as well have tried to work an unstopped warren with a single ferret. There were bolt-holes innumerable—recesses in the walls, embrasures of deep slitten windows now darkened, whence they could start up behind us; and abandoned fireplaces six feet deep in the masonry as well as the tangle of communicating doors. Above all they had the twilight for their helper in our game. I had heard one or two joyous chuckles of evasion, and once or twice had seen the silhouette of a child's frock against some darkening window at the end of a passage; but we returned empty handed to the gallery just as a middle-aged woman was setting a lamp in its niche.

"No, I haven't seen Evie neither this evening, Miss Florence," I heard her say, "but that Turpin he says he wants to see you."

"Oh! Mr. Turpin must want to see me very badly. Tell him to come to the hall, Mrs. Madden."

I looked down into the hall whose only light was the dulled fire, and deep in the shadow I saw them at last. They must have slipped down while we were in the passages, and now thought themselves perfectly hidden behind an old gilt leather screen. By child's law my fruitless chase was as good as an introduction, but since I had taken so much trouble I resolved to force them to come forward later by the simple trick, which children detest, of pretending to take no notice. They lay close, in a little huddle, no more than shadows, except when some quick flame betrayed an outline.

"And now we'll have some tea," she said. "I believe I ought to have offered it you at first; but one doesn't arrive at manners, somehow, when one lives alone and is considered—h'm—peculiar." Then with very pretty scorn: "Would you like a lamp to see to eat by?"

"The firelight's much pleasanter, I

think." We descended into that delightful gloom, and Madden brought tea.

I took my chair in the direction of the screen, ready to surprise or be surprised, and at her permission, since the hearth is always sacred, bent forward to play with the fire.

"Where do you get these beautiful short faggots from?" I asked. "They're cut up like laths."

"Those are old tallies," she said. "As I can't read or write, I'm driven back on the early English tally for my accounts. Give me one and I'll tell you what it means."

I passed her a squared hazel-stick, about a foot long, and she ran her thumb cunningly down the nicks.

"This is the milk record for the home farm for the month of April last year, in gallons," said she. "I don't know what I should have done without tallies. An old forester of mine taught me the system. It's out of date now for everyone else; but my tenants respect it. One of them's coming now to see me. Oh, it doesn't matter. He has no business here out of office-hours. He's a greedy, ignorant man—very greedy or—he wouldn't come here now."

"Have you much land then?"

"Only a couple of hundred acres in hand, thank goodness! The rest is nearly all let to folk who knew my folk before me; but this Turpin is quite a new man—and a heavy robber."

"But are you sure I shan't be——?"

"Certainly not. You have the right. He has none. He hasn't any children."

"Ah, the children!" I said, and slid my low chair back till it nearly touched the screen that hid them. "I wonder whether they'll come out for me."

There was a murmur of voices—Madden's and a deeper note—at the low dark side door, and a ginger-headed giant of the unmistakable tenant-farmer type, stumbled, or was pushed in.

"Come to the fire, Mr. Turpin," she said.

"If—if you please, Miss, I'll—I'll be quite well by the door." He clung to the latch as he spoke, like a frightened child. Of a sudden I realized that he was in the grip of some almost overpowering fear.

"Well?"

"About that new shed for the young stock—that was all. These first autumn

storms settin' in—but I'll come again, Miss." His teeth did not chatter much more than the door-latch.

"I think not," she answered levelly. "The new shed—m'm. What did my agent write you on the 15th?"

"I—fancied p'raps that if I came to see you—ma—man to man like, Miss. But——"

His eyes rolled into every corner of the room wide with horror. He half opened the door through which he had entered, but I noticed it shut again—from without and firmly.

"He wrote what I told him," she went on. "You are overstocked already. Dunnett's Farm never carried more than fifty bullocks—even in Mr. Wright's time. And *he* used cake. You've sixty-seven and you don't cake. You've broken the lease in that respect. You're dragging the heart out of the farm."

"I'm—I'm getting some minerals—superphosphates—next week. I've as good as ordered a truck load already. I'll go down to the station to-morrow about 'em. Then I can come and see you man to man like, Miss . . . in the daylight. That gentleman's not going away, is he?" He almost shrieked.

I had only slid the chair a little further back, reaching behind me to tap on the leather of the screen, but he jumped like a rat.

"No. Please attend to me, Mr. Turpin." She turned in her chair and faced him with his back to the door. It was an old and sordid little piece of scheming that she forced from him—his plea for the new cowshed at his landlady's expense that he might with the covered manure pay his next year's rent out of the valuation after, as she made clear, he had bled the enriched pastures to the bone. I could not but admire the intensity of his greed when I saw him out-facing for its sake whatever terror it was that ran wet on his forehead.

I ceased to tap the leather—was, indeed, calculating the cost of the shed—when I felt my relaxed hand taken and turned softly between the soft hands of a child. So at last I had triumphed. In a moment I would turn and acquaint myself with those shy folk. . . .

The little brushing kiss fell in the centre of my palm—as a gift on which the fingers

were, once, expected to close; as the all-faithful half-reproachful signal from a waiting child not used to neglect even when grown-ups were busiest—a fragment of an old mute secret code devised very long ago. . . .

Then I knew. And it was as though I had known from the first day when I looked across the lawn at the high window. I knew and I was content.

I heard the door shut: the woman turned to me in silence.

What time passed after this I cannot tell. I was roused by the fall of a log, and mechanically put it back. It was a curiously mottled piece of birch, the layers of bark grilled by the heat.

"Now you understand?" she whispered, across the shadows.

"Yes. Thank you."

"I—I only hear them." She bowed her head in her hands. "I have no right, you know—no other right. I have neither borne nor lost—neither borne nor lost!"

"Be very glad then," said I, for my soul was torn open within me.

"Forgive me!"

She was still and I went back to my sorrow and my joy.

"It was because I loved them so," she said at last, brokenly. "*That* was why it was—even from the first—even before I knew that they—they were all I should ever have. And I loved them so!"

She stretched out her arms to the shadow, and the shadows within the shadow.

"They came because I loved them—because I needed them. I—I must have made them come. Was that wrong, think you? I wasn't cheating anybody."

"No—no!"

"I—I grant you that the toys and—and all that sort of thing were nonsense, but—but I used to hate empty rooms so when I was little." She pointed to the gallery. "And the passages all empty . . . And how could I ever bear the garden door shut? Suppose——"

"Don't—for Pity's sake, don't!" I cried. The twilight had brought a cold rain that streaked the leaded windows.

"And the same thing with keeping the fire in all night. I don't think it so foolish."

I looked at the hearth, saw—through tears, I believe—that there was no forbidding iron on or near it and bowed my head.

"I did all that and lots of other things—just to make believe. Then they came. I heard them; but I didn't know that they were not mine by right—till Mrs. Madden told me——"

"The butler's wife? What?"

"One of them—I heard—she saw. Hers! *Not* for me. Afterwards I began to understand that it was only because I loved them, not because . . . Oh you *must* bear or lose," she said piteously. "There is no other way, and yet they love me. Don't they?"

There was no sound in the room except the voices of the fire, but we two listened intently and she at least took comfort from what she heard. She recovered herself and half rose. I sat still in my chair.

"Don't think me a wretch to whine about myself like this, but—but I'm all in the dark, you know, and you can see."

In truth I could see, and my vision confirmed me in my resolve, though that was like the very parting of spirit and flesh. Yet a little longer I would stay, since it was for the last time.

"You think it is wrong, then?" she cried sharply, though I had said nothing.

"Not for you. A thousand times no. For you it is right . . . I'm grateful to you beyond words. For me it would be wrong. For me only. . . ."

"Why?" she said; but passed her hand before her face as she had done at our second meeting in the wood. "Oh, I see," she went on as simply as a child. "Yes, for you it would be wrong." Then with a little indrawn laugh, "and—do you remember?—I called you lucky—once—at first. You who must never come here again!"

She left me to sit a little longer, only a little longer, by the screen, and I heard the sound of her feet die out along the gallery above.



DIAGNOSIS

By E. S. Martin

ILLUSTRATION (FRONTISPIECE) BY W. L. JACOBS

AND what shall I say to him? What shall I say?
Good man and constant, my friend and my lover.
Keep him and cherish him? Send him away?
What my heart's will is how shall I discover?

Refuse him and end it? Refuse him? For whom?
How many more princes still lurk in the wood?
Will his company gladden me more, or his room?
He may be the right one! Just think, if he should!

Accept him? Forever? As long as I live?
How can I? How dare I? Not yet: Oh not yet!
What legions of possible joys I should give!
Life filtered through him would be what I should get.

Let him come! Let him tell his own story and gain
What he wants, if he can. 'Tis not mine to confer.
'Tis for him to persuade—'tis for him to obtain
Can he win? Let him try. If he does, I concur.





IF BIRD OR DEVIL

By Philip Loring Allen

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

G. Schmeltzer is the people's tailor, yes the very best.

He will make you dress suit, overcoat or vest.
He does pressing or mending neatly or make
you finest trousers.

And the suits he makes are always satisfactory
to the users.

constructed coats and trousers of those particular goods. Truth to tell, a contract for so important a work as a suit of clothes was rare enough with Gottlieb, whose precarious livelihood was gained chiefly from what he called the "pressing department." Yet long before he had conquered that world, he was reaching out for others.

"You see? Ve got a parrot department to-day," was Gottlieb's way of introducing his newest accession to his oldest customer, who was really very far from old, and took an almost childish delight in each of Gottlieb's prospective ventures. None had been so sympathetic as he when the last new department had failed by reason of the fact that goldfish will not thrive in a basement tailor's shop.

"T'ree twenty-five," said Gottlieb. "He don't cost no more dan sefen cents a week to feed him, and after I've learned him to talk a lot of t'ings, I sell him for—I don't know—fife hundert, six hundert dollars."

"What's his name?" asked the young man, holding up a finger which the parrot eyed distrustfully.

"Dat's what I was going to ask you to gif him a name," said Gottlieb expectantly.

"You might call him Saladin," suggested the oldest customer. "He's got a hooked beak something like a scimitar."

"Saladin," repeated the tailor. "It sounds too much like a vegetable."

WHOEVER found these verses on his doorstep perceived at once that Gottlieb was no ordinary tailor, and a visit to his shop only made this more certain. It was almost the lowest terms of a tailor shop, Gottlieb having neither partners nor employees nor self-heating irons; but he administered it as if he were a veritable captain of industry, and it a corporation of untold ramifications. Three

months after his first customer had climbed down from the street level, he would turn over the leaves of his portentous books of samples with a musing air, as if each pattern recalled to his mind the hosts of men, now famous or in their graves, for whom he had





"Side poggets?" suggested Wellington, pleasantly.
—Page 145.

"Go by his nose; call him Wellington."

"Wellington, det sounds better. I guess maybe ve make him Wellington."

"Wellington, want a cracker?" asked the young man amiably.

"Dere is two t'ings," said Gottlieb, with tremendous emphasis, "dat nobody is going to be allowed to do here. One of dem is to call him Polly, and de odder is to ask him vill he haf a cracker. Dat's just where he's going to be diffunt from all de odder parrots. What's de sense if a parrot say, 'Polly vant——' I mustn't say it myself vile he's here, but you know what dey always say, and it's so foolish. Now, Wellington, I shan't learn him notting except t'ings what is nice for him to say. Somet'ing like de little boys speak in school."

"What have you thought of?"

"Dat's anoder t'ing I didn't decide yet. I could gif him plenty of t'ings out of de Cherman potes, but you see I got to sell him in English. Den I tell you besides, I wouldn't like to make a mistake and haf him speak somet'ing de

customers wouldn't like, because maybe he wouldn't haf sense enough den to speak somet'ing else. You see?"

"You want to get," said the young man, "something as different as possible from the things people expect a parrot to say. You want him to surprise people every time he opens his beak, because he'll be worth just so much extra on account of the surprise."

"You got it. Now what shall I learn him?"

The young man considered. There are so few accomplishments expected of a parrot, that the field of choice seemed to be a wide one. The best-educated bird's ac-



The oldest customer brought to the shop a stylish-looking young woman.
—Page 145.



"I sell him for—I don't know—five hundred, six hundred dollars."—Page 141.

quaintance with English literature could hardly, in the nature of things, exceed a page or two in an anthology. But here was a decision to be made which would affect the bird's whole future, to say nothing of the owner's. Something must be found not merely outside the ordinary parrot's repertoire, but essentially foreign to the bird's point of view, the acme of incongruity. To begin with, what was the bird's point of view? The house dog's friendly bark is properly translated into a cry of welcome. What do the parrot's hoarse, unstudied outcries mean? If he had the power of appreciation and free choice, what poetical motives would appeal?

These were the young man's conclusions: Romantic affection the bird certainly possessed. There are few things more sentimental than the parrot's aspect as he lays his head on one side and looks at you. One of his near relatives has even been christened the love-bird. Appreciation of na-

ture? It must be pre-eminently a quality of a bird whose natural occupation is to climb up and down lemon trees and fly picturesquely through tropical vegetation. Sentiment and reflection? Come upon the bird alone and who can doubt that he indulges in plaintive fancies? "Why," his look seems to say, "should the mere circumstance that I have bright-colored feathers and can talk condemn me to transportation for life, while my less brilliant neighbors are still on delectable islands?" Love of home and friends? It is so strong in the parrot's breast that he will return even to the narrow quarters of his cage. Adventure? What creature goes more formidably armed, or is more ready to try conclusions with a marauding puppy or cat? Plainly, the parrot had all these. But did he have also that yet higher quality, love of country? Was it in the catalogue of the parrot's emotions? The young man thought of all the parrots of his acquaint-



To have his brass buttons shifted an eighth of an inch one way or another.—Page 146.

ance and concluded that it was not. No, a parrot might be affectionate, imaginative, domestic, adventurous, and have the poet's eye for nature, but he was not patriotic. At least, he was less likely to be patriotic than any of these other things, and if his faculties permitted him to pick for himself, patriotic poetry would be the least probable selection.

So much, then, was gained. But the field of patriotic poetry was still inclusive. "Horatius at the Bridge," "Spartacus to the Gladiators," "Scots wha hae," "Midnight Ride of Paul Revere," "Sheridan's Ride" were all too long and of purely local application. But here was the very thing:

"Breathes there the man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land!
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned
As home his footsteps he hath turned?"

The young man recited it through to the end. Gottlieb laid down his work, and his eyes sparkled. Wellington cocked his head and listened critically.

"No parrot would ever think of that for himself, eh?" said the oldest customer.

"I wouldn't even myself," said Gottlieb. Thereupon Wellington's education was begun.

All day long, while Gottlieb sat cross-legged on the table or labored over the pressing-board, the bird's cage hung above his head. At intervals, when he thought the bird was in a receptive mood, the tailor lined out the lesson:

"Breat's der a man vit soul so det,
Dat neffer to himself hat' said——"

Fifteen times a day, at least, this was dinned into the bird's unnoticeable and unnoticing ear. Never did educator display finer enthusiasm or more indomitable patience than Gottlieb brought to his task each morning. Yet never was there a less promising scholar than Wellington. He betrayed his contempt of the whole proceeding by a cynical twitch of the eyelid, when Gottlieb was most in earnest. The parrot in his cage was no more responsive than the ponderous iron goose upon the table.

The first complete sentence the bird ever uttered revealed how little regardful he was



Max Widom Prater - 1904.

At intervals, when he thought the bird was in a receptive mood, the tailor lined out the lesson.



The Group for Liberation met in the back room of the saloon of Schmitz.—Page 146.

of the great career planned for him. Gottlieb had begun as usual:

"Breat's der a man vit soul so det,
Dat neffer to himself hat' said——"

"How vill you haf de vest?" interpolated Wellington, as if to finish out the line.

Gottlieb was utterly disgusted. If the fountain of lofty sentiment was thus to be polluted by sartorial catch-phrases, it was just as well to sell the parrot at once, and buy another more open to ennobling influences. He could hardly fail to get back his investment of \$3.25. He resolved to consult the oldest customer, and in the week that elapsed before seeing him, Wellington continued to absorb the talk of the shop, making it more than ever a wise policy to sell him.

"He ain't a bad parrot," said Gottlieb to the oldest customer. "He don't swear at all, and he don't say anyt'ing it's really bad for him to say. But he don't seem to be interested in nothing except de business."

The oldest customer brought to the shop, after a few days, a stylish-looking young woman who thought she should like to own a parrot.

"If he isn't a perfectly respectable bird you can have your money back," he said to her; "but I warn you beforehand, that he's utterly and hopelessly commonplace."

"Polly want a cracker?" she said; and Gottlieb, whose solicitude had once carried him to the point of flinging an uncompleted pair of trousers at a well-meaning visitor who had got no farther than "Pol——" had lost interest so entirely that he made no protest.

"Nice bird," said the young woman. "Would you like to come with me where you'll have everything in the world you want? I should like to take you away this minute, but I haven't any way of carrying you."

"Side poggets?" suggested Wellington, pleasantly.

"Oh, you impertinent bird; I haven't any," she cried.

She did not buy Wellington after all, and Gottlieb recommenced the bird's education, though in rather a hopeless way.

It was about this time that he acquired two new customers. One was the policeman on the beat, who was morbidly conscientious about appearances, and was perpetually coming in to have his brass buttons shifted an eighth of an inch one way or another, that the coat might fit a little more snugly about his ample figure. The other was an undersized saloon-keeper named Schmitz, who never thought of calling in the services of a tailor at all, until patching became absolutely necessary. Schmitz had a mild blue eye, but his beard bristled with aggressiveness and he possessed conversational powers of the explosive sort. Gottlieb listened to him with horrified admiration when, one day, he began to discourse on the rights of man. Schmitz was, in brief, an anarchist, and in less than a month

Gottlieb, who was restless, having taken up no new project since he bought the parrot, had been half fascinated and half browbeaten into regular attendance at the sessions of the Group for Liberation.

The Group for Liberation met in the back room of the saloon of Schmitz, and Gottlieb really enjoyed Schmitz's beer more than what he heard there. He was by nature both timid and conservative, and even when most under the influence of the magnetic Schmitz, could never have been classed as anything more than a philosophical anarchist of the mildest type.

Schmitz was perpetually bringing the methods of the platform into the tailor-shop, and had a peculiarly vicious way, when thus undermining society's founda-

tions, of picking up Gottlieb's shears and jamming them into the top of the table, to mark a rhetorical climax. This was one of the few things that seemed to interest Wellington. His eye never left Schmitz while he was in the shop, but Gottlieb never realized what it portended until one beautiful spring morning when Wellington asked him in an expressive crescendo:

"Shall we let dose money hogs grind us down?" and continued with much emphasis, "Dere is no law dey didn't buy. De goferment has no more right to make me do what I don't want to dan——"

Warm weather was coming on, and Wellington, growing more loquacious every day, revealed a familiarity with Schmitz's political philosophy which his master could not hope to equal. Gottlieb had long lived in dread that the anarchist and the policeman might meet in his shop, thus precipitating a conflict between the forces of anarchy and those of law and order. Now he was afraid to have the policeman come in at all, because

of the parrot's incendiary speeches. He sewed on the brass buttons in the wrong places, and made the coat wrinkle, thinking this the best way to get rid of his inconvenient patron.

Yet his native shrewdness promptly found the one good point in the situation. Among the conservative classes he had failed to find a purchaser for Wellington, but would not his new accomplishments make a strong appeal to the ultra-radicals?

"Schmitz," he said one day, "don't you vant to buy dis parrot? He's as good a anarchist as you or me. Keep him in your back room and pretty soon efery vun of us in de vorld vill hear about it."

Schmitz was not one of those who advocate new social conditions because of





Drawn by May Wilson Preston.

"How long, how long can they keep us all slaves under that rag—that rag? RAG, I say!"—Page 149.

inability to make a living under present ones. He was proud of his place, and abundantly able to see that all its accessories were as they should be. Truth to tell, the idea of acquiring Wellington had already entered his mind.

Accordingly, he concluded to give the bird an airing through the day outside the rear window, bringing him into the back room at night to regale the company. What enthusiasm this would arouse! Soon he would be reading accounts of himself



A vigorously sucked finger put an end to the flow of eloquence.—Page 149.

"Well," he said, doubtfully.

"Brodders, *brodders*, BRODDERS! under de red flag!" screamed Wellington, above his head.

"I take him," said Schmitz.

A somewhat ornate bar was part of the anarchist's establishment, and his first impulse was to hang the parrot's cage above it, to attract custom. He gave this up, however, on the theory that everyone to whom the bird's peculiar accomplishments would appeal was already a patron of his saloon, while strangers might be frightened

and his wonderful anarchistic parrot in the flamboyant journals of his faith—German, Yiddish, and Italian; even in the untidy letter-size sheets printed in cellars and slipped secretly from hand to hand under the noses of the Czar's myrmidons. After all, was not this just what the propaganda had lacked—something that might stir the followers of the red flag, as did the screaming war eagle the boys in blue? Might not this place be filled by the parrot—his parrot, no longer Wellington, but Kropotkin?

Gottlieb, as was his custom, occupied a

back seat when the Group for Liberation was called to order—a paradoxical proceeding, by the way, considering the character of the organization. He did not feel himself entitled to the congratulations he knew would come, yet did not like to admit frankly that all the parrot knew had been learned in spite of his own best efforts. Still, he wanted to see how things would turn out.

Within the first five minutes, Schmitz had deftly drawn attention to the parrot, but as the bird persisted in hanging by his beak from the top of the cage and saying nothing whatever, he concluded his introduction in somewhat the spirit of the amateur conjurer who finds the half dollar at the bottom of the silk hat, when it should be in the tumbler.

"Never mind," said one of the others. "Those birds never like to talk, except when somebody else is talking. Go on with the meeting and pretty soon he'll join in."

So the meeting went on, and a glorious meeting it was. Five hundred miles away the ears of a certain governor who had recently called out militia to quell a riot must have burned as if bound in capsicum plasters that night. More distant potentates trembled on their thrones. Gottlieb himself trembled, though neither magistrate nor potentate.

At last up spoke the most fiery of them all, a visitor of renown from a distant city. From his seat he began, but in two minutes he was on his feet, and in three on the improvised rostrum. The component elements of his face were glowering spectacles, and grizzled hair which grew upward and downward with the same defiant luxuriance. As the beer mugs began to be pounded on the table, and guttural shouts of approval to come from his audience, his eloquence changed from the hoarse snarl of the wild creature at bay, to the thrilling howl of the pack's leader. The other men were out of their seats and thronged around him with excited faces.

Every living thing in the room, indeed, was excited. As the eager crowd closed about him, the orator, whose style of delivery demanded that he have not merely elbow, but wrist, hand, and finger room, had given back until he stood right beside the parrot's cage, and his hands, in their never-ending sweep, missed the wires only by fractions of inches. Wellington, as we

may still call him in his changed environment, regarded these demonstrations with alarm. At first he shrank backward whenever the swinging hand went by, hitching himself over to the opposite end of his perch. But as he saw the threatening member pass by again and again without doing him bodily harm, he gathered courage and became disposed to take the aggressive. Presently he was extending his neck toward the enemy, at every gesture making more than half ready to snatch.

"Just as much tyrants they are, just as much usurpers, for all that they make the people put their little bits of dirty paper in the ballot-box! They think they have security in that, but I tell you, their flag is no redder than our blood, no whiter than our hate, no bluer than the sky of the new day we are to bring. How long, how long can they keep us all slaves under that rag—that rag? RAG, I say!"

Down came the hand on top of the cage, with its third finger between the wires. Never before had Wellington had such an opportunity to rise to. He acted as if a life had been spent training for that emergency. His head shot forward like the cobra's when it strikes, and the sharp edges of his beak met over the intruding finger.

The oppression of mankind at large was forgotten in the suffering of one particular man. A vigorously sucked finger put an end to the flow of eloquence. The crowd stood hushed about the sorely wounded leader—disabled, for where was his oratory when his right hand must remain motionless?

Then it was that Wellington, with ensanguined mandibles, settled his emerald plumage and regarded them all squarely—these men to whom the flags of nations were but hated symbols, and "fatherland" a name for a place of bondage.

Above the excited whispers, angry mutterings and ejaculations of pain, a voice, not clear, but distinct in utterance as that of the bird which made more sombre a certain midnight dreary, was lifted in exhortation:

"Breat's der a man vit soul so det
Dat neffer to himself hat' said
'Dis——'"

"Vellington, Vellington," shouted Gottlieb, pushing forward. "I take you back to me again. Dis is no place for neider of us!"



THE LAST ASSET

By Edith Wharton

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAYMOND M. CROSBY

I

"THE devil!" Paul Garnett exclaimed as he re-read his note; and the dry old gentleman who was at the moment his only neighbour in the quiet restaurant they both frequented, remarked with a smile: "You don't seem particularly annoyed at meeting him."

Garnett returned the smile. "I don't know why I apostrophized him, for he's not in the least present—except inasmuch as he may prove to be at the bottom of anything unexpected."

The old gentleman who, like Garnett, was an American, and spoke in the thin rarefied voice which seems best fitted to emit sententious truths, twisted his lean neck toward the younger man and cackled out shrewdly: "Ah, it's generally a woman

who is at the bottom of the unexpected. Not," he added, leaning forward with deliberation to select a tooth-pick, "that that precludes the devil's being there too."

Garnett uttered the requisite laugh, and his neighbour, pushing back his plate, called out with a perfectly unbending American intonation: "Gassong! L'addition, silver play."

His repast, as usual, had been a simple one, and he left only thirty centimes in the plate on which his account was presented; but the waiter, to whom he was evidently a familiar presence, received the tribute with Latin affability, and hovered helpfully about the table while the old gentleman cut and lighted his cigar.

"Yes," the latter proceeded, revolving the cigar meditatively between his thin lips, "they're generally both in the same hole,

like the owl and the prairie-dog in the natural history books of my youth. I believe it was all a mistake about the owl and the prairie-dog, but it isn't about the unexpected. The fact is, the unexpected *is* the devil—the sooner you find that out, the happier you'll be." He leaned back, tilting his smooth bald head against the blotched mirror behind him, and rambling on with gentle garrulity while Garnett attacked his omelet.

"Get your life down to routine—eliminate surprises. Arrange things so that, when you get up in the morning, you'll know exactly what is going to happen to you during the day—and the next day and the next. I don't say it's funny—it ain't. But it's better than being hit on the head by a brickbat. That's why I always take my meals at this restaurant. I know just how much onion they put in things—if I went to the next place I shouldn't. And I always take the same streets to come here—I've been doing it for ten years now. I know at which crossings to look out—I know what I'm going to see in the shop-windows. It saves a lot of wear and tear to know what's coming. For a good many years I never did know, from one minute to another, and now I like to think that everything's cut-and-dried, and nothing unexpected can jump out at me like a tramp from a ditch."

He paused calmly to knock the ashes from his cigar, and Garnett said with a smile: "Doesn't such a plan of life cut off nearly all the possibilities?"

The old gentleman made a contemptuous motion. "Possibilities of what? Of being multifariously miserable? There are lots of ways of being miserable, but there's only one way of being comfortable, and that is to stop running round after happiness. If you make up your mind not to be happy there's no reason why you shouldn't have a fairly good time."

"That was Schopenhauer's idea, I believe," the young man said, pouring his wine with the smile of youthful incredulity.

"I guess he hadn't the monopoly," responded his friend. "Lots of people have found out the secret—the trouble is that so few live up to it."

He rose from his seat, pushing the table forward, and standing passive while the waiter advanced with his shabby overcoat and umbrella. Then he nodded to Gar-

nett, lifted his hat politely to the broad-bosomed lady behind the desk, and passed out into the street.

Garnett looked after him with a musing smile. The two had exchanged views on life for two years without so much as knowing each other's names. Garnett was a newspaper correspondent whose work kept him mainly in London, but on his periodic visits to Paris he lodged in a dingy hotel of the Latin Quarter, the chief merit of which was its nearness to the cheap and excellent restaurant where the two Americans had made acquaintance. But Garnett's assiduity in frequenting the place arose, in the end, less from the excellence of the food than from the enjoyment of his old friend's conversation. Amid the flashy sophistications of the Parisian life to which Garnett's trade introduced him, the American sage's conversation had the crisp and homely flavor of a native dish—one of the domestic compounds for which the exiled palate is supposed to yearn. It was a mark of the old man's impersonality that, in spite of the interest he inspired, Garnett had never got beyond idly wondering who he might be, where he lived, and what his occupations were. He was presumably a bachelor—a man of family ties, however relaxed, though he might have been as often absent from home would not have been as regularly present in the same place—and there was about him a boundless desultoriness which renewed Garnett's conviction that there is no one on earth as idle as an American who is not busy. From certain allusions it was plain that he had lived many years in Paris, yet he had not taken the trouble to adapt his tongue to the local inflections, but spoke French with the accent of one who has formed his conception of the language from a phrase-book.

The city itself seemed to have made as little impression on him as its speech. He appeared to have no artistic or intellectual curiosities, to remain untouched by the complex appeal of Paris, while preserving, perhaps the more strikingly from his very detachment, that odd American astuteness which seems the fruit of innocence rather than of experience. His nationality revealed itself again in a mild interest in the political problems of his adopted country, though they appeared to preoccupy him only as illustrating the boundless perversity of

mankind. The exhibition of human folly never ceased to divert him, and though his examples of it seemed mainly drawn from the columns of one exiguous daily paper, he found there matter for endless variations on his favorite theme. If this monotony of topic did not weary the younger man, it was because he fancied he could detect under it the tragic implication of the fixed idea—of some great moral upheaval which had flung his friend stripped and starving on the desert island of the little café where they met. He hardly knew wherein he read this revelation—whether in the resigned shabbiness of the sage's dress, the impartial courtesy of his manner, or the shade of apprehension which lurked, indescribably, in his guileless yet suspicious eye. There were moments when Garnett could only define him by saying that he looked like a man who had seen a ghost.

II

AN apparition almost as startling had come to Garnett himself in the shape of the mauve note received from his *concierge* as he was leaving the hotel for luncheon.

Not that, on the face of it, a missive announcing Mrs. Sam Newell's arrival at Ritz's, and her need of his presence there that afternoon at five, carried any special mark of the portentous. It was not her being at Ritz's that surprised him. The fact that she was chronically hard up, and had once or twice lately been so brutally confronted with the consequences as to accept—indeed solicit—a loan of five pounds from him: this circumstance, as Garnett knew, would never be allowed to affect the general tenor of her existence. If one came to Paris, where could one go but to Ritz's? Did he see her in some grubby hole across the river? Or in a family *pension* near the Place de l'Etoile? There was no affectation in her tendency to gravitate toward what was costliest and most conspicuous. In doing so she obeyed one of the profoundest instincts of her nature, and it was another instinct which taught her to gratify the first at any cost, even to that of dipping into the pocket of an impecunious newspaper correspondent. It was a part of her strength—and of her charm too—that she did such things naturally, openly, without any of the ugly grimaces of dissimulation or compunction.

Her recourse to Garnett had of course marked a specially low ebb in her fortunes. Save in moments of exceptional dearth she had richer sources of supply; and he was nearly sure that, by running over the "society column" of the *Paris Herald*, he should find an explanation, not perhaps of her presence at Ritz's, but of her means of subsistence there. What really perplexed him was not the financial but the social aspect of the case. When Mrs. Newell had left London in July she had told him that, between Cowes and Scotland, she and Hermie were provided for till the middle of October: after that, as she put it, they would have to look about. Why, then, when she had in her hand the opportunity of living for three months at the expense of the British aristocracy, did she rush off to Paris at heaven knew whose expense in the beginning of September? She was not a woman to act incoherently; if she made mistakes they were not of that kind. Garnett felt sure she would never willingly relax her hold on her distinguished friends—was it possible that it was they who had somewhat violently let go of her?

As Garnett reviewed the situation he began to see that this possibility had for some time been latent in it. He had felt that something might happen at any moment—and was not this the something he had obscurely foreseen? Mrs. Newell really moved too fast: her position was as perilous as that of an invading army without a base of supplies. She used up everything too quickly—friends, credit, influence, forbearance. It was so easy for her to acquire all these—what a pity she had never learned to keep them! He himself, for instance—the most insignificant of her acquisitions—was beginning to feel like a squeezed sponge at the mere thought of her; and it was this sense of exhaustion, of the inability to provide more, either materially or morally, which had provoked his exclamation on opening her note. From the first days of their acquaintance her prodigality had amazed him, but he had believed it to be surpassed by the infinity of her resources. If she exhausted old supplies she always found new ones to replace them. When one set of people began to find her impossible, another was always beginning to find her indispensable. Yes—but there were limits—there were only so many sets of

people, at least in her social classification, and when she came to an end of them, what then? Was this flight to Paris a sign that she had come to an end—was she going to try Paris because London had failed her? The time of year precluded such a conjecture. Mrs. Newell's Paris was non-existent in September. The town was a desert of gaping trippers—he could as soon think of her seeking social restoration at Margate.

For a moment it occurred to him that she might have to come over to replenish her wardrobe; but he knew her dates too well to dwell long on this hope. It was in April and December that she visited the dress-makers: before December, he had heard her explain, one got nothing but "the American fashions." Mrs. Newell's scorn of all things American was somewhat illogically coupled with the determination to use her own Americanism to the utmost as a means of social advance. She had found out long ago that, on certain lines, it paid in London to be American, and she had manufactured for herself a personality independent of geographical or social demarcations, and presenting that remarkable blend of plantation dialect, Bowery slang and hyperbolic statement, which is the British nobility's favorite idea of an unadulterated Americanism. Mrs. Newell, for all her talents, was not naturally either humorous or hyperbolic, and there were times when it would doubtless have been a relief to her to be as monumentally stolid as some of the persons whose dulness it was her fate to enliven. It was perhaps the need of relaxing which had drawn her into her odd intimacy with Garnett, with whom she did not have to be either scrupulously English or artificially American, since the impression she made on him was of no more consequence than that which she produced on her footman. Garnett was perfectly aware that he owed his success to his insignificance, but the fact affected him only as adding one more element to his knowledge of Mrs. Newell's character. He was ready to sacrifice his personal vanity in such a cause as he had been, at the outset of their acquaintance, to sacrifice his professional pride to the opportunity of knowing her.

When he had accepted the position of "London correspondent" (with an occasional side-glance at Paris) to the New York *Searchlight*, he had not understood that

his work was to include the obligation of "interviewing"; indeed, had the possibility presented itself in advance, he would have met it by unpacking his valise and returning to the drudgery of his assistant-editorship in New York. But when, after three months in Europe, he received a letter from his chief, suggesting that he should enliven the Sunday *Searchlight* by a series of "Talks with Smart Americans in London" (beginning, say, with Mrs. Sam Newell), the change of focus already enabled him to view the proposal without passion. For his life on the edge of the great world-caldron of art, politics and pleasure—of that high-spiced brew which is nowhere else so subtly and variously compounded—had bred in him an eager appetite to taste of the heady mixture. He knew he should never have the full spoon at his lips, but he recalled the peasant-girl in one of Browning's plays, who has once eaten polenta cut with a knife which has carved an ortolan. Might not Mrs. Newell, who had so successfully cut a way into the dense and succulent mass of English society, serve as the knife to season his polenta?

He had expected, as the result of the interview, to which she promptly, almost eagerly, assented, no more than the glimpse of brightly lit vistas which a waiting messenger may catch through open doors; but instead he had found himself drawn at once into the inner sanctuary, not of London society, but of Mrs. Newell's relation to it. She had been candidly charmed by the idea of the interview: it struck him that she was conscious of the need of being freshened up. Her appearance was brilliantly fresh, with the inveterate freshness of the toilet-table; her paint was as impenetrable as armor. But her personality was a little tarnished: she was in want of social renovation. She had been doing and saying the same things for too long a time. London, Cowes, Homburg, Scotland, Monte Carlo—that had been the round since Hermy was a baby. Hermy was her daughter, Miss Hermione Newell, who was called in presently to be shown off to the interviewer and add a paragraph to the celebration of her mother's charms.

Miss Newell's appearance was so full of an unassisted freshness that for a moment Garnett made the mistake of fancying that she could fill a paragraph of her own. But

he soon found that her vague personality was merely tributary to her parent's; that her youth and grace were, in some mysterious way, her mother's rather than her own. She smiled obediently on Garnett, but could contribute little beyond her smile and the general sweetness of her presence, to the picture of Mrs. Newell's existence which it was the young man's business to draw. And presently he found that she had left the room without his noticing it.

He learned in time that this unnoticeableness was the most conspicuous thing about her. Burning at best with a mild light, she became invisible in the glare of her mother's personality. It was in fact only as a product of her environment that poor Hermione struck the imagination. With the smartest woman in London as her guide and example she had never developed a taste for dress, and with opportunities for enlightenment from which Garnett's fancy recoiled she remained simple, unsuspecting and tender, with an inclination to good works and afternoon church, a taste for the society of dull girls, and a clinging fidelity to old governesses and retired nurse-maids. Mrs. Newell, whose boast it was that she looked facts in the face, frankly owned that she had not been able to make anything of Hermione. "If she has a rôle I haven't discovered it," she confessed to Garnett. "I've tried everything, but she doesn't fit in anywhere."

Mrs. Newell spoke as if her daughter were a piece of furniture acquired without due reflection, and for which no suitable place could be found. She got, of course, what she could out of Hermione, who wrote her notes, ran her errands, saw tiresome people for her, and occupied an intermediate office between that of lady's maid and secretary; but such small returns on her investment were not what Mrs. Newell had counted on. What was the use of producing and educating a handsome daughter if she did not, in some more positive way, contribute to her parent's advancement?

III

"It's about Hermy," Mrs. Newell said, rising from the heap of embroidered cushions which formed the background of her afternoon repose.

Her sitting-room at Ritz's was full of penetrating warmth and fragrance. Long-

stemmed roses filled the vases on the chimney-piece, in which a fire sparkled with that effect of luxury which fires produce when the weather is not cold enough to justify them. On the writing-table, among notes and cards, and signed photographs of celebrities, Mrs. Newell's gold inkstand, her jewelled penholder, her heavily-monogrammed despatch-box, gave back from their expensive surfaces the glint of the flame, which sought out and magnified the orient of the pearls among the lady's laces and found a mirror in the pinky polish of her finger-tips. It was just such a scene as a little September fire, lit for show and not for warmth, would delight to dwell on and pick out in all its opulent details; and even Garnett, inured to Mrs. Newell's capacity for extracting manna from the desert, reflected that she must have found new fields to glean.

"It's about Hermy," she repeated, making room for him among the cushions. "I had to see you at once. We came over yesterday from London."

Garnett, seating himself, continued his leisurely survey of the room. In the glitter of Mrs. Newell's magnificence Hermione, as usual, faded out of sight, and he hardly noticed her mother's allusion.

"I have never seen you more resplendent," he remarked.

She received the tribute with complacency. "The rooms are not bad, are they? We came over with the Woolsey Hubbards (you've heard of them, of course?—they're from Detroit), and really they do things very decently. Their motor-car met us at Boulogne, and the courier always wires ahead to have the rooms filled with flowers. This *salon* is really a part of their suite. I simply couldn't have afforded it myself."

She delivered these facts in a high decisive voice, which had a note akin to the clink of her many bracelets and the rattle of her ringed hands against the enamelled cigarette-case which she extended to Garnett after helping herself from its contents.

"You are always meeting such charming people," said Garnett with mild irony; and, reverting to her first remark, he bethought himself to add: "I hope Miss Hermione is not ill?"

"Ill? She was never ill in her life," exclaimed Mrs. Newell, as though her daughter had been accused of an indelicacy.

"It was only that you said you had come over on her account."

"So I have. Hermione is to be married."

Mrs. Newell brought out the words impressively, drawing back to observe their effect on her visitor. It was such that he received them with a long silent stare, which finally passed into a cry of wonder. "Married? For heaven's sake, to whom?"

Mrs. Newell continued to regard him with a smile so serene and victorious that he saw she took his somewhat unseemly astonishment as a merited tribute to her genius. Presently she extended a glittering hand and took a sheet of note paper from the blotter.

"You can have that put in to-morrow's *Herald*," she said.

Garnett, receiving the paper, read in Hermione's own finished hand: "A marriage has been arranged, and will shortly take place, between the Comte Louis du Trayas, son of the Marquis du Trayas de la Baume, and Miss Hermione Newell, daughter of Samuel C. Newell Esqre. of Elmira, N. Y. Comte Louis du Trayas belongs to one of the oldest and most distinguished families in France, and is equally well connected in England, being the nephew of Lord Saint Priscoe and a cousin of the Countess of Morningfield, whom he frequently visits at Adham and Portlow."

The perusal of this document filled Garnett with such deepening wonder that he could not, for the moment, even do justice to the strangeness of its being written out for publication in the bride's own hand. Hermione a bride! Hermione a future countess! Hermione on the brink of a marriage which would give her not only a great "situation" in the Parisian world but a footing in some of the best houses in England! Regardless of its unflattering implications, Garnett prolonged his stare of mute amazement till Mrs. Newell somewhat sharply exclaimed—"Well, didn't I always tell you that she would marry a Frenchman?"

Garnett, in spite of himself, smiled at this revised version of his hostess's frequent assertion that Hermione was too goody-goody to take in England, but that with her little dowdy air she might very well "go off" in the Faubourg if only a *dot* could be raked up for her—and the recollection flashed a new light on the versatility of Mrs. Newell's genius.

"But how did you do it—?" was on the tip of his tongue; and he had barely time to give the query the more conventional turn of: "How did it happen?"

"Oh, we were up at Glaish with the Edmund Fitzarthurs. Lady Edmund is a sort of cousin of the Morningfields', who have a shooting-lodge near Glaish—a place called Portlow—and young Trayas was there with them. Lady Edmund, who is a dear, drove Hermie over to Portlow, and the thing was done in no time. He simply fell over head and ears in love with her. You know Hermie is really very handsome in her peculiar way. I don't think you have ever appreciated her," Mrs. Newell summed up with a note of exquisite reproach.

"I've appreciated her, I assure you; but one somehow didn't think of her marrying—so soon."

"Soon? She's three-and-twenty; but you've no imagination," said Mrs. Newell; and Garnett inwardly admitted that he had not enough to soar to the heights of her invention. For the marriage, of course, was an invention of her own, a superlative stroke of business, in which he was sure the principal parties had all been passive agents, in which everyone, from the bankrupt and disreputable Fitzarthurs to the rich and immaculate Morningfields, had by some mysterious sleight of hand been made to fit into Mrs. Newell's designs. But it was not enough for Garnett to marvel at her work—he wanted to understand it, to take it apart, to find out how the trick had been done. It was true that Mrs. Newell had always said Hermie might go off in the Faubourg if she had a *dot*—but even Mrs. Newell's juggling could hardly conjure up a *dot*: such feats as she was able to perform in this line were usually made to serve her own urgent necessities. And besides, who was likely to take sufficient interest in Hermione to supply her with the means of marrying a French nobleman? The flowers ordered in advance by the Woolsey Hubbards' courier made Garnett wonder if that accomplished functionary had also wired over to have Miss Newell's settlements drawn up. But of all the comments hovering on his lips the only one he could decently formulate was the remark that he supposed Mrs. Newell and her daughter had come over to see the young man's family and make the final arrangements.

"Oh, they're made—everything is settled," said Mrs. Newell, looking him squarely in the eye. "You're wondering, of course, about the *dot*—Frenchmen never go off their heads to the extent of forgetting *that*; or at least their parents don't allow them to."

Garnett murmured a vague assent, and she went on without the least appearance of resenting his curiosity: "It all came about so fortunately. Only fancy, just the week they met I got a little legacy from an aunt in Elmira—a good soul I hadn't seen or heard of for years. I suppose I ought to have put on mourning for her, by the way, but it would have eaten up a good bit of the legacy, and I really needed it all for poor Hermy. Oh, it's not a fortune, you understand—but the young man is madly in love, and has always had his own way, so after a lot of correspondence it's been arranged. They saw Hermy this morning, and they're enchanted."

"And the marriage takes place very soon?"

"Yes, in a few weeks, here. His mother is an invalid and couldn't have gone to England. Besides, the French don't travel. And as Hermy has become a Catholic——"

"Already?"

Mrs. Newell stared. "It doesn't take long. And it suits Hermy exactly—she can go to church so much oftener. So I thought," Mrs. Newell concluded with dignity, "that a wedding at Saint Philippe du Roule would be the most suitable thing at this season."

"Dear me," said Garnett, "I am left breathless—I can't catch up with you. I suppose even the day is fixed, though Miss Hermione doesn't mention it," and he indicated the official announcement in his hand.

Mrs. Newell laughed. "Hermey had to write that herself, poor dear, because my scrawl's too hideous—but I dictated it. No, the day isn't fixed—that's why I sent for you." There was a splendid directness about Mrs. Newell. It would never have occurred to her to pretend to Garnett that she had summoned him for the pleasure of his company.

"You've sent for me—to fix the day?" he enquired humourously.

"To remove the last obstacle to its being fixed."

"I? What kind of an obstacle could I have the least effect on?"

Mrs. Newell met his banter with a look which quelled it. "I want you to find her father."

"Her father? Miss Hermione's——?"

"My husband, of course. I suppose you know he's living."

Garnett blushed at his own clumsiness. "I—yes—that is, I really knew nothing——" he stammered, feeling that each word added to it. If Hermione was unnoticeable, Mr. Newell had always been invisible. The young man had never so much as given him a thought, and it was awkward to come on him so suddenly at a turn of the talk.

"Well, he is—living here in Paris," said Mrs. Newell, with a note of asperity which seemed to imply that her friend might have taken the trouble to post himself on this point.

"In Paris? But in that case isn't it quite simple——?"

"To find him? I daresay it won't be difficult, though he is rather mysterious. But the point is that I can't go to him—and that if I write to him he won't answer."

"Ah," said Garnett thoughtfully.

"And so you've got to find him for me, and tell him."

"Tell him what?"

"That he must come to the wedding—that we must show ourselves together at church and at the breakfast."

She delivered the behest in her sharp imperative key, the tone of the born commander. But for once Garnett ventured to question her orders.

"And supposing he won't come?"

"He must if he cares for his daughter's happiness. She can't be married without him."

"Can't be married?"

"The French are like that—especially the old families. I was given to understand at once that my husband must appear—if only to establish the fact that we're not divorced."

"Ah—you're *not*, then?" escaped from Garnett.

"Mercy, no! Divorce is stupid. They don't like it in Europe. And in this case it would have been the end of Hermey's marriage. They wouldn't think of letting their son marry the child of divorced parents."

"How fortunate, then——"

"Yes; but I always think of such things



"Ah, here is one of them now."—Page 158.

Drawn by Raymond M. Crosby.

beforehand. And of course I've told them that my husband will be present."

"You think he will consent?"

"No; not at first; but you must make him. You must tell him how sweet Hermione is—and you must see Louis, and be able to describe their happiness. You must dine here to-night—he is coming. We're all dining with the Hubbards, and they expect you. They have given Hermy some very good diamonds—though I should have preferred a cheque, as she'll be horribly poor. But I think Kate Hubbard means to do something about the trousseau—Hermy is at Paquin's with her now. You've no idea how delightful all our friends have been.—Ah, here is one of them now," she broke off smiling, as the door opened to admit, without preliminary announcement, a gentleman so glossy and ancient, with such a fixed unnatural freshness of smile and eye, that he gave Garnett the effect of having been embalmed and then enamelled. It needed not the exotic-looking ribbon in the visitor's button-hole, nor Mrs. Newell's introduction of him as her friend Baron Schenkelderff, to assure Garnett of his connection with a race as ancient as his appearance.

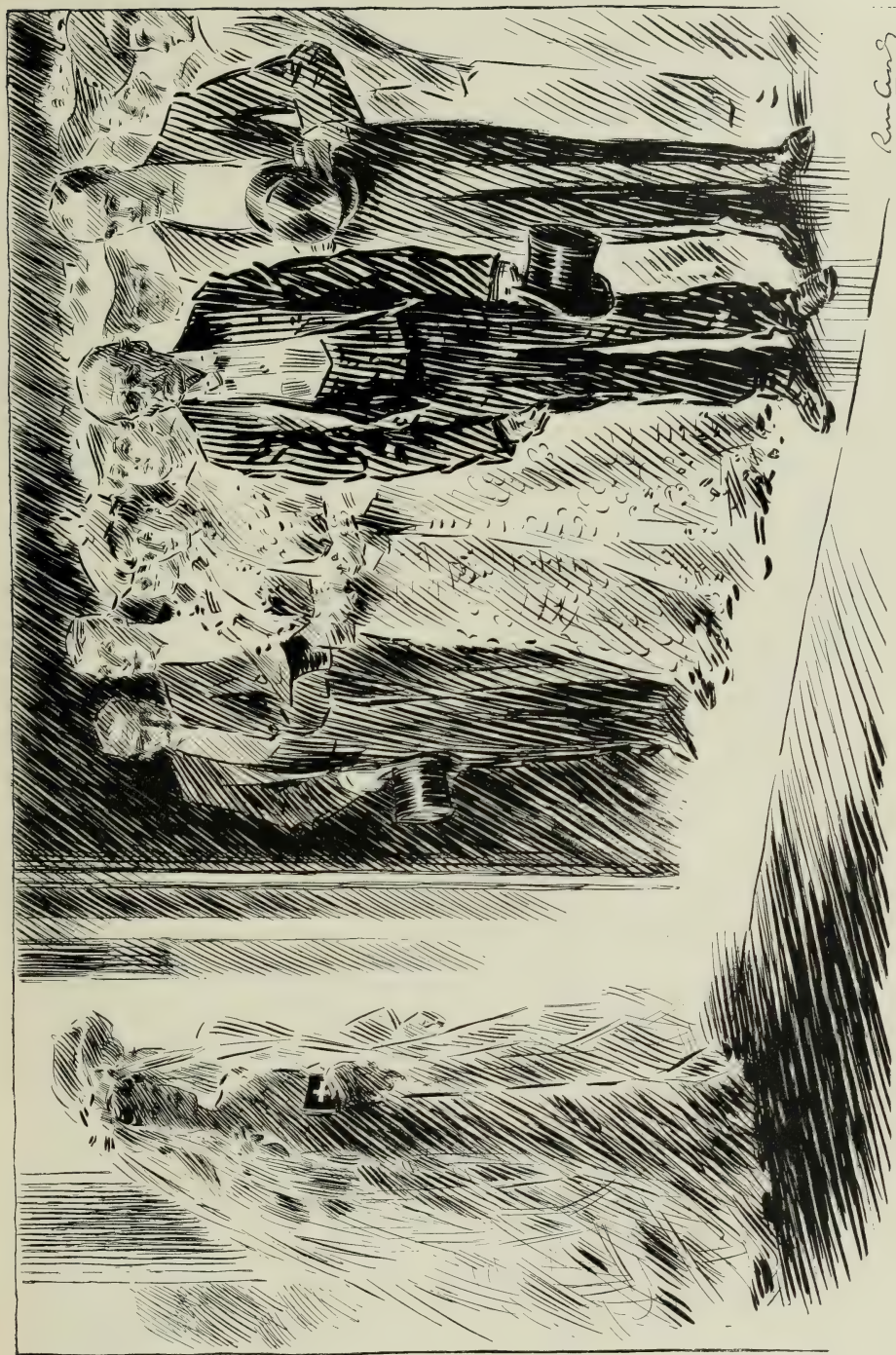
Baron Schenkelderff greeted his hostess with paternal playfulness, and the young man with an ease which might have been acquired on the Stock Exchange and in the dressing-rooms of "leading ladies." He spoke a faultless, colourless English, from which one felt he might pass with equal mastery to half a dozen other languages. He enquired patronizingly for the excellent Hubbards, asked his hostess if she did not mean to give him a drop of tea and a cigarette, remarked that he need not ask if Hermione was still closeted with the dress-maker, and, on the waiter's coming in answer to his ring, ordered the tea himself, and added a request for *fine champagne*. It was not the first time that Garnett had seen such minor liberties taken in Mrs. Newell's drawing-room, but they had hitherto been taken by persons who had at least the superiority of knowing what they were permitting themselves, whereas the young man felt almost sure that Baron Schenkelderff's manner was the most distinguished he could achieve; and this deepened the disgust with which, as the minutes passed, he yielded to the conviction that the Baron was Mrs. Newell's aunt.

IV

GARNETT had always foreseen that Mrs. Newell might some day ask him to do something he should greatly dislike. He had never gone so far as to conjecture what it might be, but had simply felt that if he allowed his acquaintance with her to pass from spectatorship to participation he must be prepared to find himself, at any moment, in a queer situation.

The moment had come; and he was relieved to find that he could meet it by refusing her request. He had not always been sure that she would leave him this alternative. She had a way of involving people in her complications without their being aware of it, and Garnett had pictured himself in holes so tight that there might not be room for a wriggle. Happily in this case he could still move freely. Nothing compelled him to act as an intermediary between Mrs. Newell and her husband, and it was preposterous to suppose that, even in a life of such perpetual upheaval as hers, there were no roots which struck deeper than her casual intimacy with himself. She had simply laid hands on him because he happened to be within reach, and he would put himself out of reach by leaving for London on the morrow.

Having thus inwardly asserted his independence, he felt free to let his fancy dwell on the strangeness of the situation. He had always supposed that Mrs. Newell, in her flight through life, must have thrown a good many victims to the wolves, and had assumed that Mr. Newell had been among the number. That he had been dropped overboard at an early stage in the lady's career seemed probable from the fact that neither his wife nor his daughter ever mentioned him. Mrs. Newell was incapable of reticence, and if her husband had still been an active element in her life he would certainly have figured in her conversation. Garnett, if he thought of the matter at all, had concluded that divorce must long since have eliminated Mr. Newell; but he now saw how he had underrated his friend's faculty for using up the waste material of life. She had always struck him as the most extravagant of women, yet it turned out that by a miracle of thrift she had for years kept a superfluous husband on the chance that he might some day be useful to



Runaway

As Hermione entered the vestibule, he advanced quietly to meet her.— Page 167.

Drawn by Raymond M. Crosby.

her. The day had come, and Mr. Newell was to be called from his obscurity. Garnett wondered what had become of him in the interval, and in what shape he would respond to the evocation. The fact that his wife feared he might not respond to it at all, seemed to show that his exile was voluntary, or had at least come to appear preferable to other alternatives; but if that were the case it was curious that he should not have taken legal means to free himself. He could hardly have had his wife's motives for wishing to maintain the vague tie between them; but conjecture lost itself in trying to picture what his point of view was likely to be, and Garnett, on his way to the Hubbards' dinner that evening, could not help regretting that circumstances denied him the opportunity of meeting so enigmatic a person. The young man's knowledge of Mrs. Newell's methods made him feel that her husband might be an interesting study. This, however, did not affect his resolve to keep clear of the business. He entered the Hubbards' dining-room with the firm intention of refusing to execute Mrs. Newell's commission, and if he changed his mind in the course of the evening it was not owing to that lady's persuasions.

Garnett's curiosity as to the Hubbards' share in Hermione's marriage was appeased before he had been seated five minutes at their table.

Mrs. Woolsey Hubbard was an expansive blonde, whose ample but disciplined outline seemed the result of a well-matched struggle between her cook and her corset-maker. She talked a great deal of what was appropriate in dress and conduct, and seemed to regard Mrs. Newell as a final arbiter on both points. To do or to wear anything inappropriate would have been extremely mortifying to Mrs. Hubbard, and she was evidently resolved, at the price of eternal vigilance, to prove her familiarity with what she frequently referred to as "the right thing." Mr. Hubbard appeared to have no such preoccupations. Garnett, if called upon to describe him, would have done so by saying that he was the American who always pays. The young man, in the course of his foreign wanderings, had come across many fellow-citizens of Mr. Hubbard's type, in the most diverse company and surroundings; and wherever they were to be found, they always

had their hands in their pockets. Mr. Hubbard's standard of gentility was the extent of a man's capacity to "foot the bill"; and as no one but an occasional compatriot cared to dispute the privilege with him, he seldom had reason to doubt his social superiority.

Garnett, nevertheless, did not believe that this lavish pair were, as Mrs. Newell would have phrased it, "putting up" Hermione's *dot*. They would go very far in diamonds, but they would hang back from securities. Their readiness to pay was indefinitely mingled with a dread of being expected to, and their prodigalities would take flight at the first hint of coercion. Mrs. Newell, who had had a good deal of experience in managing this type of millionaire, could be trusted not to arouse their susceptibilities, and Garnett was therefore certain that the chimerical legacy had been extracted from other pockets. There were none in view but those of Baron Schenkelderff, who, seated at Mrs. Hubbard's right, with a new order in his button-hole, and a fresh glaze upon his features, enchanted that lady by his careless references to crowned heads and his condescending approval of the champagne. Garnett was more than ever certain that it was the Baron who was paying; and it was this conviction which made him suddenly feel that, at any cost, Hermione's marriage must take place. He had felt no special interest in the marriage except as one more proof of Mrs. Newell's extraordinary capacity; but now it appealed to him from the girl's own stand-point. For he saw, with a touch of compunction, that in the mephitic air of her surroundings a love-story of surprising freshness had miraculously flowered. He had only to intercept the glances which the young couple exchanged to find himself transported to the candid region of romance. It was evident that Hermione adored and was adored; that the lovers believed in each other and in every one about them, and that even the legacy of the defunct aunt had not been too great a strain on their faith in human nature.

His first glance at the Comte Louis du Trayas showed Garnett that, by some marvel of fitness, Hermione had happened upon a kindred nature. If the young man's long mild features and short-sighted glance revealed no special force of character, they showed a benevolence and simplicity as incorruptible as her own, and declared that

their possessor, whatever his failings, would never imperil the illusions she had so miraculously preserved. The fact that the girl took her good fortune naturally, and did not regard herself as suddenly snatched from the jaws of death, added poignancy to the situation; for if she missed this way of escape, and was thrown back on her former life, the day of discovery could not be long deferred. It made Garnett shiver to think of her growing old between her mother and Schenkelderff, or such successors of the Baron's as might probably attend on Mrs. Newell's waning fortunes; for it was clear to him that the Baron marked the first stage in his friend's decline. When Garnett took leave that evening he had promised Mrs. Newell that he would try to find her husband.

V

IF Mr. Newell read in the papers the announcement of his daughter's marriage it did not cause him to lift the veil of seclusion in which his wife represented him as shrouded.

A round of the American banks in Paris failed to give Garnett his address, and it was only in chance talk with one of the young secretaries of the Embassy that he was put on Mr. Newell's track. The secretary's father, it appeared, had known the Newells some twenty years earlier. He had had business relations with Mr. Newell, who was then a man of property, with factories or something of the kind, the narrator thought, somewhere in Western New York. There had been at this period, for Mrs. Newell, a phase of large hospitality and showy carriages in Washington and at Narragansett. Then her husband had had reverses, had lost heavily in Wall Street, and had finally drifted abroad and been lost to sight. The young man did not know at what point in his financial decline Mr. Newell had parted company with his wife and daughter; "though you may bet your hat," he philosophically concluded, "that the old girl hung on as long as there were any pickings." He did not himself know Mr. Newell's address, but opined that it might be extracted from a certain official at the Consulate, if Garnett could give a sufficiently good reason for the request; and here in fact Mrs. Newell's emissary learned that her husband was to be

found in an obscure street of the Luxembourg quarter.

In order to be near the scene of action, Garnett went to breakfast at his usual haunt, determined to despatch his business as early in the day as politeness allowed. The head waiter welcomed him to a table near that of the transatlantic sage, who sat in his customary corner, his head tilted back against the blistered mirror at an angle suggesting that in a freer civilization his feet would have sought the same level. He greeted Garnett affably and the two exchanged their usual generalizations on life till the sage rose to go; whereupon it occurred to Garnett to accompany him. His friend took the offer in good part, merely remarking that he was going to the Luxembourg gardens, where it was his invariable habit, on good days, to feed the sparrows with the remains of his breakfast roll; and Garnett replied that, as it happened, his own business lay in the same direction.

"Perhaps, by the way," he added, "you can tell me how to find the rue Panonceaux where I must go presently. I thought I knew this quarter fairly well, but I have never heard of it."

His companion came to a sudden halt on the narrow sidewalk, to the confusion of the dense and desultory traffic which marks the old streets of the Latin quarter. He fixed his mild eye on Garnett and gave a twist to the cigar which lingered in the corner of his mouth.

"The rue Panonceaux? It *is* an out of the way hole, but I can tell you how to find it," he answered.

He made no motion to do so, however, but continued to bend on the young man the full force of his interrogative gaze; then he added abruptly: "Would you mind telling me your object in going there?"

Garnett looked at him with surprise: a question so unblushingly personal was strangely out of keeping with his friend's usual attitude of detachment. Before he could reply, however, the other had quietly continued: "Do you happen to be in search of Samuel C. Newell?"

"Why, yes, I am," said Garnett with a start of conjecture.

His companion uttered a sigh. "I supposed so," he said resignedly; "and in that case," he added, "we may as well have the matter out in the Luxembourg."

Garnett had halted before him with deepening astonishment. "But you don't mean to tell me——?" he stammered.

The little man made a motion of assent. "I am Samuel C. Newell," he said drily; "and if you have no objection, I prefer not to break through my habit of feeding the sparrows. We are five minutes late as it is."

He quickened his pace without awaiting any reply from Garnett, who walked beside him in unsubdued wonder till they reached the Luxembourg gardens, where Mr. Newell, making for one of the less frequented alleys, seated himself on a bench and drew the fragment of a roll from his pocket. His coming was evidently expected, for a shower of little dusky bodies at once descended on him, and the gravel fluttered with battling wings and beaks as he distributed his dole with impartial gestures.

It was not till the ground was white with crumbs, and the first frenzy of his pensioners appeased, that he turned to Garnett and said: "I presume, sir, that you come from my wife."

Garnett coloured with embarrassment: the more simply the old man took his mission the more complicated it appeared to himself.

"From your wife—and from Miss Newell," he said at length. "You have perhaps heard that she is to be married."

"Oh, yes—I read the *Herald* pretty faithfully," said Miss Newell's parent, shaking out another handful of crumbs.

Garnett cleared his throat. "Then you have no doubt thought it natural that, under the circumstances, they should wish to communicate with you."

The sage continued to fix his attention on the sparrows. "My wife," he remarked, "might have written to me."

"Mrs. Newell was afraid she might not hear from you in reply."

"In reply? Why should she? I suppose she merely wishes to announce the marriage. She knows I have no money left to buy wedding-presents," said Mr. Newell astonishingly.

Garnett felt his colour deepen: he had a vague sense of standing as the representative of something guilty and enormous, with which he had rashly identified himself.

"I don't think you understand," he said. "Mrs. Newell and your daughter have asked

me to see you because they are anxious that you should consent to appear at the wedding."

Mr. Newell, at this, ceased to give his attention to the birds, and turned a compassionate gaze upon Garnett.

"My dear sir—I don't know your name—" he remarked, "would you mind telling me how long you have been acquainted with Mrs. Newell?" And without waiting for an answer he added judicially: "If you wait long enough she will ask you to do some very disagreeable things for her."

This echo of his own thoughts gave Garnett a sharp twinge of discomfort, but he made shift to answer good-humouredly: "If you refer to my present errand, I must tell you that I don't find it disagreeable to do anything which may be of service to Miss Hermione."

Mr. Newell fumbled in his pocket, as though searching unavailingly for another morsel of bread; then he said: "From her point of view I shall not be the most important person at the ceremony."

Garnett smiled. "That is hardly a reason——" he began; but he was checked by the brevity of tone with which his companion replied: "I am not aware that I am called upon to give you my reasons."

"You are certainly not," the young man rejoined, "except in so far as you are willing to consider me as the messenger of your wife and daughter."

"Oh, I accept your credentials," said the other with his dry smile; "what I don't recognize is their right to send a message."

This reduced Garnett to silence, and after a moment's pause Mr. Newell drew his watch from his pocket.

"I am sorry to cut the conversation short, but my days are mapped out with a certain regularity, and this is the hour for my nap." He rose as he spoke and held out his hand with a glint of melancholy humour in his small clear eyes.

"You dismiss me, then? I am to take back a refusal?" the young man exclaimed.

"My dear sir, those ladies have got on very well without me for a number of years: I imagine they can put through this wedding without my help."

"You are mistaken, then; if it were not for that I shouldn't have undertaken this errand."

Mr. Newell paused as he was turning away. "Not for what?" he enquired.

"The fact that, as it happens, the wedding can't be put through without your help."

Mr. Newell's thin lips formed a noiseless whistle. "They've got to have my consent, have they? Well, is he a good young man?"

"The bridegroom?" Garnett echoed in surprise. "I hear the best accounts of him—and Miss Newell is very much in love."

Her parent met this with an odd smile. "Well, then, I give my consent—it's all I've got left to give," he added philosophically.

Garnett hesitated. "But if you consent—if you approve—why do you refuse your daughter's request?"

Mr. Newell looked at him a moment. "Ask Mrs. Newell!" he said. And as Garnett was again silent, he turned away with a slight gesture of leave-taking.

But in an instant the young man was at his side. "I will not ask your reasons, sir," he said, "but I will give you mine for being here. Miss Newell cannot be married unless you are present at the ceremony. The young man's parents know that she has a father living, and they give their consent only on condition that he appears at her marriage. I believe it is customary in old French families——"

"Old French families be damned!" said Mr. Newell with sudden vigour. "She had better marry an American." And he made a more decided motion to free himself from Garnett's importunities.

But his resistance only strengthened the young man's. The more unpleasant the latter's task became, the more unwilling he grew to see his efforts end in failure. During the three days which had been consumed in his quest it had become clear to him that the bridegroom's parents, having been surprised into a reluctant consent, were but too ready to withdraw it on the plea of Mr. Newell's non-appearance. Mrs. Newell, on the last edge of tension, had confided to Garnett that the Morningfields were "being nasty"; and he could picture the whole powerful clan, on both sides of the Channel, arrayed in a common resolve to exclude poor Hermione from their ranks. The very inequality of the contest stirred his blood, and made him vow that in this

case at least the sins of the parents should not be visited on the children. In his talk with the young secretary he had obtained some glimpses of Baron Schenkelderff's past which fortified this resolve. The Baron, at one time a familiar figure in a much-observed London set, had been mixed up in an ugly money-lending business ending in suicide, which had excluded him from the society most accessible to his race. His alliance with Mrs. Newell was doubtless a desperate attempt at rehabilitation, a forlorn hope on both sides, but likely to be an enduring tie because it represented, to both partners, their last chance of escape from social extinction. That Hermione's marriage was a mere stake in their game did not in the least affect Garnett's view of its urgency. If on their part it was a sordid speculation, to her it had the freshness of the first wooing. If it made of her a mere pawn in their hands, it would put her, so Garnett hoped, beyond farther risk of such base uses; and to achieve this had become a necessity to him.

The sense that, if he lost sight of Mr. Newell, the latter might not easily be found again, nerved Garnett to hold his ground in spite of the resistance he encountered; and he tried to put the full force of his plea into the tone with which he cried: "Ah, you don't know your daughter!"

VI

MRS. NEWELL, that afternoon, met him on the threshold of her sitting-room with a "Well?" of pent-up anxiety.

In the room itself, Baron Schenkelderff sat with crossed legs and head thrown back, in an attitude which he did not see fit to alter at the young man's approach.

Garnett hesitated; but it was not the summariness of the Baron's greeting which he resented.

"You've found him?" Mrs. Newell exclaimed.

"Yes; but——"

She followed his glance and answered it with a slight shrug. "I can't take you into my room, because there's a dress-maker there, and she won't go because she is waiting to be paid. Schenkelderff," she exclaimed, "you're not wanted; please go and look out of the window."

The Baron rose and, lighting a cigarette, laughingly retired to the embrasure. Mrs. Newell flung herself down and signed to Garnett to take a seat at her side.

"Well—you've found him? You've talked with him?"

"Yes; I have talked with him—for an hour."

She made an impatient movement. "That's too long! Does he refuse?"

"He doesn't consent."

"Then you mean——?"

"He wants time to think it over."

"Time? There *is* no time—did you tell him so?"

"I told him so; but you must remember that he has plenty. He has taken twenty-four hours."

Mrs. Newell groaned. "Oh, that's too much. When he thinks things over he always refuses."

"Well, he would have refused at once if I had not agreed to the delay."

She rose nervously from her seat and pressed her hands to her forehead. "It's too hard, after all I've done! The trousseau is ordered—think how disgraceful! You must have managed him badly; I'll go and see him myself."

The Baron, at this, turned abruptly from his study of the Place Vendôme.

"My dear creature, for heaven's sake don't spoil everything!" he exclaimed.

Mrs. Newell coloured furiously. "What's the meaning of that brilliant speech?"

"I was merely putting myself in the place of a man on whom you have ceased to smile."

He picked up his hat and stick, nodded knowingly to Garnett, and walked toward the door with an air of creaking jauntiness.

But on the threshold Mrs. Newell waylaid him.

"Don't go—I must speak to you," she said, following him into the antechamber; and Garnett remembered the dress-maker who was not to be dislodged from her bedroom.

In a moment Mrs. Newell returned, with a small flat packet which she vainly sought to dissemble in an inaccessible pocket.

"He makes everything too odious!" she exclaimed; but whether she referred to her husband or the Baron it was left to Garnett to decide.

She sat silent, nervously twisting her

cigarette-case between her fingers, while her visitor rehearsed the details of his conversation with Mr. Newell. He did not indeed tell her the arguments he had used to shake her husband's resolve, since in his eloquent sketch of Hermione's situation there had perforce entered hints unflattering to her mother; but he gave the impression that his hearer had in the end been moved, and for that reason had consented to defer his refusal.

"Ah, it's not that—it's to prolong our misery!" Mrs. Newell exclaimed; and after a moment she added drearily: "He has been waiting for such an opportunity for years."

It seemed needless for Garnett to protract his visit, and he took leave with the promise to report at once the result of his final talk with Mr. Newell. But as he was passing through the ante-chamber a side-door opened and Hermione stood before him. Her face was flushed and shaken out of its usual repose of line, and he saw at once that she had been waiting for him.

"Mr. Garnett!" she said in a whisper.

He paused, considering her with surprise: he had never supposed her capable of such emotion as her voice and eyes revealed.

"I want to speak to you; we are quite safe here. Mamma is with the dress-maker," she explained, closing the door behind her, while Garnett laid aside his hat and stick.

"I am at your service," he said.

"You have seen my father? Mamma told me that you were to see him to-day," the girl went on, standing close to him in order that she might not have to raise her voice.

"Yes; I have seen him," Garnett replied with increasing wonder. Hermione had never before mentioned her father to him, and it was by a slight stretch of veracity that he had included her name in her mother's plea to Mr. Newell. He had supposed her to be either unconscious of the transaction, or else too much engrossed in her own happiness to give it a thought; and he had forgiven her the last alternative in consideration of the abnormal character of her filial relations. But now he saw that he must readjust his view of her.

"You went to ask him to come to my wedding; I know about it," Hermione continued. "Of course it is the custom—people will think it odd if he does not

come." She paused, and then asked: "Does he consent?"

"No; he has not yet consented."

"Ah, I thought so when I saw Mamma just now!"

"But he hasn't quite refused—he has promised to think it over."

"But he hated it—he hated the idea?"

Garnett hesitated. "It seemed to arouse painful associations."

"Ah, it would—it would!" she exclaimed.

He was astonished at the passion of her accent; astonished still more at the tone with which she went on, laying her hand on his arm: "Mr. Garnett, he must not be asked—he has been asked too often to do things that he hated!"

Garnett looked at the girl with a shock of awe. What abysses of knowledge did her purity hide?

"But, my dear Miss Hermione——" he began.

"I know what you are going to say," she interrupted him. "It is necessary that he should be present at the marriage, or the du Trayas will break it off. They don't want it very much, at any rate," she added with a strange candour, "and they will not be sorry, perhaps—for of course Louis would have to obey them."

"So I explained to your father," Garnett assured her.

"Yes—yes; I knew you would put it to him. But that makes no difference, Mr. Garnett. He must not be forced to come unwillingly."

"But if he sees the point—after all, no one can force him!"

"No; but if it is painful to him—if it reminds him too much . . . Oh, Mr. Garnett, I was not a child when he left us. . . . I was old enough to see . . . to see how it must hurt him even now to be reminded. Peace was all he asked for, and I want him to be left in peace!"

Garnett paused in deep embarrassment. "My dear child, there is no need to remind you that your own future——"

She had a gesture that recalled her mother. "My future must take care of itself; he must not be made to see us!" she said imperatively. And as Garnett remained silent she went on: "I have always hoped he did not hate me, but he would hate me now if he were forced to see me."

"Not if he could see you at this moment!" he exclaimed.

She lifted her face with swimming eyes.

"Well, go to him, then; tell him what I have said to you!"

Garnett continued to stand before her, deeply struck. "It might be the best thing," he reflected inwardly; but he did not give utterance to the thought. He merely put out his hand, holding Hermione's in a long pressure.

"I will do whatever you wish," he replied.

"You understand that I am in earnest?" she urged tenaciously.

"I am quite sure of it."

"Then I want you to repeat to him what I have said—I want him to be left undisturbed. I don't want him ever to hear of us again!"

The next day, at the appointed hour, Garnett resorted to the Luxembourg gardens, which Mr. Newell had named as a meeting-place in preference to his own lodgings. It was clear that he did not wish to admit the young man any further into his privacy than the occasion required, and the extreme shabbiness of his dress hinted that pride might be the cause of his reluctance.

Garnett found him feeding the sparrows, but he desisted at the young man's approach, and said at once: "You will not thank me for bringing you all this distance."

"If that means that you are going to send me away with a refusal, I have come to spare you the necessity," Garnett answered.

Mr. Newell turned on him a glance of undisguised wonder, in which an undertone of disappointment might almost have been detected.

"Ah—they've got no use for me, after all?" he said ironically.

Garnett, in reply, related without comment his conversation with Hermione, and the message with which the girl had charged him. He remembered her words exactly and repeated them without modification, heedless of what they implied or revealed.

Mr. Newell listened with an immovable face, occasionally casting a crumb to his impatient flock. When Garnett ended he asked drily: "Does her mother know of this?"

"Assuredly not!" cried Garnett with a movement of disgust.

"You must pardon me; but Mrs. Newell is a very ingenious woman." Mr. Newell shook out his remaining crumbs and turned thoughtfully toward Garnett.

"You believe it is quite clear to Hermione that these people will use my refusal as a pretext for backing out of the marriage?"

"Perfectly clear—she told me so herself."

"Doesn't she consider the young man rather chicken-livered?"

"No; he has already put up a big fight for her, and you know the French look at these things differently. He is only twenty-three, and his marrying against his parents' approval is in itself an act of heroism."

"Yes; I believe they look at it that way," Mr. Newell assented. He rose and picked up the half-smoked cigar which he had laid on the bench beside him.

"What do they wear at these French weddings, anyhow? A dress-suit, isn't it?" he asked abruptly.

The question was such a surprise to Garnett that for the moment he could only stammer out—"You consent then? I may go and tell her?"

"You may tell my girl—yes." He gave a vague laugh and added: "One way or another, my wife always gets what she wants."

VII

MR. NEWELL'S consent brought with it no accompanying concessions. In the first flush of his success, Garnett had pictured himself as bringing together the father and daughter, and hovering in an attitude of benediction over a family group in which Mrs. Newell did not very distinctly figure.

But Mr. Newell's conditions were inflexible. He would "see the thing through" for his daughter's sake; but he stipulated that in the meantime there should be no meetings or further communications of any kind. He agreed to be ready when Garnett called for him, on the appointed hour on the wedding-day; but until then he begged to be left alone. To this decision he adhered immovably, and when Garnett conveyed it to Hermione she accepted it with a deep look of understanding. As for Mrs. Newell, she was too much engrossed in the nuptial preparations to give her hus-

band another thought. She had gained her point, she had disarmed her foes, and in the first flush of success she had no time to remember by what means her victory had been won. Even Garnett's services received little recognition, unless he found them sufficiently compensated by the new look in Hermione's eyes.

The principal figures in Mrs. Newell's foreground were the Woolsey Hubbards and Baron Schenkelderff. With these she was in hourly consultation, and Mrs. Hubbard went about aureoled with the importance of her close connection with an "aristocratic marriage," and dazzled by the Baron's familiarity with the intricacies of the *Almanach de Gotha*. In his society and Mrs. Newell's, Mrs. Hubbard evidently felt that she had penetrated to the sacred precincts where "the right thing" flourished in its native soil. As for Hermione, her look of happiness had returned, but with an undertint of melancholy, visible perhaps only to Garnett, but to him always hauntingly present. Outwardly she sank back into her passive self, resigned to serve as the brilliant lay-figure on which Mrs. Newell hung the trophies of conquest. Preparations for the wedding were zealously pressed. Mrs. Newell knew the danger of giving people time to think things over, and her fears about her husband being allayed, she began to dread a new attempt at evasion on the part of the bridegroom's family.

"The sooner it's over the sounder I shall sleep!" she declared to Garnett; and all the mitigations of art could not conceal the fact that she was desperately in need of that restorative. There were moments, indeed, when he was sorrier for her than for her husband or her daughter; so black and unfathomable appeared the abyss into which she must slip back if she lost her hold on this last spar of safety.

But she did not lose her hold: his own experience, as well as her husband's declaration, might have told him that she always got what she wanted. How much she had wanted this particular thing was shown by the way in which, on the last day, when all peril was over, she bloomed out in renovated splendour. It gave Garnett a shivering sense of the ugliness of the alternative which had confronted her.

The day came; the showy coupé provided by Mrs. Newell presented itself punct-

ually at Garnett's door, and the young man entered it and drove to the rue Panon-ceaux. It was a little melancholy back street, with lean old houses sweating rust and damp, and glimpses of pit-like gardens, black and sunless, between walls bristling with iron spikes. On the narrow pavement a blind man pattered along led by a red-eyed poodle: a little farther on a dishevelled woman sat grinding coffee on the threshold of a dirty *buvette*. The bridal carriage stopped before one of the doorways, with a clatter of hoofs and harness which drew the neighbourhood to its windows, and Garnett started to mount the cold ill-smelling stairs to the fourth floor, on which he learned from the *concierge* that Mr. Newell lodged. But half-way up he met the latter descending, and without a word they turned and went down together.

Hermione's parent wore his usual imperturbable look, and his eye seemed as full as ever of generalizations on human folly; but there was something oddly shrunken and submerged in his appearance, as though he had grown smaller or his clothes larger. And on the last hypothesis Garnett paused—for it became suddenly evident to him that Mr. Newell had hired his dress-suit.

Seated at the young man's side on the satin cushions, he remained silent while the carriage rolled smoothly and rapidly through the net-work of streets leading to the Boulevard Saint-Michel; only once he remarked, glancing at the elaborate fittings of the coupé: "Is this Mrs. Newell's carriage?"

"I believe so—yes," Garnett assented, with the guilty sense that, in defining that lady's possessions it was impossible not to trespass upon the property of her friends.

Mr. Newell made no further comment, but presently requested his companion to rehearse to him once more the exact duties which were to devolve on him during the coming ceremony. Having mastered these he remained silent, fixing a dry speculative eye on the fugitive panorama of the brilliant streets, till the carriage drew up at the entrance of Saint Philippe du Roule.

With the same air of composure he followed his guide through the mob of spectators, and up the crimson velvet steps, at the head of which, but for a word from Garnett, a formidable Suisse glittering with

cocked hat and mace would have checked the advance of the small crumpled figure so oddly out of keeping with the magnificence of the assembled bridal party. The French fashion prescribing that the family *cortège* shall follow the bride to the altar, the vestibule of the church was thronged with the participators in the coming procession; but if Mr. Newell felt any nervousness at his sudden projection into this unfamiliar group, nothing in his look or manner betrayed it. He stood beside Garnett till a white-favoured carriage, dashing up to the church with a superlative glitter of highly groomed horse-flesh and silver-plated harness, deposited the snowy apparition of the bride, supported by her mother; then, as Hermione entered the vestibule, he advanced quietly to meet her.

The girl, wrapped in the haze of her bridal veil, and a little confused, perhaps, by the anticipation of the meeting, paused a moment as if in doubt, before the small oddly-clad figure which blocked her path—a horrible moment to Garnett, who felt a pang of misery at this unconscious satire on the infallibility of the filial instinct. He longed to make some sign, to break in some way the dreadful pause of uncertainty; but before he could move he saw Mrs. Newell give her daughter a sharp push, he saw a blush of compunction flood Hermione's face, and the girl, throwing back her veil, bent her tall head and flung her arms about her father.

Mr. Newell emerged unshaken from the embrace: it seemed to have no effect beyond giving an odder twist to his tie. He stood beside his daughter till the church doors were thrown open; then, at a sign from the verger, he gave her his arm, and the strange couple, with the long train of fashion and finery in their wake, started on their march to the altar.

Garnett had already slipped into the church and secured a post of vantage which gave him a side-view over the assemblage. The building was thronged—Mrs. Newell had attained her ambition and given Hermione a smart wedding. Garnett's eye travelled curiously from one group to another—from the numerous representatives of the bridegroom's family, all stamped with the same air of somewhat dowdy distinction, the air of having had their thinking done for them for so long that they could no longer perform the act individually, and

the heterogeneous company of Mrs. Newell's friends, who presented, on the opposite side of the aisle, every variety of individual conviction in dress and conduct. Of the two groups the latter was decidedly the more interesting to Garnett, who observed that it comprised not only such recent acquisitions as the Woolsey Hubbards and the Baron, but also sundry more important figures which of late had faded to the verge of Mrs. Newell's horizon. Hermione's marriage had drawn them back, had once more made her mother a social entity, had in short already accomplished the object for which it had been planned and executed.

And as he looked about him Garnett saw that all the other actors in the show faded into insignificance beside the dominant figure of Mrs. Newell, became mere marionettes pulled hither and thither by the hidden wires of her intention. One and all they were there to serve her ends and accomplish her purpose: Schenkelderff and the Hubbards to pay for the show, the bride and bridegroom to seal and symbolize her social rehabilitation, Garnett himself as the humble instrument adjusting the different parts of the complicated machinery, and her husband, finally, as the last stake in her game, the last asset on which she could draw to rebuild her fallen fortunes. At the thought Garnett was filled

with a deep disgust for what the scene signified, and for his own share in it. He had been her tool and dupe like the others; if he imagined that he was serving Hermione, it was for her mother's ends that he had worked. What right had he to sentimentalize a marriage founded on such base connivances, and how could he have imagined that in so doing he was acting a disinterested part?

While these thoughts were passing through his mind the ceremonial had already begun, and the principal personages in the drama were ranged before him in the row of crimson velvet chairs which fills the foreground of a Catholic marriage. Through the soft glow of lights and the perfumed haze about the altar, Garnett's eyes rested on the central figures of the group, and gradually the others disappeared from his view and his mind. After all, neither Mrs. Newell's schemes nor his own share in them could ever unsanctify Hermione's marriage. It was one more testimony to life's indefatigable renewals, to nature's secret of drawing fragrance from corruption; and as his eyes turned from the girl's illuminated presence to the resigned and stoical figure sunk in the adjoining chair, it occurred to him that he had perhaps worked better than he knew in placing them, if only for a moment, side by side.





THE LOST CITY

By John Finley

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JULES GUÉRIN

BUT yesterday there stood a city here,
Impregnable; built on th' eternal rock
Which the unhistoried years had laid for it;
Reared of the substance of th' eternal hills
With earth's own iron sinews strengthening:
A city that had gathered to itself
Some shards of all the cities that have been
Since that eld son of him who bore the brand
The primal city raised in desert Nod,



Dræon by Jules Guérin.

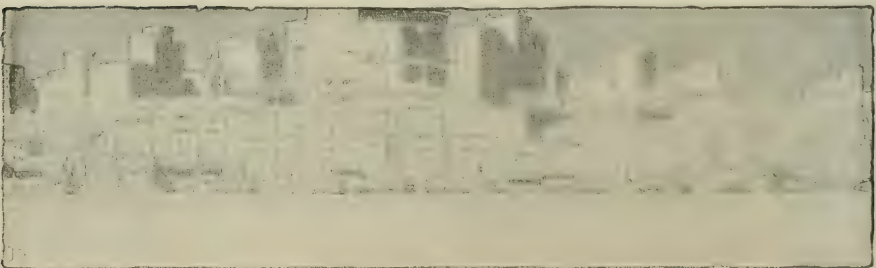


Dragon by Jules Guérin.

The Lost City

Shut in the shepherds from the fields and stars,
 Set walls against their nomad wanderings,
 And tamed their savagery to neighbor-laws.
 Here towered it o'er the tide but yestermorn,
 A mighty Taj with dome and minaret
 Beneath the moon's last light; and yesternoon
 I saw it shine resplendent in the sun,
 Its brow unclouded, ears attent to catch
 The whisperings of continents and seas,
 Its eyes upon the wide horizon's rim
 To count its argosies and caravans,
 The while the shuttles sped through its dense streets
 To keep the pulses of its eager heart.
 And yesternight I saw its lanterns glow
 From myriad windows framed in giant squares
 Against the star-sprent sky, as if the earth
 In some enthralling game were matching heav'n
 For stakes of her dust-children's happiness.

But this next morn no vestige shows of all
 That yesterday so bravely built and hoped.
 All, all is swept away as once proud Tyre,
 Or swallowed up as Korah's rebel host,
 Or buried o'er as Herculaneum;
 All save some solitary peering tower,
 That blackly looms from out the gray sea-smoke
 Which has consumed the earth to void again
 As 'twas ere He had breathed upon the deep.
 The great gaunt ships, that carried yesterday
 Their empire colors proudly into port,
 Are shadows now in leash of other shades
 Most sombre sitting at the water's edge,
 Their mast-trees stripped by fog of yard and sail—
 A spectre forest burned of leaf and bough.
 Across the bit of firmament that's left—
 A rood of pallid sea with sky of mist—
 Huge, shadowy monsters creep like sightless moles
 'Twixt two unseens. All else is vanishèd.
 And from the void there comes no voice, save one—
 The dismal tolling of the fog's lone bell,
 Crying upon the water's waste, to tell
 Where yesterday the living city stood.



MISS GOODWIN'S INHERITANCE

By Thomas Nelson Page

I



WHEN my cousin asked me one evening in the middle of winter to go with her the following week to look at a "summer place" for her on the Maine coast, it crossed my mind for a moment that she was slightly mad; but the glance that I gave her as she sat in her rocking-chair, just out of the tempered light of the reading-lamp, with her dainty gray skirts spread about her and the firelight flickering on her calm features and white hands as she plied her needlework, showed nothing to warrant my suspicion. Only the time was midwinter, the hour was nine o'clock in the evening, and even the tight windows and the heavy silken curtains drawn close could not shut out the sound of the driving sleet that had been falling all the evening.

I knew my cousin well; knew that notwithstanding her Quaker blood and quiet ways she was, as an old neighbor had long since aptly said of her, "a woman of her own head," and that she had during her married life enjoyed the full confidence of her husband, her senior by some years, and one of the strong members of the bar, and had always borne with notable success her full share of the exactions of a large establishment and a distinguished position; I knew further, that since her husband's death she had ably carried on his charitable work and maintained her position as one of the leaders, not of society, but of everything else that was good and lofty and dignified. So I put aside the thought that first sprang into my mind and declared my readiness to go with her anywhere and at any time that she might wish.

"But why on earth do you select that particular spot and this particular time to look at a country place?" I demanded.

The question evidently appeared apt to her, and she gave one of her little chuckles of pleasure which had just enough of the silvery sound to prove it a laugh. Folding

her hands for a moment in a way which she had either inherited from the portrait of her Quakeress grandmother, on her dining-room wall, or which she had learned by practice to make so perfect that it was the exact representation of that somewhat supercilious but elegant old dame's easy attitude, she said:

"For the best reason in the world, my dear John! Simply—*because*."

This ended it for the moment, but a little later, having, as I suppose, enjoyed my mystification sufficiently, she began to give her reasons. In the first place, she was "completely worn out" with the exactions of the social life which she had found gathering about her more and more closely.

"I feel so tired all the time—so dissatisfied," she said, with a certain lassitude quite unusual with her. "I cannot stand the drain of this life any longer. My heart—"

"Your heart! Well, your heart is all right—that I will swear," I interjected.

"Don't be frivolous. My heart is my trouble at present." She gave a nod of mock severity. "I consulted a doctor and he told me to go to some European watering place ending in 'heim,' but I know better than that. It is 'heim' that I want, but it is an American 'heim,' and I am going to find it on this side the water. Like that Shunamitish woman, 'I dwell among mine own people.'"

"What is the matter with this 'heim'?" I gazed about the luxurious apartment where Taste had been handmaid to Wealth in every appointment.

She shook her head wearily.

"I am so tired of this strenuous life that I feel that if I do not get out of it and go back to something that is calm and natural I shall die. It is all so hollow and unreal. Why, we are all trying to do the same thing and all trying to think the same thing, or, at least, say the same thing. We do not think at all. Scores of women come pouring into my house on my days and pour out again, content only to say they

have left cards on my table, and then if I do not leave cards on their tables they all think I am rude and put on airs because I live in a big house. Forty women called here to-day, and thirty-nine of them said precisely the same thing. I must get out of it."

"What was it?"

"*Nothing.*" Her face lit up with the smile which always made her look so charming, and of which some one had once said: "Mrs. Davison is not a pretty woman, but her smile is an enchantment."

"And what did you say to them?"

"I gave them the exact equivalent—*nothing.* I must get out. My husband once said that the most dreadful thing on earth was a worldly old woman."

"You are neither worldly nor old," I protested.

She gazed at me calmly.

"I am getting to be both. I am past forty, and when a woman is past forty she is dependent on two things—her goodness and her intellect. I have lost the one and am in danger of losing the other. I want to go where I can preserve the few remnants I have left. And now," she added, with a sudden return of her vivacity, which was always like a flash of April sunlight even when the clouds were lowest, "I have sent for you this evening to show you the highest proof of my confidence. I wish to ask your advice, and I want you to give the best you have. But I do not want you to think I am going to take it, for I am not."

"Well, that is frank at any rate," I said.

"We shall, at least, start fair and not be by the way of being deceived."

"Yes, I want it; it will help me to—clarify my ideas—to arrive at my own conclusions. I shall know better what I do *not* want."

She gazed at me serene from under her long eyelashes.

"Flattering, at least! How many houses do you suppose I build on those terms? And now one question before I agree. Why do you want to take a place which is, so to speak, nowhere—that is, as you tell me, several miles from anywhere?"

"Just for that reason—I want to get back to first principles, and I understand that the place I have in mind was one of the most beautiful old homes in all New England. It has trees on it that were cele-

brated a century ago, and a garden that is historical. Family-trees can be made easily enough; but only Omnipotence can make a real tree, and the first work of the Creator was to plant a garden."

"Oh! well, then, I give in. If there is a garden." For my cousin's love for flowers was a passion. Her name, Hortensia, was an inspiration or a prophecy. She could have made Aaron's rod bud.

"There is one other reason that I have not told you," she added, after a pause.

"There always is," I observed, half cynically, for I was not as pleased as I pretended with her flatly notifying me that my advice went for nothing.

"My grandfather and the owner of the old place used to be great friends, and my grandfather always said it was one of the loveliest spots on earth: 'a pleasant seat,' he called it. I think he had a little love affair there once with the daughter of the house. My grandmother was always rather scornful about it."

II

A WEEK later we landed about mid-day at the little station just outside of the village where my cousin, with her usual prevision, had arranged to have a two-horse sleigh meet us. Unfortunately, the day before a snow of two feet had added to the two feet which already lay on the ground, and the track outside of town had not been broken. The day, however, was one of those perfect winter days which come from time to time in New England when the atmosphere has been cleared, the winds, having done their work, have been laid, and Nature, having arrayed herself in immaculate garments, seems well content to rest and survey her work. The sunshine was like a jewel. The earth sparkled with a myriad myriads of diamonds.

The man to whom my cousin had written, Mr. Silas Freeman, was on the platform to meet us. A tall, lank person with a quiet face, a keen nose, and an indifferent manner. Bundled in a buffalo-robe coat he stood on the platform and gazed at us in a reposeful manner as we descended from the train. We passed him twice without his speaking to us, though his eyes were on us with mild and somewhat humorous curiosity. When, in response to my inquiries,

the station agent had pointed him out, I walked up and asked if he were Mr. Freeman, he answered briefly: "I be. That's my name."

I introduced Mrs. Davison, and he extended his hand in its large fur glove indifferently, while a glance suddenly shot from his quiet eyes, keen, curious, and inspective. She instantly took up the running, and did so with such a knowledge of the conditions, such clearness and resolution, and withal with such tact, that Mr. Freeman's calm face changed from granite to something rather softer, and his eyes began to light up with an expression quite like interest.

"No, he hadn't brought the sleigh, 's he didn't know 's she'd come, seein' 's the weather w'z so unlikely."

"But didn't I write you I was coming?" demanded Mrs. Davison.

"Waal, yes. But you city folks sometimes writes more 'n you come."

Mrs. Davison cast her eye in my direction.

"You see there—he knows them." She turned back to Freeman. "But I am not one of the 'city folks.' I was brought up in the country."

Mr. Freeman blinked with something between incredulity and mild interest.

"Well, you'll know better next time," continued my cousin. "Now remember, the next time I write I am coming, if I do not, you look in the papers and see what I died of."

Whether it was the words or the laugh that went with them and changed them from a complaint to a jest, Mr. Freeman's solemnity relaxed, and he drawled, "All ri-ight."

"And now, can't we get the sleigh right away?" demanded Mrs. Davison.

"Guess so. But th' road beyond th' village ain't broken."

"Well, can't we break it?"

"Guess so."

"Well, let's try. I'm game for it."

"Aall ri-ight," with a little snap in his eye.

If, however, Mr. Silas Freeman did not show any curiosity as to our movements he was one of the few persons we saw who did not. The object of our coming was evidently known to the population at large, or such portion of it as we saw. They peered at us from the porches of the white-houses

under the big elms, or from the stoops of the stores where they stood bundled up in rough furs and comforters, and, turning as we passed, discussed us as if we were freaks of Nature.

As we drove along, plunging and creeping through the snow-drifts, Mr. Freeman began to unbend. "This road ain't broke, but somebody's been along here. Guess it's Miss Hewitt."

"Who is Miss Hewitt?"

"She's one o' Doct' Hewitt's girls—she's one of the good women—looks after them 's ain't got anybody else to look after 'em."

We crept around the hill toward the river.

"Ah! 'twas Miss Hewitt," observed the driver to himself. "She's been to dig out F'lissy." He was gazing down across the white field at a small "shackelty" old cabin which lay half buried in snow, with a few scraggy apple trees about it.

When at length, after a somewhat strenuous struggle through snow-drifts up to our horses' backs, we stood on the portico of the old mansion, though the snow was four feet deep I could not but admit that the original owner knew a "pleasant seat" when he saw it. Colonel Hamilton, when he established himself on that point overlooking the winding river and facing the south, plainly knew his business.

The remains of a terraced lawn sloped in gracious curves around the hill in front, where still stood some of the grand elms which, even a century before, had awakened the enthusiasm of the owner's visitor. Beyond, on one side, came down to the river's margin a forest of pines which some good fortune, in shape of a life-long litigation, had spared from the lumberman's axe, and which stood like an army guarding the old mansion and its demesnes, and screening them from the encroachments of modern, pushing life.

On the other side, the hill ran down again to the water's edge, the slope covered with apple trees which now stood waist deep in snow.

Behind, huddled close to the house, were a number of out-buildings in a state of advanced dilapidation, and yet behind these the hill rose nobly a straight slant of nearly half a mile, its crest, where once the avenue had wound, crowned with a fine row of elms and maples, a buttress and defence against

the double storm of the north wind and the casual tourist.

Moreover, the original architect had known his business, or, at least, had known enough to give the owner excellent ideas, for the house was a perfect example of the Colonial architecture which seems to have blown across the country a century and a half ago like the breath of a classical spring, leaving in its path the traces of a classical genius which had its inspiration on the historic shores of the Ægean and the Mediterranean. From foundation to peaked roof with its balustrade, in form and proportion, through every detail of pillar and moulding and cornice, it was altogether charming and perfect.

I became suddenly aware that my cousin's eyes had been on my face for some time. She had been enjoying my surprise and delight.

"Well, what do you think of it?"

"It is charming—altogether charming."

"I thought you would like it."

"Like it! Why, it is a work of genius. That architect, whoever he was——"

"Helped to clarify the ideas of the owner."

"Helped to clarify! This is the work of a man of genius, I say."

"His name was Hamilton. He built it and owned it."

As we came out of the house and plunged around to the long-closed front door to take another look at the beautiful façade, my cousin gave an exclamation.

"Why, here is a rose, all wrapped up and protected." She was bending over it as if it had been a baby in its cradle, a new tone in her voice. "It is the only sign of care about the whole place. I wonder what kind it is?"

"I guess that's F'lissy Good'in's rose-bush," said Mr. Freeman, who had followed us in our tour of inspection, now with an inscrutable look of reserve, now with one of humorous indulgence.

"Who is F'lissy Goodwin?" asked Mrs. Davison, still bending over the twist of straw.

"She's one of 'em—she's the one as lives down the road a piece in that little old house under the hill you saw."

"Does anyone live in that house!"

"Waal, if you call it livin'. She stays there anyway. She wouldn't go to the new home—preferred to stay right here, and

comes up and potters around—I al'ays heard she had a rose-bush."

"Oh! She has a new home? Why on earth doesn't she go there?" questioned Mrs. Davison.

The driver's eyes blinked. "Guess she didn't like the com'ny. That's what th' call the poor-house." His eyes blinked again, this time with satisfaction at my cousin's ignorance. "They might's well ha' let her stay on up here. She wa'nt flighty enough to do any harm, and she'd ha' taken as good care of the house as anyone. But they wouldn't." His tone expressed such entire acquiescence that Mrs. Davison asked, "Who would not?"

"Oh, them others. They had the right, and they wouldn't; so she's lived down there ever since I knew her. All the others 're dead now—she's sort o' 'the last leaf on the tree.'"

The quotation seemed suddenly to lift him up to a new level.

My cousin's face had grown softer and softer while he was speaking.

"Poor old thing! Could I help her?"

"Waal, I guess you could if you wanted to."

"I do. Couldn't you give her something for me?"

"I guess I could, but you'd better get somebody else to do it. She'd want to know where it come from, and I d'n' know 's she'd take it if she knew it come from you as is buyin' the place."

"Oh! I see. But you need not tell her it came from me. You might give it to her as from yourself?"

It was the one mistake she made. His face hardened.

"Waal, no, I couldn't do that."

My cousin saw her error and apologized. He said nothing, but he softened.

"Miss Hewitt might do it. She's the one as hunts 'em up and helps 'em."

"Well, then I will get her to do it for me. She will know how."

"She knows how to do a good many things," observed Mr. Freeman quietly.

III

AFTER this I knew that nothing would keep my cousin from buying the place if she could get it, and so in truth it turned out. After some negotiating, in which

every edge was made to cut by the sellers, the deal was closed and the Hamilton place with all its "improvements, easements, appurtenances and hereditaments," became hers and her heirs' forever. No child with a new toy was ever more delighted.

I received one evening an imperative message: "Pray come immediately," and on my arrival I knew at once that my cousin had gotten the place. Her eyes were dancing and all of her old spirit appeared to have come back. The flush of youth was on her cheeks. I found the big library table covered with photographs of the place and house, inside and out, and if there was a spot not covered by a photograph it held a book on gardening.

"Well, I have it."

"Or them," I observed quietly.

"Them?" with a puzzled look. "Never mind! I know it's an insult, though I do not know just how. Well, I have sent for you. I want——"

"My advice?"

"—You to carry out my ideas."

"How do you know I will?"

"Come, do not talk nonsense. Of course you will." She began to sketch her views rapidly and clearly in a way that showed a complete comprehension of the case.

"The house is to be done just this way. And the grounds are to be restored as they were. All these old buildings are to be removed." She was speaking with a photograph in her hand showing the decrepit stables—"these which are recent excrescences pulled down, this moved back to its old site under the hill down there—and here is to be the garden just where it was—and as it was. See, here is the description."

She took from the table a small volume bound in red, and opened it.

"Here is an old letter written by my grandfather a hundred years ago, giving his impressions of the place when he visited it:

"Here I am in the province of Maine, where I arrived a few days ago, expecting to find myself in a foreign land. Imagine my surprise when I discovered that the place and the people are more like those among whom I was brought up in my youth than in any other part of New England which I have visited. Of course, I

am speaking of its appearance in the summer, for this is July, and it might be early June. . . ."

"You don't want all this—he gives simply a description of the distinction in classes which he was surprised to find here—'many of the families having their coats of arms and other relics of the gentry-class.' Ah! here it is. Here is the description:

"I was invited to Colonel H.'s and he sent down for me his barge manned by a half dozen sturdy fellows, just as might have been sent from Shirley or Rosewell or Brandon; and on my arrival I found the Colonel awaiting me on the great rock which dispenses with any need for a pier, except a float and a few wooden steps.

"He has one of the pleasantest seats which I have found in all my travels—a house which, though not large, would have done justice to any place in Maryland or Virginia, and which possesses every mark of good taste and refinement. It fronts to the south and is bathed in sunlight the whole day long.

"The garden immediately caught my attention, and I think I might say I never saw more beautiful flowers, which surprised me, for I had an idea that this region produced little besides rocks and Puritanical narrowness: of which more anon. The garden lies at the back of the house, beginning on a level, with formal borders and grass-walks where the turf is kept as beautiful as any that I ever saw in England, and where there is every variety of flower which Adam and Eve could have known in their garden. In the first place, roses—roses—roses! Then all the rest: Rush-leaved daffodils, the jonquilles—"narcissi," the Colonel's sister calls them; phlox of every hue; hollyhocks, peonies, gillies—almost all that you have. Then the shrubbery!—lilacs, syringas, meadowsweet, spiræa, and I do not know how many more. I could not get over the feeling that they had all been brought from home. Indeed, I saw a fat robin sitting in a lilac bush that I am sure I saw at home two months ago, and when I bowed to him he nodded to me, so I know he is the same. On the land-side the garden slopes away suddenly into an untilled stretch of field where the wild flowers grow in unrivalled profusion. This the Colonel's sister calls her "wild garden." A field of daisies looked as if it were covered

with snow. An old fellow with a face wrinkled and very like a winter apple, told me that one "Sir William Pepperil brought them over, and that is the reason you don't find 'em anywhere else but here." I did not tell him of my friend the robin.

"By the way, the Colonel's sister is a very charming young lady—dark hair, gray eyes with black lashes, a mouth which I think her best feature, and a demure air. She is so fond of her garden that I call her "Hortensia",,"

"What's that?"

My cousin broke into a silvery laugh. "You know now where I got my name. But I don't think my grandmother ever quite forgave her."

She closed the book.

"Now, you see what I want—to restore it exactly as it was, and only to add what will carry out this idea."

"Are you going to have a gardener?"

"Of course——"

"A landscape gardener?"

"Yes, of course! And a man to furnish the house by contract—and another to get my pictures for me!" Her nose was turned up, and she was chopping out her words at me.

"Well, you need not be so insulted."

"I told you I wanted to *restore* it."

"I only wanted to know how much in earnest you are."

"Well, you put one new thing in that house, not in keeping with the idea I have, and you will know."

IV

WITH the first opening of spring my cousin was at work on her "restoration." She had the good sense to select as her head workman—for she would have no contractor either in or out of the house—a local carpenter—an excellent man. But even with this foresight it must be said that her effort at restoration was not received with entire approbation by her new neighbors. The gossip that was brought to her—and there was no little of it—informed her that they considered her incoming as an intrusion, and regarded her with some suspicion and a little disdain. Some of them set out evidently to make it very clear to her that they did not propose to let her

interfere in any way with their habits and customs. They were "as good as she was," and they meant her to know it.

In time, however, as she pushed on with her work, always good-natured and always determined, she began to make her way with them. Silas Freeman stood her in good stead, for he became her fast friend.

"She is rather citified," he agreed, "but she can't help that, and she beant a bit airified."

I was present on an occasion when one of the first evidences of her gradual breaking into the charmed circle came. The work on the house was progressing rapidly. Rotted pediments, broken window frames, unsound cornices, lost spindles, being replaced by their exact counterparts; each bit that needed renewal or repair being restored with absolute fidelity under her keen eyes. And all the time she was rummaging around through the country picking up old furniture and articles that dated back and belonged to the time when her grandfather had visited the place. No child ever enjoyed fitting up a baby-house more keenly than she enjoyed fitting up this.

It was really beginning to show the effect of her tact and zeal. She had actually gotten two or three rooms finished and furnished, and had moved in, "the better to see, my dear," she said to me. "Besides, I know very well that the only way to get workmen out of a house is to live them out. I mean to spend this summer here."

Outside, too, the work was progressing favorably, though the frost was scarcely out of the ground. The rickety buildings were all removed from her cherished ground "where once the garden smiled," and she was only awaiting a favorable season to lay out her garden and put in her seeds and slips, which were already being gotten ready.

It was one of those Sunday afternoons in April when Spring announces that she has come to pay you a visit, and leaves her visiting card in bluebirds and dandelions. The bluebirds had been glancing about the lawn all day, making dashes of vivid color against the spruces, and even a few robins had been flitting around, surveying the land and spying out choice places. Dandelions were beginning to gleam in favored spots, and a few green tufts were peeping up where jonquils had, through all discouragement.

ments, lived to shake their golden trumpets in sheltered places.

My cousin had enjoyed it all unspeakably. She had moved all day like one in a trance, with softened eyes and gentle voice. Before going to church she had, with her own hands, unwrapped the rose-bush she had observed on her first visit, and I heard her bemoaning its poor starved condition. "Poor thing—you are the only real old occupant," I heard her murmur. "You shall have new soil and I hope you will live."

V

THE afternoon had been perfect and the sun had just stolen across toward the top of the western hill and was sending his light across the yard, tinging the twigs of the apple trees with a faint flush of pink, and we were watching the lengthening shadows when I became aware that there was someone standing in the old disused road just outside the yard. She was an old woman, and there was something so calm about her that she seemed herself almost like one of the shadows. She was dressed in the plainest way: an old black dress, now faded to a dim brown, a cape of antique design and appearance, in which a faint green under the arms alone showed that it, too, had once been black, a little old bonnet over her thin gray hair, which was smoothed down over her ears in a style of forty years before.

"There is someone," I said in a low tone. "Isn't she quaint?"

My cousin, seeing that she was a poor woman, moved down the slope toward her.

"Good afternoon," she said gently.

"Afternoon"—with a little shift of her position which reminded me of a courtesy.

"Air you Miss Davison?"

"Yes, I am Mrs. Davison."

"The one 't bought the place?"

"Yes, I am that one. Can I do anything for you?" The tone of her voice was so kind that the old woman seemed to gain a little courage.

"Well, I thought I'd come up and see you a moment this Sabbath afternoon."

"Won't you come up and see the sunset?"

"Well, thank you—perhaps I will, if it will not discompose you."

My cousin smiled at her quaint speech.

As she came up the slope I saw her small, sunken eyes sweep the grounds before her and then rest on the rose-bush which my cousin had unwrapped that day.

"It is so beautiful from this terrace," pursued my cousin.

"Yes, it is," said the visitor. She stood and gazed at the sky a moment, then glanced half furtively at the house and about the grounds, and again her eyes rested on the rose-bush. Her faded weather-beaten face had grown soft.

"I have seen it very often from this spot. I used to live here."

"You did! Well, won't you walk into the house and take a cup of tea? I had just ordered tea for my cousin and myself."

The visitor gave me a somewhat searching look. "Well, perhaps I will, thank you." As she followed my cousin in she crossed over to the side of the walk where the rose-bush was, and her wrinkled and knotted old hand casually touched it as she passed.

My cousin went off to see about the tea, and I was left with our visitor. She was pitifully shabby and worn-looking as she sat there, with shrunk shoulders and wrinkled face beaten by every storm of adversity, and yet there was something still in the gray eyes and thin, close-shut lips of the unconquerable courage with which she had faced defeat. She was too dazed to say much, but her eyes wandered in a vague way from one point to another, taking in every detail of the repair and restoration. The only thing she said was, "My!—My!" under her breath.

When my cousin returned and took her seat at the little tea-table with its silver service, the old lady simply sat passive and dazed, and to the polite questions of the former she answered rather at random.

Yes, she was a girl when she lived there. Her grandfather had left her the right to use one of the upstairs rooms, but "they" would not let her have it. They did not like her to come on the place, so she didn't come much.

"My! wasn't the tea good—so sweet and warmin'?"

Every now and then she became *distracted* and vague. She appeared to have something on her mind or to be embarrassed by my presence, so I rose and strolled over to a window, and from there over toward the

door. As I passed I heard her state timidly the object of her visit.

"I heard as you were a-goin' to dig up everything and set out fresh ones, so I came to ask you, if you had no particular use for it and were goin' to dig it up anyway, if you wouldn't let me have that old rose-bush by the walk. I'd like to take it up and carry it up to the graveyard——"

"Of course, you may have it——"

"You see, that's the only thing I ever owned!" pursued the visitor.

I saw my cousin give a deep and sudden intake of her breath, and turn her head away, and after a grab at her skirt her hand went up to her face. The old woman went on quietly:

"I thought I'd write to you, and ask you about it; but then I didn't—. It wasn't just convenient."

"Of course, you—m——" My cousin could not get out the words. There was a second of silence and then with shameless and futile mendacity she declared that she had "such a bad cold." She rose and dashed out of the room, saying to me with a wave of her hand as she passed:

"Tell her, Yes."

When she returned to the room she had a fresh handkerchief in her hand and her eyes were still moist.

Before the old woman left, it was all arranged. The rose-bush was to be moved whenever Miss Goodwin wished it; but meantime, as the best season for moving it had not come, my cousin was to take care of it for Miss Goodwin, and Miss Goodwin herself was to come up and look after it whenever she wished, and was certainly to come once a week.

"Well, I am sure I am very much obliged to you," said the old woman, who suddenly appeared much inspired. "I never would have ventured to do it if I hadn't heard you were going to dig up everything anyhow, and I wouldn't have asked *them* in any case, not if they had lived till Judgment Day."

When Miss Goodwin rose to go, my cousin suggested that we should walk down with her, and as we started out she handed me several parcels and I saw that she herself had as many more.

At the door of her dark little habitation Miss Goodwin showed some signs of nervousness. I think she was a little bit afraid

we might insist on coming in. My cousin, however, relieved her.

"Here are a few little things—tea and coffee and sugar and—just a few little things. I thought they might taste a little better coming out of the old house, you know." She was speaking at the rate of two hundred words a minute.

"Well——"

When we were out of earshot I waited for her to begin, but she walked on in silence with her handkerchief doubled in her hand.

"Your cold seems pretty bad!" I said.

"Oh, don't!" she cried with a wail.

"That poor little half-starved rose-bush!" she sobbed. "The only thing she ever owned! And she didn't even have a stamp to write and ask me not to throw it away! I wish I could give her the house."

"What would she do with it?"

"Make 'them' feel badly!" she cried with sudden vehemence.

VI

ALL that spring and summer my duties in the way of helping my cousin to "clarify her ideas" took me from time to time to Hamilton Place, and every week Miss Goodwin used to come to look after her "estate," as the rose-bush was now dubbed. Under the careful treatment of my cousin's gardener, watched over by my cousin's hawk eyes, the rose-bush appeared to have gotten a new lease of life, and under the belated sunshine of my cousin's friendliness and sympathy the faded mistress also quite blossomed out.

Every week she came in to tea, and my cousin, with her tact, drew her on to sit at the tea-table and pour tea.

The crowning event of her life was the house-warming that my cousin gave to the neighbors. They were all there, and possibly among them were some whom, as my cousin had said, she would have liked to make feel badly. Whatever the motive, my cousin invited Miss Goodwin to pour tea, and to her mind, not Solomon in all his glory was arrayed like her, in her new black dress with a real breastpin.

For some time she had been coming every day to help about things, but much of her time was spent in pothering about the rose-bush, watching two buds that were

really beginning to give promise of becoming roses.

They "all knew now" that the rose-bush was hers, and she wanted "them to see that it had roses on it." They had said "it weren't of no account."

The day of the event she came early. The summer night had been kind. The buds were real roses. She spent much of the day looking at them. No matter what she was doing she went out every few minutes to look at them, and each time my cousin watched her secretly with delight.

Suddenly, toward afternoon, just when the guests were expected, I heard my cousin give a cry of anguish: "She is crazy! She is cutting them!" She rushed to the door to stop her. On the threshold she met Miss Goodwin. She was pale, but firm and a trifle triumphant.

"Oh! What have you done?" cried my cousin.

Miss Goodwin became a little shy.

"They are the only things I have, and I would have liked you to wear them if you had not been in black; so I thought I would put them in a vase for you."

"I will wear one and you shall wear the other," said my cousin, "and then I will press mine and keep it."

I shall never forget the expression on Miss Goodwin's face.

"Me?—My!—" with a deep intaking of her breath. "Why, I haven't worn a rose in fifty-four years!"

I have reason to think she understated it.

My cousin took one of the roses—the prettier of the two—and without a word pinned it on her.

When the guests arrived it was interesting to watch Miss Goodwin. At first she was all a-flutter. Her face was pale even through the weather-beaten tint of her faded cheek, and her eyes followed Mrs. Davison with mute appeal. But in a little space she recovered her self-possession; her head rose; her pallor gave way to something that was almost color, and she helped my cousin with what was quite an air.

My cousin could not have done a cleverer thing.

Silas Freeman expressed the general judgment. When he was bidding her good-by he said, with a kindly light in his eyes, "Weäll, I guess you was about right in that thing you said that time."

"What was that?"

"That you wa'n't altogether city folks."

A SONG OF MOTHERHOOD

By Martha Gilbert Dickinson

As my own mother used to comfort me—

Kissing the tears away—

Holding me close—aye, all too close for sobs,

I hold thee, little dear one, close to-day!

Calming my older pain, by stilling thine—

As mothers only know—

My heart-break lost in thine, as hers in mine—

Long ago, little dear one, long ago.

As thou in turn, a woman grown and wise—

Shall kiss, as I kiss now,

Finding the sunrise ever in thy child,

Even thou, little dear one, even thou!

DAWN

By Katharine Holland Brown

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. WALTER TAYLOR



"Is it that you would make a jest of me, M'sieu?"

Prosper's tone grew keenly plaintive. He swept the straits, ice-barred, flashing white in the blind November sunlight, with brown eloquent palms. "That one should desire to camp in midwinter upon the Great Bear, that isle désolé, to live in that cabin of logs, with the chinks so gran' that the snow shall sift in upon you like feathers, to feed upon these meats of tin, these horrors, to sit all day and behold' only the sun, the storm; to hear at night but the lament of these misérables, the pines——"

"I've told you my plans already. Come on." Benedict swung the heavy bag over his shoulder and tried the ice with an unsteady foot. It rang beneath his shuffling stamp like a floor of polished steel.

"But the air! It is of a chill to wither, M'sieu. And there remains no game, nothing but a partridge, a starved hare, perhaps. And the ice is as the crust of the world. It will freeze again while that you may chop one hole for the fishing. Moreover, consider! This solitude most horrible!"

"Hoist that roll of blankets, Prosper."

Prosper's shrug ran the gamut of perplexities, rebukes, afflictions. "And I am bind myself as guide to this maniac for the month!" he muttered wrathfully. "Qu'c'est imbécile!"

Benedict, already staggering ahead beneath his pack, heard and laughed out. Two fools together they were, of a surety. Then, at the sound of his own voice, he stopped, panic-stricken; he blinked about him fearfully; his grip slackened on the heavy pack. Supposing They had heard him! Supposing They had seen!

He looked behind. His pinched gray face, his big wavering body, even, seemed to shrink, to concentrate to a focus of dread, all staring listening nerves. But there was nothing to fear; only a white harbor town, winter-sealed, its frosted

roofs-a-glitter, smoke rising in thin amethystine curls from the red chimneys. Beyond, the pines reared their solemn ramparts; before it, far as dazzled eye might follow, blazed the lake, ribbed in ice from rim to heart, a sea of glass and fire. A long cloud-rack drifted across the sun; dimmed like mist upon a shield, the lake fell violet, amber, rose, an answering heaven of radiances. Benedict shifted his pack; his dry lips relaxed. No wonder he was startled at his own laugh, he told himself apologetically, kicking back at the fears that hounded him. It was a good while since he had heard it. Up here he could laugh all he liked, thank the Lord. Up here he could breathe—he could let go!

He rubbed his hand against his head; it seemed as though the strap that had tightened across his temples all these months loosened a little. However, it would never slacken completely, they had told him. He trotted on, stumbling over the rough ice; he spoke their verdict over to himself again and again, stolidly, patiently, as though he would fit his slipping wits to the meter of the truth. "——out-door life—freedom from responsibility—no more close application—'Broken china, my dear Doctor! Broken china!'"

No more close application! Good God, what was life for?

He ground his teeth at the mockery of it: his heart sickened within him. Was it for this that he had spent himself, body and soul, on the science that was as the breath of his being? What if he had overworked? Men had overworked before, then doubled on their traces and dodged Retribution. But he had strung his powers to the breaking place for so long, so the physicians had explained, laboring to ease the blow. There were those five years in Leipsic, without a month of rest; there were the seven years in Bellevue, when he tramped the wards by day and slaved in his laboratory by night, and wrote at his book when he should have stopped for breath. Then came the ten years when he added a mounting snowball

of private practice to his work as head surgeon of a great railway. That meant the strain of travel, of jarring light on eyes already taxed past endurance, responsibilities that dragged and rasped and harried. He had kept up, though, cool, taut-strung, unfailing, until that day—Ah-h! He had better not remember.

Yet he did remember. He watched with gruesome amusement as the scroll of his shame unrolled before him. He had watched it so many times, in beating agony, in dull endurance! He could afford to be calm, now. It was all over and done with.

He saw the wide amphitheatre, the ranks of students leaning silent, watchful, their notebooks shut, unheeded. The internes stood at his elbow, fresh as young priests in their blanched linen; the nurses waited silent on his word. Beneath his hand, for life or for death, lay the patient, a bearded Russian, gray-white under the ether; he himself was working at the broad, hairy throat, his fingers sliding with wizard lightness, his low voice checking off orders, unhurried, swift. He was completing the operation; he was tying the last tiny artery—Ugh! Where could that blue fog come from?

He brushed an impatient hand across his eyes. The room darkened slowly; probably a thunder-storm was coming up. He stooped to the patient; his fingers opened—shut—opened. What in the world possessed his hands that they would not grip? The blue haze shut in thicker, thicker; the patient's face was a wan blur.

He turned furiously to the nearest interne. "Turn on the electrics!" he said harshly. The man gaped back at him, a sick face of bewilderment. He spoke again: then he knew that from his lips came only a senseless gurgle. They were pushing close around him now, internes, nurses, all staring, white-lipped. From the galleries there rang down to him a great cry: horror, pity unutterable. And as he would have thrust them back in a rage of explanation, with lips that could not move, with hands that fell open, lax as the hands of the dying, his Night had closed down upon him.

He would be well again, they had promised him, when, after long months, he had learned to walk and to speak once more. Assuredly he was well again, he reflected

whimsically. His muscles were ungoverned, his sight was dimmed, his hands shook without ceasing; but he could eat and sleep, and carry a pack of half his own weight. What more could a man ask? He had laughed in their faces when they had told him gently that he could never practice again: the memory of their stare at the note of his laughter made him cringe now. At any rate, he was not mad—not yet. However, it might be hard to convince them of that. They had been disgustingly obstinate about other things. So he had stolen away up here, his place of sanctuary on his one other vacation, ten years ago. Up here he could breathe—he could let go!

"Regard our palace!" sniffed Prosper, with a flourish. A log hut, banked to the sills in powdery snow, its tiny deep-set panes all gold-leaf in the westering light, stood close to the shore. Benedict answered faintly; Prosper glanced round, then dropped his pack and dragged the exhausted man up the beach and into the low door. Benedict yielded to his deft care with the stupid docility so hardly learned through these slow months of torturing dependence. Perhaps this had been the bitterest cup; he, always giver, to bow his head and receive!

Later, he lay in his bunk, lapped in the double luxury of warmth and silence, while Prosper flickered velvet-shod about the cabin. Within there shone no light save the deepening hearth-glow; through the port-hole window at his feet he looked out on the still winter world, hushed beneath the solemn magic of the frost. Away to the westward stretched the ice, a bleak gray sea, ridged in unmoving waves. Above a few stars twinkled, high and clear. And the blue of the far night sky was the blue of an arch of steel.

"I wonder if there are any home stars on this forsaken coast," muttered Benedict. This vast, impassive splendor chafed and daunted him. He stood an awed pygmy before this sovereignty of night and sea, un pitying, remote. "You, Prosper! Are there any other Arcadians loose on this isle désolé? Anybody that breathes, but the owls and the foxes?"

"Neighbors? Of a truth, yes, M'sieu. Regard to your left, on the shore of Sundered Island. Le voilà!"

The spark of light across the dip of the bay glimmered so faint, it might have been but another star. But its gleam was the golden shine of a hearth, not the cold, white glitter of far suns.

"This is the cabin of the old McAlister, himself as is keeper of harbor lights for the Government. There lives he, even through the winter; also his son Angus, and Twonnet, the wife of his son. And with her now is Nanna Saugier;—half-breed, yes; but woman of years and of wisdom. Twonnet is possessed of neither, though she has of beauty enough and to spare. Ah, this is a fair blossom!"

"Do you mean to tell me there are women living on this God-forsaken place?"

"Assuredly, M'sieu. And the way of it is thus: The old McAlister has remaining to him but this one son, the beloved of his heart. Always has he kept the boy with him, here upon this solitude; always has he kept upon him the eye of a hawk, because of his great love, which fears ever that he may make some friend more dear to him than this father, who so adores him. Jealous? Of a jealousy which would blight, M'sieu; which would shrivel the new leaf upon the tree.

"But the boy has never had thought for another till the year gone, when he has first seen Twonnet—Twonnet Beaupré, she was then. And it is like he has walked in his sleep, all his life; with that first look, he is wake' up. Of a truth, he is h'innocent; he'll go to his father an' tell him all which he is come to feel.

"I must have her for wife,' he'll say. 'She shall be to you daughter and beloved; and to both of us shall she take the place of the mother who is depart'."

"Angry? Ah, but he has of wits, that old one, though he is of the Scotch blood, with the heart as hard as the fist. He has of wisdom to keep silence. The boy knows not the grief which he has given; he goes on, blind in his new joy.

"But his court prospers not. Twonnet loves him, perhaps; but she is all whim. Moreover, she has many suitors; she will not yield to his first prayer. Soon there come cruel words to him, strange sayings of this girl who he adores. Twonnet is orphan and alone; to her there float also all evil reports of the young Angus; and there is none to comfort her. There are long months when

they both suffer; at last, like the white lightning, there comes upon them a knowing of the truth. It is his father, the old Angus, who has sowed these lies, that he may keep them apart.

"Bien, the young Angus has also of the strong will. It is upon the morning of the New Year that this word comes to him. Upon that night he has taken Twonnet, and they have crossed the ice hand in hand to St. Ignace. There the priest has made them man and wife. He has brought her back to his father in the first red of the day.

"Behold my wife, she to whom you owe of love and of honor,' he has said. The old Angus gave him no word. Only he waited. And they tell it that the son's face grew white as Easter snows.

"If that you will cherish her as your own, then am I still your son,' he has spoken on. 'Else we go now and live to you strangers. For we are one flesh. And even you, my father, shall not come between.'

"The old Angus—ah, he was brave! For love of his son he has curbed that fierce tongue, he has tried to do his part. Yet has he of harshness with Twonnet; and she—she may not forgive those words which she believes that he has spoken. Always she strives to lead her man away; always she plans to push father and son apart, to thrust herself between. It is a pity, not so? But c'est Twonnet. And beautiful? Even as the sky at dawn."

"But, Prosper!" Benedict turned impatiently on his bunk. The grim little story had roused him strangely from his wonted apathy. "You don't mean that the man spread those lies about his own son? Or that he slandered an orphan girl, even to keep his boy? It's preposterous!"

Prosper flung both slim palms outward, with a disclaiming shrug. "Who knows, M'sieu? I but tell the tale as it was brought to me. Of a truth, there are many minds upon this thing; and the word passes—M'sieu! Hark!"

Above the purr of the sinking fire they heard the creak of heavy footsteps on the snow. The steps paused outside; a hand fumbled at the latch.

"Prosper! The door!"

Prosper sprang to open it; but the stranger waited not upon courtesy. The



Drawn by F. Walter Taylor.

But there was nothing to fear; only a white harbor town.—Page 182.

latch shrieked upward; the guest entered, bringing in a gust of icy air. He wasted no greeting on either of the men; he ducked his white head that it might not graze the beams, and stared about the room, tranquilly curious, superbly unabashed. His tremendous body, erect as an old fir in its worn bearskins, shouldered the little room till it seemed a cabin of Lilliput. By unerring instinct, Benedict knew him for the man whose name was still warm upon their lips.

is strong. They can smell the bitter winter. They'll be wiser than we, the beasts."

Prosper nipped a glowing coal in the tongs, and offered it to him. He lighted his pipe mechanically, then settled back in the warm stones of the chimney.

"Then it's to be a hard winter?"

"The fur'll be heavy as wool on the squirrels," he said shortly, after a taciturn pause. "There'll be the frost-writin' on the trees, too, shure. If ye know the woods,



Twonnet.

"Sit down and have a pipe with us," he ventured.

The stranger shook his head. "Na, but I'll be afther takin' my breath in the warm," he returned, dragging a stool to the hearth. The brogue was North Ireland: so were the eyes, blue as dark sea-pools under gray hooded brows. But the mouth was true Scotch, harsh-hewn granite.

"Ye're fixed fine an' easy here," he went on, after a long silence. "Ye're thinkin' to hunt, I'll warrant. But there'll be no game left on the Island. They're wise, the beasts. Here it do be on'y the mid of November, an' they're away to the Mainland for pasture, while yet the first freezin'

ye'll read the sign of a black Michaelmas on every bush an' twig."

Benedict laughed drowsily. This talk of the woods came to him like a lost strain of his boyhood. How many years could it be since he had tramped the Vermont hills in the glare of a freezing November sunset, his skates clinking on his shoulder, and had stopped to dig at the maple bark for a guess at the winter's length?

His eyelids fell in a sudden lethargy. Through its gray woof there flickered now and then a word from Prosper, a mutter from the woodsman; and he knew dimly that they spoke of him; yet he had no will to rebuke.



Drawn by F. Walter Taylor.

Benedict knew him for the man whose name was still warm upon their lips.—Page 186.

Presently he felt himself slipping down into the sleep that he had learned to prize so dearly. He yielded with exquisite peace; yet his dulled brain heard and replied to old Angus's gruff parting word.

"So ye'll have been sick, thin! Sure ye've come to the quare place intirely to throw it off, man. But may the saints be good to ye, an' make ye whole!"

And in the deep rest that came to him, there seemed an earnest of the forester's hope.

The world was all adrift in rolling fog, thick as gray smoke, when he awoke again. Prosper bent over the fireplace; savory whiffs of bacon and boiling coffee eddied through the room. He slipped on his clothes and blundered out of doors, then halted on the step, gasping at the shock of the icy air.

"Get along, you coward!" he said savagely. He breathed deep, shuddering from head to foot; his shaken heart leaped and pounded at the strain. But he stumbled on through the creaking snow till he reached the sandy spit which jutted out toward Sundered Island.

As yet the fog loomed soft between a shifting ashen wall. But its dull waves lightened, paling from leaden gray to pearl, from pearl to silver. Faint rainbow iridescence gleamed through its melting billows; then, like a far trumpet-note, the thinning vapor flamed to luminous gold; and in another breath it quivered, faded, vanished, before the might of sunrise.

Now the Strait shone white as a floor of glass. Old Angus's cabin on Sundered Beach stood out sharp and clear. Through this thin, deceptive air the hut seemed within a stone's throw; yet, framed in its wreath of pines, it had the pictured quality of distance. Benedict looked at it indifferently. This long sleep had blunted the memory of the night before, till its story seemed woven in his dreams.

The cabin door opened; there came out the old Angus, then a tall lad, bundled like the father in bearskins, and carrying a light pack. They were starting on a day's lumbering, probably. Benedict watched them with sudden interest. How good it would be to tramp the scented woods, to swing an axe again——

Then he looked down at his flat, nerveless hands. He shut his teeth.

The door opened once more. The younger

man looked back eagerly; the elder turned his back with elaborate indifference, and shaded his eyes to sight across the bay.

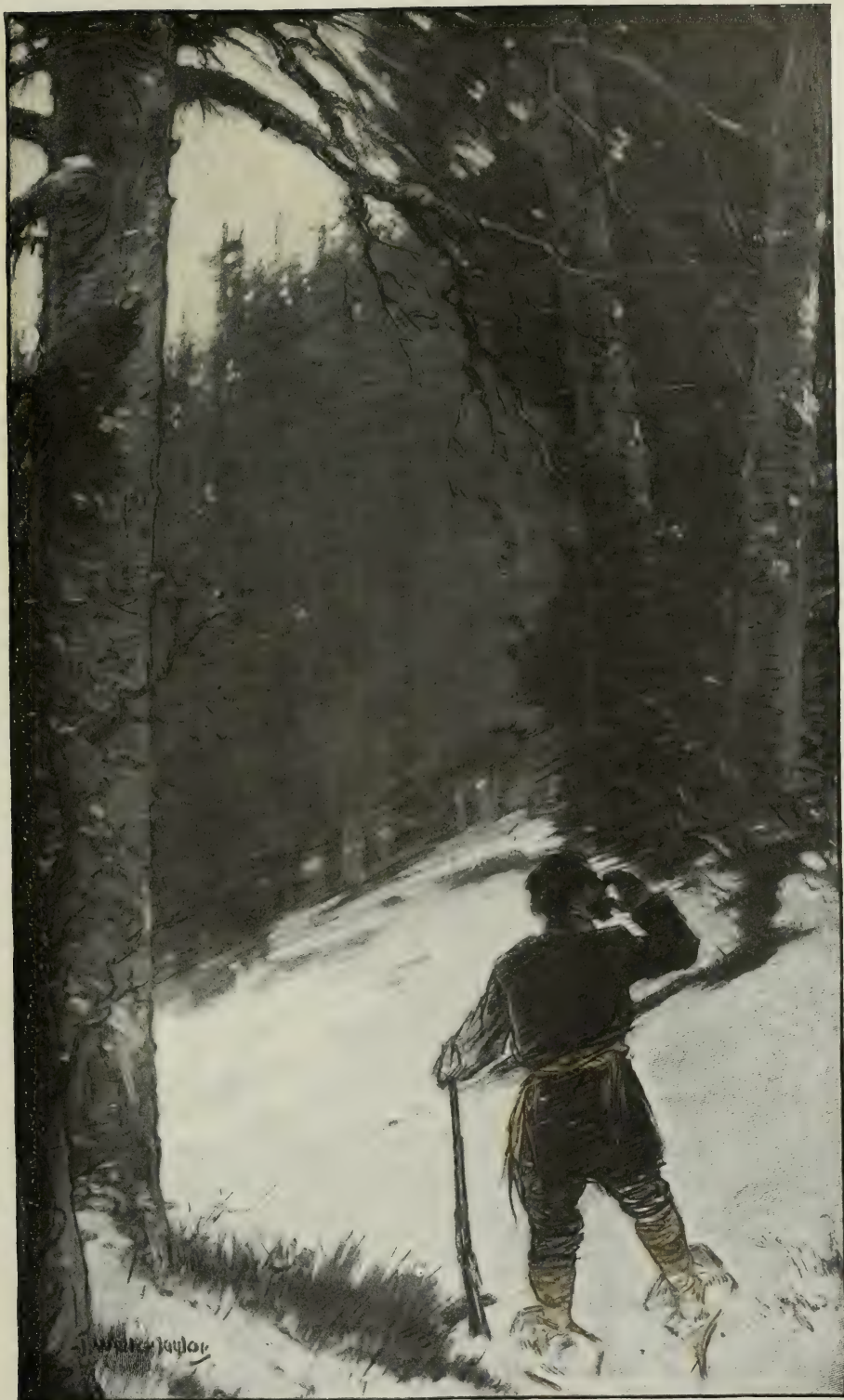
A girl, bare-headed, wrapped in a long red cloak that made a fiery stain against the snow, came down the rough steps. The boy glanced at his father, grim figure of scorn; then, with head bent, as in proud shame, he turned back to the girl and took her in his arms. The red cloak fell away as she put up her hands about his neck. Benedict could catch the sheen of the light on her bronze-gold braids, the white of her round arm. Without a sight of her face, he could vision the loveliness which the young husband stooped to caress. And the father stood his ground, silent, aloof, unseeing.

A great unreasoning pity caught his heart. The story was so clear! Husband and wife, linked in love and closest understanding, soon to be bound by even a dearer tie; and on the verge of their fair world the father, clinging miserably to the one power vouchsafed him in his stripped defeat: the power to give pain.

"As if there wasn't enough agony in the world without their pitching in to make some!" muttered Benedict. The boy had put her gently back, and turned to join the father. Perhaps his was the harsher grief, torn as he was between the two he loved. Yet Benedict's heart went out to the older man. For sorrow is doubly sorrow to him who faces it alone.

The days slid by with eerie swiftness, a conjuror's beads upon his woven cord of shine and gloom. There were the crystal days when lake and cloud, and even island and forest seemed built up of spun glass and glancing light, so fine, so clear, so fragile, that a breath might shatter. There were the dun days of menace, when the ice lay black beneath the heaving night of the sky, and the pines sighed like plumed mutes stooping above a bier. There were the white fog mornings, when the sunlight melted through films of rose and gold and milky violet, and to step from the cabin was to step into the heart of a vast opal. There were the hoar-frost mornings, with every twig a pearl.

To Benedict, their glory was a glory dimmed and faint. He had lived too long apart from Nature to yield at once to her spell. Yet there came times when the old charm of crying winds and murmuring



Drawn by F. Walter Taylor.

"The beast knew me for a quitter," he groaned.—Page 190.

forest called aloud in his heart, and roused him, keen and trembling, from his torpor of despair. Then he would struggle out into the white silence, fighting his way inch by inch, hour by hour, against the weakness that dragged upon him like a poisoned cloak. Sometimes he fancied that he felt the pulses of faint returning strength in his numb limbs; more often Prosper, lurking at a safe distance, would appear at the opportune moment and help him home, too exhausted to protest.

Once he took a gun, determined to test eye and hand in marksmanship, incidentally to bring home a brace of rabbits for supper. But his step was heavy, and his wavering grip could not keep the barrel from clashing against the bushes. The game had ample warning; not a rabbit did he see. But as he dragged painfully up a shelving beach, he caught a glimpse of a brown, sleek body, a splendid trailing brush, not forty feet away.

"A red fox—a dandy!" he gasped, bringing his rifle to bear. The beast stopped, eyed him coolly; he felt the gun jerk against his shoulder. Good Lord! was he such a nerveless weakling that he could not muster spirit enough to aim a gun?

The sights danced and glimmered before his eyes. He laid the piece down, took it up, laid it down again; his hands shook like the hands of palsied age. The fox looked at him, unflinching, a moment longer; then it turned and trotted deliberately away. Benedict clutched at the tightening cord about his head.

"The beast knew me for a quitter," he groaned, in helpless fury. There were red sparks in his dulled eyes; the sweat glittered about his twitching mouth. "If I can't rule this big whimpering whelp of a body, I'll sink it! I'll—oh, shut up, you fool, and drink it down!"

So he pushed on, clutching at every straw of hope, as a man who sinks in quicksands clutches even the frail reeds upon the bank. But there came hours when even his royal courage crouched before despair. Perhaps the struggle would have been less bitter had there been one to whom he could cry out his agony. But there was none to hear. He sat alone before the ashes of his days.

"Also to-night will be the ball of the eve of Christmas at St. Ignace, M'sieu. Is

it not that you would wish to attend? I am free to bring one guest. You may not have of choice to dance, but it will be a thing magnificent to see."

Benedict smiled at the transparent hint. "Certainly you can go, Prosper. You needn't come back till after Christmas. I'll get along all right."

Curled and scented and stunning, Prosper stalked away, pouring forth vows of eternal gratitude. Benedict cooked his own supper and washed the dishes, clumsily enough, yet with a quaint pride in being able to accomplish this primitive duty. Then he took a book and settled down for a quiet evening. But the time dragged. Prosper's chatter was tedious enough; but even tedious things have their ballast of compensation.

Presently warmth and silence had their will. The book slid from his hands; he drifted comfortably into the doze which came nowadays, instead of the torpor of the months past. Yet he slept soundly, for shouts and blows on the heavy door did not arouse him. Not till old Angus burst the latch from its casing and hurled himself into the room did he awaken.

"In God's name, man, have ye no ears? Come!"

Old Angus's grip shut fiercely on his shoulder. The terror in the old man's voice startled him more than the rough summons.

"What's up, McAlister? Anything happened?"

"Anything happened?" McAlister's voice rose in a shriek. He stood trembling from head to foot; he snatched at Benedict's hands with an anguished gesture. "Happened, is it? Here's me boy, gone to the Mainland the mornin' for to get a bit Christmas for Twonnet. He'll be back to-morra, he says, for the big cracks make it dangerous, crossin' the Strait by night. To-night Nanna must fall on the steps, an' scream for the scare of it. She'll not be hurt, but the noise an' the cry has frightened Twonnet, an'—Man, her Hour is come! Ye're a docther; go back to her, whiles I find my son. For if she slips away whiles he is from her, there'll be no livin' left for him—nor me."

"I'll go to the Mainland with you," said Benedict, hoarsely. "We'll bring a doctor from there. Nonsense, I can't take a case

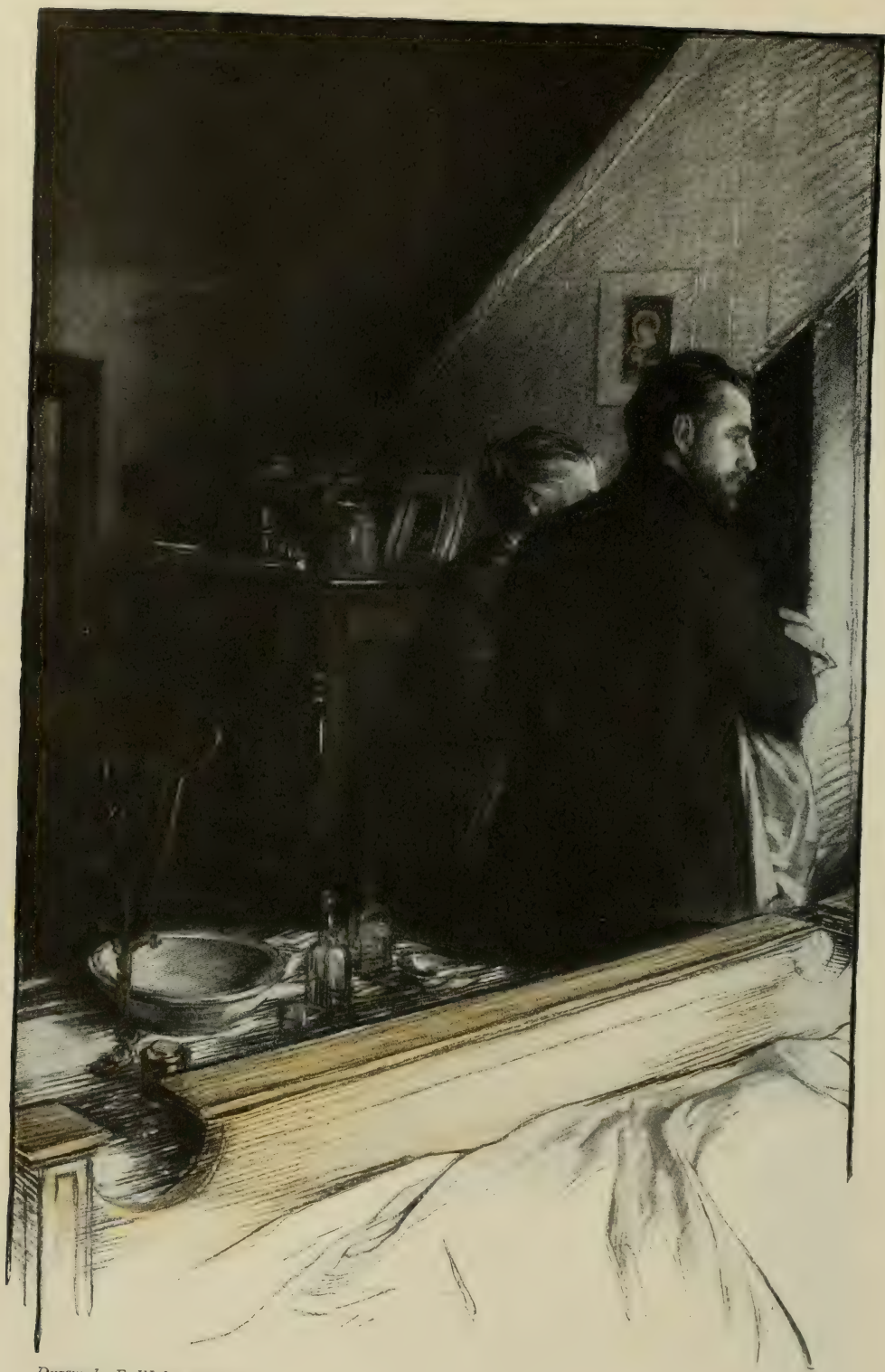


Prosper.

like that. Good Lord, man, you don't know what you're asking! Look here." He thrust his twitching hands before the other's face. "I'm sick, I tell you. I wouldn't risk it for the world. What if I killed her? It's no more than likely. Let me alone, I say. I won't. I can't!"

"Ye've got to go!" the old voice shrilled out, frantic. "Bring a Mainland doctor? The breath will be gone from her by midnight, man. I'm all that's left to care for her, an' now she'll die on my

hands—me, what's grieved and thwarted her all her days. But niver did I say the word that was brought to her. Niver! I'm a hard man, but God forbid that I speak one lyin' word again' a helpless woman, though she's stole the heart of me life. But she'd niver believe but that I'd spoke it. An' my brute pride wouldna let me tell her the truth. She's come a'tween me an' my son"—his voice broke in a great sob—"but I'd give him up to her, body an' soul, if I could forget the harsh words



Drawn by F. Walter Taylor.

In the gray of the Christmas morning, he knew himself conqueror.—Page 193.

I've spoke her, an' she in the face of her Time. An' oh, the brave heart of her! The brave heart of her!"

They stumbled on across the ridged ice, gripping each other mechanically. Benedict's heart pounded and quivered; but for the old man's grasp, he would have pitched over again and again.

"We don't need to stop here!" he gasped as they reached McAlister's cabin. "Let's go on. We haven't a minute to spare."

"Ye haven't a minute to spare, ye mean," said the old man, roughly. "Hush, now!" For Benedict, frenzied at his unspoken demand, was praying and commanding in a breath. "Ye'll go to her an' ye'll do yir best. No human being can do more. Man!" The furious protests died on Benedict's lips at that note of agony. "Her life lies in yir hands now. An' my soul goes out if ye lose it!"

He thrust Benedict inside the door and plunged away. The ring of his footsteps on the ice echoed a moment, then was gone.

Benedict stood staring at the fire. The room eddied and swam in darkling circles. He reeled on the brink of panic. The horror of his impotence, the shame of his collapse, swept over him in drowning waves. The old man's cry beat in shrieking echoes upon his brain:

"Her life—in your hands—And my soul!"

All at once his frantic terror subsided; he lashed his staggering wits into line with the whip of merciless will. "It's no good trying to bolt," he found himself saying, very quietly, as though he strove to hearten another. "There's no way out. Either you pull up—or they lose her. You're up against it. Go on. Keep your whip-handle. You're half blind, that's a fact. And your hands are no good. And your nerve's gone. But you're up against it. Go on. Go on!"

Through the black hour that followed, the words swung like a steadying weight within his brain. But soon they melted from his thought, forgotten. And thus he forgot all things, save this task that he must do.

He was no longer racked with pity for the old man in his horror of remorse. He had no thought for the poor young husband stumbling on through the darkness, and clutching to his breast the pitiful little

gift which his love might never see. He was a machine once more, splendid, unerring, pitiless. Old Nanna, still dazed by her fall, yet wise in her obedience, stood to his quiet orders; and side by side, through the endless night, together they fought with Death.

In the gray of the Christmas morning, he knew himself conqueror. He laid the baby in her arms, and smiled back at her pale delight. Then he slipped from the cabin to the wide, dark silence. The lake was a black shield; the stars hung poised and trembling, mysteriously bright, on a high auroral sky.

Up the beach crept two dusky figures, reeling, exhausted, hurrying, hurrying on. Benedict did not recognize them. He was not relaxed to the point where his thoughts could reach beyond that shadowed room. Yet when young Angus gripped his arm, his face a wrung mask of dread, he answered him with swift reassurance:

"Everything's all right. Go in, but keep quiet. She's waiting for you."

Old Angus, haggard, shame-stricken, caught the low word. He sank on the bench outside the door; his rough head fell in the covert of his arms.

Benedict laid his hand lightly on his shoulder. "Brace up, McAlister. Can't you face good news? Besides, she'll be wanting you in a minute, too."

"Wantin' me!" The old man stood up; his hard face broke and quivered. "An' why should she be after wantin' me, the man who has teased an' harried her, who's grudged her her happiness——"

His voice trailed away into silence. For through the half-open door came a low summons. Twonnet's voice; no longer edged with taunt, sweet with the ineffable sweetness of her mother-joy.

"Is it that you will not come to behold your gift of Christmas, this little Angus, mon père, mon ami?"

Benedict laughed out tenderly as the old man, struck to the heart, turned and blundered in. The sound recalled some vague harassing thought. A recollection?—a fantasy?

He pressed his hands against his head. What was that dream that had haunted him last night, many nights, of a knotted thong that bound him, ever tightening? For now he knew no pain; and his thoughts

followed one upon another, marshalled, orderly. He picked a dry leaf from the oak near by and looked at it intently. The tracery of veins, the shadings fine as a moth's wing, were clear to his sight as though etched in steel. He walked a few rods; his steps rang clear and steady upon the frozen ground.

Then a great, quiet wonder came upon him. He stopped and looked down at his bare outstretched hands. And they were calm.

He turned to the low kindling East. A light wind sighed and drifted; softly the

pinetrees intoned their high rejoicing chant. He looked deep into the crystal of the miracle: his lost life, given back to him entire and perfect, its every noble power his to use once more. The craft of cunning hand; the majesty of sight; the supreme might of trained unshaken brain, strong, confident, unfailing. It was all his, this prince's inheritance. Ah, gift of gifts, the strength to toil once more!

And over the ramparts of the hills, hushed in the peace of victory, lifted the white oriflamme of the Day.

SUNDAY IN TOWN

By Caroline Duer

I

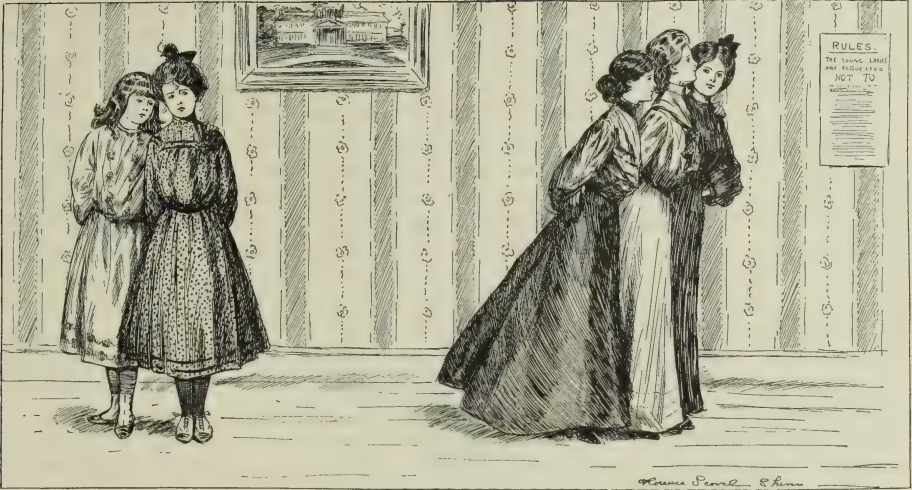
THE sun is misty yellow and the sky is hazy blue,
 And the chime-bells ring out quaintly,
 Near and deeply, fair and faintly,
 Each one following its fellow in an echo clear and true.
 Through the streets, clean-swept for leisure,
 Many feet make haste toward pleasure,
 And the sound is as the rustling of the leaves in paths we knew.
 How I wish I were a-walking in the Autumn woods with you!

II

Oh, the fragrance of the hollows that the little brooks ran through!
 Oh, the scarlet maples burning
 Like a torch at every turning,
 On the way my spirit follows in a dream forever new,—
 Where from quiet, distant meadows,
 Dim beneath the mountain shadows,
 Came the clank of swinging cow-bells down the softest wind that blew.
 Oh, I wish I were a-walking in the Autumn woods with you!

III

We have had our fill of roving where spring blossoms bound the view.
 We have played in young Romances,
 Danced the nymph-and-shepherd dances;
 Now the Summer of our loving glows and throbs about us too.
 In our eye the light yet vernal,
 In our hearts the fire eternal,
 And when time has touched the branches and our rose-leaf days are few,
 Oh, it's then I'd still be walking in life's Autumn woods with you.



Of course those older girls won't have anything to do with us.—Page 196.

THE LEVITATION OF MISS WEEKS

By Josephine Daskam Bacon

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FLORENCE SCOVEL SHINN

I DON'T suppose you have the least idea what levitation means; unless you've ever done it, that is, and then you called it something else, most probably. Anyway, whatever you call it, it's a very strange thing, and stranger if you knew Weeksey. Ben says that if she lives to be an old woman of thirty or forty she shall never forget the sight of poor Weeksey's face as she sailed up in the air. Ben is writing an account of it herself in blank verse, which will probably be very famous, but I am to do it in prose, because poetry is seldom appreciated till after you're dead.

Still, I don't see how anyone could help but appreciate Ben's poetry. Some lines are very fine. Here is a bit about the discovery of the Society just as Miss Weeks was sent up, by that sneak of a Creepy-cat (her name is Katrina Kripsen, and she is supposed to teach the Swedish System):

Oh, then indeed did Weeksey's eyes begin
To roll, and still she held her breath in tight
As she was bidden by the valiant band.
Still up she went and up to-ward the blue.

Of course it was not blue, as it was the ceiling of the cloak-room, which is natu-

rally whitewashed. But as Ben says, if you will look at any poem, you will see that there are a number of things like that in it, even the greatest.

When softly opes the door a little bit,
And more and more, alas for Weeksey poor!
For who is this? Great God, the Creepy-cat!

If anyone thinks that Ben talks that way, they are much mistaken. Of course she wouldn't be allowed to. Why, in translations, you can't say what *mon Dieu* really is. You say "Indeed!" or "What, then!" or "Alas!" according to the sense. Although it seems very strange that if that is what they mean they don't say so, and not something else entirely.

I wanted Ben to say, "Alas, the Creepy-cat!" myself, but she got so awfully mad and talked so much about it that I saw it was no use. Ever since they sat on her composition where the boys came out of school and said "Bully for you," she has been very sensitive about those sort of things. Of course in one way she is perfectly all right—boys *do* say "Bully for you!" we all know that. But still it looks very queer for a girl to write to hand in to a teacher.

So we all begged her to take it out, knowing what the Pie (in other words, Miss Appleby) would think. But, of course, if you know Ben you know how much good we did. That is, none at all.

She said she was writing as an author, not as a girl. So she left it in, because the Pie was a teacher of Literature and must know that an author doesn't necessarily do all the things the characters in his works do. For look at Shakespeare in that case, or Ouida. But of course it was pounced on, and the Pie wrote in red ink on the side, "Change this expression." Then Ben fought it out with her, and asked her what expression the boys would be likely to use, and she said that was not her concern, but she knew what expressions her pupils must not use. Which hadn't anything to do with it, of course; but what could you expect of the Pie? Ben argued it with her all the afternoon, trying to make her see that she wasn't responsible for the way boys talked, but the Pie said at last that she needn't select such subjects, and then Ben had her on the hip, as Shylock says, because the subject was given to us—The First Day of the New Term! Then the Pie got mad and said she had no more time to waste, and Ben got mad, too, and asked her for a list of expressions not allowed to be used by the Elmbank School, and she got a reprimand and had to practise all Wednesday afternoon, more or less.

But to our muttons, as they say in novels.

I don't suppose we should have had any Society at all if it hadn't been for Ben. Whoever does anything by themselves, she finds it out, and if it's worth anything she makes a society right away—she is usually president. We've had a good many, but they don't last especially long, because we begin to scrap very soon and then it splits up, and some of the girls keep splitting away from the first split, if you see what I mean. Eleanor Northrop says that Ben's societies are like the Protestant Reformation in that way—she is sixteen.

She was in one with us once, which is why she knew about them, for of course those older girls won't have anything to do with us usually. But she has an aunt who believes that King Charles is the rightful King of England to-day, and not Queen Victoria. If you believe that, you wear a white pink in the lapel of your coat, or pin

it to your *guimpe* if you are a girl, unless you have tailor-suits like Pinky West, who can wear a flower like a man. I have given her one every Saturday for weeks.

Well, when Ben heard about this, she thought it would be a grand idea for a society, so she got one right up. There was all our crowd, and then Eleanor, of course, on account of her aunt. She thought she ought to be president, and I will say that if it hadn't been that Ben and I always go together, I might have agreed with her, both on account of her age and her aunt; but of course Ben wouldn't be in any society she couldn't be president of, as we explained to Eleanor. Eleanor thought she knew most about the thing, but when we came to talk it up, she found to her surprise that Ben knew a lot more! It was no surprise to me, because Ben always does know more, somehow. When the girls all tried to get her to tell how she found it out so soon, she just looked big and coughed that way she does—and it does make you awfully mad—and said everybody knew all about that, of course.

Just the same she didn't till she looked it up, because I caught her in the upstairs library sitting under the piano, scowling and mussing her hair the way she does, with a big book. I gave our private call, but she pretended not to hear; and if you keep on she gets mad and won't speak, and she persists afterward that she didn't hear a word! Ben is easy to get along with if you will pretend to believe what she wants at the time, but I see what the girls mean when they stop speaking with her about twice a week.

Polly-Cracker (in other words, Miss Luella McCracken Parrott) says that Ben has a tremendous temperament, but that is not so—plenty of the girls have a million times worse temper than Ben. It is queer that Polly should say that, too, for next to dear Miss Naldreth she is the kindest to her of all the teachers, and not because Ben does well for her either, for she teaches Mathematics, which Ben loathes and despises and can't do.

That society never amounted to much, because really when you got down to it there wasn't much to do but wear white things and listen to Ben read long ballads about Prince Charley. She reads too fast, anyway—we all like her own poetry better.

But it did one thing: if it hadn't been for that we probably shouldn't have known anything about Gray Fairchild's voodoo, and that was the beginning of the most important society we ever had or shall have in Elmbank School. It was probably the most important society ever had in any school, for that matter. I don't believe you can show me many societies that have had professors from Harvard come to see

he had not been taught how to hold his fork!

Her family did not approve of the Revolutionary War, and they went to live in England during it, nor the Civil War either. Her grandmother is called Madam Fairchild, and once Gray was saucy to her and was not allowed to speak to her or come into the room where she was for a month.

She had never been in a society before



She is supposed to teach the Swedish System.—Page 195.

them, and articles in German written about them!

Gray Fairchild is from Virginia. She joined the society, though not in our crowd, because her family is a very old one and was originally in favor of Prince Charley and not of Queen Victoria. She had an ancestress in ancient times who refused to marry George Washington, according to an old legend—he was not of high enough birth for her, though that seems very strange, as we always thought Washington was the highest possible person. But Gray says that not to be able to tell a lie has nothing to do with family greatness, though it may be very good in other ways. She also says that being a President of the United States isn't considered so dreadfully much in Virginia. There was an aunt or some relative of her mother's that got up from the table once when one of the Presidents was at dinner, because she said

and she was terribly proud of being elected a member of this one and of being treasurer, on account of her ancestors feeling just as the Society did about Queen Victoria. There was really little or nothing for a treasurer to do, but Ben always makes us have all the offices in her societies. Which is all right, of course, and pleases the girls when they are elected.

Well, one day we met in the laundry, and for once we didn't have to pretend, because it was really dangerous meeting there, as they have a fit if they know about it, and everyone had to wear black crape on their arms because it was the anniversary of something or other about the Pretender. There were two pretenders, and one is in "Kidnapped," but I get them all mixed up—I never really knew which one it was we believed was the rightful heir. Eleanor's aunt and Ben know, I suppose, but I doubt if even Eleanor does.

Ben said that there ought to be some special ceremony to mark this day forever in our minds, and that we ought never to see a clothes-wringer again or those little balls of bluing without a sob rising in our throat—she got part of that out of some book. We hadn't had a very good initiation for this society because we'd used all the good ones we knew, and Ben felt that the girls weren't interested in keeping it secret, which is the main good of a society, of course. So she was specially anxious for some really big thing to do. And then it was that Gray Fairchild told us the great secret that afterward made us so famous, though only, alas! for a short while.

"Let's raise 'em high!" said she.

Of course nobody knew what that meant, and when Gray explained it to us, we didn't believe it. But Ben was delighted with the idea from the first; she always knows when there's anything in a thing, besides inventing the most interesting and remarkable things herself, as everybody admits—even the girls that can't bear her.

An old darky nurse that Gray and her sisters had, told them about it, and the secret charms for it and the best times to do it and all.

We have all given our solemn words of honor never to do it again, and not to tell it to the others, who certainly would, and would probably hurt themselves badly, not knowing the secret spells that we never can tell—not even to Miss Naldreth or the Professor or Dr. Welles, though they begged of us to do so; but we were firm and would have been so under any kind of torture, which was not done, I am happy to say.

But Gray's nurse told them, and she told us, the fate of those that break the oath that we all of us took, and I never took a worse, though Ben has given us some terrible ones. Some from books and some she composed herself and some mixed.

Still, we did not promise not to describe the history of it for future generations, which is quite different from telling the other girls.

If all the secret vows were secret like that,

I can't see how they could ever have got into the histories, where the most private things, even that people thought, seem to be known. I suppose all secrets were told somebody for that purpose, so they could be preserved. Constantia says that God keeps them to reveal at his leisure, but her Sunday-school teacher told her that, and everybody knows it anyway. *From whom no secrets are hid*, it says in the Prayer-book, which is where her teacher got it, probably.

Ben says that perhaps God doesn't know the oath we took, on account of its being a voodoo oath, and his not caring to know about it, though of course he probably could if he

chose. I think this is very reasonable myself, but Constantia got mad and left the Society, though Ben explained very clearly to her that she didn't mean anything disrespectful to God, but really rather flattered him by supposing that he would scorn to take any interest in voodoo. Moreover and particularly, as Dr. Belcher says, Ben proved it to Constantia from the Bible itself and from Tennyson; but Constantia is a little fool, and wouldn't come back to the Society, and wrote to her uncle about it, and it was that letter that started the teachers following us up.



Horne Secret Sign —

I have given her one every Saturday for weeks.—Page 196.

Pass we now, as it says in "Griffith Gaunt," to the chief part of this history, namely, the secret rites of the Elmbank School Voodoo Society.

You lay the person on the floor that you are going to initiate, and they say certain words and hold their breath. Then four others, usually the president, the vice-president, the secretary and the treasurer, put their two first-fingers under the person, just the tips of them, and do certain things, and hold their breath, and lift the person up as high as they can reach in the air. I was the secretary. There is no weight to the person at all—she just goes up like a balloon. Then you let them down. If you breathe, or if they breathe, while they are up, they fall with a bang, and it nearly kills them. It knocked the breath all out of Mary Watterson so that we had about decided she wasn't going to breathe any more. She would begin, but she couldn't seem to go on, and her lips were blue, really. However, she did after a while, and though she was all black and blue on her hip, and afterwards green, and had to be excused from gymnasium for a few days—she said she fell out of bed—she was all right finally. But it was her own fault, for she laughed and took her breath.

When Gray told us about this, we didn't believe it, as I said. But we laid one of the girls down and tried. We couldn't budge her an inch, even by lifting hard, which you mustn't do. Then Gray remembered the certain words—I think I might say it is a kind of verse—and we said them, and lifted her to our knees, and it surprised us so that we dropped her. She wouldn't try

again, and we had to tease her dreadfully and make the vice-president give her her place in the raising to keep her from telling, she was so mad. I punish her for this piece of sneakiness by not giving her name in this history. The vice-president was Eleanor Northrop.

We lifted her next and she went up to our waist, and that was as high as we could get before dinner, but after that we prac-

tised a good deal, and took the oath, and Gray told us all she knew about voodoo, and Ben, of course, found out a lot more in some way or other, and before long we could raise anybody up as high as we could lift our arms, on the tips of our fingers. Miss Naldreth says that there is nothing in voodoo and that it is impossible for it to help us; but I notice that the more we talked about it the more easily the girls went up. I believe in the Bible, of course, and I know that thou shalt have none other Gods but me, but just the same I believe in voodoo, too, and always shall, though I have promised never to raise people any more, and of course shall keep my word.

I also notice that when Gray and Ben—this was just before they stopped speaking—made the wax (only it was putty, left by the man that mended the storm-windows) figure of the Creepy-cat, and stuck pins in the arms, not wishing to hurt any of her main organs which she is always talking about—and if they look like that awful manikin-thing that is all red inside and keeps opening till you get right through to the spine in the back, I don't wonder that she is filled with amazement as she says, whenever she thinks of them—I notice that she got rheumatism in the shoul-



Weeksey is no great wonder, but she is kind-hearted.
—Page 200.

der and had to ask one of the older girls to lead the exercises. It is true she got over it when the line-storm was over, *but would she, if it had been real wax, and not window putty?* As they say in "Hamlet," that is the question.

After the first meeting we met in the cloak-room for the day scholars, in the basement, because there was no furniture in the way, and we broke up the Society for the Pretender and just changed into the one this history is about. I have mentioned the name before.

Ben found in a book by the author of "Kidnapped," a fine story all about voodoo, and read it to us in our room, only she got so excited that when the floor creaked she fell backwards—she was sitting on the foot-board of my bed—and scared us nearly to death, it was so sudden.

We did all the rites we could think of, and as soon as anybody was initiated she could help raise the rest—but no day scholars. Elmbank, as you probably know, is quite noted for younger girls; sometimes there are as many as twenty-five at a time, so the Society got very large.

It was then that the beginning of the end, that is to say Weeksey, took place.

Weeksey is no great wonder, but she is kind-hearted and doesn't think you are necessarily an infant because you're only thirteen. She is very fat and breathes in a noisy manner, and her hair is straight and a sort of drab. She has beginning Latin, and English History for the younger ones, so we see a great deal of her. She will read to you if you are sick, and what is more, read what you like, not stories for girls. I know that when I was getting over the measles she read me "Under Two Flags," and cried herself when Cigarette

dies. Of course she skipped parts, but I read them afterwards, so nothing was lost.

Ben got talking to her about some things in the voodoo story that we didn't understand very well, Mormons especially, and she was so interested and sat with us after study-hour every evening, that we never suspected any treachery, or that she was put up to it; and when we found that she had had a darcy for a nurse once, and knew some of the songs that Gray sings, we got confidential, and Ben got excited, the way she always does when grown people pay attention to her, and let some secret things

out. She was awfully ashamed of it, I know, though she said afterwards that she had thoroughly tested Weeksey and had always meant to make her a member of the Society, so as to be believed when the matter came before the public, if we had to be persecuted on account of the putty figure of the Creepycat. But I know better.

Anyway she surprised us nearly to death by nominating Weeksey for the Society. Of course there had never been a teacher in any of the societies before, ex-

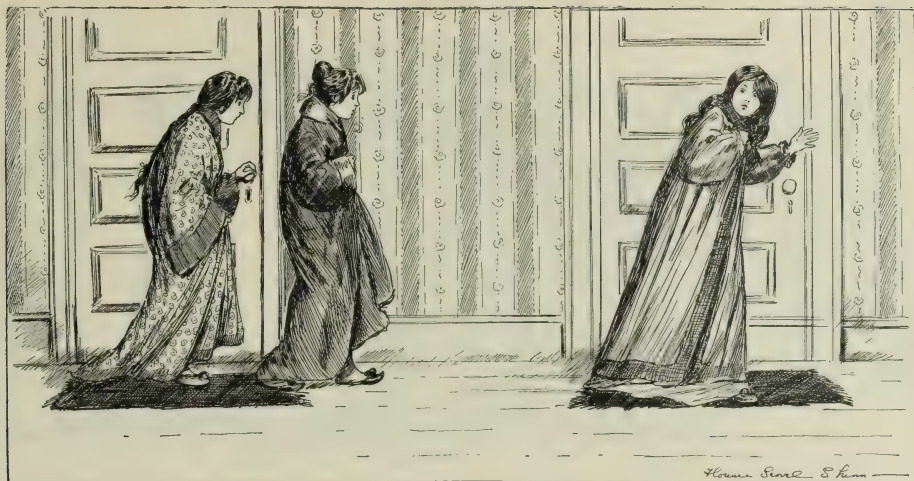
cept in the big girls' clubs that there's no sense in anyway, they not being secret at all, but with papers read on Thursdays and any of the family that are visiting you at the time can come.

I was against it from the beginning, but Eleanor and Gray thought it would be perfectly grand. Eleanor's set call everything "perfectly grand," and since Gray and Ben stopped speaking, the latter—I mean the former—that is, Gray, has rather got in with them, though I've heard since that they think she's not old enough, though she does wave her hair, and her own mother says to powder your face if it looks shiny!

So in an evil hour, as the ballads say, we sent an invitation to Miss Ellen Lucy



Her own mother says to powder your face if it looks shiny.



Going out very still in bath-wrappers, especially in the halls.

Weeks to present herself in the cloak-room D. V. at quarter past five Friday morning. I will not say that I wasn't rather proud to write a letter like that to a teacher, because I was. I suppose it was never done before. Nor will be again, if you have any sense. I suppose you probably think we were crazy to do it, but in the first place, Ben stops at nothing when her mind is once made up, and in the second place Weeksey wasn't quite like the other teachers. Don't think for a moment we'd have sent a letter like that to Polly-Cracker—I should say not. Or for that matter, the Pie.

But it simply shows how little you can trust to appearances, which, as the Bible says, are deceitful. All this time Weeksey was really against us in her heart, though she said afterwards she was not, but really working for our best good. But you know what that usually means.

I myself heard Miss Naldreth tell Dr. Welles that it seemed incredible that nineteen little girls could meet in any room in her school at half-past five in the morning for a series of weeks undiscovered—her very words—but all I can say is, we did. Probably we couldn't have if we slept in dormitories like some schools, but we have our own rooms at Elmbank just like the big girls, and by going out very still in bath-wrappers, especially in the halls, and not coming back together, but one or two at a time, it was accomplished.

Of course the initiations were very still,

both for solemnness and common sense, and the cloak-room being on the ground floor, and even more than that, for it was the basement with windows of which the tops are even with the ground, it was as private a place as you could wish.

So Weeksey came, D. V., at half-past five Friday morning, and after that, catch me doing anything important on Friday! I must say she acted more scared than we did, and sort of shy, really. Not that you could blame her when you consider that oath. Even Ben admits that it couldn't be better.

I don't know why we weren't more afraid of Weeksey, but we weren't. You see, having her read to you, and knowing that as soon as you come to the subjunctive you drop her directly and go on to advanced Latin with somebody else makes a difference in your feelings. Ben heard the Professor from Harvard say to Dr. Welles that he rather wondered to see a relic of that type left in such a thoroughly modern school, and Dr. Welles said that Miss Naldreth knew what she was about usually, and that in this case she was abundantly justified—his very words. Ben says that means that none of the other teachers could have got into the Society—certainly none of them would have been such a brick after it was all over.

This teaches us that it is not always the cleverest people that stand by you the best, and Ben says it is why you usually like your family.



She was so light there was nothing to her.

Well, we had Weeksey lie down and explained it to her and told her about her breath, and strange to say she didn't seem to doubt it at all. But by what she did afterwards, that is to say, fainting away and acting so queer, we judge, Ben and I, that this is the way of it. *She didn't believe us a bit, but only did it to humor us!*

And as Ben very wisely says, considering this and how dreadfully surprised she must have been, all the more of a brick she was to keep her head and not fall down and squish us to pieces, as she would otherwise have done, none of us being big and she enormous.

Although at first we could not get her up at all. She just lay there and smiled at us, looking so silly and queer. Then Ben got dreadfully mad and I could see she was ashamed, Weeksey being really her idea, and some of the girls being frightened anyway. So she shut her lips up tight, the way she does, and just stared at us, and I trembled, really, she looked so strange. Eleanor Northrop says that she felt funny in her legs when Ben gave her that look, and Gray says she knew then that it would be done presently, which it was. I believe it was Ben making up her mind, nothing else.

Weeksey went up slowly a little way, and then very suddenly she was so light there was nothing to her, and I didn't do any raising at all, I was so surprised. We had two extra girls that day, Weeksey being so big, but really there were but five, for I

didn't count. Gray felt the same as I, but Ben says she was heavy. The other three were too excited to remember how they felt.

Of all the people I have helped to raise Weeksey was the lightest, except Mary Watterson, who was on our very tippest finger-nails—the one that fell, you remember, and turned green.

What Weeksey's feelings were we shall never know—in this world, as Constantia would say, but I doubt if we do in the next, either. The girls who were not raising said that she rolled her eyes and her hands clutched, but that was all—she never squeaked. And she lay out straight and did as she was bidden by the valiant band, as the poem says. Our feelings were different, of course. Miss Naldreth allowed Ben and me to describe them to the Professor from Harvard, though we could not initiate any more, because she said that I was unusually well-balanced and that nothing could make Ben more self-conscious than she was—her very words. It is hard to describe. You feel cool inside and light, and something—but not your heart—goes beat, beat inside of you. I always shut my eyes and remember funny verses of poetry, but Ben just glares at the wall and says to herself, "You must go up! You must go up!" Says inside her mind, you know, not aloud. Gray says that something runs up and down her legs, like scratching mosquito-netting with your nails. Eleanor's head gets swimmy—she says everything looks white.

These are the differences. The sameness is that you never remember how they come down. They are on the floor, that's all. Ben and I have tried again and again, but we can't seem to remember.

This is when you raise them. There is no good in trying to tell how you feel when you are raised. We have talked it over and it can't be done. We all know what we mean, but we can't say it.

It makes Ben awfully mad—it is the first thing she has never been able to say. She asked the Professor from Harvard if it was possible to have things that were very plain and you knew them perfectly, but you couldn't say anything that meant anything like it. And he said it was, but would she try. And she tried and I shan't say what she said because it was so silly. But I saw what she meant. And poor Ben was so mad and so excited with the success of it all and Weeksey fainting and the Professor shaking hands with her and Dr. Welles writing down things on a pad and all, that she began to cry—she couldn't seem to stop. Ben almost never cries, and never for being sad, only when she is angry at people for being such fools and for processions with drums and stories like that one of Kipling's, where they say "The Queen, God bless her!" and break the glasses.

And then Miss Naldreth got up and said, "That will do, gentlemen. Benigna, you may go. You realize the wisdom, nay,

the necessity of my ultimatum, Professor?" (Her very words.)

"But, but Miss Naldreth," said the Professor from Harvard, kind of stuttering, "one moment! You don't seem to realize that this is an occasion of tremendous importance! Here we have an absolutely unprecedented and authenticated situation with nineteen actual witnesses! A woman of one hundred and seventy-three pounds raised to the utmost height of six small fingers——" (I don't need to say, I hope, that these were *his* very words.)

"I have a duty to the parents of these children," said Miss Naldreth, and then she went on in that voice that makes you feel so queer. It was about us not being sacrificed to science, but of course nobody sacrifices now.

"These children have given me their words of honor, which I rely on absolutely," she ended up, "and I trust to yours to exert no pressure, though I am sure it would be useless if you did."

Which it would, as no girl in the memory of man ever broke her word to Miss Naldreth.

"Of course, of course, madam—good day," he said crossly, and got right up and went out. He left his hat and Dr. Welles had to take it to him. He said he was going to Virginia to talk to Gray's nurse, but Gray said much good might it do him, as Aunt wouldn't tell him a thing, but pre-



She began to cry.

tend not to know what he was talking about, which happened exactly so.

It was the Creepy-cat that put Weeksey up to it, you see, and when she peeked in, having followed one of the girls, we had Weeksey down about to our shoulders, the other girls said. They were all standing around so she couldn't see a thing, and she persists that it wasn't so. But if the girls had screamed and we'd been scared and Weeksey had forgot about her breath, she'd have found out, the sneak!

Ben and I were in the linen-room eating pears one day and we heard her trying to get Weeksey to tell the secret charm. But do you believe it, old Weeksey wouldn't!

"I have given my word of honor to those little girls, Miss Kripsen," she said, "and I can't see why I should break it because they are not as old as I am. They would have no respect for vows of any kind, and I should certainly have none for myself." Which shows you that a person can be a

brick even if she can't teach the subjunctive.

"It will be sure to leak out," the Creepy-cat said in her snappy way.

"Not after the talk Miss Naldreth had with them," said Weeksey. "I doubt if the other pupils even suspect. They will not speak to me about it, and I'm sure I don't care to discuss it."

"It is impossible; it never happened," said the Cat.

"There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio," said Weeksey, in solemn tones. Those were her very words. If you know what she meant, all right—I don't. In the first place the Cat's name is Katrina.

Constantia says she must have said, "There are more things in heaven *than* earth," which is true, she—Constantia says. Angels, for instance. But of course that has nothing to do with it. Constantia always was a little fool.

A VAGRANT'S EPITAPH

By Theodore Roberts

CHANGE was his mistress, Chance his counsellor.
Love could not keep him. Duty forged no chain.
The wide seas and the mountains called to him,
And gray dawns saw his camp-fires in the rain!

Sweet hands might tremble!—Ay, but he must go.
Revel might hold him for a little space,
But turning, past the laughter and the lamps,
His eyes must ever catch the luring face.

Dear eyes might question!—Yea, and melt again.
Rare lips, a-quiver, silently implore,
But ever he must turn his furtive head
And hear the other summons at the door.

Change was his mistress, Chance his counsellor.
The dark firs knew his whistle up the trail.
Why tarries he to-day?—And yesternight
Adventure lit her stars without avail!

THE SOLDIER OF THE VALLEY

BY NELSON LLOYD

ILLUSTRATIONS BY A. B. FROST

X



MARY sat knitting. Beware of a woman who knits. The keenest lawyer in our country is not so clever a cross-examiner as his sister when she sits with her needles and yarn. Questions directed at one can be parried. You expect them and dodge. The woman knits and knits, and lulls you half to sleep, and then in a far-away voice asks questions. They come as a boon, a gracious acknowledgment that you exist, and though in her mind your place is secondary to the flying needles and the tangled worsted, still you are there and she is half listening to what you have to say. So you tell her twice as much as is wise. You have no interest for her. Her eyes are fixed on her work. She asks you the secret of your life, and then bends farther over, seeming to forget your existence. Desperate, you shout it at her, and she looks up and smiles, a wondering distraught smile; then goes on knitting.

There were some things in Tim's letter that I did not intend to tell Mary. He had written them to me in confidence. A man does not mind letting one of his fellows know he is in love with a woman, but to let a woman know it is different. She will think him a fool, unless she is his inspiration. I knew Tim. I knew that he was no fool, and I did not wish her to get such an impression. I loved a pretty woman. So did Tim. But Mary would not understand it in Tim's case. That was why I folded the letter when I had read the first four pages.

But Mary was knitting. "It is fine to think he is getting along so well," she said.

She looked up, but not at me. Her face was turned to the window; her eyes were over the valley which was growing gray now, for the sun was down. What she saw there I could not tell. A drearier sight is hard to find than our valley when the chill of the

November evening is creeping over it as the fire in the west goes out. Night covers it, and it sleeps. But the winter twilight raises up its shadows. In the darkness all is hidden. In the half-light, there is utter loneliness.

I turned from the window to the letter, and Mary looked at me for the first time in many minutes.

"Are you going to read the rest of the letter?" she demanded.

"You have heard 'most all of it," I replied evasively.

"And the rest?" she said.

"Is of no interest," I answered. "It's just a few personal, confidential things. Perhaps some time I can tell you."

"Oh," she exclaimed carelessly, and went on knitting, drawing closer to the lamplight.

"How long is it since he left?" she asked at last, reaching down to untangle the worsted from the end of the rocker.

"Six weeks," said I. "It's just six weeks coming to-morrow since Tim and I parted at Pleasantville. To think he has been promoted already! At that rate he should be head of the firm in a year or two."

"Mr. Weston has been very kind," said she. "Of course he has seen that Tim has every chance. He is the most thoughtful man I ever knew. He——"

Weston's excellent qualities were well known to me. I had discovered them long ago, and I did not care to hear Mary descant on them at length. He had done much for Tim, but it was what Tim had done for himself that I was proud of, so I interrupted her rather rudely.

"Yes, he got Tim his place; but you must remember Mr. Weston has hardly been in New York a day since the boy left. He doesn't bother much about business, so after all, Tim is working his way alone."

"Yes," said Mary. She had missed a stitch somewhere, and it irritated her greatly. That was evident by the way she picked at

it. She remedied the trouble somehow, recovered her composure, and went on knitting.

"Was it eight dollars he is making, did you say?" she asked.

"Yes, eight," I replied, verifying the figure with a glance at the letter.

"A week or a month?"

"A week. Just think of it—that is more than I got in the army."

But Mary was not a bit impressed. I remembered that she came from Kansas, and in Kansas a dollar is not so big as in our valley.

"Living is so expensive in the city," she said absently. "With eight dollars a week here Tim would be a millionaire. But in New York——" A shrug of the shoulder expressed her meaning.

"True," said I, a bit ruefully.

I had expected her to clasp her hands, to look up at me and listen to my stories of Tim's success, and hear my dreams for his future. Instead, she went on knitting, never once raising her eyes to me. It exasperated me. In sheer chagrin I took to silence and smoking. But she would not let me rest long this way, though I was slowly lulling myself into a state of semi-coma, of indifference to her and calm disdain.

"Of course Tim has made some friends," she said, glancing up from her work very casually.

"Of course he has," I snapped.

"That's nice," she murmured—knitting, knitting, knitting.

I expected her to ask who his friends were, and how he had made them. That was all in the letter. Moreover, it was in the part I had not read to her. But she abruptly abandoned this line of inquiry. She did not care. She let me smoke on.

Suddenly she dropped her work and asked, "Is that a footstep on the porch?"

"Footsteps! No—why, who did you think was coming?" I said.

"Mr. Weston promised to drop in on his way home from hunting—but I guess he'll disappoint me. I'd hoped it was him." She fell to her task again, only now she began to hum softly, thus shutting me off entirely.

For a very long while I endured it, but the time came when action of some kind was called for. We were not married, that

I could sit forever smoking while she hummed. Even in Black Log etiquette requires that a man talks to a woman when in her company; and when the woman ceases to listen, the wise man departs. That was just what I did not want to do, and only one alternative was left me. I got out the letter and held it under the light.

"You were asking about Tim's friends, Mary," said I.

"Was I?" she returned. "I had forgotten. What did I say?"

"You asked if he had made any friends," I replied, as calmly as I could. "I was going to read you what he said."

"Oh!" she cried. And at last she dropped her knitting, and resting her elbows on her knees, clasping her chin in her hands, she looked up at me from her low chair. "I thought it was forbidden," she said.

"Tim didn't say anything about not reading it," I answered. "At first, though, it seemed best not to; but you'll understand, Mary. Of course, we mustn't take him too seriously, but it does sound foolish. Poor Tim!"

"Poor Tim!" repeated the girl. "He must be in love."

"He is," said I.

"Then don't read it!" she cried. "Surely he never intended you to read it to me."

"Of course he did," I laughed, for at last I had aroused her, and now her infernal knitting was forgotten; she no longer strained her ears for Weston's footfalls. Her eyes were fixed on me. "Poor old Tim! Well, let's wish him luck, Mary. Now listen."

So I read her the forbidden pages.

"You should see Edith Parker, Mark. She is so different from the girls of Black Log. Her father is head book-keeper in the store, and he has been very good to me. Last week he took me home to dinner with him. He has a nice house in Brooklyn. His wife is dead, and he has just his daughter. We have no women in Black Log that compare to her. She is tall and slender and has fair hair and blue eyes."

"I hate fair-haired women," broke in Mary with some asperity. "They are so vain."

"I agree with you," said I. "That is

invariably the case, and dark hair is so much more beautiful; but we must make allowance for Tim. Let us see—"fair hair and blue eyes and the sweetest face"—I do believe that brother of mine is out of his head to write such stuff."

"He certainly is," said Mary very quietly. "Poor Tim! But go on."

"We played cards together for a while, till old Mr. Parker went asleep in his chair, and then Edith and I had a chance to talk. You know, Mark, I've always been a bit afraid of women, and awkward and ill at ease around them. But Edith is different from the girls of Black Log. We were friends in a minute. You don't know what it is to talk to these girls who have been everywhere and seen everything, and know everything. They are so much above you, they inspire you. For a girl like that no sacrifice a man can make is too great. To win a girl like that a man must do something and be something. Now up in Black Log——"

"Yes, up in Black Log the women are different," said Mary in a quiet voice. "They have to work in Black Log, and it's the men they work for. If they sat on thrones and talked wisdom and looked beautiful, the kitchen fires would die out and the children go naked."

"Tim doesn't say anything disparaging to the people of our valley," I protested. "He says, 'in Black Log the girls don't understand how to dress. They deck themselves out in gaudy finery. Now Edith wears the simplest things. You never notice her gown. You only see her figure and her face.'"

"Do I deck myself out in gaudy finery, Mark?" Mary's appeal was direct and simple.

A shake of the head was my only answer. I wanted to tell her that Tim was blind. I wanted to tell her the boy was a fool; that Edith, the tall, thin, pale creature, was not

to be compared to one woman in our valley; that I knew who that woman was; that I loved her. I would have told her this. With a sudden impulse I leaned toward her. As suddenly I fell back. My crutches had clattered to the floor!

A battered veteran! A pensioner! A backwoods pedagogue! That I was. That I must be to the end. My place was in the school-house. My place was on the store bench, set away there with a lot of other broken antiquities. That I should ask a woman to link her life with mine, was absurd. A fair ship in a fair sea soon parts company with a derelict—unless it tows it. A score of times I had fought this out, and as often I had found but one course and set myself to follow it. But there was that in Mary's quiet eyes that shook my resolution. There was an appeal there, and trust.

"I am glad, anyway, I am not so much above you, Mark," she said, now laughing.

I had gathered up my crutches and the letter. I had gathered up my wits again.

"There's where I feel like Tim, indeed," I said.

"I don't think I should like this lofty Edith," the girl exclaimed. "What a pompous word it is—Edith! Tim is ambitious. I suppose he rolls that name over and over in his mind."

It seemed that Mary was unnecessarily sharp toward a young woman she had never seen and of whom she had as yet heard nothing but good. While for myself I felt a certain resentment at Tim for his praise of this girl and the condescending references to my own misfortune in never having seen her like, I had for him a certain keen sympathy and hope for his success. I had a certain sympathy for Edith, too, for a man in love, if unrestrained in his praise, will make a plain, sensible,



Aaron Kallaberger.

motherly girl look like a frivolous fool. Perhaps in this case Edith was the victim. I suggested this to Mary, and she laughed softly.

"Perhaps so," she said. "But I must admit it irritates me to see our Tim lose his head over a stranger. I can only picture her as he does—a superior being, who lives in Brooklyn, whose name is Edith, and who wears her hair in a small knot on top of her head. Can you conceive her smile, Mark, if she saw us now—if this fine Brooklyn girl with her city ways dropped down here in Black Log?"

"That's all in Tim's letter," I cried. "Listen. 'She asked all about my home and you. I told her of the place and of all the people, of Mary and Captain. Last night I took over that picture of you in your uniform, and I won't tell you all the nice things she said about you, and——'"

"She's a flatterer," cried Mary.

"I am beginning to love her myself," said I. "But listen to Tim. 'She told me she hoped to see Black Log some day, and to meet the soldier of the valley. I said that I hoped she would, too, but I didn't tell her that a hundred times a day, as I worked over the books in the office, I vowed that some day soon I'd take her there myself.'"

"As Mrs. Tim," Mary added, for I was folding up the letter.

"As Mrs. Tim, evidently," said I. "Poor old Tim! It's a very bad case."

"Poor old Tim!" said Mary.

She took up her needles and her work, and fell to knitting.

"I suppose they must be very rich—the Parkers, I mean." This was offered as a wedge to break the silence, for the needles were going very rapidly now, and the stitches seemed to call for the closest watching.

"Yes," said Mary.

I lighted my pipe again.

"What a grand man Tim will be when he comes back home." I suggested this after a long silence. "He'll look fine in his city clothes, for somehow those city men do dress differently from us country chaps. Now just picture Tim in a—in a——"

Mary was humming softly to herself.

XI



THE county paper always comes on Thursday. This was Thursday. Elmer Spiker sat behind the stove, in a secluded corner, the light of the lamp on the counter falling over his left shoulder on the leading column of locals. Elmer was reading. There was a store rule forbidding him to read aloud, which caused him much hardship, for as he worked his way slowly down the column, his right eye and left ear kept twitching and twitching as though trying to keep time with his lips.

Josiah Nummler's long pole rested on the counter at his side, and his great red hands were spread out to drink in the heat from the glowing bowl of the stove.

"It's a-blowin' up most a-mighty, ain't it?" he said, cheerfully. "Any news, Elmer?"

"Oh now, go home," grunted Mr. Spiker, rolling his pipe around so the burning tobacco scattered over his knees. "See what you've done!" he snapped angrily, brushing away the sparks.

"I didn't notice you was in the middle of a word, Elmer, really I didn't," pleaded old Mr. Nummler.

"I wasn't in the middle of a word," retorted Elmer, as he drove his little finger into his pipe in an effort to save some of the tobacco. "I was just beginnin' a new piece. Things is gittin' so there ain't a place left in this town for a man to read in peace and comfort. Here I am, tryin' to post up on the local doin's, on polytics and religion, and ringin' in my ears all the time is 'lickin' the teacher, lickin' the teacher, lickin' the teacher.' S'pose every man here did lick the teacher in his time—what of it, I says, what of it?"

"Yes, what of it?" said I, closing the door with a bang.

I was plodding home from Mary's. She had hummed me out at last, and I had tucked Tim's letter in my pocket and hobbled back to the village. The light in the store had drawn me aside and I stopped a moment just to look in. The store is always a fascinating place. There is always something doing there, and I opened the door a crack just to hear what was under discussion. Catching the same



"The he-roes of old."—Page 214.

refrain as troubled Elmer Spiker, I entered.

"What of it?" I demanded, facing the company. "I don't believe there is a man here who ever thrashed the teacher."

Theophilus Jones raised himself from the counter on which he was leaning, and waved a lighted candle above his head.

"Here comes the teacher—make way for the teacher!"

Josiah Nummler pounded the floor with his long pole.

"See the conquerin' hero comes," he cried. "A place for him—a place for him!" And with the point of his pole he drove the six men on the bench so close together as to give me an excellent seat at his side.

"Thrice welcome, noble he-ro, as Perry Thomas says!" shouted Aaron Kallaberger, thrusting his hand in his bosom in excellent imitation of the orator.

"He's lookin' pretty spry yet, ain't he boys?" said Isaac Bolum. He stood be-

fore me, leaning over till his hands clasped his knees, and peering into my face, smiling.

"The teacher ain't changed a bit."

"Thank you for the reception," said I.

"But explain. What's this all about?"

Elmer Spiker had folded the county paper and had come around to our side of the stove. There he struck his favorite attitude, which was always made more effective by the endless operation of putting his spectacles in their case—pulling them out—waving them—*ad infinitum*. For in our valley spectacles are the sceptre of the sovereign intellect.

"They was talkin' about lickin' the teacher," Elmer said, "and sech talkin' I never heard. It was the nonsensicallest yet. The way them boys was tellin' about the teachers they had knowd made me fear for your life when I seen you come in. I thought they'd fall on you like so many wolves."

"Now see here, Elmer Spiker," shouted Henry Holmes, "that's an injestice. I

never said I'd licked the teacher when I was a boy. I only said I'd tried it."

"You give me to understand that the teacher was dead now," returned Elmer severely.

"He is," cried Henry.

"And you claim you done it."

"I done it," shouted Mr. Holmes, pounding the floor with his cane. "I done it! You think I'm a murderer? Why, old Gilbert Spoonholler was ninety-seven year old when he went away. He was only forty when him and me had it out."

"That's different," said Elmer calmly. "I understood from your original account that he died in battle."

"I tho't so too, Henery," put in Isaac Bolum. "You misled me, complete. 'Here,' says I, 'at last I have met a man who has licked the teacher.' And all the time you was tellin' about it, we was admirin' you—Joe Nummler and me—and now we finds Gil Spoonholler lived fifty-seven year after that terrible struggle."

"I can't just fetch my memory back to that particular incident, Henery," said Josiah, "but my recollection is that Gil Spoonholler held the school-house agin all comers, and that's sayin' a good deal, for we was tough as hickory, when we was young."

"The modern boys is soft," Aaron Kallaberger declared. "They regards the teacher in a friendlier light than they used to. They are weakenin'. The military sperrit's dyin' out. The spectacle is conquerin' the sword."

This was too direct a slap at Elmer Spiker to pass unnoticed. Elmer was too old an arguer to use any ponderous weapon in return. He even smiled as he punctuated his sentences with his battered leather spectacle case.

"You never said a truer word, Aaron. It allus was true. It allus will be true. It's just as true to-day as when Henery Holmes tackled old Gilbert Spoonholler; as when Isaac Bolum yander argyed with Luke Lampson that five times eleven was forty-five; as when you refused to admit to the same kind teacher that Harrisburg was the capital of Pennsylvany."

"And as to-day when William Belus—" Theophilus Jones was acting strangely. He was bowing politely at me.

I was mystified. Why at a time like

this I should be treated as a subject of so much distinction was a puzzle, and I was about to demand an explanation, when Josiah Nummler interrupted.

"It's true," he said. "Teachers ain't changed and the boys ain't changed. I'm eighty years old within a week, and all my life I've heard boys blowin' about how they was goin' to lick the teacher, and I've heard old men tell how they done it years and years before—but I've never seen an eye-witness—what I wants is an eye-witness."

"You've been talkin' to Elmer Spiker," said Henry Holmes, plaintively. "He's convinced you. He'd convince anybody of anything. He's got me so dad-twisted I can't mind no more whether I went to school even."

"You never showed no signs, Henery." Isaac Bolum spoke very quietly.

"I guess you otter know it as well as anybody," Henry retorted angrily. "Your ma was allus askin' me to take care of you, and you was a nuisance, too, you was, Isaac. You was allus a-blubberin' and a-swallerin' somethin'. You mind the time you swallowed my copper cent, don't you? You mind the fuss your ma made to my ma about it, don't you? Why, she formulated regular charges that I 'tempted to pizon you—she did, and——"

"Don't rake up them old, old sores," said Josiah Nummler soothingly. "Ike'll give you back your copper cent, Henery."

"All Ike's property to-day ain't as val'able to me now as that cent was then," Mr. Holmes answered solemnly. "It was the val'ablest cent I ever owned. I never expect to have another I'd hate so to see palpatatin' in Isaac Bolum's th'roat between his Adam's apple and his collar band."

"We're gittin' away from the subject," said Josiah. "You're draggin' up a personal quarrel between you and Isaac Bolum, when we was discussin' the great problem that confronts every scholar in his day—that of thrashin' the teacher."

"It's a problem no scholar ever solved in the history of this walley, anyway," declared Elmer Spiker.

"It ain't on the records," said Kallaberger.

"There are le-gends," Isaac Bolum said. He pointed at Henry Holmes with his thumb. "Sech as his."

"Yes," said Josiah Nummler, "we have sech le-gends, comin' mostly from the Indians and Henery Holmes. But there's one I got from my pap when I was a boy, and I allus thought it one of the most be-yutiful fairy stories I'd ever heard—of course exceptin' them in the Bible. It was about Six Stars school, here, and the boy's name was Ernest, and the teacher's Le-ander. It was told to my pap by his pap, so you can see that as a le-gend it was older than them of Henery Holmes."

"It certainly sounds more interestin'," exclaimed Isaac Bolum.

Old Mr. Holmes started to protest, but Aaron Kallaberger quieted him with an offering of tobacco. By the time his pipe was going, Josiah was well into his story.

"Of all the teachers that ever tot in Six Stars this here Leander was the most ferocious. He was six feet two inches tall in his stockin's, and weighed no more than one hundred and thirty pound, stripped, but he was wiry. His arms was like long bands of iron. His legs was like hickory saplin's, and when he wasn't usin' them he allus kept them wound round the chair, so as to unspring 'em at a moment's notice and send himself flyin' at the darin' scholar. His face was white and all hung with hanks

of black hair; his eyes was one minute like still intellectual pools and the next like burnin' coals of fire—that was my pap's way of puttin' it. Ernest was just his op-

posite. He was a chunky boy with white hair and pale eyes. He was a nice boy when let alone, but in the whole fifteen years of his life he'd never had no call to bound Kansas or tell the capital of Californy outside of school hours, so he regarded Le-ander with a fierce and childlike hatred. But Ernest had a noble streak in him, too. For himself he would 'a' suffered in silence. It was the constant oppression of the helpless little ones that saddened him. It was maddenin' to have to sit silent every day while tiny girls, no older than ten, was being hounded from



Leander.

one end of the g'ography to the other. He seen small boys, shavers under eight, scratchin' holes in their heads with slate pencils, tryin' to make out why two and two was four; he seen girls, be-yutiful young girls of his own age, drove almost to distraction by black-boards full of diagrams from the grammar book. And allus before him, the inspirin' note of the whole systematic system of torturin' the young, was the rod; broodin' over it all, like a black cloud, was Leander's repytation, was the memory of

the boys as had gone before. For years Ernest bore all this. Then come a time when he was called to a position of responsibility in the school. One after another, the biggest boys had fallen. A few had gradyeated. Others had argyed with the teacher and become as broken reeds, was stedyin' regular and bein' polite like. In them years, whether he wanted it or not, Ernest had rose up. His repytation was spotless. His age entitled him to the Fifth Reader class, but he was still spellin' out words in the Third; fractions was only a dream to him, and he couldn't 'a' told you the difference between a noun and a wild carrot. But through it all he'd been so humble and polite that Leander looked on him as a kind of half-witted lamb."

"This here is the longest fairy story I ever heard tell of," said Elmer Spiker. "We haven't even had a sign of the princess."

"And there is a prin-cess in this here le-legend," returned Josiah. "She was a be-yutiful one, too. Her name was Pinky Binn, a dotter of the huse of Binn, the Binns of Turkey Walley. She had the reddish hair of the Binns and the pearl-blue eyes of the Rummelsbergers from over the mountains. Her ma was a Rummelsberger. She wasn't too spare, nor was she too fleshy; she was just rounded right; and when she smiled—ah, boys, when Pinky Binn smiled at Ernest from behind her g'ography his heart went like its spring had broke. Yet he never showed it. It would have been ruination for him to let it be known by sign or act that Pinky Binn was other than the general class of weemen; for is there anything worse than weemen in general? It's the exceptions, allus the exceptions, raises trouble with a man. Pinky Binn was Ernest's exception. But the time of his great trial come, and he was true. He stepped forth in his right light before all the school; he showed himself what he was—the gentle lover, the masterful fighter, the heroic-est scholar Six Stars school had ever seen."

"He whipped the teacher, I know," cried Henry Holmes. "I told you, Ike—he licked the teacher."

"This here is a fairy story, Henery," returned Isaac reprovingly.

"Even in a fairy story it 'ud be ridiculous to let a boy of fifteen beata trained teacher," said Josiah Nummler. "He didn't quite,

and it come this way. Leander asked Pinky Binn if he had eleven apples and multiplied them by five how many was they left. She says sixty-five. 'Figure it out agin,' he says, wery stern. So she works her fingers and her lips a-while, like she was deaf and dumb. 'Five-timsone is five,' she says, 'and five-timsone agin is five and one to carry is six—sixty-five,' she says. 'Well, I'll be Scotch-Irished,' says Leander gittin' wery angry. 'Sech obtusety' (Leander allus used fancy words) 'is worthy of Ernest yander.' He pinte his long finger at Ernest and says, 'How much is five times eleven apples?' Ernest gits up and faces the teacher, wery ca'am and wery quiet. 'Sixty-five,' says he. 'It's fifty-five,' Leander shouts. Then says Ernest, wery cool, 'Pinky Binn says it's sixty-five, and Pinky Binn ain't no story-teller, and you hadn't otter call her one.' That takes all the talk out of the teacher. He just sets there wrappin' his legs round the chair and glarin'. Ernest's voice rings clear above the school now, like the Declaration of Independence. 'In Turkey Walley, teacher,' he says, 'five times eleven apples is sixty-five. They raises bigger apples there.'

"Leander's legs unsprung. He ketched Ernest by the hair and lifted him to the platform. Boys, you otter 'a' seen it. It was David and Goliath all over agin, only fightin' fair. Havin' Leander holdin' his hair give the boy an advantage—it was two hands agin one. Leander had but the one to operate his stick with, while Ernest was drivin' both fists right into the darkness in front of him. The stick was making no impression, and some of the small boys that didn't know no better begin to cheer. Boys, you otter 'a' been there. You'd have enjoyed it, Henery. Leander seen what he needed was tactics, and his regular tactics was to hold the scholar at arm's length by the hair. He tried it and it didn't work. Ernest was usin' tactics too. He wasn't wastin' strength and beatin' his arms around. He just smiled. That smile aroused the teacher in Leander agin. He couldn't stand it. He had never had a boy do that before; he forgot himself and sailed in. Boys, that was fightin' then. You'd have enjoyed it, Henery. Still, I guess it couldn't have been much to watch, for there was nothin' to see but dust—a rollin', roarin' cloud of it, backward and



William had felt the hand of "Doogulus."—Page 214.

forward over the platform. I don't know just what happened. Pap couldn't tell. Leander couldn't 'a' told you. Ernest couldn't 'a' told you. There was war—real war, and after it come peace."

"Ernest whipped, I know," cried Henry Holmes.

"The teacher was licked—good—good!" echoed Isaac Bolum.

"No, boys," said Josiah solemnly, "that couldn't have been. Even in fairy stories sech things couldn't happen. But when the dust cleared away, Leander's body lay

along the floor, and towerin' over him, one foot on his chest, stood the darin' scholar. I guess the teacher had been took ill."

"Mebbe it was appleplexy," suggested Elmer Spiker.

"Mebbe it was," said Josiah. "It must have been somethin' like that; but whatever it was, there stood the boy. 'You is free,' he says, addressin' the scholars. And the children broke from the seats and started for'a'd to worship him. And Pinky Binn was almost on her knees at his feet when a strange thing happened.

"There was music. It come soft first, and hushed the school, and froze the scholars like statutes. Louder it come and louder—a heavenly choir—the melodium, the cordine, and the fiddle. Then a great white light flooded the school-room. It blinded the boys, and it blinded the girls. The music played softer and softer—the melodium, the cordine, and the fiddle—and with it, keepin' time with it, the light come softer, too; so lookin' up the scholars seen there in the celestial glow, a solemn company gathered round the boy—the he-ros of old—Hercules and General Grant, Joshuay and Washington—all the mighty fighters of history. Just one glimpse, the scholars had, for the music struck up louder, and the light glowed brighter and brighter till it blinded them. Softer and softer the music come—the melodium, the cordine, and the fiddle. It sounded like marchin', they said, and they heard the tramp, tramp, tramp of the sperrit soldiers. Then there was quiet—only the roarin' of the stove and the snufflin' of the little ones. And when they looked up Leander was alone—sittin' there on the platform, kind of rubbin' his eyes—alone."

There was silence in the store. Josiah Nummler's pipe was going full blast, and while the white cloud hid him from the others, I could see a gentle smile on his fat face.

"Mighty souls!" cried Henry Holmes, "that there's impossible."

Josiah planted his pole on the floor and lifted himself to his feet.

"It's only a fairy story, Henery," he said.

"What does it illustrate?" cried Aaron Kallaberger. "Nothin', I says. We was talkin' about Mark and William Bellus, and you switches off on Leander and Ernest. To a certain p'int your story agrees with what my boy told me of the doin's in the school this afternoon."

"What doings?" I exclaimed. This talk puzzled me, and I was determined to get to the bottom of the mystery.

"Why, wasn't you there?" cried Isaac Bolum. "Wasn't it you and William?"

"No," I fairly shouted. "Perry Thomas had the school."

Josiah Nummler's pole clattered to the floor, and he sank into a chair.

"I see—I see," he gasped. "Poor William!"

"I see—I see," said I. "Poor William." For William had felt the hand of "Doo-gulus."

XII



It was young Colonel's first day of life. He had been born six months before, but for him that had simply been the beginning of existence. Now he was to live. He was to go with Captain, and with Betsy his mother, with Arnold Arker's Mike and Major, the best of his breed, to learn to take the trail and follow it, singing as he ran.

It was young Colonel's first day of life. He was out in the great dog world, and about him were the mighty hunters of the valley. Arnold Arker was there with his father's rifle, once a flintlock, always a piece of marvellous accuracy, and a hero as guns go, and the old man patted the puppy and pulled his silky ears. Tip Pulsifer approved of him. Tip shut one eye and gazed at him long and earnestly; he ran his bony fingers down the slender back to the very end of the agitated tail. One by one he took the heavy paws in his hands and stroked them. Then Tip smiled. Murphy Kallaberger smiled too, and declared that the young un took after his pa; clarifying this explanation he pointed his fat thumb over his shoulder to old Captain, beating around the underbrush.

It was young Colonel's first day of life. And what a day to live, I thought, as I stroked his head and wished him luck! He could not get it into his puppy brain that I was to wait there while the others went racing down the slope into the wooded basin below, so he lingered, to sit before me on his haunches, his head cocked to one side, eying me inquisitively. There was a tang in the air. The wind was sweeping along the ridge-top and the woods were shivering. All about us rattled Nature's bones, in the stirring leaves, in the falling pig-nuts, in the crash of the belated birds through the leafless branches. The sun was over us, and as I looked up to drink with my eyes of the warm light, I was taking a draught of God's best wine from off yonder in the north, of the wine that quickens the blood and drives away the brain-clouds. A day of days this was, to race



"Aren't you coming?" he seemed to say.

over the ridges while the music of the hounds rang through them; a day of days to dash from thicket to thicket over the hills and through the hollows, leaping logs and vaulting fences, with every sense keyed to the highest; for the fox is a clever general. So young Colonel was puzzled, for there I was on a log, at the crest of the ridge, with my crutches at one side and my gun at the other, when I should be away after old Captain, the real leader of the sport, after Arnold and Tip and Betsy. This was the best I could do, to sit here and listen and hope—listen as the chase went swinging along the ridges; hope that a kind fate and an unwise Reynard would bring them where I could add the bark of my rifle to

the song of the hounds. You can't explain everything to a dog. With a puppy it is still harder. So Colonel was restless. He looked anxiously down the hill; then he lifted those soft, slantwise eyes to mine very wistfully.

"Go, Colonel," I commanded, pointing into the hollow.

Instead, he came to me and lifted to my knee one of those ponderous feet of his, and tried to pull me from my log.

"Aren't you coming?" he seemed to say.

"No, old chap," I answered, pulling the long ears gently till he smiled. "I prefer it here where I can look over the valley, and from here I can see where Mary lives—down yonder on the hillside; that's the



Sat little Colonel, wailing.—Page 220.

house by the clump of oaks, where the smoke is curling up so thick."

The slantwise eyes became grave, and the long tail paused. The second ponderous paw came crashing on my knee.

"Aren't you coming?" young Colonel seemed to say.

I was flattering myself that the puppy was choosing my company to the hunt, for I always value the approval of a dog. Now I found myself hoping that with a little coddling the young hound would forget the great doings down in the hollow and would stay with me on the ridge-top. But I should have known better. There is an end even to a dog's patience. The place for the strong-limbed is in the thick of the chase. You can't interest a puppy in scenery when his fellows are running a fox.

"Look, Colonel," said I, pointing over the valley, "yonder's where Mary lives, and I suspect that at this very minute she is looking out of the window to this very spot, and——"

The call of a hound floated up from the

hollow. Old Captain was on a trail. With a shrill cry young Colonel answered. This was no time to loaf with a crippled soldier. With a long-drawn yelp, a childish imitation of his father's bay, he was off through the bushes. Young Colonel was living. And I was left alone on my log.

But this was my first day of life, too. Some twenty-four years before I had been born, but those years were simply existence. Now I was living. I had a secret. I had hinted at it to young Colonel. Had he stayed, I would have told him more, but like a fool he had gone jabbering off through the bushes, cutting a ludicrous figure, too, I thought, for his body had not yet grown up to his feet and ears, and he carried them off a bit clumsily. Had he stayed I might have told him all, and there never was a bit of news quite so important as that foolish puppy missed; never a story so romantic as that he might have heard; never in the valley's history an event of such interest. He had scorned it. Now he was with the dog mob down there in the

gulch. I could hear them giving tongue, and I knew they were on an old trail. Soon they would be in full cry, but I did not care. It was fine to be in full cry, of course, but from my post on the ridge-top, I could at least keep in sight of the house by the clump of oaks on the hillside. Last week I should have moped and fumed here, and cursed my luck in being bound to a log on a day like this. Now I turned my face to the sunlight and drank in the keen air. Now I whistled as merry a tune as I knew.

"You seem to take well with solitude," came a voice behind me.

Looking about, I saw Robert Weston fighting his way through the thicket.

"I take better to company," I said. "Why have you deserted the others?"

Weston sat down at my side with his gun across his knees.

"Arnold Arker says there is a fox in that hollow," he answered. "You can hear the dogs now, and he thinks if they start him this is as good a place as any, as he is likely to run over on Buzzard ridge, and double back this way, or he'll give us a sight of him as he breaks from the gully. Then as we went away, I looked back and saw you sitting here and I envied you, for yours is the most comfortable post in all the ridges."

"When you could be somewhere else, yes," said I. "Having to sit here, I should prefer running closer to the dogs."

"As you have to stay here, I'd rather sit with you, and after all what could be better?" Weston laughed. "You know, Mark, in all the valley you are the man I get along with best."

"Because I've never tried to find out why you were here."

"For that reason I told you," said he. "How simple it was, too. There was no cause for mystery."

"It would still be a mystery to Elmer Spiker, say. He can't conceive a man living in the country by choice."

"To Elmer Spiker—indeed, to most of the folks around here, the city is man's natural environment. It's just bad luck to be country-born."

"Exactly," said I.

Weston is a keen fellow. There was a quiet, cynical smile on his face as he sat there beating a tattoo on his leggings with a hickory twig.

"Look at your brother," he exclaimed after a while. "I always told Tim that if he knew what was best he'd stay right here and——"

"If you told him that now, he would laugh at you," I interrupted.

Weston looked surprised.

"Does he like work?" he exclaimed.

"The boy is in love," I answered.

Weston dropped the hickory twig, and turning, gazed at me.

"I knew that," he said. "I knew that long ago."

"With Edith Parker," I hastened to explain. "You know her?"

"Oh—oh," he muttered.

He pulled out a cigar case and a box of matches and spent a long time getting a light.

Then with a glance of inquiry, he said, "Edith Parker?"

"Why, don't you know her?" I asked.

"I know a half a hundred Parkers," he replied. "I may know Edith Parker, but I can't recall her."

"This one is your book-keeper's daughter," I said with considerable heat.

"Indeed," said he calmly. "Parker—Parker—I thought our book-keeper's name was Smyth. Yes—I'm quite sure it's Smyth."

"But Tim says it's Parker," said I. "Tim ought to know."

"Tim should know," laughed Weston. "I guess he does know better than I. A minute ago I would have sworn it was Smyth; but to tell the truth, I never gave any attention to such details of business. Well, Edith is my book-keeper's daughter."

"She lives in Brooklyn," said I, "and she is very beautiful. Every letter I get from Tim, the more beautiful she becomes, for in all my life I never heard of a fellow as frank as he is. Usually men hide what sentiment they have except from a few women, but his letters make me blush when I read them."

"They are so full of gush," said Weston, calmly smoking.

He seemed very indifferent, and to be more listening to the cries of the dogs working around the hollow than to the affairs of the Hope family.

"Gush is the word for it," I answered. "Tim never gives me a line about himself. It's all Edith—Edith—Edith."

"And he is engaged to Miss Smyth?" Weston struck his legging a sharp blow with his stick. "Confound it!" he cried, "I can't get it out of my head that our book-keeper's name is Smyth."

"But Tim knows, surely," said I.

"Yes—he must," answered Weston. "Of course I'm wrong. But this Miss Parker—are they engaged?"

"I can't tell from his last letter," I replied. "It seems that they must be pretty near it—that's what Mary says, too."

Weston started. Then he rose to his feet very slowly, and wheeling about looked down on me and smoked.

"Mary says so too," he repeated. "How in the world does Mary know?"

"I read her the letter," said I, apologetically. It did seem wrong to read Tim's letter that way. From my standpoint it was all right now, but Weston did not know that, so he whistled softly to himself.

From the hollow came the long-drawn cry of the hound. It was old Captain. Betsy joined in, then Mike; and now the ridges rang with the music of the chase. They were on a fresh trail; they were away over hill and hollow, singing full-throated as they ran.

"They've found him," I cried, rising to hear the song of the hounds.

Weston sat down on the log.

"They are making for the other ridge," said I, pointing over the narrow gully. "Hark! There's young Colonel."

But Weston went on smoking. "Poor Tim!" I heard him say.

Full and strong rang the music of the dogs, as they swung out of the hollow, up the ridge-side. For a moment, in the clearing, I had a glimpse of them, Captain leading, with Betsy at his haunches, and Mike and Major nose and nose behind them. Far in the rear, but in the chase, was little Colonel. A grand puppy, he! All ears and feet. But he runs bravely through the tangled brush. Many a stouter dog comes from it with flanks all torn and bloody. I waved my hat wildly, cheering him on. I called to him loudly, in the vain hope he might look back, as though at a time like this a hound would turn from the trail. On he went into the woods—nose to the ground and body low—all feet and ears and a stout heart!

"Now we must wait," I said, "and watch and hope."

Already they had turned the crest of the hill, and fainter and fainter came the sound of the chase.

"Mark," Weston began, "I hope this affair of Tim's turns out all right. What little I can do shall be done, and to-night I'm going to write to the office that they must help him along. He deserves it."

"But the poorer men are the greater their love," I laughed. "With money to marry, Tim might think that after all he'd better look around more—take a choice."

"But Tim is the most serious person that ever was," returned Weston. "I have found that out. Once he makes up his mind, there is no changing it. He is full of ideas. He actually thinks that a man who is in business is doing something praiseworthy; that a man who has bought and sold merchandise at a profit all his life can fold his hands when he dies and say, 'I have not lived in vain.' He does not know yet that the larger estate a man leaves to his relatives the more useful his life has been. Now I suppose he hopes some day to be a tea-king. Perhaps he will. I hope so. I don't want the job. But once he has picked out his queen, you can't change him by making marriage a financial impossibility."

"Well, I'm certainly not protesting against your raising his salary," said I.

"You needn't. To tell the truth, it's too late. I wrote to the office about that yesterday."

It's of no use to thank Weston for anything. I tried to, but he brushed it aside airily and told me to attend to my own affairs and light one of his cigars. When we were smoking together his mood became more serious, and as he spoke of Tim and Tim's ambition, and of his interest in the boy, he was carried back to his own earlier life. So for the first time I came to understand his prolonged stay in the valley.

Like Elmer Spiker, in my heart Weston's conduct puzzled me. When he told me that he had come here simply because he liked the country I believed him that far, but I suspected some deeper reason to keep a man of his stamp dawdling in a remote valley. Now it was so simple. The foundation of Weston's fortunes had been laid in one small saloon; its bulk had been

built on a chain stretching from end to end of the city. Its founder had been a coarse, uneducated man, but his success in the liquor trade had been too great to be forgotten, even years after he had abandoned it and built up the great commercial house that bore his name. His ambition for his son had been boundless. He had spared nothing to make him a better man in the world's eye than his father. He had succeeded. But the world had persisted in remembering the parental bar. Robert Weston had never seen that bar, for he had entered on the scene when there was a chain of them, and his father had brought him up in almost ignorance of their very existence. Even at the university he had little reason to be ashamed of them. It was after he had spent years in rounding out his education abroad, and had returned to take his place in those circles which he believed he was entitled to enter, that he found that the world persisted in pointing to the large revenue stamp that seemed to cling to him. A stronger man would have fought against odds like these, and won for himself a place that would suffer no denial. But Weston was physically a delicate man. By nature he was retiring, rather than aggressive. If those who were his equals would have none of him because of his father's faults, then he would not seek them. Equally distasteful were those who equalled him in wealth alone, for by a strange contradiction, the very fact that the rumshop did not jar on their sensibilities, marked them for him as coarse and uncongenial. Weston had turned to himself. It is the study of oneself that makes cynics. The study of others makes egotists. Then a woman had come. Of her Weston did not say much, except that she had made him turn from himself for a time to study her. He had become an egotist and so had dared to love her. She had loved him, he thought, for she said so, and promised to become his wife. Things were growing brighter. But they met an officious friend. They were in Venice at the time, he having joined her there with her family. The officious friend joined the family too, and he held up his hands in horror when he heard of it. Didn't the family know? Oh, yes, Bob was himself a fine fellow; but he was Whiskey Weston!

"Of course, no good woman wants to be

Mrs. Whiskey Weston," said my friend grimly. "Still, I think she did care a bit for me; but it was all up. Back I came, and here I am, Mark, just kind of stopping to stretch my legs and rest a little and breathe. I came on a wheel, for I had ridden for miles and miles trying to get my mind back on myself the way it used to be."

Then he smoked.

"Is that the dogs again?" I said, to break the oppressive silence.

Weston did not heed me, but pointed down the valley to the house by the clump of oaks.

"Do you know sometimes I think that Mary there, with all her bringing up, would edge away from me if she knew that my father had kept saloons and gambling places and all that." Weston spoke carelessly, puffing at his cigar, for he had recovered his easy demeanor. "I think a world of Mary, Mark. She is beautiful and good and honest. Sometimes I suspect that I've stayed here just for her. Sometimes I think I will not leave till she goes——" Weston sprang to his feet suddenly. "It's the dogs! Hear them!" he cried.

I was up too. Away down the ridge we heard the bay of the hounds again.

"I want to tell you something," I said, pointing to the house by the clump of oaks. "I wish for your sake that there were two Marys, Weston. But there is only one, and she is good and beautiful, and for some reason—Heaven only knows why—she is going to be my wife."

Weston stepped back and gazed at me. I did not blame him. He seemed to study me from head to foot, and I knew that he was trying to find some reason why the girl should care for me. It was natural. I had puzzled over the same problem and I had not solved it. Now I did not care.

"Stare on," I cried, laughing. "You can't think it queerer than I do. It's hard for me to convince myself that it is true."

"I am glad," he said, taking my hand in a warm grasp. "It isn't strange at all, Mark, for Mary is a wise woman."

"There are the dogs," said I; "they are getting nearer."

"They are coming our way at last," he returned quietly. "But what's that to us when you are to be married? I wish you joy, and I shall be at the wedding, and it must be soon, too, and Tim shall be here."

He was speaking very rapidly; his face was pale and his hand trembled in mine. "I'll send for him. Tim must have a holiday, and perhaps he'll bring Miss—Miss Smyth." Weston laughed. "Parker," he corrected. "He'll bring Miss Parker or Mrs. Tim."

Full and strong the bay of the hounds was ringing along the ridges. Nearer and nearer they were coming. Now I could hear old Captain's deep tones, and the shorter, sharper tongue of Betsy, Mike, and Major. The fox was keeping to the ridge-top and in a few minutes he would be sweeping by us. I pointed through the woods to a bit of clearing made by a charcoal burner. If he kept his course the fox would cross it, and that meant a clear shot. Weston knew the place, and without a word he picked up his gun and hurried through the woods.

Nearer and nearer came the hounds. The woods were ringing with their music, and the sound of the chase swung to and fro, from ridge to ridge. Now I could hear the crashing of the underbrush.

A shot rang out. Weston had fired.

My own gun sprang to my shoulder, but it was too late. The fox, seeing me, veered

down the hill, and swept on to safety or to death, for six more anxious hunters were watching for him somewhere in those woods.

The dogs swept by, old Captain as ever leading, with Betsy at his haunches and Mike and Major neck and neck behind.

I watched for little Colonel. A minute passed and he did not come. Poor puppy! He had learned that to live was to suffer. Somewhere in these woods he must be lying, resting those ponderous paws and licking his bloody flanks.

The hollow was alive with the bay of dogs; the ridges were ringing with the echoes of a gunshot; but above them all I heard a plaintive wail over there in the charcoal clearing. I called for Weston and I got no answer, only the cry of the little hound. I called again and I got no answer. Through the bushes I tore as fast as my crutches would take me, calling as I ran and hearing only the wail of the puppy, till I broke from the cover into the open.

On his haunches, his slantwise eyes half closed, his head lifted high in the bright sunlight, sat little Colonel, wailing. He heard me call. He saw me. And when I reached him he was licking the white face of Whiskey Weston.

(To be continued.)



THE SIGNED TUREEN

By Guy Wetmore Carryl

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WILLIAM HURD LAWRENCE



AMOS HARTSHORN was dead. In all the sum total of history's vital statistics could be found, perhaps, no item less important. For it is a poor, small, and insignificant man, at best, whose passing from earthly activity does not entail a hint of meaning for some half-dozen of his kind, while those whose pulses quickened at the death of Amos Hartshorn numbered only two—Mary, his daughter and his friend, and Jeremy Burns, his rival and his enemy. In these two the emotions wakened by the thought of him as gone, were strikingly dissimilar, though equally intense. The one thought lovingly of what his life, the other of what his death, made possible.

The fishing village of Cliffport (which is not its name), now grown into a town, with a mayor, a chemical engine, a steam-roller, and an annual election, has been famous from time immemorial for its deep, reefless, and land-locked harbor. Thereby, in these last years, two local yacht-clubs have come to pass, to say nothing of a dozen or more hotels of a criminal hideousness, and multifarious summer residences, servilely and monotonously connatural in their architecture and their habits of stained shingles and enamel paint. The pretentious club-houses have flattened themselves against the steep shore of Cliffport Neck, spreading their over-adequate piazzas around them, like dowagers courtesying in hoops. Within, there are spacious living-rooms, and carpeted halls with giant fire-places, where the birch logs and the smoothly polished chunks of driftwood blaze and snap and crackle all summer long. From curtained doorways to left and right come the clicks of caroms, the tinkle of ice in tall glasses, the laughter of men, and the eloquent odors of tobacco, of mint, of lemons, and of every beverage in Christendom. Outside, smart little traps go trundling over the smooth, hard roads, to the

tock-tock-tock-tock, tock-tock-tock-tock of chubby cobs, and the blue waters of the harbor are covered with yachts at anchor and with launches chug-chugging to and from the landing-stages. Of a sunny Sunday, too, you will see the slender, silent pleasure craft spread their cream-colored sails all in a moment and in unison, and, like seed-blown dandelions at a touch of breeze, go leaping and leaning together out to sea.

But back of all this, which is the froth of Cliffport, the old traditions hold, the old current flows sluggishly along. Between the trim and dainty yachts, gleaming with spotless paint and burnished brass-work, the smutty dories yet thread their way. On the blackened wharves, smelling evilly of tar and linseed-oil and fish, the patriarchs still sit among the coils of cordage and the heaps of rusty iron, tug at their pipes, swap yarns, stare sourly across the harbor to the Neck, and pass comments unfit for ears polite, upon the yachtsmen and the summer visitors. Further back in the town, where the older streets wind tortuously in and out, it is, for the most part, as if the invasion of the city people had never been. Here, all is gray, narrow, cramped, and falling—but with a certain dignity—into decay. Slat is missing from shutters, shutters from windows, and bars from balustrades. One more frequently perceives where paint has been than where it is. And, as children might pin tags upon some street beggar, grown old and blind, so the hands of passing bill-posters have contemptuously plastered these dingy and decrepit houses with notices of circuses and patent medicines, all heedless of the eloquence of the cloudy panes, so hauntingly like weak and dumbly appealing eyes, and the shabby doors, which seem to be gnarled and discolored hands, protesting in vain against such sacrilege. Gardens, once trim and cared-for, now run riot, the tall, attenuated hollyhocks and clumps of degenerating stocks and dahlias

struggling hopelessly with the invading host of hardy weeds. Weather-beaten and neglected, the old houses stand a-row, their occupants, driven bit by bit from the rotting front rooms and upper stories, now making their last stand, in a kitchen, a shed, and a rear chamber or two, against the relentless inroads of poverty, age, and decay.

But as the people of an invaded country will oftentimes turn the coming of their conquerors and oppressors to profit, so some of the shrewder inhabitants of Cliffport find an opportunity in the presence of the vandals actually responsible for the gradual extermination of old-time conditions. These grim, pathetic dwellings, which housed a welfare long since fled, are made to feed their present owners upon their very vitals. Woodwork, crockery, glass, and pictures—little by little they all pass into the hands of the summer visitors, and, here and there in the town, a front window is animated by rows of blue and lilac plates, whale-oil lamps, and bits of pewter, and a little sign makes known the half-contemptible, half-piteous fact that one inside is contriving to maintain a semblance of prosperity by means of a traffic in the household gods of less fortunate neighbors.

Such a one was Jeremy Burns, "Dealer," as his card proclaimed him, "in Curios and Antiques." The large, well-conserved house which he inherited from his grandmother soon lost, under his unsentimental supervision, the cleanly if somewhat formal coziness which had entitled it to the name of home, and the rooms which in the old lady's lifetime, sparsely furnished as they were, had yet been negatively cheerful, were now unspeakably barren, albeit crowded to their utmost capacity with a miscellaneous collection which was half sheer rubbish and half veritable treasure-trove. He was no fool, Jeremy Burns. Harsh, unkempt, content to live in the smallest of his rooms and on the cheapest food, he had yet a knowledge of his business which would have done honor to a curator, and not only bought with a discriminating eye, but sold with consummate craft. Because his speech was that of Cliffport, drawling and characteristically profane, it did not follow that the intelligence which lay behind was proportionately inept. The men and women

who came to the door of the big house on Atlantic Street were of two classes—those whom necessity drove thither, to part with a cherished pair of andirons, a teapot, or a print, and those whom a full purse and an empty hour led in quest of something of the kind. But whichever might be the motive of their errand, they had the wrong end of the bargain when they dealt with Jeremy Burns.

So, buying cheap and selling dear, at the end of twenty years he had amassed the vast, disorderly collection which now filled every room of his house. The walls of each were lined with side-boards, cabinets, and bureaus, and of these the drawers and shelves groaned with pewter, plate, and pottery. Every closet held its store of "blue"—Staffordshire, Nankin, Canton—teapots, plates, pitchers, and tureens, little handleless cups and saucers of soft Spode, and odd pieces of such odd sets as "The Beauties of America," "The Arms of the States," or "The Sports of Bacchus." The commoner specimens, such as the Wild Rose plates, the lustre, the Liverpool mugs and pitchers, were in full view; the rarer—the black Wedgewood, the Nantgawr, the Capo di Monte, and the Delft apothecary jars—were jealously hidden away, to be sprung dramatically upon the most promising of Jeremy's customers, when once their appetites had been whetted by more ordinary fare. And then—spinning-wheels, warming-pans, Grenadier andirons, furniture of every size and kind, pewter, candle moulds, scraps of carving, prints, old fabrics, bedspreads, samplers, spoons; and, in the midst of all, Jeremy himself, with his rusty hat and clothes, his small, sly eyes, and his thin, unshaven face; prowling, sorting, comparing, rearranging, gloating, and hastening noiselessly through the hall when the tinkle of the bell announced that another fly had sought the spider's door to buy or sell.

But above stairs was one room into which Jeremy's visitors were never shown. Within it, upon a huge mahogany table, was spread that which was chief of all his treasures and at once his pride and his despair—the Queen's-ware dinner-set of a hundred and forty-nine pieces, without a flaw, a crack, or a stain. It was the work of Enoch Wood the father, and worth—Jeremy did not dare to think how much it

might be worth! Of soft cream color, tenderly and chastely decorated with little festoons of flowers, and bearing on each piece the device of its former owner, "A. V." in cipher, with a coronet above, the Queen's-ware set was something to delight and to illumine the collector's eye. When Jeremy thought of the amount he had paid to secure it, his blood ran chill; when he dwelt upon the price which, but for one consideration, he might well obtain for it, he gnawed his stubby moustache and snapped his fingers softly; when he reflected upon the obstacle which stood in the way of his bringing this vastly profitable sale to pass, he cursed the memory of Enoch Wood.

For "the father of pottery," be it understood, was of all men the most conservative. Top-high in the list of his achievements stood this self-same set, calculated to shatter the Tenth Commandment into imperceptible bits—this *chef d'œuvre* which had been ignobler if fashioned out of solid gold, this lovely assemblage of one hundred and fifty cream-white inspirations; but of these one bore his signature, and one alone. *One hundred and fifty pieces*—and Jeremy Burns was the exultant, the enraged, the desperate present owner of one hundred and forty-nine! Plates, platters, tea and coffee pots, gravy-boats, cups, saucers—all were there. The tureen alone was missing, the tureen which bore the all-essential signature of Enoch Wood; the tureen which, by its presence, would have proved the set authentic beyond the shadow of a doubt, and multiplied five-fold the value of its nameless fellows. And so, by ways perhaps too devious, we come to Amos Hartshorn.

For seven years Amos had owned the signed tureen. He alone, of the dozen dealers in antiques in Cliffport, could fairly be considered a business rival to Jeremy Burns; for while his stock was far smaller than the latter's—so small, indeed, that it had never outgrown one room—it made up in quality what it lacked in quantity. If its owner's circumstances had not compelled him to be a dealer, he must, infallibly, have been an *amateur*. Where Jeremy bought and sold with equal eagerness, best pleased with such objects as remained in his possession for the shortest space of time, Amos purchased with affection and vended with infinite regret. His

eye was all for the beauty of the thing in which he dealt, and less than anything for the use or profit to which it was to be put. Jeremy bought wax flowers, and marble greyhounds reclining upon agate cushions, and cheap Swiss clocks—yes, and sold them, too, and often at a profit tidier than the average, for the two sufficient reasons that he bought this trash for a song and sold it to fools. But there were no marble greyhounds in the single wareroom of Amos Hartshorn. He bought as much, and sold as little, as he could afford, was poor his whole life long, while Jeremy's purse grew fatter yearly, and found ample compensation for every limitation and lack which this obedience to his conscience cost him, in even the temporary possession of the soft-toned old crockery which was the delight of his eye.

Among the treasures of which, in this manner, he was provisional custodian was one which, while it had cost him nothing, no money could have bought—the signed tureen. A codicil in the will of his oldest customer, grateful for his aid in the pursuit of her hobby, had fortuitously made it his, and when, later, at the sale of her collection, Jeremy had bought the remainder of the Queen's-ware set, it was only to find that the prime jewel, the keynote, the *summum bonum*, was already in the hands of his neighbor and rival. Mistaking his man for once in his life, he made a cash offer for the tureen upon the spot, and was met by one of Amos Hartshorn's rare flashes of anger, and a curt intimation that the article in question was not in the market on any terms whatever.

That was the beginning. Thenceforward, for seven years, the entire ingenuity of Jeremy Burns was focussed on the solution of one problem. By what threats, artifices, pleadings, and extravagant offers he sought to gain possession of the signed tureen, there is not space to say. In the end he fell to sending emissaries, or letters over signatures other than his own. Finally driven to desperation, he had gone for the last time in person, to bribe, bluster, brow-beat, and even weep. Then Amos Hartshorn showed him the door, adding grimly, as they faced each other on the threshold:

"You'll never get it, Jeremy—not so long as I live. And if I can fix it—and I think I can—you won't get it when I'm gone."

Whereupon the struggle had turned into a silent enmity, firm, but without rancor on the part of Amos, bitter, merciless, and savage on that of Jeremy. Even the latter's exultation in his constantly increasing trade and swelling profits was subordinate to his jealous satisfaction in the perception that his neighbor grew yearly more pinched and feeble, and his neighbor's customers more rare. Sometimes he gnawed his nails in a very fever of impotent impatience. Would the snapping-point, the moment of yielding, *never* come? Would the fingers of penury *never* sufficiently tighten? Peering from behind the wares in his window, his small eyes seemed to bore through the walls of the house opposite, to search out the signed tureen, to slay its protesting owner with a glance of venom, to bear it off in triumph, and to place it in the midst of its nameless and disinherited brothers in the chamber overhead. So seven years went by.

And now Amos Hartshorn was dead, and had been buried a full week in the hill cemetery overlooking the round, blue harbor. His daughter's few acquaintances having conscientiously snuffled an accompaniment to the funeral service, paused for a moment on the narrow sidewalk outside the house to ask each other what in land Mary Hartshorn would do now, and to sigh lugubriously, and then went their respective ways and ceased to wonder or to care. Day slowly followed day, and there was no external sign of life about the little house, wherein Mary sat stiffly upright, hour after hour, on the hair-cloth sofa, with her thin hands folded in her lap and her pale eyes staring straight before her into vacancy. She was waiting, blindly, hopelessly, for something to happen, something to divert her dulled attention for a moment from the thought that she was penniless, resourceless, and alone. And as she waited, over the way the seven years' avidity of Jeremy Burns surmounted his power of self-control, and casting diplomacy to the winds, he boldly crossed the street, and twirled the bell-knob in the centre of his departed rival's door. He was surprised to be asked into the parlor; surprised to find himself sitting opposite to Mary; surprised, most of all, at the sudden embarrassment which tied up his words into hard knots in his throat, and brought

out the sweat in beads upon his forehead. Mary Hartshorn was looking at him steadily. A little spot of color burned like a wafer in the centre of each cheek, and twice she moistened her lips.

"You sent him a wreath," she said at last.

"Yes," said Jeremy.

In truth, his awkwardness had suggested no better way of winning the girl's favor than this, the most inauspicious, had he but known it, for the attainment of his purpose.

"I'm glad you liked it," he added heavily.

"You are mistaken," answered Mary. "I did *not* like it. I—I threw it away. Why should you send a wreath to—to him? You've been his open enemy for years. Why should *you* send him a wreath?"

Jeremy found no reply.

"I think I can tell you why you have come here to-day," continued the girl resolutely. "You're after the tureen—isn't that it? You think that it will be easy for you to get it, now that he's gone. At least, be frank about it. Am I right?"

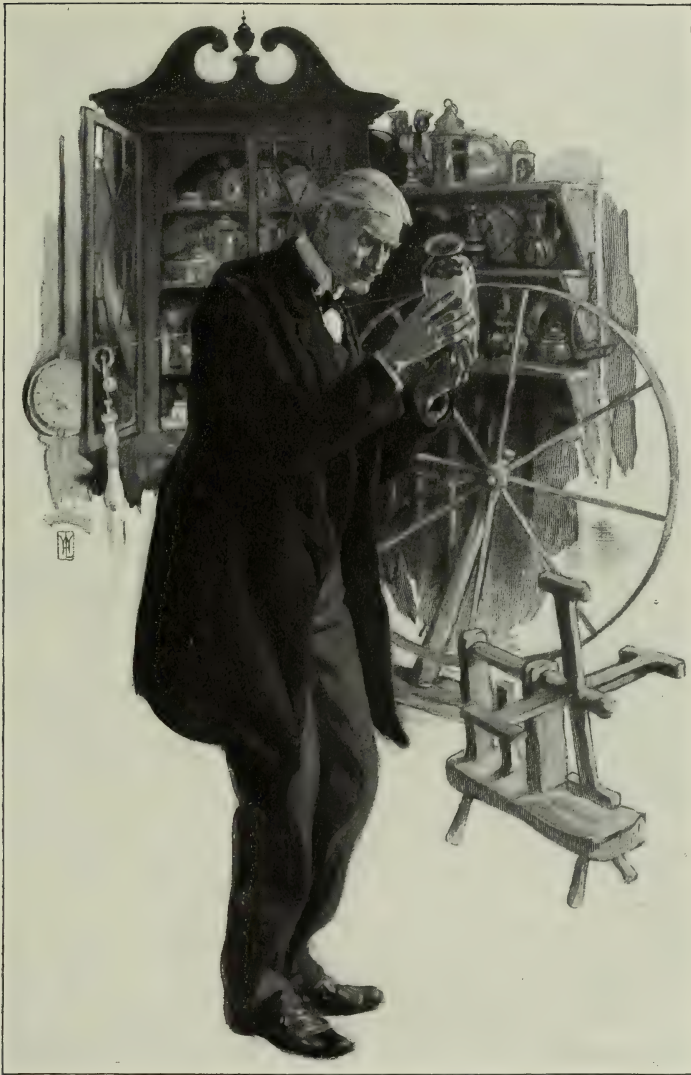
"I'm prepared to make you a lib'ral offer f'r all your father's stock," replied Jeremy, discovering his tongue, "an' the t'reen—of *course*, the t'reen. W'y not? You can't have any use f'r it now, an' you need money. There's no use in beatin' roun' the bush, is there? Come!—shall we say two hunderd f'r the lot? Mind you, I don't even as t' see w'at you've got. I'll take the chanct of a loss. Now then—two hunderd?—cash?"

"No," said Mary Hartshorn.

"Well then—three!" said Jeremy the Blind. "But not a red cent more, not a red cent. It's a han'some offer, Merry. *You* know that! There can't be much lef', an' I stan' t' lose. But I'm as gen'rous as the nex' man, w'en it comes t' that, an' w'at's pas' is pas'. Bygones is bygones. I want the t'reen, of course; I don't deny that. An' there's no reason w'y I shouldn' *have* it, I expec', s'long as I play fair. An' I *am* playin' fair, Merry! Come now—three hunderd—w'at?"

Mary rose, with an unconscious dignity.

"I shouldn't care to be shown the same door twice," she said; "but it seems that some folks are not so particular. Will you go, please, Mr. Burns—and not come again?"



Jeremy . . . prowling, sorting, comparing, rearranging.—Page 222.

Jeremy's thin face flushed wrathfully.

"D'you mean," he demanded, "that I *can't* have the t'reen?"

"Never!" exclaimed the girl. "Never—never—never! *Now* do you understand—and will you go?"

"You're a fool!" said Jeremy. The which, no doubt, she was.

For a half-hour she sat where he had left her, her face hidden in her hands. Over and over again, the interview just past came back to her, insisting, with a kind of stubborn eloquence, upon her bitter neces-

sity, and the chance of relieving it which she had thrown away. But always, as a solace and accompaniment in one, returned her father's pale face, as she had seen it in those last, heart-rending hours of hopeless vigil, and his feeble, oft-reiterated words:

"Remember your God, my daughter, and remember your honest pride. They'll bring you through, my dear; they'll bring you through, whatever happens."

Her God? Where was He, behind this cold, clear, beautiful, unsympathetic sky of the Massachusetts coast? It was easy to

say "Remember," but, in these hours of her affliction and her need, it was so much easier to forget! Her pride? What had it just done for her, if not to push aside the hope of a relief which, if temporary, was at least substantial? No sympathy from above had held back this, the earliest of her solitary sacrifices. It had come surely and swiftly, treading hard upon the heels of her bereavement. But she had done right! This perception, in all its stern, severe simplicity and beauty, leaped at her out of the chaos of her thoughts. *Right!* Merciless master thought it be, the word compensates for much in Massachusetts towns. So, presently, she took heart of grace, found words, and framed a prayer.

Impious as the naked thought would have appeared to her, it was almost to her father that she prayed. It could hardly have been otherwise. This grave, silent, gentle man, who had so lately left her that, in these rooms, his presence seemed yet to live and move, had been the most constant of companions, the kindest of teachers, the tenderest of guardians. He fulfilled at every point the requirements which the girl's simple yet strict standards taught her to expect of paternity. It was well-nigh impossible for her mind, destitute of imagination, and untouched by any remotest hint of theology, to conceive a higher type. It might be said, without irreverence, that for his daughter, Amos Hartshorn had made God in his own image.

In the narrow street the lengthening shadows proclaimed late afternoon when Mary suddenly raised her head. For the second time that day the door-bell had smitten the silence with its discordant clang. She touched her hair and smoothed her black skirt instinctively before answering the summons.

The visitor was a stranger to her, a man of middle age, smooth-shaven, simply dressed, and with the better part of his kindly smile in his clear blue eyes. He removed his hat as she opened the door, and bowed with old-fashioned formality.

"May I see your china?"

For an instant she was on the threshold of refusal. The room which held the little collection had been closed since the first days of her father's illness. Her heart smote her at the thought of invading this sanctuary, instinct with so many memories.

But her need was instant, and necessity stood face to face with sentiment and had the upper hand. She led the way in silence, turning only as they were entering the room.

"It is usually more orderly," she said, a little unevenly, "but there has been illness—death."

"I am very sorry," said her visitor, simply. "If I had known I would not have ventured to intrude. I trust it was not your father?"

The girl's eyes widened, without meeting those of her questioner.

"Yes," she said. "He died last week."

"I am very sorry," repeated the other. "We were friends, I think: I should have been proud to call him one. He did me many favors, and I've made him many visits, though I've never happened to meet you before, have I? He was a good man."

He adjusted a pair of gold-rimmed glasses, and drew a card from his case.

"That is my name," he added. "You may have heard your father speak of me."

Nathan Hapgood. Yes, Mary remembered. This was the great merchant prince of Boston, whose house at Colchester was the proudest on all the proud North Shore. There were letters from him, even now, in Amos Hartshorn's little desk upstairs, and Mary recalled her father's many searches for rare plates and pitchers which his millionaire customer desired; his joy when these quests were crowned with success, his chagrin when he was unable to carry out the commission entrusted to him. Favors? Yes, perhaps they had been favors. If so, they had been more than liberally repaid.

"Yes," she said, "my father often spoke of you. Perhaps you know that he admired you. I am glad you came. He would have been pleased, and proud to show you what he had. He—will you wait a moment, sir? I'll fetch a light. It is growing dark in-doors."

Left to himself, Nathan Hapgood bit his lip. He was no poet, no painter, seeking for "atmosphere" or "color," but he was more—the employer of many men, of many women, whose long experience of their hopes and disappointments, their pretensions and their shortcomings, their efforts and their failures, had given his perception that sense of the imminent which lies in the antennae of the butterfly. There was no



Drawn by W. H. Lawrence.

"You'll never get it, Jeremy—not so long as *I* live."—Page 223.

need to tell him what lay behind the hesitating speech and the averted eyes of Mary Hartshorn.

"This morning's *Herald*," he said to himself, "informed me of a massacre in Russia, of an impending revolution in Bulgaria, of a lynching in the South. But the *little* tragedies of life—the *little* ones! Heigho!"

When Mary returned he was already examining the signed tureen.

"This is a valuable piece," he observed, with that generous candor of appreciation which distinguishes the true collector from the mere hunter after bargains. "I am surprised to find it here. Such things are commonly snapped up at once: and if I am not mistaken, Jeremy Burns has the rest of the set. I remember he bought it at the Kassett sale. I should have thought——"

Mary set the lamp she had brought, upon a table in the window.

"Mr. Burns has made many offers for it," she said, "but it was not—is not for sale. It was a gift to my father from an old friend, and he valued it very greatly."

"Ah," said Mr. Hapgood, nodding his head slowly and stroking his chin. "I am disappointed. I had quite made up my mind to carry it away with me. Let me see—it's Miss Hartshorn, isn't it? You're not married?"

"No," said Mary. She had taken a little square of thin silk from a drawer, and was dusting the crockery nearest to her. It was the instinctive solicitude of one who loved rather than labored under a charge, and perhaps an outlet for her embarrassment, as well. Mr. Hapgood observed her narrowly, saw her turn a bit of copper lustre obliquely toward the lamp, to catch the hint of iridescence on its polished side, and smiled quietly, with the sympathy of understanding.

"You are fond of china?" he asked.

"Very," answered the girl. "My father liked to teach me, and it was a great pleasure to learn. I know something of every piece here. They seem like old friends, all of them. That's the worst of being a dealer, my father used to say—it's so hard to part with the things you've grown to love."

"Precisely," agreed Mr. Hapgood, with an interested nod. "I should have exactly the same feeling. I've one of the largest collections in the country, you know, and

some very fine examples. I've over forty of the Syntax plates."

"All different?" exclaimed Mary.

"All different!" said Mr. Hapgood, rubbing his hands. "I see you know! Yes, I've over two thousand pieces in all—almost enough to keep one person busy with the care of them——"

He suddenly fell silent, turning a pitcher of Beach-ware over and over in his large, firm hands. When, as now, he fingered an article without looking at it, and nibbled behind his lips, they were wont to say in the offices of the big Boston store that "the Old Man had a new idea." It was quite unnecessary to add that the new idea would be worth while.

Presently Mary Hartshorn turned from her dusting, came close to him, and nerved herself to speak, holding her arms rigidly at her sides and her thin fingers clenched.

"I'll sell you the tureen, Mr. Hapgood, if you like. It seems, somehow, as if he wouldn't mind your having it, perhaps. And I—and I need the money, sir. He didn't—leave—he didn't leave very much, you see."

Mr. Hapgood's whole face went kindlier at the words.

"My poor little friend," he said, "I'll gladly take the tureen. But afterward—what then? What are you going to do?"

"I thought of staying," faltered Mary; "of staying right here, and carrying on the business. Do you think I could? Do you think I could make a success of it?"

Mr. Hapgood glanced about him. In all, there were not more than fifty pieces of crockery in the room, and the dwindling sources of supply—the long searches, often fruitless—the journeys, the bargainings, the rebuffs, the disappointments—above all, Jeremy Burns in the house opposite, with his vast stock, and his skill, and his rapacity, for an immediate competitor.

"Miss Hartshorn," he said, "I've the biggest kind of a house over in Colchester yonder, and an old housekeeper that you can't help loving from the first minute you clap eyes on her. And I've a collection of china that needs to be rearranged, and catalogued, and looked after like a baby. Suppose you come and do it. Mrs. Wreath will find you a room, and if the china doesn't keep you busy, there'll be other ways in plenty of helping her, never fear.



"This is a valuable piece," he observed.—Page 228.

And I'll be glad to pay you a fair salary—nothing enormous, you understand, but more—more than I think you are likely to make here, my dear."

Mary had drawn back a step as he was speaking, raising her hands and clasping them upon her breast.

"Oh, you are kind, sir!" she answered, just above a whisper; "you are very, very kind! But I think I couldn't do that; I couldn't do that just now, Mr. Hapgood. It would seem to me like deserting all this"—she made a little gesture to comprehend the room—"all this that he loved and was

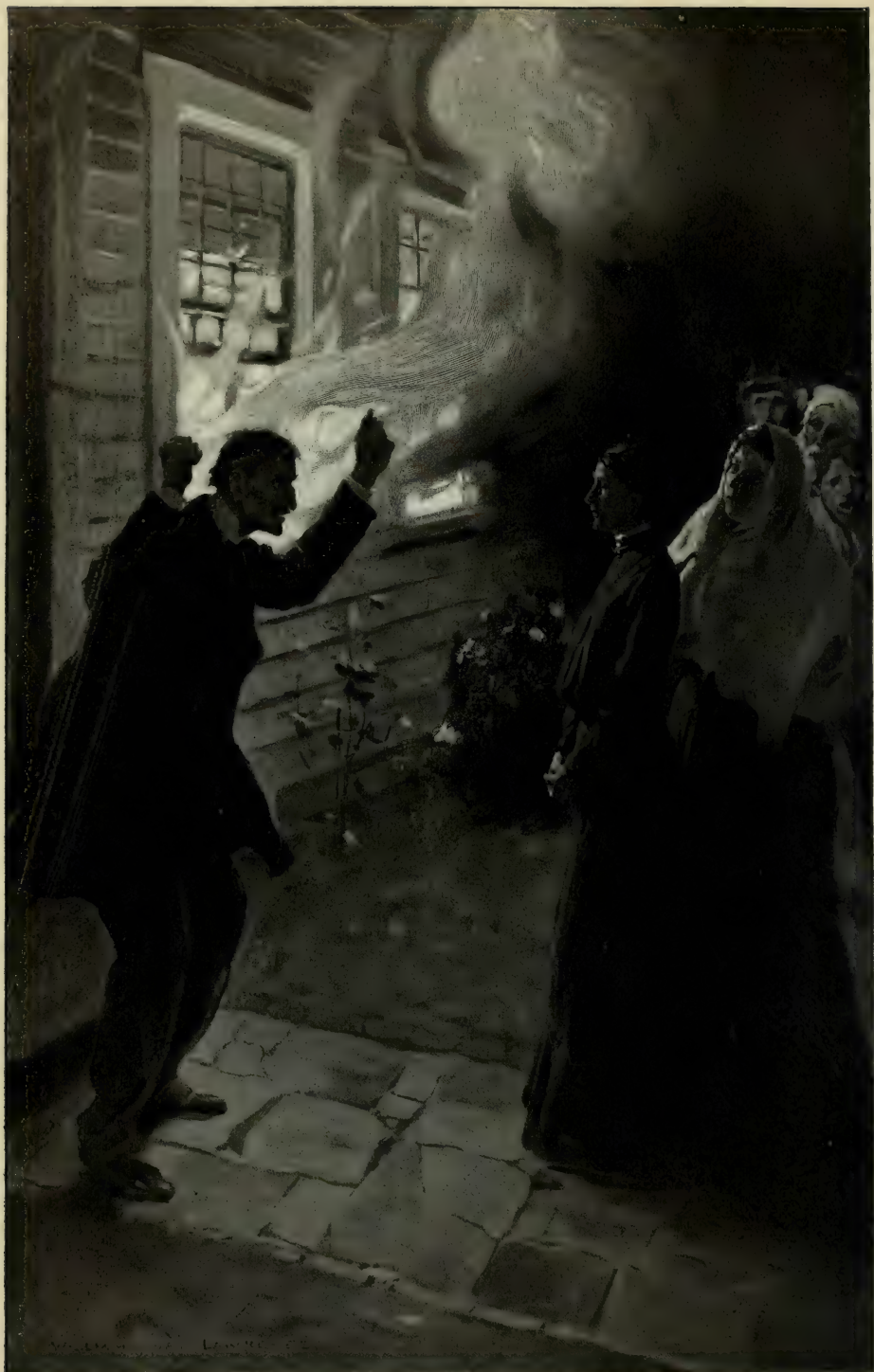
so proud of. I think I ought to make the attempt. I ought at least to try. But thank you, just the same, sir—thank you!"

She turned away, battling with the tears that strove to come.

"As you will," said Mr. Hapgood, after a moment. "We'll leave the offer open. A letter to Colchester will reach me at any time, and if you find that you can't—that it doesn't work, Miss Hartshorn, you'll write, won't you?"

Mary nodded. She could not trust herself to speak.

"And I'll take the tureen with me," he



Drawn by W. H. Lawrence.

"I can't get in—I tried four times. An' the t'reen! Oh, my God—my God!—the t'reen!"—Page 231.

added more briskly. "I don't like to lose sight of a treasure, once I've found it. I'm spending the night with a friend in town, so it's quite convenient. There's a hundred dollars—not a word, young lady! I know the value of this kind of thing better than you, I fancy. And now, good-by. A promise is a promise, remember. I shall fully expect to hear from you in case you change your mind."

He was gone before she found words to answer him, carrying the signed tureen in his arms as tenderly as the shepherd bears the lamb. The girl was smiling through her tears as she went slowly up the stairs.

Outside, the short October day was already at an end. Darkness fell abruptly, and lighted windows multiplied along the narrow street. A stiff, crisp wind blew in from the sea, paused at the half-open window of the Hartshorn house, and entered, tentatively at first, and then more boldly. The stolid china and mahogany furniture received this intruder with rigid formality. Only two things stirred at his coming—the flighty dimity curtain, which went into ecstasies at his impetuous attentions, and the flame of the little lamp on the table, a foot away.

Ten minutes later, Jeremy Burns came out upon the steps of his house, locked the door carefully behind him, turned, paused for a moment, with his head thrust forward and his eyes protruding like green marbles, and then, with a roar, plunged madly across the street, and began to thunder with his fists upon the Hartshorn door. Mary was roused from the deep revery into which she had fallen, in her room above, by the stupendous clamor of his pounding and his cries—roused to a heart-startling sensation of calamity. The air was hot and pungent. As she lifted her head to listen, it suddenly stung her eyes, and when she flung open the door of her chamber it was to find the hall and stairway white with dense clouds of smoke. Reeling and choking, she fought her way downward and out, perceiving only, as she passed the ware-

room door, that the heat became scorching, and that little tongues of red and yellow danced in the thick haze. Then her fingers closed on the knob of the street-door, and turned it. A great, cold inrush of pure air met her like the arms of a friend, and the next instant she was in the street.

The crowd had gathered in a breath. Her neighbors flocked about her, proffering sympathy, aid, and shelter. In the near distances swelled the bell of the chemical engine, driven headlong, and the voices of men clamoring to clear the way. But above these sounds rose another, something midway between a shout and a bark, and Jeremy Burns, gasping, smoke-blinded, groping before him, came lunging toward her.

"The whole room's ablaze!" he screamed, pummeling the air grotesquely with his blackened fists. "I can't get in—I tried four times. An'thet'treen—the'treen! Oh, my God—my God!—the'treen!"

"Never mind that, Mr. Burns," broke in Mary, uncertain whether to laugh or cry. "The tureen's not there. I sold it this afternoon."

For a moment Jeremy was stricken dumb by the words, and stood blinking at her out of his smoke-reddened eyes, his raised hands closing and unclosing like swimming starfish. Then he drew himself up stiffly.

"You sol' the'treen?" he said slowly. "*An' I think I've jest saved your life!*"

.

"It does beat all," said kindly Mrs. Tapley, as she led Mary home with her, when at last the house was a heap of ruins, "how he come t' think o' chany at sech a time—an' you losin' house an' home. The good Lord o'ny knows w'at you'll do *now*, Mary. W'ere's your hankcher, child? Ef y' ain't got the *smoochiest* nose!"

Groping in her pocket, Mary's fingers closed upon a card, and she drew it out and read it, as they passed a lighted window. Then she smiled.

"I'll write to-night," she whispered.



F. C. Yohn

Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

Her lover was beside her and was suggesting that he escort her home.—Page 237.



THE UNDERCURRENT

BY ROBERT GRANT

ILLUSTRATION BY F. C. YOHN

XXI

IN saying to Constance that he had pondered the question of their marriage from her standpoint, Gordon Perry felt that he had given indeed the fullest weight to every legitimate scruple, and believed that, provided he was beloved, there was no substance in any one of them. He knew that Constance had shrunk from a divorce. What more natural so long as she was undisturbed by her deserting husband? But now that the element of a new, strong affection was introduced, the necessary legal proceedings seemed a paltry bar to her happiness. He had expected that she would demur to the step at first, but he had felt confident that her acute sense would shortly convince her that she was divorced to all intents and purposes already, and that the mere formal adjudication of the fact, however unpleasant sentimentally, was not a valid obstacle. He had also appreciated that this repugnance to a legal dissolution of the marriage tie for the purpose of becoming a second time a wife would be accompanied by with an instinctive feminine aversion to giving her person to another man while it was still possible to encounter the original husband in the flesh. He did not pride himself on his knowledge of women, but the attitude suggested itself to him as possible, even probable, in the case of one whose sensibilities were so delicate as hers, for the reason that there lingered in his mind the remembrance of shrinking words both in books and in real life by other women when the same topic had been broached in the

past. Consequently it was a relief to him that Constance did not openly manifest this form of repugnance, and he radiantly jumped to the conclusion that her love for him was so reciprocal and mastering that false delicacy had been shrivelled up as in a furnace. Was not such a process in keeping with her sterling sanity and intelligence? For a moment he had jubilantly assumed that all was won, since, after conscientious if somewhat scornful analysis of the Church's claim, he had already decided that the pure religious objection would never in the end avail to keep them apart. Nor did the foreboding definiteness of her opposition discourage him appreciably. It merely cast a damper on his hopes for an immediate surrender, and indicated to him that he had been premature in supposing that she had been able to purge herself of superstitions and conventional prejudices forthwith. It could simply be a question of time when so human and discerning a bride would come to his arms without a qualm.

Nevertheless he felt that he must convince her. Now that he was sure she loved him, the possibility of losing her was not even to be entertained; but he wished her to succumb as the result of agreement, and not in spite of herself, both because he realized that she would not be happy otherwise, and because the doctrine which she had invoked as a binding obligation jarred not only with his desires, but with his deepest opinions. Therefore, at the conclusion of their interview, he took up straightway the cudgels of thought in defence of his convictions against what

seemed to him the essential injustice and unreasonableness of the Church's claim. This necessarily involved fresh consideration of that claim itself. That night before he went to bed he rehearsed the arguments by which he purposed to appeal to her. Did she not appreciate that they were influenced by no base motives? That neither lust nor undue haste, nor covetous trifling with the feelings of others tarnished their mutual passion? Theirs was no case of putting off the old bonds of matrimony in order to be on with the new, but one where love had been starved to death, and been born again by gradual and chaste processes in a lonely, forsaken heart. What could be wrong in such a union? And were not their own consciences and their own intelligences the only fit judges of the eternal merits?

Gordon Perry's attitude toward religion—toward churches and toward churchmen—was abstractly respectful and friendly. He had been brought up by his mother in her faith, and the period of stress through which most young men pass in early life had been productive of a frame of mind which was reverent as well as critical. Not a small portion of mankind in Benham accepted their religious doctrine on trust, as they did their drinking water. Either they were too busy to question what seemed authority, or that particular compartment of the brain where absorbing interest in the unseen germinates was empty. Some of the most pious never reasoned, and their docile worship constituted the cement in the walls of dogma. Again, there was a class—a growing class in Benham as elsewhere—composed of well-equipped, active-minded men who were polite to Religion if they met her in the street and would even go to church now and again to oblige a wife or preserve outward appearances, for they were still of the opinion that religion is good for the masses. But in their secret souls what did they believe?

Gordon belonged to still another class. Religions truth had an absorbing interest for him, but what was religious truth? Different sects—and they were manifold in Benham—told him different things, and each sect proclaimed its doctrine insistently as vital, if not to salvation, to the highest spiritual development. Like many a

young man before him he argued that all could not be right, and as a result he presently found himself a member of that secret society of able-bodied, able-minded male citizens—the largest class of all—who reasoned about religious doctrine somewhat in this way: That they were hopefully looking forward to the time when the controversial differences which divided the sects into rival camps should disappear; and that until then they and their successors, whose number was sure to be legion, would turn deaf ears to the clashing of the divines, and attend church in order to gain strength and inspiration to play their parts well in complex modern human society, ignoring all else but the spirit of Christian love. If it be said that they and Gordon were not strong on dogma, denied that the laws of the universe had ever been suspended to produce fear or admiration in man, because to believe the contrary seemed to be an insult to God, and looked askance at certain other extraordinary phenomena to which the orthodox cling, it should also be stated that they and he were heartily in sympathy with every effort of all the clergy to improve human nature along intelligent lines, to help the poor to help themselves, to prevent the rich from misappropriating the earth, and to foster truth, courage, unselfishness and refinement in the name of religion. Therefore it happened that Gordon was apt to take with a grain of salt what he heard in the pulpit; and now and then he would play golf on Sunday if he were in need of fresh air for his soul; but although he was slightly impatient of clerical sophistries up town, down town he lent a ready hand in the active reforms of the city, in the furtherance of which he had learned to know well, and to admire as good fellows, half a dozen energetic, enthusiastic clergymen. Was not religion one of the great forces of the world? Because one could not believe everything, and revolted at mystical or puerile superstitions, were the highest cravings of one's nature to be allowed to atrophy? So, just as in his social perplexities, he had sought refuge in practical service from the conflict of theories, and on more than one occasion he had been agreeably surprised by the confidential admission of the divines with whom he was co-operating that their and his views were not essentially far apart. Gor-

don was glad on their account to hear so, and was only the more convinced as a consequence that it was difficult to reconcile most of the strict tenets of theology with the modern ideas of wide-awake, enlightened laymen concerning the workings of the universe or the best social development of the creature man.

Gordon made no attempt to see Constance on the day following his proposal. Impatient as he was to renew his suit, he concluded to let her muse for twenty-four hours on the situation. It occurred to him that he would ask leave to accompany her to church on Sunday morning, but reflecting that it would not be fair to disturb her meditations, he decided instead to attend the service at St. Stephen's and walk home with her after it. Whatever the New Testament language on the subject, would she be able to convince herself that the sundering of such love as theirs would be in keeping with the true spirit of Christianity? It seemed to him that there could be but one answer to this proposition, and as he walked along in the beautiful bracing atmosphere of the autumn day his step was buoyant, for he believed that his happiness would be sealed within a few short hours. Ecstasy ruled his thoughts. Was not the woman of his heart an entrancing prize? Fortune and station she had none, but far more important for him, she was lovable and she was lovely; she was intelligent and she was good.

He had attended service at St. Stephen's once or twice before, and had a bowing acquaintance with Mr. Prentiss; but he knew well and entertained a cordial liking for the latter's assistant, the rector of the Church of the Redeemer, the mission church in the squalid section of the city supported by the larger establishment. St. Stephen's, as the fashionable Episcopalian church of the community, was apt to draw a large congregation, especially when the pew owners were not confronted by wet skies or sidewalks. This brilliant Sunday at the beginning of the social season had drawn most of the regular congregation and also a large contingent of strangers—chiefly women—some of them visitors in Benham, but the majority students and other temporary residents who found the æsthetic music and devotional ritual of

St. Stephen's stimulating. Gordon, who was a little late, obtained a seat in the gallery. It had occurred to him that he would be more likely to catch sight of his ladylove from this eminence than if he remained below. His eyes sought at once the so-called free benches where she was accustomed to sit, but she was not in her usual place. After repeated scrutiny of the rows of faces had convinced him of this, he concluded dejectedly that she had not come. Perhaps she had stayed at home hoping he would call. Or had she been loth to display her glasses in public before she had become accustomed to the disfigurement? His glance wandered over the rich flower garden of autumn bonnets, but to no purpose. While in perplexity he reviewed the probable causes of her absence he became aware that the music of the processional had ceased and that Mr. Prentiss was speaking. Ten minutes later, when the congregation rose to take part in the selection from the Psalms, his glance fell on Mrs. Randolph Wilson in one of the front pews. Her profile was almost in a line with his vision. While he looked his heart gave a bound, for he suddenly recognized that the young woman next to her in the gay, attractive bonnet was she for the sight of whom his soul was yearning.

After leaving Constance on the day of their eventful interview, Mrs. Wilson had conceived the plan of presenting her with a new bonnet and jacket. These she brought with her to Lincoln Chambers a little before church time, and placed with her own hands on the surprised recipient. Pleased at the æsthetic progress of her ward, she seized this opportunity to promote it, and also to cater to her own generous instincts at a time when to indulge them was not likely to cause offence. Though astonished, Constance accepted without demur these welcome additions to her toilet, and the donor had the satisfaction of beholding how admirably they became her. Besides, Mrs. Wilson had on the tip of her tongue and was eager to communicate the plan which she had been working out since they separated, and which she imparted to Constance as soon as they were in her brougham on the way to church.

"I have been carefully considering your affairs, my dear, and, in the first place,

you are to do nothing for the next six months but get well. I shall insist upon looking after you. You promised me, remember." She paused as though she half expected to encounter opposition to this project, and, though her ward revealed no insubordination, she added the argument which she held in reserve: "For having deprived you by its counsel of the means of support, it is the Church's duty, and my privilege as a disciple of the Church's cause, to watch over you until you are able to provide for yourself. At the end of the six months, when your eyes are strong again, I wish you to become my private secretary."

On the way from her house she had pictured to herself the astonishment and delight which such an unexpected and splendid proposition must necessarily inspire, and she could not refrain from stealing a sidelong glance at Constance in order to observe the effect it would have on her.

"Your private secretary?"

Mrs. Wilson felt rewarded by the incredulous bewilderment conveyed by the interrogatory, and hastened to explain her benefaction. "It seems almost the interposition of Providence in your behalf," she added. "Last evening—and I was thinking of your noble resolution at the time—my secretary came in to inform me that she was engaged to be married, and to ask me to be on the lookout for someone else. 'The very place for Constance Stuart,' I said to myself at once. 'What could suit her better? And what an admirable arrangement it will be for me.' For after refusing Mr. Perry's offer, I take for granted that, even when your eyesight is restored, the continuance of your present business relations would be out of the question."

"Oh, yes, entirely so," answered Constance with rueful promptness. "I could not continue in his employment; we should both be unhappy." She was making a confession of what she had been saying to herself all the morning.

"Exactly." Mrs. Wilson beamed over the success of her divination.

"Then we will consider it settled. And I wish to tell you besides that I shall take it upon myself to see that your boy's artistic gift is given full opportunity for ex-

pression, and your daughter thoroughly educated. Your salary, I mean, will be sufficient to enable you to give them proper advantages, for I can see that you will be very useful to me."

She was determined to make plain that virtue in this case was to be its own reward, and that the material losses in the wake of renunciation were rapidly being eliminated. At the same time she wished to conceal a too obviously eleemosynary intent.

"I don't see how anything could be nicer for me. And if you think that I should suit—that I could perform the duties properly—I shall be thankful for the position," answered poor Constance.

She had passed another sleepless night. Fixed as was her conviction that separation from her lover was inevitable, she felt deeply sorry for him if not for herself, and dreaded the impending final interview between them. Despite her spiritual exaltation, the consciousness that she was letting slip a great chance for her children still haunted her, in that the future by comparison seemed vague and forbidding. For it had been clear to her from the moment of her decision that under no consideration could she remain in Gordon's office. Therefore, though doubtless her friends would help her, the struggle for a livelihood must be begun again.

Mrs. Wilson's amazing, timely offer lifted a great weight from her heart; by it the question of her future employment was disposed of, and disposed of in a way more congenial to her than any she could have imagined possible. It did indeed seem providential that the vacancy should have occurred at this time, and she realized that the certainty that her children would be protected would nerve her for the necessary ordeal of parting, for now there was only selfishness in her desire for marriage. She longed for it to be over with that she might put away once and forever this great temptation.

The thought that Gordon would probably come for his answer that afternoon was uppermost in her mind during the service; but she was in a mood to respond to the beautiful music, and before Mr. Prentiss gave out the text of the sermon she was already thrilling with the joy of her sacrifice on the altar of faith. She prayed that

she might be granted strength to renounce this seeming blessing ungrudgingly and to close her ears to the whispers of regret, and as she joined in the jubilant anthem of rejoicing for a risen Lord it seemed to her that the angel of peace brushed her forehead with the wings of heaven's love. The text was, "Except a man be born again he shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven." It was a sermon of immortality and hope, and a sermon of the triumph of the spirit over the flesh for the sake of a Christ who had set the great example and conquered self through suffering. It was one of Mr. Prentiss's most happy efforts from the standpoint of orthodoxy—graphic, eloquent and practical. He set no narrow limits of a creed as the arbiter of truth, but declared that the opportunity to choose between the path of righteousness and the path of self-sufficiency or self-indulgence was offered to every one in the great struggle of modern life; that he who would follow the blessed Lord and Master must shun as evil that which was injurious to the highest interests of human society and thus hateful to God. As she listened Constance could not doubt that he had her in mind. It seemed to her that more than once his glance rested on her encouragingly and fondly. Her brain was transported with ecstasy and zeal. Her opportunity was at hand, and she would serve Christ and mankind faithfully.

Leaving the church under the spell of the sermon, she became suddenly aware that her lover was beside her and was suggesting that he escort her home. At sight of him her chaperone, scenting danger, led the way sedulously toward the brougham, but in the interval Constance decided to take him at his word. Would it not be the simplest course to explain to him quietly on the street that what he asked her was impossible, and thus avoid the pain of a more intimate parting? Therefore she made her excuses to Mrs. Wilson, pleading the radiance of the day and her need of fresh air. She felt so sure of herself that, though she noticed her friend seemed disappointed, it did not occur to her that it was from concern as to the result of the interview until she heard a whispered "Be firm." Constance turned a resolute face toward her, and by a close pressure of the hand gave the desired

assurance; then, as the stylish equipage rolled away from the church door, she stepped to Gordon's side, sadly conscious that this was to be their last walk together.

Three days later, in the evening, Gordon Perry rang at the house of the Rev. George Prentiss, the comfortable looking and architecturally pleasing rectory in the neighborhood of St. Stephen's. A trim maid ushered him into an ante-room where all parochial visitors were first shown, and asked for his name. There was a nondescript elderly woman in black ahead of him. In his capacity as rector of a large parish, Mr. Prentiss followed the modern methods of other busy professional men. An electric bell at his desk notified the servant that the interview with the last comer was at an end and that the next in order was to be introduced. Gordon had not long to wait. His remaining predecessor's stay was brief. The rector's heartiness was almost apologetic as he strode a pace or two forward to greet his visitor.

"Mr. Perry, I am very glad to see you. I am sorry that you should have been kept waiting. But the clergy cannot afford to be unbusiness-like, can they? We intend to live down that taunt. So my rule is 'first come, first served.'"

"The only proper rule, I am sure."

It was a spacious, well-filled room, the manifest workshop of an industrious man, but furnished with an eye to æsthetic appropriateness as well as utility. Red leather chairs and lounges of goodly proportions, two symmetrical, carved tables covered with documents, books, and pamphlets, warm curtains, an open wood fire, a globe, sundry busts and framed photographs of celebrities, mainly clerical, including a large one of Phillips Brooks and another of Abraham Lincoln, were its distinguishing characteristics.

Mr. Prentiss stepped to one of the tables and opening an oblong Japanese box drew out a handful of cigars.

"Will you smoke, Mr. Perry?" he asked cheerily.

Gordon took one, and the clergyman, who reserved his use of tobacco for occasions when by so doing he might hope to make clearer that he was human, did the same. As soon as they were lit, Mr. Prentiss with a sweep of his hand indicated two easy chairs on either side of the fire; but after

his guest was seated he himself stood with his back to the mantel-piece, his hands behind him, the commanding affable figure of a good fellow. Still he chose to show at the same time what was in his heart at the moment coincident with his manifestations of secular hospitality.

"That woman who just went out has recently buried her only son, the joy and prop of her old age. She came to thank me for a trifling donation I had sent her. Her courage and her trust were beautiful to witness. These humble lives often furnish the most eloquent testimonials of the eternal realities." He spoke with the enthusiasm of his calling, as a doctor or a lawyer might have set before an acquaintance an interesting case. He liked to feel that he was on the same footing with the world of men as they, with respect to privileges no less than responsibilities. For an instant he seemed to muse on the experience, then briskly recurring to the immediate situation, said:

"But what can I do for you, Mr. Perry? My assistant, Mr. Starkworth, tells me that you take an active personal interest in the social problems of our community."

This bland presumption of ignorance as to the cause of his visit made Gordon smile. He could not but suspect that it was artificial. Yet the inquiry was by no means hypocritical; for though Mr. Prentiss was fully conscious of his caller's identity, and had given him a correspond-

ingly genial reception, he regarded the episode of the proposed marriage as so completely closed by Constance's decision that he did not choose to believe that Gordon had come for the unseemly purpose of reviving it. It seemed to him far more probable that his advice or assistance was sought in some humanitarian or civic cause.

"Yes," said Gordon slowly, enjoying the development of the opening which occurred to him, "Mr. Starkworth and I have co-operated from time to time, with mutual liking, I think. It is in regard to a social problem that I have come to consult you this evening."

"Ah," said the rector, relieved in spite of his belief, and thereupon he settled himself in the other capacious easy chair and turned a cordially attentive countenance to his guest. "You may feel assured of my interest in anything of that kind."

"It concerns my own marriage," said Gordon.

The challenge was so unmistakable, like a gauntlet thrown at his feet, that Mr. Prentiss was for an instant disconcerted, then irritated. But the pleasant manner of his opponent negated the aroused suspicion that effrontery lurked behind this slightly sardonic introduction, and he met the attack with a grave but supple dignity.

"Indeed," he said. "I shall be very glad to hear what you have to say, Mr. Perry."

(To be continued.)

LIGHT BETWEEN THE TREES

By Henry van Dyke

LONG, long, long the trail
Thro' the brooding forest-gloom;
Down the shadowy, lonely vale
Into silence, like a room
Where the light of life has fled,
And the jealous curtains close
Round the passionless repose
Of the silent dead.

Plod, plod, plod away,
Step by step in mouldering moss;
Woven branches bar the day
Over languid streams that cross
Softly, slowly, with a sound
In their aimless creeping
Like a smothered weeping,
Thro' the enchanted ground.

"Yield, yield, yield thy quest,"
Whispers 'round the woodland deep
"Come to me and be at rest,
I am slumber, I am sleep."
Then the weary feet would fail,
But the never-daunted will
Urges "Forward, forward still!
Press along the trail!"

Breast, breast, breast the slope!
See, the path is growing steep.
Hark! a little song of hope
Where the stream begins to leap.
Though the forest, far and wide,
Still shuts out the bending blue,
We shall finally win through—
Cross the long divide.

On, on, onward tramp!
Will the journey never end?
Over yonder lies the camp;
Welcome waits us there, my friend.
Can we reach it ere the night?
Upward, upward, never fear!
Look, the summit must be near,
See the line of light!

Red, red, red the shine
Of the splendor in the west,
Glowing through the ranks of pine,
Clear along the mountain-crest.
Long, long, long the trail
Out of sorrow's lonely vale;
But at last the traveller sees
Light between the trees!

EX CURIA

By Robert W. Chambers

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY



AND now, at his attorney's request, and before his report was made, they decided to run through the documents in the case once more, reviewing everything from the very beginning. So young Courtlandt, his attorney, lighted a cigar and unwrapped the pink tape from the bundle of papers.

There was enough daylight left to read by, for wall and ceiling still bore the faded imprint of the red winter sunset. Edgerton sat before the fire, his well-shaped head buried in his hands; Courtlandt, lounging on a sofa by the window, unfolded the first paper, puffed thoughtfully at his cigar, and presently began to read without inflection or apparent interest:

PARIS, December 24, 1902.

JOHN EDGERTON, Esq.

Sir: My client, Michael Innis, is seriously ill, and I am writing you on his behalf and at his urgent solicitation.

It would appear that, during the panic of 1884, my client came to your father's assistance, at a time when your father's financial ruin, involving also, I believe, the ruin of many of his friends, was apparently only a question of hours.

It would also appear that, upon your father's death, you wrote Mr. Innis, voluntarily assuming your father's unpaid obligations. (Copy of your letter herewith inclosed.)

It further appears that Mr. Innis, accepting the assurance of your personal gratitude, generously offered to wait for the sums due him, permitting you to pay at your own convenience. (Copy of Mr. Innis's letter inclosed herewith.)

In the conclusion of this last letter (No. 2 on file) Mr. Innis mentions his life-long respect for your father and his family, humorously drawing the social distinction between the late Winthrop Edgerton, Esq., and Michael Innis the Tammany contractor; and rather wistfully contrasting the future prospects of Mr. Edgerton's son, yourself, and the chances of the child of Michael Innis.

To this letter you replied (copy herewith), repeating in a manly fashion your assurance of gratitude, holding yourself at the service of Mr. Innis.

Now, sir, if your assurances meant more than mere civility, you have an opportunity to erase the deep obligations that your father assumed.

Mr. Innis is a man broken in mind and body. His fortune was invested, against my advice, in

Madagascar Railways. To-day he could not realize a thousand dollars from the investment.

For twenty years his one absorbing passion has been the education and fitting of his only child for a position in the world which he himself could never hope to attain. Wealth and education, linked with an agreeable personality, may go anywhere in this century. And his daughter has had the best that Europe can afford.

Within a month, all is changed. Sir, it is sad to see this stricken man lying here, watching his daughter.

And now, knowing that impending dissolution is near, terror of the future for her has wrung an appeal from him to you—a strange appeal, Mr. Edgerton. Money alone is little; he asks more: he asks your protection for her—not the perfunctory protection of a guardian for a ward, but the guidance of a father, the companionship of a brother, the loyalty of a husband.

The man is blinded by worship of his own child; your father's son represents to him all that is noblest, most honorable, most desirable in the world.

Sir, this is a strange request, an overdrawn draft upon your gratitude, I fear. Yet I write you as I am bidden. An answer should be returned by cable with as little delay as possible. He will live until he receives it. Marriage by proxy is legal. Special dispensation is certain.

I am, sir, with great respect,

Your very humble servant,

WILLIAM CAMPBELL.

Att'y and Counsellor at Law,

7 rue d'Issy.

When Courtlandt finished reading he folded the letter, glancing across at Edgerton: "That was written two years ago to-day, you remember?—this foreclosure of his mortgage upon your gratitude!"

"I remember," said Edgerton.

"From the gratitude of the conscientious, Good Lord deliver us!" murmured Courtlandt, unfolding another paper. "This is a copy of the asinine cablegram you sent, without consulting me." And he read:

INNIS,

23 rue d'Abdul Hamid,

Paris.

I assume all responsibility for your daughter's future. Utterly impossible for me to leave New York. If you believe marriage advisable, arrange for special dispensation and ceremony by proxy.

JOHN EDGERTON.



Drawn by Howard Chandler Christy.

Courtlandt unfolded the first paper and began to read.—Page 240.

Courtlandt rose and walked over to the fire where Edgerton was sitting. His client raised his head, eyes a trifle dazed from the pressure of his fingers on the closed lids.

"What the merry deuce did you send that cable for?" muttered Courtlandt under his breath.

"I don't know—a debt of gratitude—and he did not want it paid in money. I—an appeal like that had to be honored, you see. I was ashamed to haggle at the day of reckoning. A man cannot appraise his own gratitude."

"Such things cannot be asked of gratitude," growled the attorney. "The business of the world is not run on impulse! What is gratitude?"

"It is not gratitude if it asks that question," returned Edgerton; "and I fear that after all it was not exactly gratitude. Gratitude gives; a debt of honor exacts. There is no profit in following this line farther, is there, Billy?"

"No," assented Courtlandt, "unless it's going to help us disentangle the unfortunate affair." He unfolded another paper. "It's too dark to read," he observed, leaning forward into the firelight. The red reflection of the coals played over his face and the black-edged note-paper he was scanning. And he read, slowly:

JANUARY 3, 1903.

DEAR MR. EDGERTON: For your very gentle letter to me I beg to thank you; I deeply appreciate your delicacy at a time when kindness is most needed. Had you not written as you have, I should have found it difficult to discuss a situation which I am only just beginning to realize must be as embarrassing to you as it is to me.

In the grief and distress which overwhelmed me when I was so suddenly summoned from the convent to find my father so ill, I did not, could not realize the step I was asked to take. All I knew was that he desired it, begged for it, and it meant to me nothing—this ceremony which made you my husband—nothing except a little happiness for the father I loved.

He made the responses for you, I kneeling at his bedside, scarce able to speak in my grief. There were two brief ceremonies, the civil and religious. He died very quietly that night.

Pray believe me that I understand how impossible it is for you to leave affairs of importance to come to Paris at this time. My aunt, who is with the Ursulines, has received me. It is very quiet, very peaceful; I have opportunity for meditation, and for studies which I left uncompleted. Mr. Campbell, whom you have so considerably retained for my legal guidance, is kind and tactful. He has, I believe, communicated with you in regard to the most generous provision you have

made for me. Pray believe that I require very, very little. I regret the loss of my father's fortune only because it should have perhaps compensated you a trifle for your kindness to my father in his last hours.

I hesitate—I feel the greatest reluctance and delicacy in addressing you upon a matter that troubles me. It is this, Mr. Edgerton: if, through gratitude to my father for service done your father, you offered to become responsible for me, perhaps—I do not know—perhaps, as you have done me the honor of protecting me with your name, it is all that could be expected—and I hasten to assure you that I am content. Indeed, had I realized, had I even begun to comprehend what I was doing—Yet what could I do but obey him at such a time?

So, if you think it well that we remain apart for a while, I am content and happy to obey your wishes. Your name, which I now bear, I honor; your wishes, monsieur, are my commands.

With gratitude, confidence, and respect I remain,

Faithfully yours,

KATHLEEN INNIS EDGERTON.

Convent of the Ursulines,
rue Daumont.

Courtlandt refolded the letter, and sat rubbing his eyes. "For heaven's sake let's have a light!" he grumbled, leaning over and pushing the electric button.

The light broke out overhead, flooding the library, glistening among gay evergreen wreaths tied with bunches of Christmas holly which hung against the library windows.

Edgerton raised his pale face, then his head sank on his breast; he folded his arms, gazing absently into the fire. "Go on," he said.

So Courtlandt read other letters from Mrs. Edgerton, brief notes, perfunctory, reserved, and naïve; and he read letters from Campbell the attorney, acknowledging provisions made for his young client.

When he finished he refolded all the papers, retied them with pink tape, and laid them on the table at Edgerton's elbow. "Now," he said, "comes the question. You have arrived at the conclusion that Mrs. Edgerton desires and deserves her freedom. And you want to know what I think."

"Yes," said Edgerton.

"You gave me a month to look up the matter."

"Yes, a month."

"And now you want me to report, don't you, Jack?"

Edgerton glanced up. "If you're ready," he said.



Drawn by Howard Chandler Christy.

"I—I wonder if you are as embarrassed as I am?" she said.—Page 248.

"I'm ready. First I want to ask you a question. Is there any woman you have met, before or since your marriage, whom you might fall in love with if you were free to do so?"

"No, I believe not—I don't know. I am—I was not actuated by selfishness."

"All right. Still, you are capable of loving somebody, are you not?"

"I fancy so. I should like to have a chance to marry—for love."

"But you never met the right one?"

"There is—I have caught a glimpse—once—one woman——"

"Is that all?" laughed Courtlandt. "That's not enough to bowl you over."

"It was almost enough!" retorted Edgerton. Through his voice rang an undertone of impatience. His attorney looked up quickly.

"Oh, is it as serious as that? No wonder you want your freedom! Who is the woman?"

"I don't know what you mean," retorted the younger man sullenly. "I told you that I saw a woman once, whom I should like to have had a chance to see again. What of it? I never shall."

"When was this, Jack?"

"Yesterday—if you want to know."

"Where?"

"Driving in the park."

"Who is she?"

"You could answer that question," said Edgerton, wheeling around on his friend. "You were driving with her."

Courtlandt stared, slowly turning redder and redder.

"You wanted to know," observed Edgerton, eyeing him. "It means nothing, of course—I was riding along the bridle path and I caught a glimpse of you, and I saw her face. I thought her beautiful, that's all. Drop the subject."

"Certainly," answered Courtlandt. He opened his match-box and relighted his cigar; then he fell to musing, breaking the burnt match up into little pieces and tossing the morsels, one by one, into the fire.

"Jack," he drawled, still busy with the match, "you gave me a month to report upon this matter concerning the dissolution of your marriage. It might interest you to learn the 'first step I took.'"

"What was it?" inquired Edgerton, raising his troubled eyes.

"I went to Paris."

"To—to see——"

"Certainly, to see Mrs. Edgerton."

The men's eyes met; the lawyer shrugged his shoulders.

"Mrs. Edgerton is very inexperienced, very young," he said. "She is, of course, a Catholic. But if she desired her freedom a thousand times as fervently as you might desire yours, the law of her religion bars her way. You knew that of course."

"I thought—sometimes——" began the other.

"You are wrong."

Edgerton stared into the glowing coals.

"So you left it to me to see what could be done," added the attorney dryly.

Edgerton assented.

"Well," said Courtlandt, "I shouldn't have accepted such a commission had I not known it was quite unselfish on your part. You told me that her letters to you were pitifully loyal and conscientious; that you felt like a jailer watching an innocent life prisoner; that if you only knew how to do it you would give her the liberty God meant her to enjoy—liberty to love and be loved. And you allowed me a month to find the way to settle this wretched affair."

"Yes. Is there a way?"

"Only one," replied Courtlandt gravely. He rose, offering his hand.

Edgerton also rose, tall, clean cut, closely cropped hair just tinged with gray at the temples.

"Only one way," repeated Courtlandt deliberately, "and that is for you to discuss the situation with Mrs. Edgerton."

"What!" exclaimed Edgerton sharply, dropping his friend's hand. "You know I can't leave town to go to Paris."

Courtlandt coolly consulted his watch. "I neglected to say that Mrs. Edgerton is in town. I believe"—he glanced at his watch again, then closed it with a snap—"I suggested that she waive ceremony and meet us here."

"Here!" muttered Edgerton. "Wait a moment, will you? Do you mean to say that she is coming here *to-night*?"

"Why not?" said Courtlandt, his gray eyes narrowing. "If she chooses to accept my advice, if she is woman enough to overlook what is due her from her husband, why should she not come here as freely as you come?"



Drawn by Howard Chandler Christy.

At the foot of the stairs she made him a low reverence.—Page 249.

"Are you my attorney or hers?" demanded the other in astonishment.

"Yours, Jack—acting for your interest—which is hers too—which must be hers. Where is your sense of honor? Where is your sense of justice? Has the glimpse of a woman's face in the park seared your eyes? Is it true that an indifferent man can be just, but a man in love is a partisan? You could be coldly considerate and deal out passionless justice until yesterday. Now for the first time the fetters gall you. Is this the crisis where you flinch?"

He stood, jerking on his gloves, scanning Edgerton's face.

"I told her that the proper place to discuss the situation was under her own roof; and I am right. Do you consider a public hotel the suitable environment for such a conference? Her pride and intelligence comprehended me. That's all I have to say."

"Why did you not tell me before this that she was in town? I understand the requirements of civilization, do I not?"

"I did not tell you, because we landed only yesterday morning."

"She came over with you?"

"On my advice and at my earnest solicitation."

Edgerton stared at him, tugging at his short mustache.

"What are we to discuss?" he demanded sullenly. "As she is Catholic we cannot discuss divorce. We could, of course, come to some conclusion concerning a *modus vivendi*."

"I expect you to come to some such conclusion. Two years ago you were twenty-eight—an over-sensitive young man, impulsive, illogical, and morbid concerning personal obligations. Without consulting your legal adviser you perpetrated a crime—for it is criminal to parody the highest safeguard of civilization—marriage. It was a crime; your wife is your accomplice—*particeps criminis*, my friend. Neither you nor she deserves mercy."

He turned away, buttoning his gloves.

"It's touched your temples with gray," he observed. "You have learned something at thirty, Jack, even if it's cost you what you think a *mésalliance*."

As he stepped to the door a maid appeared with a card on a salver. Edgerton glanced at it, then looked straight into Courtlandt's eyes.

"I'm sorry I needed this lesson in decency," he said. "It was all right for you to administer it. You need not worry; I understand that I am at my wife's disposal, not she at mine. I've kept my medicine waiting two years, that's all."

"Oh, you're getting on," observed Courtlandt carelessly. "Good-night—I've a word to say to Mrs. Edgerton before I go."

"You mean to stay, don't you?" began the other, flushing up. "It would be less trying for her——"

But Courtlandt hurried off down the stairs, muttering vaguely of engagements for Christmas Eve, leaving Edgerton staring after him through the dimly lighted hallway.

He heard Courtlandt enter the drawing-room; he could distinguish the quick, low exchange of greeting; then he went down slowly, steadying himself by the banisters.

A young girl in furs turned toward him as he entered; he caught a glimpse of blue eyes, a glint of bright hair framed in fluffy fur; he heard Courtlandt's cool, easy voice presenting him to his wife; he took the slim gloved hand outstretched, held it stupidly until it was withdrawn; then Courtlandt's voice again, promising to return, and ex-acting her promise to wait here for him if he should be detained.

"I'm sorry I can't remain and dine with you and Mr. Edgerton on this night before Christmas," added Courtlandt blandly, making for the door.

"Oh," she said, surprised, "I did not understand that Mr. Edgerton invited us."

The color stung Edgerton's face, and he said in a low voice: "You are at home, madam; it is for you to invite us. Perhaps Mr. Courtlandt will stay if you ask him; I will if you ask me."

She gave him a confused, brilliant little smile, a delicate tint mounting to her cheeks.

"Thank you," she said; "you—everybody is so delightful to me. Will you stay, Mr. Courtlandt? I—we beg of you! No? Then, until I—until we have the pleasure—at nine, I believe?"

From force of habit she turned to the dazed maid, who also instinctively recognized authority, and opened the door which a second later closed upon the most profoundly excited young attorney in Manhattan.



Drawn by Howard Chandler Christy.

"Can you forgive me?" he asked under his breath.—Page 250.

Mrs. Edgerton raised her blue eyes to her husband as a maid relieved her of her furs and little gilt-edged tricorne.

"I—I wonder if you are as embarrassed as I am?" she said, laughing and touching her golden hair with a frank side glance at the mirror.

"Dreadfully embarrassed," admitted Edgerton, scarcely conscious of what he uttered; oblivious, too, of the usages of civilization until she sank into an armchair with a shy "May I?"

"It is for me to ask the privilege," he said, biting his lip.

"Oh, if you please?"—she smiled, with a gesture toward the chair beside her.

Seated there together under the crystal chandelier, she fell silent, meeting his gaze at moments with a questioning smile, partly confident, partly uncertain.

"I saw you in the park yesterday," he said under his breath, never taking his eyes from her.

"I saw you, too," she replied quickly. "You rode a bay. I never imagined——" she bent her head, thoughtfully studying the arabesques on the rug. "You ride very well," she added. Then, after a moment's silence: "And you remembered me?"

"I recognized you at once," he said, "the instant I entered this room. It was that which startled me—made me appear stupid——"

"You did not appear stupid——"

"I was awkward, dumb——"

"I chattered sufficiently for two. Indeed, I was not at all composed."

"Did—did you recognize me at once?"

She looked at him, she glanced at the rug, her blue eyes grew vague, lost in retrospective reverie.

He did not repeat the question, but asked her how long it was since she had been in America.

"Oh, many years—I was only three when my father went to France." Then the warm color came into her face and she clasped her hands impulsively. "I do not believe," she said, "that I have conveyed to you in letters my deep appreciation of your loyalty to me. I—I did not know how to express it—I do not now. Believe me, monsieur, it does exist!"

"What have you to thank me for?" he asked almost brusquely. Then, in a rush of bitterness: "your sentiments honor your-

self, not me, madam. For two years I have been responsible for your happiness. What have I done to secure it?"

She turned a trifle pale, unprepared for such a question. But she answered very sweetly: "You left me guarded by the honor of your own name. I have never wanted for anything; I have had the quiet and seclusion I desired. What more is there, Mr. Edgerton?"

And as he remained silent, she raised her head with a gay little smile: "You could not leave your affairs to come to France; you did not suggest that I come to New York. How could I know that I should——"

"What?" he urged.

But she closed her red lips, sitting mute, suddenly shy again.

After a moment she said, "Mais—he is absent a long while, Mr. Courtlandt."

"He isn't coming until nine o'clock," said Edgerton. He glanced across at the clock. It was half-past seven.

"So, in the meanwhile, we are to discuss matters of importance," she suggested seriously. "Mr. Courtlandt said so. What monsieur, are we to discuss?"

"There is absolutely nothing that I know of to discuss," replied Edgerton slowly.

"Nothing?" she inquired, wide-eyed and innocent.

"Nothing, except your wishes, and they admit of no discussion. You are at home now."

"But I—but I am staying at the Holland——" Edgerton touched a button; a servant appeared.

"Mrs. Edgerton's luggage is at the Holland," he said quietly. "Telephone for it."

Mrs. Edgerton half rose from her chair; then, meeting her husband's grave eyes, she sank back, crimson to the temples.

"We are merely about to exchange quarters," he said pleasantly. "I shall be most comfortable at the Holland."

"Oh, you shall not!—no, it is all wrong!" she pleaded, the color fading in her face. "I cannot come into your house—into your life——"

"It is your house," he said gently. "Still, if—if you don't mind—there is a better way still of arranging matters. I have a whole floor on the third story; and perhaps you might not mind if I retain it. I promise," he added laughing, "to be a

model tenant and not keep coal in my bathtub!"

She laughed too, a little uncertainly.

"You are so generous—so kindly," she said. "How can you endure to have a perfectly silly girl march into your house——"

"Your house!"

"Your house! Carry it by assault, capture the nicest suite, and drive you to the roof among the sparrows! No, it is shameful! More than that, it is absurd!"

"I never have occupied the rooms on the second floor," he protested. "They have been vacant since I took this house."

"Truly?"

"Truly. They are too pretty for a man who smokes a pipe—all rococo, and furniture with beagle legs, you know."

"For whom were they intended?" she asked innocently.

He reddened. "I bought the house after our wedding," he hesitated; "then, afterward, from your letters, I fancied that you might prefer to remain abroad. So I said nothing."

She bent her head. "I—I thought it fairer—to you," she said in a low voice. "I would have come had you asked me. I—how was I to know, Mr. Edgerton?"

They sat silent, eyes bent on the floor. Presently he went on: "So I had that suite fixed up for you. And I moved upstairs. I am very happy that you are to occupy it."

"Do you *really* desire it?"

"You have no idea how pretty it is," he urged.

"Is it so pretty?"

"Come up and look at it!"

She sprang to her feet on the impulse, smiling, confident of his kindness. And they mounted the stairs together, *sans façon*, arriving on the second floor breathless.

"Oh," she cried softly, as she entered, "it is perfectly charming!" She stood a moment, gazing around, then with a delightful gesture bade him enter.

"Is this really mine?" she repeated. "How delicious!" She passed from room to room, pausing before bits of furniture that attracted her, touching and lifting the silver on dresser and table. "My own initials!" she said under her breath. "And what is this?" laying her white fingers on a jewel case. "Am I to open it? Really! Oh, the beauty of it all! I—I am perfect-

ly overwhelmed, mons—Mr. Edgerton!" And she sat down on the edge of the bed, pressing her hands to her eyes.

A maid came to the door; the luggage from the Holland had arrived. Presently two burly expressmen entered, staggering under the first of a series of trunks. Her maid directed the men; Mrs. Edgerton sat, hands folded, smiling, blue eyes a trifle dim, while her husband, standing beside her, directed operations.

The silvery chime of a clock sounded, striking eight times, and on either side of the dial gilt cupids fluttered their burnished wings.

"Impossible!" exclaimed Edgerton. Then with a laugh almost boyish, he said: "We're supposed to dine at eight."

She looked vacantly at her husband: "Dinner already! Can it be possible time has flown like that? And I—behold me! Have I time to dress?"

"Time is yours to dispose of," he said, smiling back into her eyes; "all here are yours to dispose of as you see fit."

"Even you, monsieur?" She laughed in her excitement and happiness, not weighing words and their meaning until their echo returned again to appall her—while her maid aided her to dress—and the echo of his answer, too, rang persistently in her ears: "Yes, to pardon, to dispose of, to command, always, as long as I have life to serve you."

And now she was ready, smiling nervously back at her own flushed reflection in the mirror—a young girl stirred to the soul by kindness, almost intoxicated at a glimpse of her own undreamed-of beauty, surprised there in the depths of the mirror.

The banisters were decorated with twisted ropes of evergreens; she descended slowly, cheeks burning, eyes fixed steadily on her husband, who stood motionless below to receive her. A tiny light here and there caught the thick tendrils of her heavy burnished hair and glimmered on her smooth, full neck and arms.

At the foot of the stairs she paused, made him a low reverence, then, gathering her silken train, she looked fearlessly into his face and laid her hand lightly in his.

So, moving serenely side by side, they passed under holly and mistletoe and ropes of evergreen, through the long drawing-room, through the music-room, slowly,

more slowly, until the great velvet hangings barred their way.

There they paused, turning face to face, her small hand scarcely touching his.

"Can you forgive me?" he asked under his breath.

"Forgive you?" she repeated tremulously, "I can do—more than that. . . . Ask me."

But there was no time, for the butler, bowing, had drawn the portières to the full length of the golden cords.

THE POINT OF VIEW

AT the last annual meeting of the American Federation of Labor, the convention held in Boston and representing a constituency of a million and a quarter of members, the delegates, we are told, "received with prolonged cheers" the suggestion of Mr. James O'Grady, a fraternal delegate from Great Britain, that "the representative labor bodies in England and America join forces in one great international universal body of organized labor." Probably not one of those who cheered, if even one of them stopped to consider the significance of such an organization, grasped the true import of the suggestion, involving as it does a return to the primitive type of loyalty characterizing semi-civilization.

Which Kind
of Loyalty?

Loyalty or patriotism, in its general acceptance, was at first fidelity to the family, then fidelity to the tribe or clan, then, under the feudal system, to the overlord, then to the king as the supreme overlord, and finally to the representative legislative assembly for the entire community, when recognized as embodying in its law-making prerogatives the right to control king and citizen alike for the good of the all. To substitute loyalty to the class for loyalty to the community or country is obviously to revert to a loyalty whose first allegiance was to the tribe or clan, and thus to disorganizing conditions. Such a possibility led President Roosevelt to declare in a Labor Day speech that "any kind of class animosity in the political world is, if possible, even more destructive to national welfare than sectional, race, or religious animosity."

Curiously enough, this possibility, however remote, follows the centuries of evolution through which society has so slowly and haltingly grown, back to the original meaning of the word loyalty. This is pointed out by

Freeman as evidenced by its derivation from *loi* in the same way that royalty is derived from *roi*. In Freeman's view, the phrase "loyal man" ought etymologically, no less than as the consummation of social development, to stand for the distinguishing quality of the "good citizen," the quality of obedience to the law "because it is the law, because it is the binding rule of the community of which the citizen is a part." Per contra, it is the critical attitude toward law as the authoritative expression of community rule, in the demand that law be modified in administration or even in enactment to admit supposed special privileges and exceptions, that to thoughtful persons constitutes the chief menace from the new class loyalty of aggressive unionism. For concrete illustration, one has but to note the spontaneous protest wherever a street-car strike occurs, against the use of police or militia to insure the peaceable operation of the service. The same attitude appears, though less obviously, in many carefully considered utterances of even conservative labor leaders. For example, Mr. Clark, head of the Order of Railway Conductors and member of the coal strike commission, protests against compulsory incorporation of unions under laws "especially constructed and intended for corporations of capital." Similarly Mr. Gompers, head of the Federation of Labor, protests against the attempt to apply the restrictions of the interstate commerce law to "workmen seeking to protect their interests against an opponent"—a euphemism for resort to the boycott. Such an attitude, characterizing it simply on broad, untechnical grounds, sacrifices to the class the superior claim of the community on the loyalty of the good citizen. It fails to take into account that, in the interest of the community, legal responsibilities attach to the

use of accumulated capital, whatever the purpose of accumulation; and that, similarly, injury is done to the community by interference with freedom of interstate commerce, whether such injury be inflicted by a monopoly of capital or a monopoly of labor.

The latest phase of loyalty, that of allegiance to the community only so far as it serves the interest of a class, "carries us," as Freeman wrote with another thought in mind, "quite away from the somewhat homely, perhaps somewhat republican, style of virtue suggested by the word *legalitas*." That "homely style of virtue" belongs to one whom Professor Sumner has well named the "Forgotten Man"—the "honest, sober, industrious citizen, unknown outside his little circle, who pays his debts and his taxes and supports the church and the school." The "Forgotten Man" is all the rest of us after organization and classification have done their perfect work. The "Forgotten Man" restores the social equilibrium after the disturbance of experiment subsides, while on him falls the full incidence of its cost. Quiet, unobtrusive, self-reliant, and law-abiding, he remains as he has always been, the true type of community loyalty. For the "Forgotten Man" is simply the good citizen overlooked.

NOW and then one is led to wonder what has become of the Preface. The indications are that it will soon be totally extinct. Of modern authors using the English tongue Mr. Bernard Shaw is almost the only one prefixing his works with prefaces properly so called. Occasionally we have introductions by various pens, but they are mostly meagre and perfunctory performances, impersonal and unphilosophical. The *genre* of the preface is kept alive in a sort still by the practice of giving a god-speed to some little-known or foreign work by means of explanatory remarks by a familiar native celebrity. But the expository revelation of another in a preface has not the peculiar value of an expository revelation of one's self and one's own intent. In a certain way there is nothing quite equal to this. Avowed autobiography concerns itself with the events of a life and the conduct of a man in contact with them. To falsify a little, however unconsciously, is, when dealing with these matters, almost the condition of being human. In dealing with his literary convictions, or with those psycho-

logical experiences that express themselves in his book, on the other hand, a man generally sticks to the truth. And it is this side of him that comes out in a full and right and proper preface. Hence the good of it, and the good those get of it who are of the kind to be instructed by such genuine self-confessions.

It is Mr. Bernard Shaw who says, precisely in one of his prefaces and in extenuation of their garrulity, that the world could dispense with some of Shakespeare's plays if only, in exchange, he might have had the habit of writing prefaces. Everyone will not want to go so far, and yet it is certain that a greater value would attach to those varicolored plays if we had some one strictly personal utterance from their author as to the determining notion that was in him about the conduct of life. That, after all, is what we really want from any commanding fellow-creature—that he should tell us sincerely what he, who can do so many things, truly thinks of life and death, and the wise way to cross the distance between.

Something of this—pleasantly and colloquially in the best examples, for the writer does not know, in defending and explaining his work, how much he is talking from out his own inner being—is what is disclosed in a preface. For the sake of it we excuse many minor vanities, and not a little attitudinizing, Shawesque or other. The preface seems to be in a state of decadence because it appears to our present writers to be too egotistical, yet perhaps there are worse things than egotism in literature. It is probably impossible for a man to be much in earnest about his work and to keep his troublesome personal self quite out of it. No artistic worker is as self-conscious as he used to be; talent and genius, in the promise or in the fruition, mix more and more on equal terms with the common run of mankind. But there is such a thing as so deprecating the thought of being different that distinctions on which much depends may almost disappear. Not to take one's self too much *au sérieux* is a pose now in literature, quite as much as once it was to do so. This detached attitude is supposed to be a fruit of the mercantile spirit in which the modern author now so often woos the muse. What *is* the mercantile spirit in literature, however? Literature is less or more vital at different periods, but you can't mercantileize genuine

inspiration, and never could. There will always be personal passion, prejudice, bias, in the literary worker who counts for anything, and he will always empty himself into his work. Yet that great vehicle for his direct expression, the preface, may not, for all that, return to favor. It may pass into the limbo of obsolete fashions in literature, just as the elaborate dedication has done. Authors will make their meaning wholly implicit in their book, not explicit in a preface. And of course countless thousands of readers will never mind the omission of the prefatory remarks. The preface never existed for them, in any case. They always skipped it cynically, or ignored it callously. It is the spirits with a psychological and philosophical twist, curious about their fellow-men, who will miss it, because they will know that there was never invented a better way of getting close to that elusive, yet always-fascinating mystery, the human soul.

THERE is a certain exhilaration in meeting a new word and recognizing its capacities. Frequently it changes that for which it stands from the intolerable to the attractive in your estimation. I find the carriwichtet endearing, for example, though I find the pun—which is almost the same thing—detestable.

The other day I garnered from a little book of Irish poetry and prose the word "blether," and fell at once in love with it. Had I seen it only in a dictionary, I should probably have felt in it no special charm, since, according to that authority, "blether" as a noun is nonsense or foolish talk, and to be "blethery" is to be unsubstantial, trashy, or deceptive. But according to my Antrim Irishman, to blether harmlessly, rationally, and hygienically, demands a particular skill and a charming temperament. It is to enlarge the spirit under the cramping influence of adversity or the crass monotony of toil, by entering temporarily into league with the imps of in consequence. The true blether is never employed save as a means of mental and spiritual refreshment, and may consist of a great variety of exercises. If you are a person of no voice, the singing of a difficult operatic air is recommended as a particularly fine blether. If you wish to take your relaxation as inconspicuously as possible, it

will sometimes answer the purpose to compose odes and essays containing a serious kind of raillery designed to puzzle the wits of the reasonable. It will be remembered that Charles Lamb, under the oppression of the East India Office, indited an apostrophe to roast pig. The late Mr. Whistler was hardly less an artist in blethering than in reproducing the appearances of the external world. Witness the "Gentle Art of Making Enemies" and those significant sketches on the edge of the Coast Survey map.

Shakespeare, also, could realize the very ecstasy of the accomplished bletherer. "Do you know me, my lord?" Polonius demands of the burdened Hamlet. "Excellent, excellent well; y'are a fishmonger." Yet even among the Celtic races there are found those who call great Hamlet mad. And there may be those who deemed Thackeray but questionably sane on the occasion of his famous drive through New York, his feet out of the cab window by way of relaxation from the strain of American lecturing. The Antrim man would have known the hall-mark of the blether. Among our personal acquaintances we probably could find numerous less illustrious but equally authentic examples of the blethering spirit. I know a man of honorable years and literary profession who went upon a solemn occasion to deliver an address before his Alma Mater. The address was eloquent and moved his hearers. Later they discussed its noble imagery, unaware that its author was then rolling down the green sward of a hill back of the college buildings, enjoying a blether such as the mind of youth could in nowise conceive. Beside these obvious instances that fall under the convenient Antrim classification, there are others more subtle, in which the note is more sustained. What can we call the immortal preface to "The Egoist" if not the quintessence of blethering brought to so fine a distillation as almost to escape the surest intelligence? And what but the most consummate blethering (if we can bring ourselves so lightly to name that fine courage) was the monumental defiance of Stevenson to all the powers of melancholy? With this last radiant example in mind it is not difficult to see in the blether a symbol of the wild Celtic fancy, the tameless grace of souls constantly escaping from the trammels of conventional dignity and gloom.

THE FIELD OF ART

THE PLAN OF NEW YORK, AND HOW TO IMPROVE IT.

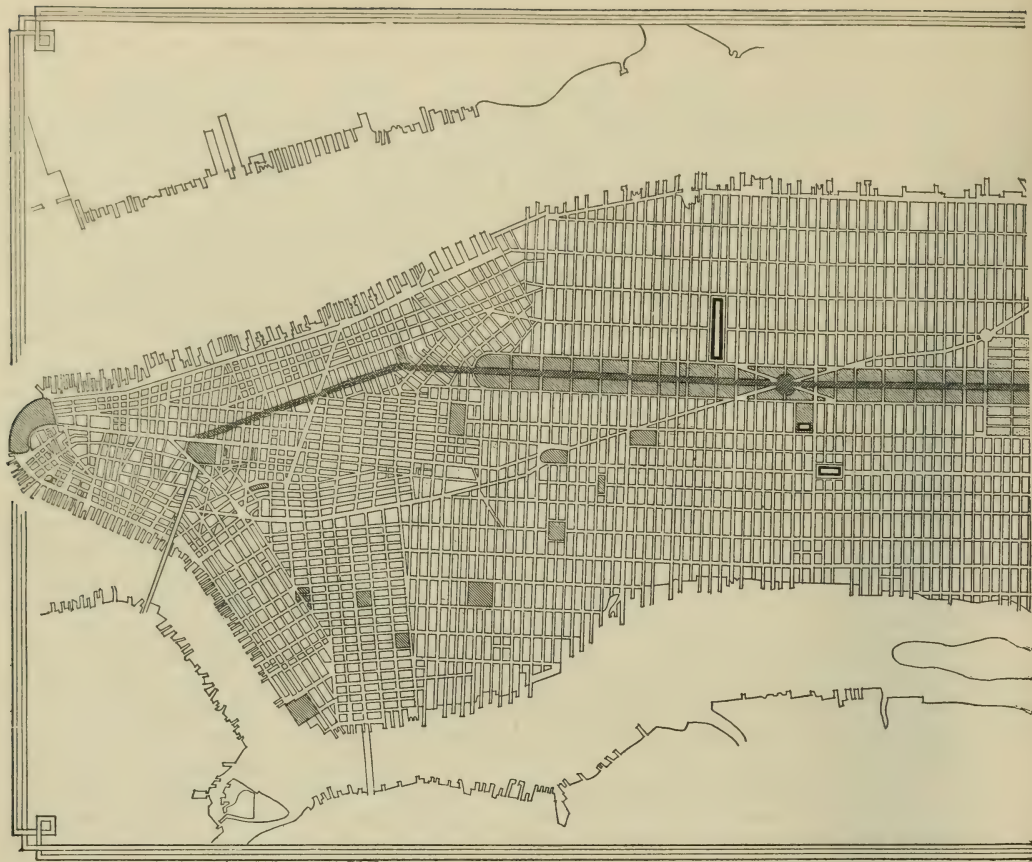
PROBABLY no more important plan was ever made at a single stroke than that for the laying out of the upper part of the City of New York, adopted early in the last century, and since then adhered to with a fidelity worthy of a better result. This plan has governed in the expenditure of untold wealth; it has probably had as much to do as any other one thing in shaping the character, habits and customs of the people, for it has fixed their environment; it has lain like a huge gridiron on the city, binding it to hopeless monotony and humdrum commercialism of aspect, and acting as a barrier to any attempt to impart to the town that grand metropolitan air which distinguishes most of the great capitals of Europe.

If the planners had only followed the simplest dictates of common prudence and provided a broad open strip along each water front, and another through the centre of the island to insure ample means of transit, the other failings of their plan might have been forgiven; for even with this much—so great are the natural advantages of the site—New York could have become one of the most beautiful and commodious cities on earth.

It is easy enough now, as we look at the plan, to follow the narrow working of the minds of the planners. To them the great city of the future was to be simply an enlargement of the primitive town of their own day. Their horizon was bounded entirely by what they saw before them, and their one desire seems to have been to make use of every available square foot of land for strictly utilitarian purposes. The side streets were to afford quiet places of residence, and the avenues the necessary means of communication longitudinally. With this one idea in mind, everything else was easy; the natural topography of the island was disregarded; streets were laid out over watercourse, swamp and hill, with mathematical regularity. The first requisites of a great metropolis for other

things than streets and lots seem not to have been considered. Of artistic effect there was not a suggestion; the thought of such a thing probably never entered the heads of the planners. Their ideas were narrow and provincial, and their plan reflected and has retained their ideals. With such a plan, is it surprising that the city should be noted for its lack of civic pride?

So little did the makers of the plan foresee the enormous pressure which would be brought upon the longitudinal means of transit when the city should be built up, by the daily ebb and flow of the vast population for which lots were provided, that only one avenue running north and south was laid out in a given distance to four transverse streets. Moreover, most of these avenues were arranged so as to be of the least possible use. They start from nowhere in particular, for they were joined on to the old street system arbitrarily wherever they happened to come, and no attempt was made to bring the old plan into harmony with the new. The only serviceable through lines for traffic were those which already existed—the Bowery and its extension, Third Avenue, and Broadway joined to the old Bloomingdale Road. The result has been that the main flow of traffic has been congested into these streets. The avenues which are crossed by Broadway have never received anything like their proportionate development below the points of crossing. The lower parts of Fifth, Sixth and Seventh Avenues are dead ends, so to speak; they serve little purpose in relieving the stress of up and down traffic. To make them serviceable they need a feeder of sufficient magnitude at their lower ends, which could be had by enlarging Varick Street, in a somewhat more radical way than that recently suggested by the Municipal Art Society, viz., by cutting it through to meet Broadway at the City Hall at one end, to intersect Bleecker Street at the other end, making it of great width and extending the avenues to meet it. Broadway would then be relieved

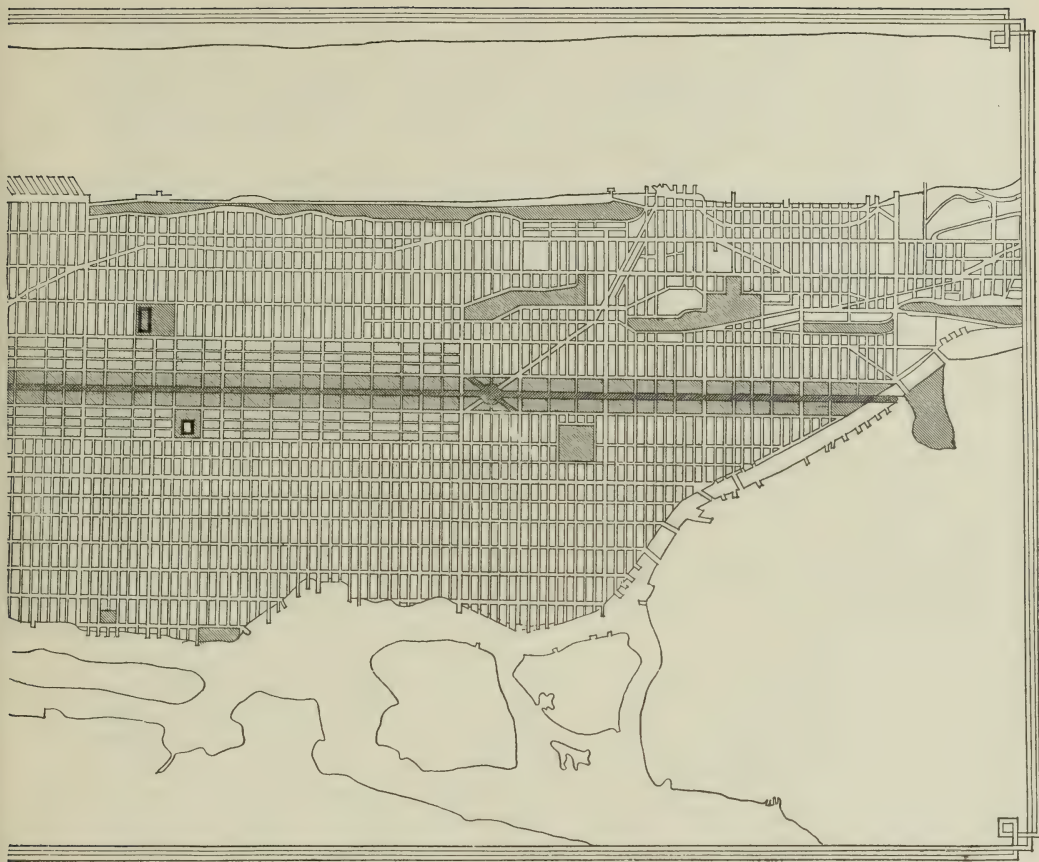


at its most congested point, and the whole lower west side would receive its proper development. If this change were made, even at the great cost it would now involve, the increased taxes based on the rise in value of the region benefitted would undoubtedly soon more than cover the interest on the sum expended.

The efforts which have heretofore been made to break the bond imposed on the city by the adoption of the unfortunate plan of 1807 have been so restricted or hampered by existing conditions, and have been carried out with so little method and continuity of purpose, that they have amounted to scarcely more than makeshifts. From time to time a square has been opened here, a park there, a street cut through in one place or widened in another, but these improvements have been entirely local in their effect, and have failed to change the general appearance of the city. Even the greatest of all these changes, the laying out of Central Park, was unfort-

unate, to say the least, for it serves to aggravate one of the worst features of the original plan, viz., the failure to provide a central artery of communication worthy of the coming city. If it was an error to provide four transverse streets in a given distance to one longitudinal one for a city in which the main flow of travel must always be up and down, what can be said for an improvement which practically closed the two central avenues, and placed the park on the natural axis of traffic? Perhaps it is not yet time for the full magnitude of this mistake to be generally understood. Central Park is still regarded by most New Yorkers with pride; and rightly so, for it is beautiful, and up to the present time has served its purpose well; but the time must soon come when the disadvantages of its location will be too apparent to be hid.

If one examines the present situation without prejudice, he must admit that the *raison d'être* for the park as it stands is becoming daily less and less apparent. In its laying out



and treatment Central Park is essentially a suburban pleasure ground. Its scenery is naturalistic; its lakes, groves, and meadows are intended to represent a bit of beautiful rural landscape. Before tall buildings began to surround it, it fulfilled this function fairly well; the illusion was complete enough to be satisfying; but now to some extent the charm is lost by the intruding buildings, and in the future, when completely surrounded by them, it will be almost entirely lost. It will then cease to be a rural pleasure ground, and become simply the affectation of one, in the heart of a large city, where every requirement of common sense and good taste calls for a different kind of treatment. Ornamental grounds of this sort should not be so wide as to be inconvenient and serve as a barrier between the adjacent parts of the city as Central Park does. They should be laid out in a formal rather than a naturalistic way, for as they must be seen in connection with the buildings, there should be such a degree of

harmony between the two that the one may play into the hands of the other. The grounds should form a beautiful foil or setting for the buildings, and the buildings serve to ornament the grounds. The purpose of such pleasure grounds should be to open up and enliven the appearance of the city, to bring sunlight, air, and verdure into the heart of the town; to afford agreeable promenades and drives; and by a judicious choice of location to distribute these benefits within the reach of the greatest possible number of people. Since Central Park was laid out conditions have changed; with the completion of the proposed lines of rapid transit, the real suburbs will become as accessible to the mass of the population of the future as the park has been in the past. What is needed now is, not a suburban central park, but agreeable ways to reach the suburban park system for which provision has fortunately been made. The reservoirs which occupy so much of the park area are no longer needed where they are.

Formerly, when the entire water supply depended on the High Bridge Aqueduct, it was necessary to have a considerable storage capacity on the island; but now, when there can be any number of subterranean conduits, the reason for it has ceased to exist.

It is not pretended for a moment that the densely populated part of the city requires fewer breathing spaces than it now has; on the contrary it needs more, and a better distribution of them. The few open squares scattered about the town are utterly inadequate. As now arranged they serve rather to remind one of the general lack of verdure than to supply its want. The few trees which they possess are a poor substitute for the wooded avenues one finds in other great cities. There is a crying need here for long stretches of grass, avenues of trees, and gardens, so placed that they can be conveniently reached by all the people; and the shape of this island is such that if there were a parkway through its centre, this want might be fulfilled. New York ought to have such a parkway, which would serve both as a breathing place for the crowded city, and as a main artery of communication through it; an avenue like the Champs Elysées of Paris, Unter den Linden of Berlin, or the Ring Strasse of Vienna, but more ample than any of them; for here, of all places, owing to the shape of the island, there is the most need of such a thing. Fortunately this can be had now, if we want it, without either bankrupting the treasury or curtailing the habitable area of the town. To obtain the funds, it would only be necessary to sell off land which the city now owns, and apply the proceeds to the purchase of other land of at least equal extent. If those parts of the park lying between Fifth Avenue and the extension of Sixth Avenue on the east side and between Eighth Avenue and the extension of Seventh Avenue on the west side, were sold, and the proceeds applied to the purchase of all the land lying between Sixth and Seventh Avenues, from Christopher Street to the Harlem River, the city would then have a strip for a park-

way a thousand feet wide and more than ten miles long, lying right on the central axis of the city, where it would do the most good to the greatest number of inhabitants (pp. 254-5). Here could be constructed a thoroughfare worthy of the metropolis of the new world. If opened up at the lower end by a suitable avenue of approach from the City Hall Park, such as already suggested by way of an enlarged Varick Street, and connected with the district beyond the Harlem River by the necessary bridges, it would solve the difficulties of through transit for the city for all time, become the finest, as it would be the most important, highway of the world, and at the same time give to the entire island the breathing space and beauty it now so sorely needs.

Some idea of the splendor of such a plan may be had when we realize that even if the central avenue or parkway had a clear roadway 160 feet wide, or four times the width of that of Fifth Avenue, there would still remain for gardens distributed on both sides of it a space about as wide as Madison Square is long. Now imagine this strip of verdure extended for ten miles through the heart of the town, shaded by trees, ornamented with shrubbery, fountains, statuary, arches, and every other suitable embellishment, and where could one find its equal? The finest avenues of the old world would pale in comparison. The Mall at Washington as it is proposed to rearrange it would not be as wide and only about one-fifth as long.

Such a programme of course could not be carried out at once without involving unnecessary expense and great inconvenience, but it might be done gradually. If improvements were stopped on the area to be acquired, the city could easily undertake the conversion of one or two blocks a year, at the same time selling off an equal area of its park lands. If this were done systematically, in the course of forty or fifty years the task would be accomplished without great disturbance of values, with little inconvenience, and at comparatively slight cost.

ERNEST FLAGG.





Drawn by Stanley M. Arthurs.

THE REFUGEES FROM THE NIAGARA FRONTIER.

—“The War of 1812.”

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Caravan going from Hama to the south, possibly to Egypt.

AN OLD BATTLEFIELD OF THE NATIONS

By Lewis Gaston Leary

ILLUSTRATIONS DRAWN BY JULES GUÉRIN FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

WE do not want to go again; for the railway from Beirut is finished at last, and the old cities of Emesa and Hamath, now known as Homs and Hama, will soon lose much of their *naïveté* and Eastern color and become filled with dragomans who speak a dozen languages and shopkeepers who have a dozen prices for the unwary tourist. Two years ago, however, the district was as yet little touched by Western civilization, and we saw there a picture of Oriental life and customs, especially of Oriental politeness, not to be found in the more accessible cities of Jerusalem, Beirut, or even Damascus.

It was a surprise to find that we could go from Tripoli to Homs in a big yellow diligence, drawn by two horses and three mules and driven by two fierce-looking Bedouins, who, in the absence of a sufficiently long whip, urged on their steeds by throwing big stones taken from a well-filled

bushel basket which was kept under the seat. The average Oriental throws like a girl, and with as good an aim; but while the coach was rolling and rattling like a ship in a storm, these men could strike the farthest mule on the left ear, without any danger either to the skull of the lazy one or to the other animals.

The ugly, noisy conveyance took us sixty miles in eleven hours; but it seemed quite out of place as a part of the Syrian landscape, and we were relieved to find that it surprised the rest of the country just as much as it did us. The camels were the most astonished. Along the road in front would be seen a distant caravan, with a white-bearded old man riding the donkey in front; the long file of great animals behind walking and chewing in a slow rhythm, and looking out upon the world with a solemn gaze which made us flippant sons of a young republic want to crawl

away somewhere and hide for a few thousand years, until we had gotten a little mellowness.

But our mules stood for progress, and if it happened to be a down grade, it meant progress at the rate of ten miles an hour. Now a camel always looks like a great overgrown chicken, and when he becomes a little scared he acts just like one. So we had the interesting experience of frightening half to death thirty tremendous chickens, sending them scampering and scattering over the road in every direction except

references to the sacred fish are found in works of travel written as early as the sixth century. The present tradition is that it is the souls of soldiers who have died fighting for the faith, that have taken on this form. If anyone, especially if a Christian, were to harm one of these fish, the sacrilege would doubtless be punished by death. While hundreds of men and women in the neighboring villages may be suffering from hunger, pious Moslems will buy great piles of bread for the fish and will provide in their wills for a certain number of loaves to be



The central bridge and one of the smaller wheels.

the right one, climbing over each other and knocking off carefully balanced loads, tying up the connecting ropes into nice knots which would test the genius of an Alexander, while a dozen or so stalwart Arabs cursed us with a choice of language not to be found even in our own West—cursed with a long, deep, comprehensive curse which included us and our fathers, the diligence's father and mother and distant relatives, and laid special emphasis upon the awful destruction that was sure to come upon the religion of the off mule.

About an hour out from Tripoli is a pool of sacred fish. Moslems hold the spot in great reverence; but the worship goes back of Mohammedanism, for I am told that

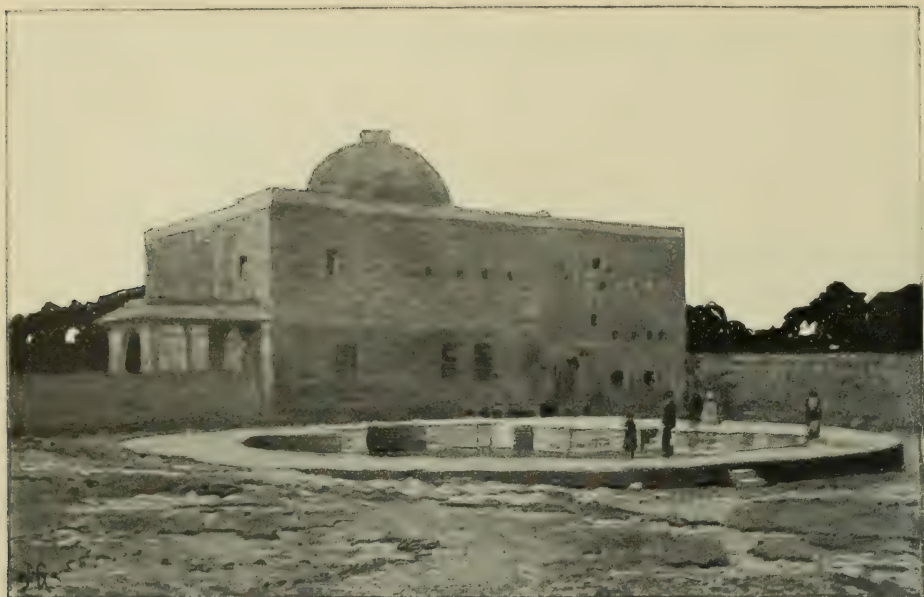
given each week. As a consequence of all this feeding and care, these creatures, which are about a foot long, are fat and bloated, ugly in color and form beyond any fish I have seen. We estimated that there were between four and five thousand of them in the little pool; and it was a sight not soon to be forgotten, as they crowded after the crumbs we threw them, pushing and fighting, and often forced quite out of their element on the backs of those below, so that for many square yards they formed a solid mass, completely hiding the water beneath.

After some eight hours' drive along the valley that leads eastward from Tripoli into the interior, a sudden turn of the road brought full into view the northern plain of



Drawn by Jules Guérin.

The largest of the water-wheels—ninety feet in diameter.



Mosque and pool of the sacred fish.

Syria. We were entering through its western wall, by the pass that divides Lebanon from the range of the Nusairiyeh, with its cruel, half-pagan tribes. The southern boundary of the plain is formed by Anti-Lebanon, between which and the Cedar Mountain lies the narrow valley

that seems to be the old "Entering in of Hamath." To the north, low hills rise slowly up to the horizon, and to the east the plain rolls straight out to the unseen desert beyond and to the ruined palaces of Tadmor.

It is the great world's battlefield that



Rolling the road between Homs and Hama.

lies below; so vast that Gettysburg and Waterloo might be fought in different corners and hardly see the smoke of each other's cannonading. But no modern conflict has gathered such hosts as were drawn up here in line of battle. They came from the desert city of the East; came up from Syria and Palestine and Egypt through the Entering in of Hamath; came as we have come, through the narrow pass leading in from the sea. Back at the beginning of

tre rises the dazzling white acropolis of Homs; and five miles to the south is the deep blue of the Lake of Homs, once *Qadesh*, the Holy Lake, dammed up in its little valley by a forgotten race and worshipped before history began.

We saw the bright reflection from the smooth sides of the mound long before we could distinguish the town lying below; and for a while we were puzzled as to what it was—this huge, symmetrical object ris-



Harems along the Orontes.

wars, the trained armies of Egypt fought the Hittite and the Assyrian here. After Babylonian and Persian, Jew and Syrian and Greek had won their last victories, it was here that Zenobia, the beautiful, talented, ambitious Queen of Palmyra, received her final crushing defeat at the hands of Aurelian. Here, centuries later, Crusader and Saracen battled for the land they both called Holy: here chivalrous Tancred led his armies and noble Saladin won his brilliant victories.

Two things stand out from the general brownness of the plain. In the very cen-

ing so abruptly from the great flat plain, and seeming doubly immense because of the clear air and the absence of any other elevation by which to estimate its height. In reality, the acropolis is no insignificant structure. The people of Homs believe it to be entirely artificial, and the general appearance is in favor of such an hypothesis. Its outline is almost exactly circular, the platform being over one hundred feet above the plain. The sides rise so steeply that it would be impossible to scale them without a ladder; but to make the castle completely inaccessible, all the outer slope of the

mound was once coated with small stone or brick, making a very slippery surface. At present the ascent is made by a long, winding path; but even now it is so steep as almost to be dangerous. Like every other citadel in Syria, this one was held in rapid alternation by Crusaders and Saracens; but nothing of the old castle now remains save a few yards of tumbling wall and a ruined gateway.

As we came down onto the plain and had a nearer view of the acropolis, we seemed to distinguish a multitude of houses be-

terest and impressiveness in every Eastern city: first the ruins of former power and grandeur, then the graves of those who trusted in that power and gloried in that grandeur, last the modern town with its poverty and ignorance and dirt.

A Roman emperor was once born at Homs, and in Greek times "Emesa" was a city of no little size and importance. The modern town contains some sixty thousand inhabitants, of whom the majority are Moslems. The Christians are nearly all Orthodox Greeks, but there is also a tiny



A bend of the Orontes, showing one of the smaller water-wheels.

neath; but the clear air and the difficulty of getting a true perspective had again deceived us. The city lay beyond and lower; what we saw were not houses, but graves. It was a great metropolis of the dead; not hundreds of graves, but thousands and tens of thousands, crowded closely together beneath the fortress that had once been their protection. Some few were fairly large structures, raised in the form of a stone canopy; but the multitude were simple Moslem graves, ranged in long ranks looking toward Mecca, one stone at the head and another at the foot, for the two angels to rest upon as they weigh the good and evil deeds of the dead. This is the order of in-

Protestant' community. We were guests of the native pastor, and later it lent vividness to our memories of Homs when we learned that our host was stabbed the very week after our departure, though fortunately the wound was not a mortal one. The city is, of course, the market-place of *Ard Homs*, "The Land of Homs," and its bazaars are crowded with *jellahin* from all the country around. The chief industry is the making of silks. They claim that there are five thousand looms in the city, and it is easy to believe this statement; for as we walked down the streets, well paved with stone and cleaner than those of many Oriental towns, for whole blocks every



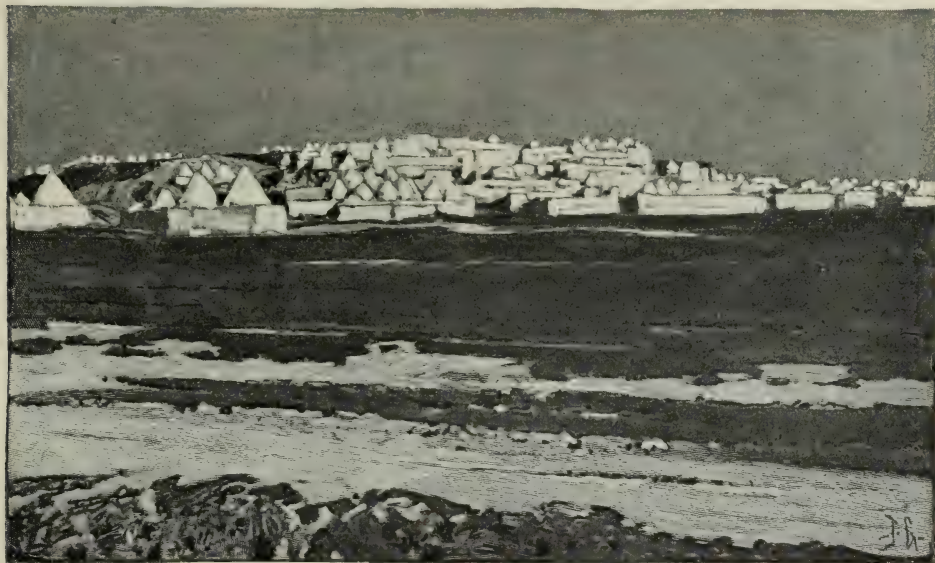
A near view of the acropolis of Homs.

house on each side would be resounding to the whirring of wheels and the clicking of shuttles.

The home of our host opened on a court, separated from the street by a ten-foot wall. We rose at three in the morning to catch the diligence for Hama, said good-by all round in the lengthy Eastern fashion—and then discovered that the key to the gate was lost and we were trapped. Then there was a great bustle and hubbub, the

women rushing around to look for the missing key, while the man of the house brought a great ladder for us to scale the wall with. It was only just as we were preparing to carry our heavy luggage up the ladder that the lost key was found, and a hard run brought us to the diligence office with half a minute to spare.

The second coach was a smaller affair, with only two mules and one horse. Its driver was a wild-looking brigand, consid-



Tell el-Bish, between Homs and Hama, with conical roofs of white stone.

erably more than half drunk. He had neglected to fasten the harness properly, and while we were going down a steep hill, the whole arrangement dropped off one beast and clattered under his heels. Then, as soon as the harness was fixed, the driver dropped his reins under the flying hoofs. He took it all very philosophically, much more so than we did; and doubtless he pitied us Western infidels for our nervousness. Suppose that the coach should really upset, it would be the will of God, and who were we to object!

We had but one fellow traveller, a fat old

The road from Homs to Hama runs almost due north, a straight white line cutting across the green fields. It is one of the oldest routes in the world. Caravans have been passing along it for at least five thousand years, just as we saw them—long strings of slow-moving camels with their bright-colored bags of wheat. One could almost imagine that Pharaoh was again calling down the corn of Hamath to fill his granaries against the seven years of famine. But even here the old things are passing. Just beyond the long line of camels was a longer line of *jellah* women, their dirty blue



Diligence from Tripoli to Homs changing horses.

Moslem wearing the green turban of a *haj*, who has made the pilgrimage to Mecca. He was a very companionable fellow, who insisted upon explaining all the points of interest; and the fact that his explanations were usually wrong did not in the least take from our enjoyment. Every time that the diligence stopped—and this was pretty often—our *haj* would laboriously descend, spread out his handkerchief upon some clean, level spot, and turn toward Mecca to recite his prayers. He must have been a very holy man. I was sorely tempted to photograph him as he painfully bent down his fat old body in its gorgeous robes; but it would have lowered my own self-respect to do so. He was such a polite, genial *haj*, and just as sincere in his worship as are any of us.

robes kilted above their knees, carrying upon their shoulders baskets of earth and stone for the roadbed of the new French railway. The carriage road is French, too; and a very good road it is. Some men were repairing it with a most ingenious roller. It was a great round stone, drawn by two oxen, and having its axle prolonged by a twenty-foot pole, at the end of which a bare-legged Arab was fastened to balance the whole affair. If the stone had toppled over, the picture of the Arab dangling at the top of the slender flag-staff would have been worth watching.

All along the ride we were reminded of the past. It is a fertile soil; but the very wheat-fields are different from ours. Only a few yards in width, they are often of tremendous length. I hesitate to commit my-

self to figures; but it is certain that the thin, green fields would stretch away in the distance until lost over some little elevation. At one place the road was cut through a hill honeycombed with rock tombs, which the *haj* said were Jewish. Every now and then we passed a *tell*, or great hemispherical mound, built up of the rubbish of a dozen ruined towns; for even so late as Roman times this was a well-cultivated and populous country. There is now no lumber available for building purposes, and in a number of villages the houses are all built with conical roofs of stone. Where the rock happens to be of a reddish tinge, the houses remind one of nothing so much as a collection of Indian wigwams; where the stone is white, as at Tell el-Biseh, it glitters and sparkles like a fairy city cut out of loaf sugar.

The prophet Amos called it "Hamath the Great," and Hama is still the most important city between Damascus and Aleppo. It is bigger than Homs and seems more prosperous, but the difference between the two is not great enough to prevent considerable jealousy. As in Vienna and Buda Pesth, so in Homs and Hama, the traveller is always being asked to compare the two as to beauty and healthfulness; and it is very convenient if one can conscientiously give the palm to the city last visited. Of course Hama is a very busy place, especially in the morning, when the market-squares are crowded with kneeling camels, and the bazaars are bright with newly opened rolls of rich silks, which can be bought at a ridiculously low price—if the purchaser knows how to bargain.

You can see the same types in other Syrian cities—rough camel-drivers, veiled ladies, ragged *jellahin*, underfed soldiers, Moslem wise men, and reverend sheikhs. Even in Damascus, however, the picture lacks somewhat of perfection because of the Hotel d'Orient or Hotel Victoria in the background, while just as you have warmed up to enthusiasm for the bright scenes of Eastern life, a pert young fellow in French clothes is apt to ask you into his shop or to offer to guide you through the city at ten francs a day. But in Hama, so far as I know, there was no other *Frank*, only one pair of European trousers, and two men who spoke a little English. There is not even an American missionary; and on

rare occasions when American ladies visit the city, they adopt native costume, veil and all, in order to avoid annoying curiosity.

The citizens of Hama enjoyed us fully as much as we did them. Everywhere we went we were followed by a train of a dozen or two; and when we stopped to look at anything, the crowd threatened to interfere with traffic—not that this would have seemed a serious offence to the Oriental mind. They were so interested in us that I could scarcely get room to use my camera, until my friend would walk a little way off with an intense expression and draw the cortège after him. We know now the feelings of the elephant in the circus parade. Yet the people were not noisy or rude, and—I almost hesitate to make such a startling statement about an Oriental city—I do not remember being once asked for *backsheesh*.

The inhabitants of Hama are commonly supposed to be proud and fanatical. They may be; but we did not find them so. We stayed with a young doctor, a recent graduate of the American college at Beirut; and in the evening a dozen of his friends dropped in to see us. As our own supply of Arabic was not equal to the demands of a long conversation, we essayed a couple of gymnastic tricks, only to be immediately outdone by our Syrian friends. Then the ice was broken and we settled down to a long evening of rough games, which always ended in somebody having his hand slapped with a knotted handkerchief. The fierce-looking men, with their brown, wrinkled faces, entered into it all with such childlike enjoyment that we were soon laughing and shouting as we had not done since the Christmas days of boyhood; and the little brazier, with its bright bed of charcoal that sent fearsome shadows of turbaned heads and long mustachios dancing on the white wall overhead, seemed a natural substitute for the Yule log that was burning in the home over the seas.

The Christians in Hama form a quite insignificant minority, and therefore receive a degree of consideration from their Moslem rulers such as is not granted in cities like Beirut, where the two sects are more nearly balanced, and where jealousy and hatred lead to frequent reprisals. Dr. Taufik told us that some of his warmest

friends were young Moslems. He has a considerable practice among the harems of the city, and has recently performed heroic operations upon women there. One afternoon he piloted us through a narrow, winding lane, filled with evil-smelling garbage, to a tiny door, not over five feet high. This was the entrance to the finest house in Hama, the residence of one of the doctor's Moslem patients. Indeed, our guide, with perhaps more civic pride than scientific accuracy, told us that it was the most magnificent house in all Syria. Well, possibly it was. It was certainly more elegant than we Westerners build; with a great central hall decorated in mosaics of colored marble and overlaid with gold-leaf with an infinite carefulness and richness that would honor the palaces of Mad Ludwig. Yet, as is so often the case in the Orient, the only approach to this beautiful dwelling was through filth and odors that cannot be described.

Later we visited the home of a second rich Moslem, also a patient of the doctor. This time the master of the house was seated in the middle of the state parlor, surrounded by a wealth of beautiful, inappropriate French furniture—being shaved. He is the only man I ever saw who looked dignified while in the hands of a barber; but even with lather all over his face, he sat with the bearing of a prince of the blood giving audience to his favorites. Not that he was cool in his treatment of us; quite the contrary. He allowed us to indulge in the filthy American habit of wearing shoes into the house; and, although it was *Ramadan* and he himself could eat nothing until sunset, delicious sweetmeats were served in delicate cut-glass dishes on a heavy silver tray. After we had watched our host put on his furs and drive off behind his two beautiful Arabs, we asked Dr. Taufik how much wealth was necessary for one to live in such luxury, and what was the business of our Moslem friend. "Oh, he does not work at all. He doesn't need to, for he has private property which brings him an income of forty thousand piasters a year." Which, being interpreted, equals something over fourteen hundred dollars!

The acropolis of Hama is larger than that of Homs, but less symmetrical in shape and not so well preserved. From its summit one sees the same great, inspiring plain; but the attention is soon drawn

to the city below. If one has lived in the East, it is not the twenty-four slender minarets of Hama that hold the gaze, not even the Great Mosque, which is one of many that claim to guard the bones of John the Baptist; but beautiful and interesting above all is the Orontes, winding its slender cord of blue through the great city, bringing to Hama fertility and prosperity and health. One sees few rivers in this land. Although they make Damascus so fertile, Abana and Pharpar are hardly more than noisy creeks. It is true that parts of Lebanon fairly sweat with springs, but few of these reach the coast as more than stony *wadis* that dry up in summer. The Jordan in the south, the Leontes, which empties between Tyre and Sidon, and the Orontes in the north—these complete the tale of Syrian rivers; and Hama is the only great Eastern city that I have seen in which the river fills a large part of the panorama. Rising from the snow springs of Lebanon, then flowing northward through the Entering in of Hamath, dammed up near Homs by the old Hittites, growing slowly as it passes through the "Land of Hama" until at Antioch it is almost deep enough for navigation, the Orontes has made three of the great cities of the world.

It winds and twists through Hama so that you meet it at every turn of the street. We crossed no less than four bridges, each with a different scene, yet always the scenery of Hama. Along one bank a line of closely latticed windows mark the harems of the wealthier citizens; farther on, a little company of women are washing clothes under the shade of the cypress trees; yonder a weary train of mules are standing knee-deep in the cool water, while a crowd of naked boys are sporting in the shallow stream with as much energy and zest as any truant brothers of the West.

There is a noise so heavy and constant that you have almost ceased to hear it; a dull, grave diapason, louder and deeper than the lowest organ-stop. Now, slowly and painfully, it forces up a few notes of the scale, then drops heavily to its key-note. "Do mi sol, DO DO DO; Do sol la, DO DO DO"—on through the day and the night and the century. It is the *na'ura*, the Water-Wheels of the Orontes. You see them now and then in southern villages;

but what other cataracts are to Niagara, so are all other water-wheels to the water-wheels of Hama. Great wooden frames revolving painfully upon wooden axles as the river helps lift itself up to the terraces above, these wheels approach very near to perpetual motion. We stand amazed before one that is forty feet high, until the eye travels down the river to another wheel of sixty feet, and our guide takes us out to the edge of the city to where a monster ninety feet in diameter is playing its slow, solemn tune.

It is impossible to shut out the sound of the creaking of the *na'ura*. Some nervous people are driven to distraction by the noise, and cannot sleep in Hama; but we found the music of the wheels very soothing, like the distant roar of the ocean or a slow fugue played on some Cyclopean organ. Now they are in unison, now re-

peating the theme one after another, now for a brief moment in a sublime harmony never to be forgotten, then once more together in tremendous chorus. As we drift to sleep, the music calls us back, back, back to the Beginning of Things.

"Do mi fa, DO DO DO." What care the wheels whether Saracen or Crusader conquer in the fight below! "Do fa sol, DO DO DO." The chariots of Zenobia are rattling across the plain—or is it the cohorts of the fleeing Assyrian host? "Do sol la, DO SOL LA." The dark regiments of Pharaoh are coming up from the south, and the Hittite city rushes to arms. "Do mi sol, DO DO DO DO." And Father Orontes is slowly pushing around the great wheels of the dream city, while the "Iliad" is unsung, and Cheops is unquarried, and the fathers of Abram still dwell in Ur of the Chaldees.

SONG

By Rosina Hübley Emmet

You weep for kisses that have flown,
For loves that only dure a day;
Nay—rather weep for blossoms flown
Across the meadows and away.
Away, away, for many a day!
Until the waiting earth is sown
With seeds of all that you have given
In close-kissed loves—that made your Heaven.

You weep because you once shed tears
For him who let the long nights pass
And never came. You weep for fears
That ran like sand through Time's still glass.
Alas, alas for nights that pass!
For days that flee, for finished years—
Nay—rather cast those eyes ahead
And search for future bliss instead.

Of all the pain the world can show
This is the greatest—tears forlorn
For dead delights. They drown in woe
The struggling germs of hope new-born.
—To greet the dawn with tears forlorn!—
Nay—rather let past anguish go—
And end your days in laughter's rays,
The smile that comes—the joy that stays.

THE SUMMER LANDLORD

By Sydney Preston

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

I



HERE is a certain charm in the idea of a lapse of identity," said Professor Avery, stirring his tea reflectively; "it always appeals to me strongly at this time of year, when the vacation has begun, and if I ever get to the point of doing anything a college professor might naturally be expected not to do, it will be through my longing to break through conventions and get into closer touch with humanity." He glanced through the open window at the greensward stretching from the Dean's residence to the group of college buildings, noted the palpitating heat-waves that rose between, then drew a breath of complete enjoyment. "But this," he added, regarding with admiring approval the graceful figure that bent over the afternoon teatable—"this, if it could last all summer, would be more restful and satisfying than anything I could undertake."

Miss Brinley's smile suggested inward appreciation of something beyond the mere words of the speaker. "You'll never do anything original," she commented; "inertia will keep you in your groove. You came back from Germany without having been even a second in a duel, and now that you've been a staid professor for five years, you begin to talk of doing something out of the common!"

"But it isn't altogether inertia," he protested; "there are so few things one may do without loss of prestige. Of course, I might become an amateur tramp or day laborer, provided it was known I was absorbing local color and not engaged in a vulgar jamboree; but I don't care to expose myself to dirt and privation."

"Yes," she nodded. "You hold yourself aloof; you'll always be an onlooker."

"Not from choice," he returned. "I delight in the study of human nature, yet most of my friends are mere acquaintances, perhaps because there is something lacking in me, as Milray suggested. He said—but really, it's too absurd to repeat!"

"No, no—do tell me."

"I didn't ask his opinion—in fact, we were discussing philosophy at the time—when he suddenly began to pace the floor and ejaculate—you know how his words explode through his beard! Then he clapped me on the shoulder and adjured me to go off and—and fall in love."

"How funny!—and what did you say?"

Avery hesitated, visibly perturbed. "It was—a difficult remark to answer, because Milray was evidently serious; and though everyone knows they are hard put to it to make both ends meet, with all those children, I—I couldn't exactly imply that my lot was preferable."

"But aren't they happy?" she demanded, with sudden warmth. "Isn't that the main thing?"

"Perhaps they are—though I don't see how it's possible for an intellectual man to be content with such an excess of domesticity; but I tactfully evaded that phase. I assured him I hadn't the faintest idea how to carry out his instructions; then he glared. Besides, I said, I had no inclination toward marriage; then he burst forth afresh into vivid phrases, assuring me that he didn't suggest marriage, because the chance of any woman reciprocating was so unlikely."

"And I'm sure his eyes were twinkling under those shaggy brows—he's a dear!"

"Yes, and he deserves a better fate. He'll have to spend the summer in taking his family on picnicking trips in that shabby old phaeton; he told me with gusto how



"This, if it could last all summer, would be more restful and satisfying than anything I could undertake."
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he proposed to graze the horse on the roadsides."

"While you are theorizing over the dullness of existence, with the means to go anywhere or do anything to gain new experiences!"

Avery made a gesture of weariness. "I've exhausted every approved fashion of putting in the time," he protested. "I've tried Europe, yachting, the seaside, summer boarding—but it's no use! I can't enjoy inanimate objects or the lower animals, and the people one meets are stereotyped and uninteresting. I think, sometimes, it might be interesting to—to feel such an emotion as Milray suggested, but I—I fancy I haven't got the—right kind of temperament!" He looked up questioningly, his face somewhat flushed and a tentative appeal in his eyes.

Miss Brinley met his gaze with thoughtful gravity. "I don't believe you really want to get closer to the realities," she said, "but merely to change your point of view, to analyze and dissect at shorter range.

You'll be an onlooker to the end, unless——"

Avery sat up straight and gazed at her with eager intentness as she paused. "Yes?" he urged, with a quick breath.

"——unless the unexpected happens," she finished lightly.

"And the unexpected—in this case?"

"Oh, anything," she parried—"anything one of your temperament might be supposed not to do."

Avery leaned back with a sigh. "Do you know," he said, "I have an odd feeling that you know me better than I know myself; and just then——" he paused abstractedly—"just then I had a most extraordinary sensation."

"Dear me!" she ejaculated.

"Yes; I don't think I ever had such a peculiar impression. It is hard to describe—but—but I imagine it must have been something like an intuition."

"How strange!—but I thought you didn't believe in intuitions?"

"No—that is, I've never experienced



"And we know absolutely nothing about him, except that his name is Avery."

any; but when you were speaking and my eyes met yours, I felt a sudden—yes, a thrill, it must have been, of—expectation, as if I were on the verge of a discovery. Yes, the feeling is growing stronger that, if you will, you can help me, to get into closer touch with my fellow beings. You can tell me what is the unexpected thing that might happen."

"Oh, I couldn't begin to think," she declared; "but if you break through your environment you'll be able to find out for yourself."

"Yes," said Avery, with kindling animation, as he rose, "I must leave the beaten track, avoid the commonplace and conventional. I must find the antithesis of summer boarding, for example, and do something quite original." He paused with sudden gravity. "If you were going to be here, I'd stay," he added.

"And help me to be dull!" she laughed. "But I'm not; I'm going to the same quiet place by the sea, and by the time I come back perhaps you'll have some thrilling adventures to tell me."

II

THE Cherry Hill boarders were assembled in the rustic pavilion overlooking the

lake, their voices rising and falling in varying tones of voluble speculation as they discussed the one absorbing topic.

"I cross-questioned Sally this morning when she was doing up my room," said Mrs. Plummer, a portly middle-aged widow, "but all I could get out of her was that he arrived a week ago, and had a long talk with Mrs. Jenner, who immediately packed her trunk and started off to visit her married daughter in Colorado, leaving him to act as landlord for the summer."

"And we know absolutely nothing about him, except that his name is Avery," cried Mrs. Cortolan, in high-pitched indignation.

"And that the board is simply perfect," added Miss Abingdon, who had been listening in amused silence, and now received the instant attention of the person who talks but little. "Hadn't we better complain about getting too much for our money?" she asked, a faintly ironical inflection in the quiet ripple of her voice.

Mr. Cortolan, who was histrionic in his movements, had been walking to and fro in front of the pavilion, his hands clasped behind his back, and his head bowed in obviously deep meditation. He stopped and regarded the speaker with an appreciative twinkle in his dark eyes. "What afflicts me," said he, in mock solemnity,

"is that it's too good to last—it *can't* last! We were of the general opinion that Mrs. Jenner gave us fair value for our money, but great Cæsar!—did we have a fresh damask table-cloth every day, a clean napkin every meal, our bedroom towels changed whenever we turned around? Why, it's—*incredible!*" He spread both hands outward in supplication. "Tell me," he entreated, "*do I sleep; do I dream?*"

"It's all perfectly true," laughed Miss Abingdon, amid a chorus of assent—"even the finger-bowls."

"These," began the Reverend Mr. Bridgeman ponderously, "are superfluities, so to speak; but I was agreeably surprised to find that we had the choice of roast beef and roast lamb for dinner yesterday. Now Mrs. Jenner occasionally had——"

"*Her* lamb was always mutton," interjected Mrs. Cortolan shrilly.

"And the beef was always that triangular wing-rib roast without undercut," hastily added Mrs. Plummer.

"I was about to say," continued the clergyman, with an increased volume of tone, "that Mrs. Jenner usually had beef of an inferior quality for dinner; lamb, so-called, occasionally; but never both meats—um—in conjunction. Now this person knows that in a mixed company some may have a preference for lamb, others for beef; and, very properly, both were placed before us. I must say that the lamb was extremely toothsome, while I found the beef tender, juicy, and cooked to a turn."

"I wonder if there'll be lamb to-day," meditated Mrs. Plummer ruefully. "If I had known it was real spring lamb I would——"

"The peas *were* garden peas," cried Miss Cortolan. "I saw the hired man throw a great basket of pods into the pig-yard."

"There, Mrs. Plummer, I knew it!" exclaimed Mrs. Cortolan triumphantly. "I knew those were *not* canned peas."

"Well, Mrs. Jenner had canned everything," returned Mrs. Plummer, "except potatoes and turnips."

"It is incomprehensible to me," rumbled Mr. Bridgeman, "why she should have used canned vegetables instead of fresh ones. We come to the country expecting to enjoy the fruits of the earth, as it were, and find instead the vegetables of the grocery-shelf. Now if this person proposes to substitute fresh garden produce for the tasteless, and, I suspect, unwholesome products

of the canning factory, I shall appreciate the change to the best of my ability."

"It's a case of a new broom," asserted Mr. Cortolan, wielding an imaginary one with vigor; "he can't keep it up. Mrs. Jenner told me herself that if she supplied the table with fresh vegetables, she would have to engage another hired girl. It's the preparation that costs. Dump a few cans of peas into a pot, and there you are. Go into the garden, pick half a bushel, shell them, and most of your morning is gone." He illustrated each process with swift and graphic movements that suggested infinite practice in culinary duties; then he sat down with the air of one who has solved a problem too deep for his fellows.

Mr. Mullins, a half-fledged young newspaper reporter, nodded knowingly. "I heard a thing or two in that connection this morning," said he. "There's a small boy hired as scullion; he's to prepare vegetables and fowl, and all that sort of thing."

"Do you mean to say," inquired Cortolan, "that the new landlord gave you these details?"

"N-no," admitted Mullins, in evident embarrassment. "The fact is," he explained, in response to the searching glances focussed upon him, "I happened to pass through the dining-room when Nancy was setting the table, and—and she mentioned them."

Mr. Bridgeman looked sternly at the



"Tell me," he entreated, "*do I sleep; do I dream?*"

speaker; Cortolan smiled and hummed a tune; the ladies exchanged glances. Mullins, though decidedly red, made a brazen effort to distract attention.

"I shouldn't wonder," he suggested, "if there's more in this thing than appears on the surface. If we get ten-dollar board for five, there's a reason for it."

Mr. Diver, a shrewd-faced father of a family, stroked his grizzled beard and scanned Mullins approvingly. "That's what I say!" he exclaimed. "Why, the other day I handed him a dollar bill for driving us from the station, and by George!—he refused it; said there was no charge. There's something wrong!"

Mrs. Plummer turned to the clergyman. "Didn't you notice how he stared," she asked in agitation, "when you asked if his wife was experienced in cooking?—and don't you think you'd better ask him to— to convince us that he's—quite respectable?"

"We have really nothing to complain of," replied the clergyman soothingly, "provided he maintains the present standard of catering; and as he appears to possess exceptional qualifications, it is our plain duty to suspect no evil." Mr. Bridgeman clasped his hands across his ample figure and beamed reassuringly upon Mrs. Plummer.

Cortolan and Mullins, who had withdrawn a short distance together, sauntered back, the latter with a broad smile on his fresh young face, the former composed and inscrutable.

"We have a theory," announced Cortolan, his eyes twinkling, "a clew to the mystery."

"Go on," cried the ladies, as he paused dramatically.

"Starting from the information that Mrs. Jenner departed suddenly for Colorado, we deduce the conclusion that our landlord came *from* Colorado. I do not take credit for the discovery; it is due entirely to Mr. Mullins's remarkable gift of intuition."

"No, no," protested Mullins, "I——"
"Later, I admit," went on Cortolan gravely, "I suggested he was likely to be a relative of Mrs. Jenner's; then I seemed to recall her alluding in rather ambiguous terms to a nephew in the West."

"I think she did—I'm sure she did," cried Mrs. Plummer—"a nephew or an uncle, or something of the kind."

"Exactly," said Cortolan. "Then we interviewed John Dunn in the barnyard at Mr. Mullins's suggestion, with the result"—he paused to stroke his moustache and hide an ironical smile—"that our suspicions were confirmed."

"You don't say so—Mr. Cortolan!"

"I do—*John would neither say it was true nor deny it.*"

"How perfectly absurd!" laughed Miss Abingdon.

"Not at all," declared Mrs. Plummer. "I'm sure it's wonderful how they found it all out so quickly. I'd feel more comfortable if I knew what he had been doing in Colorado."

"We can tell you, approximately," said Cortolan. "Is it confidential, Mullins?"

"No, not at all," replied Mullins, grinning.

"Then I may say that certain indications point to his having been a restaurant keeper!"

Mrs. Plummer shuddered, turning to Mr. Bridgeman. "Do you hear?" she gasped; "a restaurant—keeper!"

"Mere supposition, Mrs. Plummer."

"But—in *Colorado*, Mr. Bridgeman. I've heard they have—dreadful dance halls in the restaurants."

Mr. Bridgeman glowered at Cortolan. "I assure you, Mrs. Plummer," he answered testily, "nothing could be more preposterous. Possibly there *are* dance halls in Colorado, but—but I assure you I would tolerate nothing of the kind here. In the meantime, let us be thankful for the mercies that are provided."

"I tell you the man's



"Dump a few cans of peas into a pot and there you are."



Mr. Bridgeman clasped his hands across his ample figure and beamed reassuringly upon Mrs. Plummer.—Page 272.

either a knave or a fool," Mr. Diver broke forth, after prolonged meditation; "and I'm going to find out which when I pay my bill, if not before."

III

MR. DIVER prided himself on his knowledge of character, but in this case his usual unhesitating verdict was held in suspension, for a week's keen observation and guarded inquiries left him mystified, without even a plausible theory to account for the landlord's actions; then he changed his tactics and played his trump card.

"I'd like to know," he inquired brusquely, after paying his bill, "if there's any money in keeping boarders in this style. It seems to me you pay out about twice as much as you get in."

There was a gleam of expectant triumph in his eyes. Here was a question that couldn't be dodged, and whatever the reply, he was bound to learn something.

Avery stared in mild surprise. "Really," he answered, "I'm sorry I can't give the information. I haven't yet made up my accounts."

Diver chuckled; the problem was solved. "When you do, I guess you'll find the balance on the wrong side," he remarked.

Avery regarded him with a look of concern. "I understood that the place paid a profit," he said.

"Great Scott!" ejaculated Diver. "Do you think you're running things like Mrs. Jenner?"

"Perhaps not," replied Avery dubiously. "Was it the general expectation," he asked, "that I would adhere to Mrs. Jenner's standard of catering?"

Diver replied at length, with unconcealed contempt for the landlord's incapacity, after which the latter thanked him and promised to look into the matter.

Avery was smiling over a train of thought suggested by Diver's remarks, when Miss Abingdon entered.

"Really, Mr. Avery," she said, as she laid a five dollar bill on the desk, fixing an embarrassed gaze on the open purse in her hand, "I haven't the conscience to go on taking so much for so little."

Avery finished writing the receipt, then as Miss Abingdon's eyes met his, her purse closed with a sudden snap.

"It is ample," he replied, with a smile. "Is the dissatisfaction general?"

"I'm afraid not," she laughed. "But don't you see that you can't go on adding to our luxuries indefinitely without deplorable results, both moral and physical?"

"Then I'd better return to the simple fare that Mrs. Jenner provided?"

"I'm afraid it's too late—as far as your reputation is concerned. One of the boarders, for example, is convinced that you formerly kept a restaurant."

Avery laughed. "Anything worse?"

"Another suspects you of being a gentleman."

"How absurd!—and is that the worst?"

"At present," she nodded; "but I shudder to think of what may come next!"

The following morning, Sunday, there were fringed doilys of red cotton, and a cloth of the same material on the table; there was skimmed milk for the porridge, and a limited supply of thin cream for the coffee; there was also canned salmon, and a blessing that breathed passionate indignation from Mr. Bridgeman. Most of the boarders were pale and distraught, displaying a delicate appetite, and hastened to the seclusion of the pavilion after breakfast to discuss the matter. It was unanimously resolved that Diver, who had boasted of his interview with the landlord, was the cause of the disastrous change, and the harassing doubt expressed on his face changed into black gloom under the recrimination of his fellow boarders. Dinner was awaited with mingled hope and fear.

The latter was justified. The table appointments were similar to those of breakfast; there was a triangular roast of beef, rather overdone; there were canned peas and uncanned potatoes, and rice pudding, at the entrance of which Mr. Bridgeman groaned, while a shudder ran around the table as far as Miss Abingdon, where it merged into something like suppressed laughter. Afterward, there was another mass meeting in the pavilion, and Diver became an alien even to his own family. Supper was succeeded by a season of stony despair; then Mr. Bridgeman disappeared for a time, and his eloquent voice reverberated from the landlord's sitting room, and when he emerged his face shone with joy.

"A mere misapprehension," he announced. "Mr. Avery thought we might possibly prefer Mrs. Jenner's style of catering, but when I convinced him of our true sentiments, he assured me that there would be no such lamentable lapse in the future."

Amid the murmurs of applause, Mullins,

who had been absorbed in a newspaper, looked up, his face glowing with excitement, nudged Cortolan, and walked rapidly away. Cortolan followed, his eyes twinkling expectantly.

"Well, what's up?" he asked, as they reached the seclusion of the hedge.

"This," responded Mullins, flourishing the newspaper. "Read that," he commanded, pointing to a column startlingly headlined.

"Very interesting, indeed, Mullins," commented Cortolan; "clever rascal that! But why all this mystery?—not a relative of yours, I hope."

"Of mine!" snorted Mullins. "Look at that picture; take off the beard and tell me who it is."

Cortolan eyed the portrait critically. "Really, Mullins," he replied, "you've got me! I believe I could make a rough job of taking the beard off a *man*, but I'm not artist enough to do it with a newspaper cut. Hold on, though—here's another rascal without a beard; lend me that pencil, and I'll put one on for you."

Mullins snatched the paper. "Listen to this!" he ejaculated, gripping Cortolan's arm. "Five feet ten, brown hair and beard, or *may be close-shaven*. Doesn't that remind you of anyone?"

"Bridgeman?"

"Come, now, be serious," implored Mullins, with rising choler. "Doesn't the fact that this defaulter was manager of the Associated Restaurants Company, together with the resemblance to a certain party, make you think of anything?"

"Ye-es," said Cortolan, with an enigmatic smile; "the reward, for instance. But here comes Diver; try it on him."

Diver was taking a solitary stroll, absorbed in gloomy meditation. He read the dispatch with kindling interest, then looked Mullins steadily in the eye; the latter nodded in the direction of the house.

Diver blinked. "There's one thing certain," he said, "the fellow isn't the sort of fool I thought; and if he's the other kind, we know why we're well fed."

"Just what struck me!" cried Mullins. "He'd try to allay suspicion."

"It's as plain as a pike-staff when you look at it that way," chuckled Cortolan. "Well, I'll leave you to forge the damning chain of evidence."

"Hold on, Cortolan," urged Diver; "let's talk this over."

"Never!" cried Cortolan, moving away. "I see inflexible resolve upon your faces. Don't mind me, I beg of you—I knew this couldn't last!" He flung up his arms in mock despair, then added in a tone of solemn adjuration, "Don't let the reward deter you," and vanished around the hedge.

"Comical fish, that," remarked Diver thoughtfully.

Mullins was very red. "You can't always

speaker as if he were a remarkable object in an aquarium.

"Who said you did?" he asked calmly.

"You said *you* didn't," retorted Mullins, with a fierce glare, "and I won't take that from any man."

A look of shrewd comprehension settled on Diver's face; he smoked serenely without speaking.

Mullins took out his handkerchief and mopped himself. "A thousand dollars!" he muttered, with a vacant stare. "Do you



"It seems to me you pay out about twice as much as you get in."—Page 273.

make out what's he's driving at," he replied, with some heat.

There was a brief silence. Diver pulled at his pipe, his eyes half closed; Mullins was engaged in kicking up clods.

"Well?" said Diver, scanning him closely.

"It's a scoop all right," broke in Mullins, his brow contracted with perplexity; "but there's that deuced thousand-dollar reward."

"Ye-es," returned Diver, in keen inquiry. "I don't want any of it," he added.

Mullins's flush became an ensanguined purple, fire flashed in his eyes, the words sputtered forth, vehement and guttural. "And I don't!" he shrieked, clenching his hands. "I *don't*, I tell you—not a damned cent," he added threateningly.

Diver's eyes widened with amazement; he removed his pipe and surveyed the

know what that would mean to me?" he demanded.

"Then you do want it?" queried Diver, his eyes twinkling.

Mullins shuddered as if he were awaking from a bad dream; something like a sob of anguish burst from him. "No," he protested, "not if there—wasn't another dollar—in the whole world!"

"Look here, Mullins," said Diver, "I never saw a man act like you unless he was drunk, or——"

"I'm not drunk!" interjected Mullins hopelessly.

"——or in love," finished Diver.

Mullins's flushed, miserable face turned pale; there was mute appeal in his eyes. "For heaven's sake don't—tell Cortolan," he pleaded; "he'd—he'd——"

A benignant fatherly expression softened



Hastened to the seclusion of the

the grim lines of the older man's face; he patted the youth on the back encouragingly.

"Chirk up," he said; "I know how you feel—you're all right! Louise Cortolan's a nice girl; she's been my Adeline's chum ever since they wore short dresses, and I know. You're all right, I say, and if it was my own daughter——"

Mullins grabbed the speaker's hand in both of his, wringing it in gratitude.

The almost tender serenity of Diver's expression became intensified; for the moment he paused, overcome by his own sympathy and the instant response; then he began with added warmth: "If it was my own daughter——"

Mullins uttered a moan of happiness. "It is," he gasped; "it's—your Adeline!"

The fervent pressure of Diver's hand suddenly relaxed; he recoiled, speechless, his fascinated gaze fixed on the radiant countenance of the happy lover.

Mullins straightened himself, glanced up with a joyous smile, then his jaw fell open; he stared with incredulous amazement. "Oh, I say!" he cried, in a sudden frenzy of doubt. "What makes you look like that?"

Diver's features became wooden; grim resolve settled about his mouth. "It's the feelings of a father," he answered curtly.

IV

THE summer landlord sat at his desk ostensibly making up accounts, but the

account book was closed, and his pen idly traced dotted figures on the blotter, his eyes following the random patterns with dreamy intentness, his thoughts far afield from Cherry Hill and the distant chatter of the boarders on the front veranda; indeed, the familiar evening sounds that fell on his heedless ears only served to accentuate the fact that his former keen interest in the study of human nature was now submerged by a certain mysterious yearning that had grown stronger day by day, until the thought of his early departure made his heart leap with expectation. The sudden impulse that caused him to telegraph for Mrs. Jenner two days previously had been no part of a definite plan, but now everything was clear, and he knew, with the unerring instinct of a homing pigeon, where he was going and why. Mrs. Jenner would arrive at noon the next day, so he could take the night train; but even twenty-four hours of inaction seemed intolerable in the feverish haste that possessed him.

Presently he arose, brought out a small trunk, and began packing his books and papers, becoming so engrossed that the sound of heavy, muffled footsteps in the hall failed to attract his attention; then a faint knock at the door caused him to look up, and he was amazed to see Mr. Bridgeman enter the room carrying his boots in his hand. The clergyman closed the door noiselessly, glanced at the open trunk, heaved a deep sigh and sat down, placing his boots on the floor.



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pavilion after breakfast —Page 274.

Avery stared in silent wonder at his visitor's troubled countenance. "May I ask——" he began.

Mr. Bridgeman started; his hand shot out warningly. "Not so loud," he implored, in a hoarse undertone. "I have come here to warn you, and no one must know; you must go—escape—to-night."

A thrill of horror shook Avery's nerves. "Good Lord!" he ejaculated.

"To-morrow may be too late. If a sheriff's officer intercepted you at the station, a deplorable scandal would result."

Avery listened in dumb bewilderment, in doubt of his visitor's precise mental condition.

"You may not know that you have been under surveillance for the past few days?" continued Mr. Bridgeman.

Avery smiled soothingly and shook his head.

Mr. Bridgeman was breathing more freely. "I refer particularly to the tall man with the scar on his chin," he explained. "He came here the day before yesterday, canvassing for 'Methusaleh's Weekly,' but his occupation is what Mr. Mullins refers to technically as a blind."

"Surely you are mistaken," protested Avery.

"Not at all. He got his dinner from Mrs. Dunn, interviewed all the boarders and domestics, asking questions about you, and has been lurking in the vicinity ever since; and last evening when Mr. Diver was coming up from the lake, he saw Sally

leave the house with a small flat package concealed under her apron; she looked furtively around when she reached the lane, then handed the package through the fence to a man who was screened by the haw tree. He mounted a wheel and rode swiftly away, but not before Mr. Diver recognized him as the so-called agent of 'Methusaleh's Weekly.'"

"But I don't understand—I don't see——"

"Nor I," said Mr. Bridgeman, gazing thoughtfully into space, a gentle smile playing about his heavy mouth; "but I noticed that Diver and Mullins used the terms 'confederate' and 'incriminating documents' in connection with the incident."

"My dear sir," cried Avery, in sudden exasperation, "will you be kind enough to tell me what you mean?"

"There is no need of going into painful details," he sighed. "As Mr. Cortolan says, if you are guilty you will understand; if not, the less you understand the better. I may say, however, without indelicacy, that I refer to the cause of your approaching—ahem—departure. Let me assure you also that we have made every arrangement to insure your leaving unobtrusively. Mr. Cortolan will see that John has the wagon ready at ten-thirty, and you will be relieved to hear that Diver and Mullins have found a harmless means of detaining that objectionable individual I mentioned until after the train leaves at midnight."

"And do you think I would submit——" began Avery indignantly.

Mr. Bridgeman laid a persuasive hand on his shoulder. "A moment's thought will convince you," he said impressively, "that we part from you with regret. You have provided excellent fare, and I look forward to Mrs. Jenner's return with misgiving." His voice trembled with poignant emotion. "But as I have frequently assured a—a most estimable person whose opinion I value, that you are quite—respectable, it would be a personal calamity to me if any scandal resulted. It is better for you, for all of us, that your departure should be not only unobstructed, but—unexpected; that may be accomplished by your leaving to-night."

A sudden delighted appreciation welled up within Avery. Why not escape what at the very least would be an awkward predicament, and at the same time humor Mr.

Bridgeman in the absurd belief that he was a fugitive from justice? He would avoid the possible necessity of embarrassing explanations, enjoy a most interesting experience, wind up his career as a summer landlord in an unforeseen and original manner, and, best of all, hasten his arrival at a certain quiet place by the sea by some twenty precious hours.

"I'll go," he said, with sudden decision. "You have all been most thoughtful," he added, with emphasis, "and I must conclude that you have been actuated by kindly motives."

"The extraordinary part of it is that we have all been actuated by different motives," he explained, rubbing his hands together in genial self-gratulation. "I don't mind telling you that Mr. Mullins has a special reason for proving that he is above rewards; Mr. Cortolan takes great delight in supervising the arrangements, for which he seems to have a special aptitude. I gained Mr. Diver's co-operation by promising that I would ask you to state, in return for our services, your real name, previous occupation, and object in becoming our landlord."

Avery's mouth set in an odd smile; he took a slip of paper from a pigeon-hole, wrote a few lines, then handed it to his visitor. Mr. Bridgeman looked at the words, his mouth puckered into a whistling position, then widened suddenly into a smile of exceeding breadth.

"Is that quite satisfactory?" asked Avery.

Mr. Bridgeman surveyed him with humorous relish, his small eyes glistening with jocular incredulity; then he shook his head in mild reproof. "Object," he quoted from the paper, "'the study of human nature.'"

"Well?" challenged Avery, a trifle of asperity in his tone.

Mr. Bridgeman's perfunctory gravity was overthrown by a hoarse chuckle. "Excellent—oh, excellent!" he murmured,

thrusting the paper into his waistcoat pocket—"and so—so original!"

The distant whistle of the receding midnight express reached the ears of the three men who awaited the signal in the shadow of the barn; without a word, Cortolan picked up the lantern and the others followed him to the smoke-house door, which they unhasped and flung open, the lantern flooding with light the haggard face of a man who stood at bay in the far corner.

"Come on one at a time," he snarled, with a vicious roll of his eyes, "and I'll make you see stars. Where's that devil that asked me to come in for a drink and locked the door?" He backed against the wall, his fists clenched.

"My dear fellow," said Cortolan, as they entered, "we have no desire to see terrestrial stars, but merely to know why you've been prowling about for the last three evenings."

"Come now," added Diver gruffly, "you may as well own up."

The captive's sallow cheeks reddened. "I ain't got nothin' to own up," he retorted. "You let me out of this. He-e-lp!" he shouted suddenly. "Sa-a-ally Ann!"

Mullins slammed the door and put his back against it. "Surrender the papers that Sally gave you at the lane fence last night," he demanded, grinning, "and we'll let you go."

A piercing shriek rent the air and Mullins leaped to one side; the door creaked slowly open, and as a dishevelled feminine head appeared out of the darkness, a sheepish grin stole over the prisoner's face; then Sally pushed her way to his side.

"Oh, Jim!" she wailed, clinging to his arm, "what are they doin' to you—what's happened?"

"Dashed if I know, Sally," he returned, with a bewildered stare; then he chuckled. "As far as I can make out, they want me to give back what you handed me at the lane fence last night."



"A mere misapprehension," he announced.—Page 274.



Margaret Preston

"I have come here to warn you; you must go—escape—to-night."—Page 277.

Sally turned. "Well, I never!" she ejaculated, with flashing eyes; her lips tightened to a thin, straight line, and she surveyed the boarders with a slow, contemptuous stare. "Well, I *never*!" she repeated, her tone vibrant with withering scorn, "making all that fuss about—a apple turnover!"

"An—apple—turnover?" repeated Diver faintly.

"Yes," cried Sally, with an indignant sob; "that old cat, Mrs. Dunn, said I wasn't—to have Jim in—the kitchen—and he had to wait outside—and I brought——" her voice became choked and guttural.

Mullins turned a sickly white, but his mouth retained a petrified grin, which in his surprise he neglected to remove. Diver picked up the lantern and led the way out; the others followed silently.

"Sally," said Cortolan, with a genial smile, "you may rely upon our discretion. I can assure you that the incident of the apple turnover is closed. In the meantime, run away back to the house; and remember we shall expect to hear the date of the wedding in good time. Good-night, Sally. One moment, James," to the agent who was vanishing into the darkness. "I hope this will be a warning to you to avoid

the appearance of evil. Bring your order book along in the morning, and you will obtain some new subscribers to the excellent periodical you represent."

"Great Cæsar!" muttered Mullins, "what gall!"

"Look here, Cortolan," burst forth Diver; "I'd like to know why you went into this thing; it seems to me you've been making game of us."

Cortolan broke into shrill laughter. "To be quite frank," he replied, "I allowed myself to be dragged into it by you and Mullins and Bridgeman; but I've really enjoyed the diversion of helping things along—and a pretty kettle of fish you'd have made of it without me!"

V

"WELL, I must say," remarked Miss Brinley, "that you've done something original at last—why, it's an experience of a lifetime!" She sat in the shadow of a huge rock and regarded Avery with frank approval, her eyes sparkling with interest.

Avery sighed contentedly. "Yes," he said, "it was interesting, amusing, even instructive, for I've proved that luxury is

not elevating to the average summer boarder; but this"—he made a vague gesture that might have meant the miles of coast line and ocean, or the sheltered seclusion of the nook where they sat—"this is—perfect! I can scarcely believe it isn't an hour since I came along the beach to look for you and found you behind these rocks. The other begins to seem like a dream—this, the reality."

Miss Brinley raised her eyebrows. "The last time we talked—and, let me see, that wasn't more than four weeks ago—you said you loathed the thought of the seaside, and that the so-called beauties of nature were a bore."

"I was quite serious in the assertion," said Avery; "but my point of view has changed, I suppose. I've had enough of average human nature for the present. I don't want to be an onlooker any longer—I want to *live*."

There was an unwonted intensity in his utterance that checked the laughing comment on Miss Brinley's lips; she regarded him with puzzled gravity. "But you're a trifle inconsequent," she argued; "you say this is perfect, but this sort of thing is only existing. It seems to me you were living when you became a summer landlord and had all these delightful experiences; here, we're in a kind of mental torpor."

"I've come to the conclusion that mind hasn't much to do with it," said he, a dull flush spreading over his face as she looked up and met his earnest gaze. "This would be existing, perhaps—without you."

Miss Brinley became suddenly intent upon sifting sand through her fingers. "How nice of you to imply that I add to the landscape," she returned innocently. "But do tell me some more of your experiences. Couldn't you get that clergyman to tell you what crime you had committed?"

"No; he was very vague and avoided a specific charge. Then I began to see the humor of the situation, and consented to escape. It seemed an excellent chance to realize the sensations of a fugitive, and I actually felt slightly excited until I boarded the train, for Bridgeman assured me that the others had locked up a man in the smoke-house who was on my trail; besides, as my trunks were packed and I was going

the next day anyway, it didn't inconvenience me."

Miss Brinley's eyes opened wider. "You were going anyway?" she cried.

A curious, embarrassed smile hovered about Avery's mouth. "Yes," he answered, after a pause; "I couldn't stand it any longer."

"Couldn't stand such a delightful situation! Why not?"

"For several reasons, but mostly because they—they all seemed to be falling in love with each other."

"Good—gracious!"

"I mean the unfettered ones," he explained. "First, Mullins fell in love with Miss Diver; and they were always making awkward situations by getting in my way. Then Nancy had a lover, a young farmer, who came every evening; and latterly, an admirer turned up for Sally Ann; but, last and worst, Mr. Bridgeman and Mrs. Plummer began to shrink from the outdoor air in the evenings, and twice when I went into the parlor to light the lamps it was quite apparent that I was an unexpected intruder. Finally, my nerves became such a wreck that I gave up lamp-lighting."

"You poor man!"

"But the odd part of it was," he went on, his breathing hurried and his eyes aglow with unusual animation, "they were all so perfectly happy."

"How strange!" she commented smilingly. "And the others were married people, I suppose?"

"Yes, except—Miss Abingdon."

"She was the nice one you spoke of," Miss Brinley said, a perceptible shade of constraint in her tone; "and was she—not happy?"

"Oh, I don't know," he answered hurriedly; "she was different from the others, you know—quite different. I liked her because she—she reminded me of you."

"Indeed?" The utterance was precise, courteous, yet distinctly chilling.

Avery drew a long breath; the color ebbed from his cheeks, the kindling hope changed to anxious distrust. "I—I have something more—to tell you," he faltered.

Miss Brinley looked at her watch. "How late it is!" she exclaimed. "I must go back, or father will be coming to look for me." She picked up her work-bag and rose.



Miss Brinley became suddenly intent upon sifting sand through her fingers.—Page 280.

Avery stood up, pale and breathless. "Wait," he implored, "till I—tell you."

Her eyes were scanning the beach in the direction of the distant hotel; there was a sudden, impatient flash in them as she turned. "Well?" she demanded.

Avery's face became lined and drawn. "I've got to tell you," he burst forth miserably; "but—but I don't know how! I can't think——" He broke off. "Good Lord!" he groaned, "I didn't know it was like this!"

Miss Brinley's resolute mouth relaxed to a half smile; her hand was shading her eyes as she gazed fixedly along the beach, but she glanced swiftly at him. "There's father coming down the steps," she said. "We'll walk on, and you can tell——"

"No," he gasped, stretching out his hand appealingly. "I'll—I'll tell you—now . . . I'm—in love!"

"Then—you're happy," she rejoined. "Allow me to congratulate you. Of course you couldn't tell Miss Abingdon while you were a summer landlord, but now——"

"Tell—*Miss Abingdon!*" he ejaculated, his color returning, "that I'm in love—with *you!*"

For an instant her startled eyes met his, then a crimson flood dyed her cheeks; she

sat down on the sand and leaned against a rock, averting her face.

"Won't you say—something?" pleaded Avery desperately.

"Last month," she murmured, "you—pitied Professor Milray, and now you—act like other men."

Doubt, fearful doubt, and fierce hope warred together in Avery's bosom, as he bent over her. "I—I can't help it," he pleaded; "but couldn't you—love me?"

"You said you didn't see how—an intellectual man—could stand such——" her shoulders quivered with a slight shudder—"such an excess of domesticity."

Avery groaned. "I do—*now!*" he gasped.

"You said you—didn't know how—to fall in love!"

"I didn't—I don't."

"You said you—hadn't any inclination—toward marriage."

"And now," cried Avery hoarsely, "I couldn't live if—if——" He sat down beside her, his gaze fixed upon a slender hand that lay on the folds of her dress, hesitated, ventured to touch it; there was no movement of withdrawal, but she turned her head, the dimples deepened, and at that moment he caught a flickering light in her eyes that answered him.



Pirbright Church and churchyard in which Sir Henry Stanley is buried.

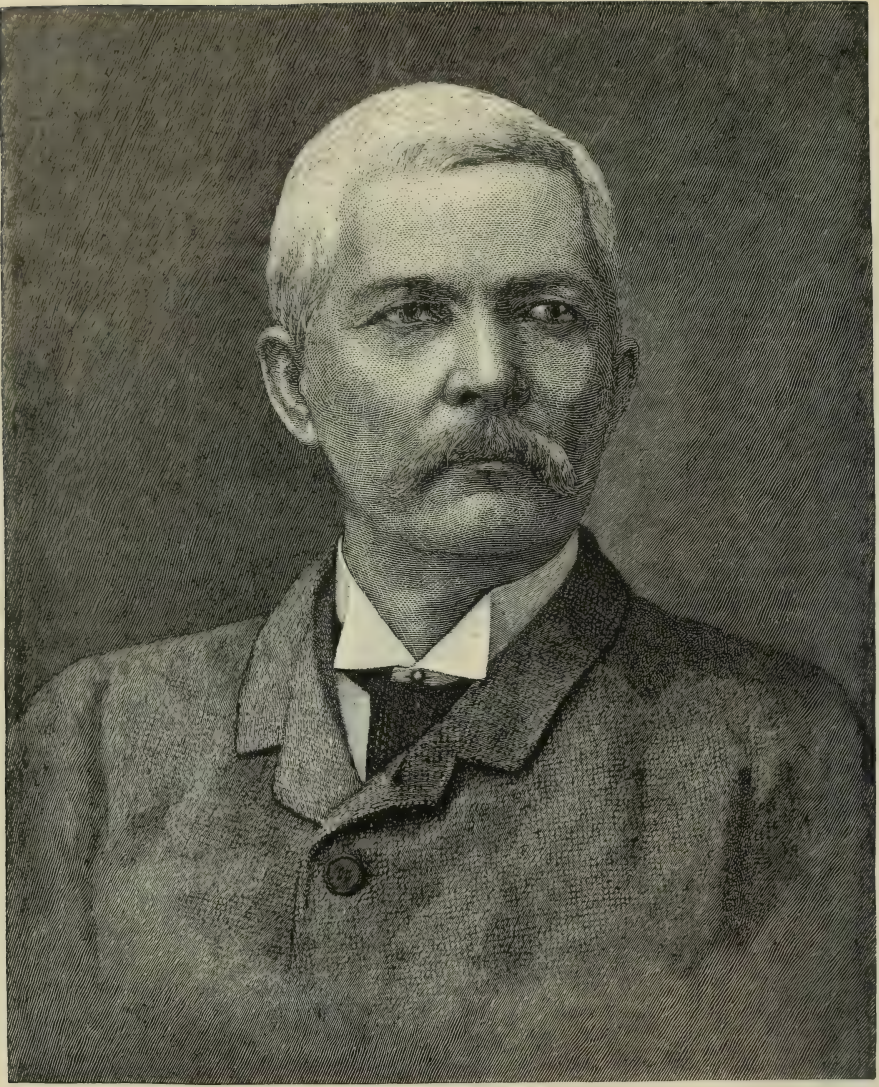
HENRY MORTON STANLEY

By Winifred Coombe Tennant

THEY would not lay you 'neath the Abbey's stones
To lie beside the friend whose life you saved,
Whom you brought back to England's grateful heart
And near whose tomb your own had hoped to find.
They laid you down amid the smiling fields
Near to the home your brain had thought and planned,
Above you all day long the swaying trees;
The sounds of lowing cattle homeward led
Break on your sleep—the thrush in ecstasy
Thrills out at dawn its lovely note of joy,
And English children passing by your side
Make daisy chains and balls of buttercups.
You are too great to need the Abbey's shade.
You never stooped to please the smaller men,

You marched straight on, eyes open to the light
Which streams upon brave hearts in every time.
Ecclesiastics bade you take your rest
Not near the mighty dead—but in this spot.
So be it—little do they think that thus
This Surrey village shall leap up to fame,
And that they give to England yet one more
Of those sweet shrines that tempt the pilgrim's feet.
For to your tomb shall come in future days
Children of those to whom you brought much light,
From river, mountain, mighty lake and plain.
When England welcomes them from their far home
She must make answer to their questioning,
"Where lies the dust of Stanley—who to us
Was as a Father—Bula Matari,
Who brought us out of darkness into light.
Why lies not he near Livingstone, his friend,
In goodly company of famous dead?
In this great city's heart we thought to find
His name writ large upon some sculptured stone."
Then must she say, "A mighty prophet he,
But in his land not all perceived his fame—
He lies not here. Seek near a quiet church
For the last home of him who crossed your land,
Pierced trackless forests, traced a river's course,
And oped the gates of Africa to all."
So to this tomb shall lead a well-worn path
Here shall strange faces come—and unknown tongues
Shall startle thrush and blackbird in the trees.
And Afric's sons; they shall not be alone,
For from across th' Atlantic's surging swell
A people's homage near his rest is laid.
Sleep well, great Chief—the spot that holds your dust
Is holy ground to half the race of men.





Henry Morton Stanley

(From a photograph taken at Cairo in March, 1890. Originally reproduced with Stanley's article on "The Emin Pasha Relief Expedition" in SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE for June, 1890.)

REMINISCENCES OF SIR HENRY STANLEY

By A. J. Mounteney-Jephson

The last surviving officer of those who crossed Africa with him



I am asked to write "a remi-niscent article on Stanley." I will try to do so, but I find the task a very painful one while the deep grief I feel at my old chief's recent death is so fresh upon me. It is a difficult task, too, for though the greatness of his work is so universally recognized that I need not write here about it, I should like to show those who did not know him intimately, with all his faults, what a simple, lovely nature he had.

The first time that I saw Stanley was in 1886, at a meeting at the Mansion House called by the Lord Mayor of London on behalf of the Society for the Suppression of the Slave Trade. My people had always been deeply interested in this great question, and I attended the meeting at the request of my kinswoman, the Comtesse de Noailles, through whom I subsequently joined the expedition for the relief of Emin Pasha.

Stanley came in accompanied by the Baroness Burdett-Coutts and Cardinal Manning, both of whom were close friends of his and ardent admirers of his work. His speech, delivered with a clear, impressive voice, and in strong, rugged English, was a most eloquent and convincing one. He passed in review his various expeditions in Africa, and described many sad and terrible scenes of havoc and misery caused by the Arab slave raiders which he had witnessed in his wanderings through that continent. He told us about the long, earnest talks he had had with Livingstone on the subject at Ujiji, or at night over the camp fires when they circumnavigated Lake Tanganyika together, and he quoted Livingstone's last appeal, which is inscribed on his grave in Westminster Abbey, "All I can add in my solitude is, May Heaven's rich blessing come down on everyone, American, English, or Turk, who will help to heal this open sore of the world." He described General Gordon's recent and tragic death at Khartoum, and spoke touchingly and

admiringly of his noble work for the cause of justice and freedom in the Soudan. And he ended by an earnest and stirring appeal for help in the great and vital work of suppressing the slave trade and giving justice to the black races of Africa.

Cardinal Manning spoke after him, and I remember among other things his saying, "England and America were not made by their governments, India and our colonies were not gained by our rulers, but these two great countries which stand foremost in civilization were made by our adventurers. Mr. Stanley himself is an adventurer, and one of a very noble type." Cardinal Manning's description was a true one, for Stanley was indeed an adventurer, and truly one of a very noble type.

I left the hall deeply impressed by what Stanley had said, feeling how earnestly he had at heart the cause of civilization, justice, and humanity. I little thought then how closely he would influence my life, and that within the year I should be in Africa serving under him on the last, and perhaps the greatest, of his expeditions. As the years have gone by since I have served under him and seen him at his work—I have been closely and intimately connected with him in his public and private life for the last seventeen years—the impression he made upon me when I first heard him speak at the Mansion House has steadily deepened and grown stronger, for the better I knew him the more clearly I have seen how earnestly he always worked for good.

The second time I saw him was only a few days before he started for Africa, for I had volunteered very late in the day to go on the Emin Pasha Expedition. I called at his flat in Bond Street, and was shown into a large room, half library, half smoking-room, and wholly comfortable, where I was told to wait. I was in a considerable state of trepidation as to what Stanley would think of me, and whether he would consider me worth taking on the expedition. In the meantime, as I waited, I

looked round the room to see what manner of man he was, for one can often form an opinion of a man from his room, his pictures, and his books. The walls were covered with pictures of various kinds; there were three or four of Napoleon, and in the middle of the wall there was a large picture of the Emperor, standing on the deck of a British man-of-war, gazing across the sea on his way to St. Helena. Napoleon was evidently one of his heroes. The rest of his pictures were disappointing. They were of a very mixed kind and told me nothing, except that he did not understand much about art. I turned to look at his books, and here I was not disappointed. A big table in the middle of the room was covered with the latest periodicals and books. There was a large copy of Shakespeare, a beautiful little edition of "Plutarch's Lives," a Tennyson, and several volumes of Allibone's "Dictionary of English Literature and British and American Authors." This latter book I eventually got to know almost by heart, for Stanley took it with him to Africa and I read it through many times in camp. There were books everywhere in the room, on shelves ranged round the walls, on the tables and chairs, and there was a large case half unpacked, from which the books were overflowing on to the floor. I was just dipping into Pope's translation of Homer when the door opened and Stanley came into the room. At the first glance I saw that he had in his hand a copy of Sir Edwin Arnold's "Light of Asia," and one finger was in the book marking the place where he had been reading. His face was so striking that it seemed to cancel the rest of his body; one saw nothing but his strong, lean face and piercing gray eyes. He looked me up and down and said that I did not appear much as if I was accustomed to roughing it, and asked me why I wished to go to Africa. He made me sit down, and we talked, not much about Africa, for he seemed to wish to make me speak about myself. And as I talked in a foolishly boyish and enthusiastic way he watched me closely, and once or twice he smiled—it seemed to me to be the brightest and kindest smile I had ever seen. After talking with him for a quarter of an hour I left the room, pledged to start with him in three days for Africa. I do not think he ever

regretted taking me, and I know that never in the darkest days of our starvation and hardships did I ever for one moment regret going to Africa under his leadership.

I do not intend to eulogize my old chief, for eulogies are seldom convincing. He had many faults, and some of them even were grave ones, but they were, I think, chiefly the faults of his qualities, and without those faults he would not probably have been possessed of some of the great qualities which made him so successful in almost everything that he undertook. His faults were never of a mean or petty kind, and were easily forgiven when one saw the true greatness and nobility of his nature beyond. That untiring energy and indomitable resolve to overcome all difficulties; that apparently ruthless determination to sweep away all opposition; his seeming hardness and callousness in working to achieve what he had undertaken, if he felt that the end was a good one; the curiously hard and unsympathetic attitude he had toward failure of any kind, no matter how blameless the failure might be; all these and many others are not qualities that are usually found in gentle and amiable natures, and they do not as a rule attract sympathy and affection. But they saved the whole expedition from annihilation many a time, they dragged us out of difficulties which would have overcome an ordinary man, they drew us through places where there seemed to be only death before us, and they gained for him the absolute trust and confidence of all those who followed him.

In the early part of the expedition, we, Stanley's four officers, Captain Stairs, Captain Nelson, Dr. Parke, and myself, did not entirely understand his character, and at first the things that he did seemed to us sometimes to be hard and unnecessary. But as the months went by, our estimate of his character changed, for we saw how absolutely right and necessary all that he had done had been, and we realized that sometimes it was very necessary to do hard things for the safety and preservation of an expedition like ours.

Stanley has often been accused of cruelty, but I can only say that during the three years we four officers were with him in Africa we never once saw him do a cruel or wanton thing, or anything of which our consciences disapproved. Cruelty and

wantonness were entirely foreign to his nature. This accusation of cruelty has only been made by those who have not been to Africa, or who really know little of his work, for those who have followed in his footsteps in Africa speak always of his justice to the natives, and bear testimony to his good treatment of them. Sir Harry Johnston, who has been Governor of Central Africa, of Uganda, and who has, for half his lifetime, worked in Africa, only a few days ago wrote the following tribute to him: "What can one write that is worth the reading in the face of such a loss? He had done his work, it is true—given Livingstone another year of life, circumnavigated the Victoria Nyanza, revealed the whole Congo region to the world. But I did hope for an old age of mental, if not bodily, vigor, in which he might have rested in the enjoyment of his wonderful deeds and of their consequences—for the most part happy. The character he has left behind in Africa is a grand one. All native traditions of 'Stamli Istandili,' 'Bula Matari,' are gratifying to the pride of our race. No disparaging word has ever, in my hearing, fallen from the lips of an African. He was generous, kindly, sympathetic, and just. Only severe to wrongdoers; absolutely uncursed with that odious British pride and snobbishness which seals up the black man's sympathies and confidences. Stanley was, believe me, universally respected wherever he travelled in Africa. His memory is loved and cherished in Uganda. A month, two months, three months hence, men will meet in knots in the towns and villages of Central Africa and say to one another with unfeigned regret, 'Stanley is dead.' He has often had unworthy successors, and many have traded on his name and good-will to do things he would have hated and scorned; but he himself will always loom large in African history."

Dr. Sven Hedin, the great Swedish explorer, has written: "You know my deep and sincere admiration for Sir Henry Stanley, and for the great work he has done, and you will be able to realize that no one can take a deeper part in your great sorrow, and in the awful loss you have experienced. A consolation for you and all of us will be that his great name will never die. He has brought an eternal glory over his country, and made greater services to geography

than anybody else. '*Vivet et a nullo tenebris damnabitur ævo.*'"

A missionary from the Congo writes the following splendid tribute to his helpfulness to, and sympathy for, Christian missions:

"It was with profound grief that I read of the death of Sir Henry Stanley last evening. As I read the sad news, the incidents of his great career passed through my mind and memories of what I had seen of his doings in Africa, which were always earnest and honorable.

"I met him for the first time about two hundred miles up the Congo River, when he paid a visit to my mission station and breakfasted with me in a grass hut. He then convinced me of his earnestness in his life work and of his deep interest in Africa and the Africans. Since that time he has been a true friend to me and the work I have to do. For the last thirteen years he has been a patron of the Institute, and it was through his influence that we obtained the patronage of his Majesty, the King of the Belgians.

"I shall not forget his faithfulness in keeping a promise to lecture on behalf of the Institute which he made to me before he went to rescue Emin Pasha, and fulfilled three years later, on his return from that famous expedition. I have lectured scores of times on Sir Henry Stanley and his life work, and, as an eye-witness of his doings, I claim to know as much about them as any man living, and can give my testimony that everything he did was done with the highest purpose.

"No one is more convinced than I am that a noble life was ended yesterday morning, and that he has gone to his heavenly rest to receive his reward for his arduous labors to humanity. He loved Doctor Livingstone, drank deeply of his spirit, and his work loses nothing in comparison with that of that great explorer.

"Stanley has been privileged, as falls to the lot of but few men, to accomplish a great work, which has resulted in bringing liberty, peace, and security to thousands of poor African homes, so that he still lives in the hearts of many, and his name must exist for all time on the roll of civilization and progress."

I have only quoted extracts from these three letters, but they are representative of three well-known but very-different men,

who have been, and are, working for the cause of civilization, and I do not think that any man could have a much finer tribute to his memory than these. It is remarkable since Stanley's death what a number of men, of all sorts and conditions who have lived and worked in Africa, have written, bearing testimony to the justice of his treatment of the natives.

His was a most impatient nature, yet, when it was necessary, I have never known anyone capable of showing such extraordinary patience as he. I have often seen him sitting for hours in the burning tropical sun, talking patiently with a group of natives, listening to their absurd demands for presents, calming their fears as to our intentions toward them, or investigating some complaint which a score of natives might perhaps be making against one of our Zanzibaris, who had stolen one of their chickens or goats. If the complaint was found to be true, Stanley always punished the offender severely, and made the fullest reparation to the natives. It is often difficult to be patient when a number of natives are shouting and gesticulating together, each wanting to tell his own story, but never have I seen Stanley lose his temper with them or show the least impatience.

He was, I think, sometimes unjust in his criticisms, yet I have seldom known anyone who was so just as he, or who could so thoroughly look at a question from every point of view. He has been accused of errors of taste and of being embittered. That may, perhaps, have been true sometimes, but his early bringing up, and the hard fight he had with the world, must be considered. Also, it should be remembered how he was distrusted and reviled as an impostor on his return from finding Livingstone, and I do not think that he ever quite lost the bitter feeling caused by the terrible injustice of these attacks.

I remember one evening in Africa when we were talking together over the camp fire, his telling me, laughingly, about a certain prominent personage who was well known for his pomposity and self-importance. He said: "When I returned from finding Livingstone Mr. X. distrusted me, and only offered me one finger of his hand to shake. After my return from my second expedition when I sailed down the Congo, he gave me two fingers. When I had founded the

Congo Free State for the King of the Belgians, and returned to England, I got three fingers, but it took me years before I got his whole hand." This seems to me typically British, and I merely quote this little story to indicate the grudging recognition which has been given to most of the great explorers by those "arm-chair geographers" who stay at home. Livingstone suffered from this same attitude of incredulity, and returned to the interior of Africa, where he met his death because he could not bear to face the unbelievers in London until he had solved the mystery of the great Lualaba River.

One did not always agree with Stanley's opinions, but one could always respect them, for no one took a higher and more unvulgar view of life than he. He was absolutely without pretension of any sort. He sometimes, but not often, spoke to me of his life as a boy. I remember, in 1890, when we were staying in Cincinnati together, his asking me one afternoon to go for a walk with him. He took me through obscure back streets and down dirty alleys until we reached a wharf on the banks of the Ohio River. He stopped at the bottom of a street, which ran steeply down to the river, and pointed out a lad who was rolling a large cask of tallow from a cellar down to the wharf. He said: "I have brought you here because I wanted to show you this place. It was in this street that I worked as a boy. I was doing exactly the same work as that lad, and, if I mistake not, that is the same cellar in which I worked."

We walked along the riverside and he told me in a simple, unexaggerated way, much about his boyhood. It must have been a hard struggle, for his early life, as he told it me, seemed to have been full of humiliation and disappointment. After that talk I understood better many things about him which had puzzled me before.

I do not think he was well fitted for a parliamentary career. He entered it too late in life, and he had been a free lance for so many years that the rules and traditions of the House of Commons were irksome to him. As he said to me one day in a fit of impatience: "If I want to speak about anything in the House of Commons I have got to catch the Speaker's eye for permission to get up and speak, and probably before I get that permission two or three other men

have got in before me, and have perhaps talked a great deal of nonsense, so that by the time my turn comes the thread of my thought is broken, I have forgotten what I wanted to say, and don't want to speak at all. Just imagine, too, sitting sometimes for three hours into the night, debating as to whether we shall have the new buffet in the members' dining-room made of mahogany, which costs so much, or of stained deal, which costs so much less." All these little things, which were, after all, mere petty annoyances, which every member of the House has to put up with, seemed to annoy him unduly and made him restless and impatient of the life.

Stanley was a deeply religious man, but that is a subject which I cannot deal with in the short limits of a magazine article, though I shall probably have something to write about it hereafter. He was distinctly two men. One side of him, which was the side generally known to the public, was that of a hard, unsympathetic, self-contained, and apparently self-seeking man; the other side, that side which his intimate friends saw and loved, was absolutely simple, affectionate, and childlike. He was so easily pleased and amused, ready to do the

simplest things and enjoying them like a boy. His life at his country house was passed in simple pleasures, attending to his farm, and beautifying his gardens. I am glad to think that the last years of his life were so peaceful and happy. Fifteen months ago he was struck down with paralysis, and was really since that time only kept alive by the careful and devoted nursing he received. Through all his long and helpless illness he was always patient and grateful to those who attended him, happy with his books, and sitting in the beautiful gardens that he had created. He was hopeful, too, of recovery, for when I asked him the last time I saw him how he was, he answered: "Ah, Jephson, I am still waiting for the message—the message to rise up and walk." Alas, for those who loved him, that message never came. But maybe it is better so, for he was tired and weary with the long struggle, and the life of hard work he had spent for the regeneration of a continent and for the good of humanity. His body was worn out with fever and sickness, and he was weary from his lifelong toil. So, perhaps, after all, the message that he received was a happier one, the message to rise up and enter into his well-earned rest.

PORTRAIT AND REALITY

By Henry van Dyke

If on the closed curtain of my sight
 My fancy paints thy portrait far away,
 I see thee still the same, by night or day:
 Crossing the crowded street, or moving bright
 'Mid festal throngs, or reading by the light
 Of shaded lamp some friendly poet's lay,
 Or shepherding the children at their play,
 The same sweet self, and my unchanged delight.

But seeing thee in truth, I recognize
 In every dear familiar way some strange
 Perfection, and behold in April guise
 The magic of thy beauty, that doth range
 Through many moods with infinite surprise,
 Never the same, and sweeter with each change.

THE PENALTY OF GREATNESS

By Alice Duer Miller

ILLUSTRATION BY HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY



ANTONIA was the despair of her critics—a term that included most of her acquaintance. She was so low of voice, and so loud in dress, yet by some strange contradiction her words were always listened to, while her clothes were called vulgar only by those who, limited in imagination, could not admit that cloth of gold could ever be appropriate. Yet even those who laughed at her confessed to finding pleasure in her society and gratification at her notice. She had, in fact, to perfection the art of holding, wherever she found herself, the centre of the stage.

To use the word art, however, is to suggest something deliberate, and with Antonia this faculty was as natural as to her hair to curl. It was inherent, a quality with which she was born. As some people are orators or poets from their cradles, so she was naturally conspicuous, born a public character, subject to the exaggerations and misrepresentations of royalty. To this effect her circumstances did not particularly contribute, for she was not beautiful, nor clever, nor even rich; although she was always spoken of as a beauty, was quoted as a wit, and was associated in everybody's mind with all the romance of wealth. Nor, to be just, did she herself contribute to it, except by being able to be at all times and seasons very frankly and completely herself.

Of course, with Antonia this was the most potent of charms, for she herself was a delightful, cordial person, capable apparently of sustaining an indefinite number of friendships with men or women, so that someone had rather disagreeably called her "a collector of relationships."

The collection showed a lamentable lack of variety in its masculine make-up. To say that many men had been in love with her but faintly describes the truth. Those who began by admiring her, and those who began by making fun of her, ended the same

way. The shore was actually strewn with wrecks. Even those who merely observed her as a phenomenon were on the rocks before they had time to avert their eyes. Yet at thirty she was unmarried.

Some people attributed this to the height of her ambition, which had never been able to find anything sufficiently brilliant to satisfy it; yet it would be hard to imagine anything more brilliant than marriages Antonia had declined.

Others, more subtle, suggested that she experienced a greater glorification in refusing rather than accepting what others so obviously sought. Yet against this it must be remembered that glory never results from refusing certain men, inasmuch as an announced engagement is the only accredited proof that they have ever proposed.

On the whole, it seems more likely that she had entirely ceased to regard a proposal as a momentous or compelling event, and that seeing no more reason for accepting a man who had asked her to marry him than one who had not, choice became almost impossible to her.

She herself was in the habit of saying that only one man had ever loved her—an assertion that had all the combined charms of fantasy and humility. Indeed, it seemed especially whimsical to those who knew that the man thus distinguished had almost immediately after his final break with Antonia married another woman.

Yet Lewis Ricalton had certainly loved her, and in a way to leave but little for him to give to another woman. There are some extravagances that a reserved man cannot commit twice in a lifetime. Just out of college, intelligent, ignorant of life, sophisticated in mind, limited in experience, at twenty-two he was years younger than Antonia at the same age. At this time, when his beliefs had just grown clear to him, just before they were subjected to the test of the world, he met and loved Antonia—a love which seemed to him the solution of



Howard Chandler Christy

Drawn by Howard Chandler Christy.

She had to perfection the art of holding the centre of the stage.—Page 290.

all problems, the only possible link between his philosophy and life, the only practical form of idealism that he could ever hope to find. His love entirely absorbed him, but always in its immediate aspect. Every day held material enough for a crowded lifetime. Marriage was not in his mind: it was like a death, a subject on which he had thought but generally. He had no idea that he was now set on the path by which men arrive at it. Perhaps if she had loved him—for women are more practical in these matters—the mist would have been lifted from his eyes, and he would have seen the goal. But Antonia did not love him.

He had, nevertheless, an important place—perhaps, indeed, the most important place—among the men about her. To be loved was no new experience to her, but to be at once the study and the idol of a brilliant, subtle mind, was an advantage not lightly to be dispensed with. She had never known an excitement to compare with it—an excitement that was an enlightenment as well. She knew herself so much better through his knowledge of her, her conscious processes were extended over wide areas. He did for her mentally what an inspired portrait painter might have done for her physically. Through him she saw herself, clear and commendable. She told him everything—the best and the worst of her. Things that it would have been the most fatuous vanity, things that it would have been the most offensive humility to hint at to another, were received by Ricalton in just the proper scientific spirit—science tempered by the fact that he adored her.

But Antonia, not being of the vampire type, soon realized that their relation was not just to him. The sort of tempered loyalty (the fact that she never repudiated him behind his back, or allowed men with more vivid, if more ephemeral, claims on her attention to interfere with Lewis) was not for him a substitute for happiness. Realizing this, she sent him away, and after a tortured month he went.

This was for a long time all she knew of him. He went to live in another city, and she heard nothing of him except that he had gone into business and was working hard—an expression she did not find suggestive. She heard it indeed with regret, although she was aware that Ricalton's means were small, and work a necessity.

Business seemed to her the strange, dull habit of commonplace men, justified only by success, and she did not expect Lewis to succeed. She could not bear to think of his fine idealism ground in such a mill.

What she could not be expected to understand was the interest with which his task had taken hold of Lewis. Wounded by her, young and active-minded, he found business inspiring, stimulating as a puzzle, enlivening as a combat. He started with the idea of applying himself to business only during business hours, but soon discovering that the first-rate academic attitude with which he attacked his work was almost unserviceable, he was concerned with the unceasing obligation to evolve a new one.

Antonia, knowing nothing of all this, was surprised to hear, about a year later, of his attentions to another woman. She simply did not believe the report. Then came authentic rumors of his engagement. These she received with something of a pang. She spent much of her solitude in debating the terms in which he would announce his marriage to her. "Loving you better than anything in the world, I have great pleasure in informing you—" or, "Having long ceased to care for you, I write to tell you that—" She found it difficult to formulate a letter to him, yet was quite unprepared for his solution. He did not write.

This was what hurt her. She did not, of course, believe that he had contracted a marriage with another woman merely for the opportunity afforded for a last letter to her, but there was something terribly final in his not taking advantage of the opportunity thus offered. She felt strangely outcast, ignored; everybody seemed to forget that she had any interest in this marriage.

As a matter of fact, it was an important event to her. Women of her type, situated as she was, without responsibilities, or occupation, or ties, develop largely—one dares not say wholly—through their relations to men, and are not a little dependent in their estimate of themselves on the quantity and the quality of the feeling they evoke. Of all the men Antonia had known, Ricalton had understood her the best, and that such a man, thoroughly understanding her, should still love her was a fact of very great consequence in Antonia's self-consciousness. His physical absence or presence

was a comparatively trivial matter, but his idea of her was, if not the foundation of her idea of herself, at least of the gravest structural importance. With the deepest distress she now saw it threatened.

How seriously threatened she at once set about finding out, for the thing she valued was endangered, not so much by his marriage as by the state of mind his marriage indicated; she set out, not deliberately, but with unerring instinct. A more intelligent woman would have been less wise, would have tried to reason, where Antonia was content with the strong impression that she received that Lewis never had been, never could be in love with any other woman. She saw neither him nor his wife; no one's confidence was violated, no facts were betrayed, nevertheless she absorbed the whole story, knew that a clever, serious, pretty woman had fallen in love with Lewis and he had married her. There was nothing more to know. No cataclysm had occurred. The past was intact.

She would have felt even greater confidence if she had known that his marriage could as little be a rival to his sentiment for her as his business could. It was all part of his new enthusiasm for the practical. He had married a woman with a genius for execution, a woman who made every-day life a luxury, who smoothed his daily path so clear of obstacles that he was left wholly unhampered, free to do his own work. She was the very best partner he could have had.

But, still an idealist, he was distrustful of real life, afraid of the very success for which he worked. It rejoiced him, therefore, to know that there was still something apart, which he cherished, a love which, quixotic, unfulfilled, bringing nothing but suffering, was still the most valued of his possessions, a remembrance to which he turned, less often, perhaps, but no less fervently than before. Most men of affairs have some deliberate cult for something aside, even opposed to their business: religion, or charities, orchids, books, something to prove to themselves and the world that they had wider possibilities. The love of Antonia was this and more to Lewis.

In the meantime, Antonia went on leading the same life, thinking not infrequently that Ricalton had been the most satisfactory element in it, although she never now

saw him. She was not insolent enough to wish to follow the doings of him and his wife. It was no affair of hers. She knew the great fact she was concerned to know.

It was with a distinct shock that she read one day in the newspaper of the death of Eleanor, wife of Lewis Ricalton.

She found herself very much moved. She sat down to write to him, since, unlike him, she was not afraid of acknowledging the claims of such a friendship as theirs had been; but after all, she could not send any of her letters. They all, in spite of her care, betrayed her knowledge that his grief was not the bitterest through which a man could pass. She struck a note bound to be jarring; her sentences framed themselves to suggest that her sympathy was itself a very important thing to *him*—almost more important than his grief.

She could not, however, free herself from the idea that she was churlish not to write, as if she repudiated a responsibility, not, as a matter of fact, disagreeable to her. Nevertheless, she did not send a letter.

This was her position when one evening she found herself going in to dinner with an old friend of Ricalton's, a man whom she had seen constantly in the days when all Lewis's friends were to her significant people. She saw him with pleasure, and before she had taken his arm had formulated half a dozen sentences with which to meet his first mention of Lewis. That this would come immediately she did not doubt, for he had been so plainly the only cause of their having ever met, the only shadow of a link between them; but dinner went on while they talked of everything else.

Antonia was reluctant herself to introduce Ricalton's name, for she knew this man had heard and seen a great deal more than had ever been discussed between them, and a certain embarrassment hung about the subject. Nevertheless, as their time together grew shorter, she grew less sensitive, and said finally, without circumlocution:

"Do you ever see anything of Lewis Ricalton now? I was so sorry to hear he had lost his wife."

"Yes," said the other, "I see him all the time, or did before he went abroad."

"I had wanted," said Antonia, with the candid manner of one who desires the truth to convey a very untruthful impression, "to

write to him when his wife died, but I never did. You see, I had never seen her at all, and him, not for years. I am very constant to my old friends, but I often find that other people forget. I did not know whether it would please him to hear from me."

"Didn't you?" said her companion, looking at her oddly. They all rose from the table, and Antonia was afraid that she would have to go away with this meagre reply, but he added presently, "Well, you may take my word that it would please him—more than anything that could happen."

On this she was not sorry to part.

At thirty, after a life that had somewhat sapped her emotional abilities, Antonia was not seriously discomposed by these words, but she was very glad, very much soothed and flattered, very peacefully restored to a certain belief in herself.

Whatever her state of mind, within a few days she wrote to him:

MY DEAR LEWIS: This is like launching a letter into space, I know so little what or where you now are; but I want you to know how sorry I am for your trouble. In my old age I cling to the friends of the time that really mattered, and to you especially I want to make a late acknowledgment, for I find that you did more for me in some ways than anyone I have ever known before or since.

Will you come to see me the next time you are in New York? If not, at least write frankly and tell me that you have no time for foolish, sentimental old maids.

Your friend,

ANTONIA.

She looked in the mirror over her table, hoping that he would come to see how magnificently she contradicted her own description.

"He may think I mean more than I say," she thought, as she directed the envelope. It was not for a day or two that she realized how right he would be if he did; that she would now be very glad to make use of such a regard as his; that she could imagine no fuller or more rewarding future than to marry him.

As soon as possible, but not before she had had time to await it, an answer arrived:

DEAR ANTONIA: So I am to see you again, and at your own suggestion. I can scarcely take it in. I sail next week. I have had no other plans since I received your letter. Don't think I am attaching too much importance to anything you have said. I could not. I am moved only by your willingness to see me—a motive more momentous than anything that has moved me for years. For, dear Antonia, I need to see you. My remem-

brance of you through too constant use has grown blurred, my old photograph of you through too much looking at has grown meaningless. The living recollection of you eludes me when I most desire it. Let me see you, and I feel it will never elude me again.

Yrs.,

L. R.

Many times did Antonia read this letter. A woman could hardly ask a more flattering communication after the lapse of years: her photograph, her looks were still present to him; yet something intangible she felt was lacking, something which even in the old days had been lacking, only then she had not had the interest to observe. She wondered if it were the spoken word to which women cling. She wished the last sentence had read, "Let me see you and I feel *you* will never again elude me." She did not wish to think it was only her recollection he loved.

When at length the drawing-room door opened to admit him, older, obviously wiser, his face lined and sharpened and brought as it were into focus—when she saw him, her first idea was that this man had had admirably the power to advance and alter in every way but one—he still loved her.

He stood silent an instant. Then—

"Sit down, Antonia," he said, "and let me look at you." And having followed this course for a few minutes, he passed his hands quickly over his eyes, exclaiming: "That is what I have been needing. A man ought to see his great tragedy every now and then to keep him from becoming utterly base and practical."

A little stirred by his obvious emotion, she answered:

"You don't look as if tragedy had been so very familiar a companion to you, Lewis."

"Perhaps it was not a very good word. I should have said boldly his ideal."

"I, Lewis, a worn, worldly creature like me?"

"You have been," he said gravely, "the only purely ideal influence that I have ever had. I was never religious, and aside from ambition and the practical things of each day, there has been only and always you."

"Ambition has been very carefully looked to, I hear. You are wonderfully successful, aren't you?"

His manner very slightly changed: "Oh, yes," he said; "I am successful. The ma-

majority is behind, but the minority ahead is confoundingly hard to pass."

"It seems to me you have done so much in your ten years," she answered with a sigh, "especially when I look back on mine."

"I had the strongest of incentives."

"What?"

"I married on a small income."

She was silent. She had almost forgotten the interlude of his marriage. It was he who presently went on, unconscious of any break in her attention.

"That is the thing that makes men really work. They never ask the dreadful question why they are working. They are working to pay their monthly bills, and to have the right to run up others. That is what I began at. Sometimes I feel as if I had only just begun. However, I hope by the next time I come here you will see——"

"That sounds as if you did not mean to come for a long time."

"Indeed, Antonia, you must let me see you now and then."

"As often as you wish, Lewis."

"That is a dangerous permission. You may see me oftener than you want. Next week I have to go to Kansas, but I shall probably be back during the summer."

This well-organized future somewhat chilled Antonia, and she said:

"I see men do not need their ideals oftener than once in six months."

He took this very simply. "Ah," he said smiling, "you would not say that if you knew what you had been to me all this time that I have not seen you; how the thought of you has come to me whenever I was alone. I used to think I was like a man working in the hot sun who knew there was a cool, dark room where he could always rest for a few minutes. Whenever I was overpressed and little things grew to look like big ones, I only had to think of you, to remember that somewhere you were living, that I had once seen and talked to you and loved you, and I felt at peace. I put it very badly. It can't be expressed." She was touched by his earnestness.

"Lewis, how can you, when you know me so well?" she said. "It was all very well when you were a boy, but now—— Surely you see me a little differently now?"

"I shall go to my grave seeing you in exactly the same way that I have always seen you."

The chill of his former speech had entirely passed, and Antonia said eagerly:

"You don't know what it is to me that you can feel like this. I was not very appreciative at the time, but since then I have grown to value your opinion of me more——more than anything else, I believe."

"You don't speak as if you had been very happy."

"Happy! Oh, what it had been! Every day like every other day, every year like every other year, except that I was growing a little older and a little harder to amuse. Nothing to make my life disagreeable, everything to make it pleasant, nothing to make it happy."

He appeared genuinely distressed.

"I was surprised never to hear that you had married," he said.

She thought men strange creatures, and was moved to ask:

"How would you have felt if you had?"

"There would have been an element in my life changed." He hesitated, and then went on: "I hope I should have been glad."

"That means you think matrimony, generally speaking, good for everyone."

"Yes," he said, "I do."

"And so you would have been glad to hear of my marriage?"

"Why not? I care very much for your happiness, and I had known for six years that you would never marry me."

"And you never even thought—— In the last few months has it never occurred to you, Lewis——" She stopped. He looked at her and understood.

"Oh, poor Antonia," he said, "I see what you have been dreading. It was very brave of you under the circumstances to grant me an interview. You were afraid that I was going to reopen the old question." He shook his head.

For a moment Antonia felt a burning embarrassment in the situation, and then, thanks to her natural frankness, she rose above it.

"Of course it occurred to me, Lewis," she said. "Men are never prepared for the easy leaps of the feminine imagination; and yet be honest——was it such a leap? You are free, you loved me, you admit I am the most important thing in your life." Her tone challenged him to contradict any of these assertions.

"The most important?" he said. His tone was barely a question, certainly not an assent. It was more as if he repeated her words as a test for himself. He got up and stood by the mantel-piece, his back to her. At length he said:

"Did you know I had a daughter, Antonia?"

No contradiction would have been half as eloquent. Antonia, ignorant as she was of real human relationships, felt herself slip far into the background of his life. His very look was different.

"No," she said, "I did not know;" and added rather weakly, "I suppose you are very fond of her?"

He gave a funny little laugh. "Yes, that and a good deal more. She is why I am here."

"Here?" said Antonia perversely, indicating her drawing-room.

"Here, in the world. She stands for all I must do. She is your guarantee that I am a safe companion, that you can trust me never to annoy you as I used to do."

To Antonia this could mean only one thing.

"You mean you've changed," she said.

"I've been married. That's all."

So after all, she thought, she had been superseded. She could imagine no other interpretation of such a speech. And, as is so often the case with women, respectful of conventions, masters of fine shades and suggestions, now when she was really frightened, she determined to have the truth by the shortest method.

"Forgive me, Lewis," she said; "I did not know that you had been so much in love with your wife."

He stood silent, contracting his brows, either at the question, or at his own inability to find the right words in which to answer it.

"Why do you hesitate?" she demanded.

"My dear Antonia!" he flung out his hands with an impatient gesture.

"You must answer me, Lewis. You have thought it worth while to say things to me that make it your duty to answer me."

"I have answered you already," he returned. "If I could have said what would have been right, I should not have had to hesitate."

She drew a breath of relief, remaining still puzzled. They stared at each other, she trying to get his full meaning, he, wait-

ing to see her comprehend. At last he said slowly: "I see you don't understand why, if I was not in love with my wife, I should not be as troublesome a lover as ever."

"Of course I see. You fell in love after you married." Her voice trembled a little.

He flung back his head, addressing the ceiling. "Oh, these women!" he said. "They cast men into fiery furnaces and expect them to come out demons, or else unchanged. Six years ago you sent me away——"

"But I thought you had been telling me that you had *not* changed."

"There is absolutely only one respect in which I am not changed and that is my feeling about you. Otherwise I am a different man. I wonder if I can make it plain to you. I have been married. I have lived five years with a good, clever woman, a woman who knew by instinct what I needed, with a mind like crystal. Everything I did she helped me in—oh, not in any fantastic sense, but with her hands and with her brain. My success is just as much hers as—as my child is. We worked and we saved, and at last, thank Heaven! we spent together. That was the main thing in all my life—the best possible aspect of every day. And now there is something left of it—my little girl."

"How old is she?"

"Three," he answered absently, and she was aware that he knew how little interest she had in her question.

Presently he went on, following his own thought: "It's a great game—a great vice, I sometimes think—this game of affairs; but it kept me from cutting my throat when you sent me away."

"I see," she said coldly. "And now you can't be happy without it."

"Happy," he returned; "that is a very remote question. In playing the game I assumed certain responsibilities, which I must of course live up to."

And Antonia, seeing the things she valued swept from her, the practical future, the ideal past, made a last attempt to make him see what might be his:

"And in living up to them, could I be of no help to you, Lewis?"

He answered eagerly: "You can be and are. You are everything I wish you to be, dear Antonia."

She said nothing. She was trying to ad-

just herself to this final state of things. In a moment he held out his hand.

"Good-by," he said. "I have talked insufferably about myself. You will forgive me."

She had not quite finished with him, and did not take his hand. "I don't quite understand," she said, without looking up. "You talk as if I had had some place in your life."

"The place of a man's first love when there has never been a second. The thought of you was always a delight and strength to me."

"I thought that was what her bodily presence was. Indeed, Lewis," she went on, rising also, "you used the right word a moment ago—fantastic. Your feeling for me is fantastic."

"Do you mean to say," he asked, turning to her suddenly, "that you don't at all value the sort of feeling you inspire?"

She shrugged her shoulders. "A feeling that does not even lead you to wish to see me oftener than once a year or so?"

"It is certainly not necessary to my regard that I should see you at all."

"Why should I value it?" she retorted,

her voice actually breaking. "What good is it to me? What good am I to you as a living woman?"

She did not move him an inch. "After all," he said, "women are never idealists. You are not able to conceive of my having a real sentiment for you, because I am not urging you to marry me. Forgive my form of expression. At least I understand that if I did want to, you would not even let me say so."

"No, I don't think I should," she returned slowly, "now that you show me how impossible it would be to take the place of your wife."

"Dear Antonia, you don't need to be told that it is not very easy to take the place of a man's wife. The place you do take——"

"I don't want to hear anything more about the place I do take."

He looked at her gravely, and then, after a moment, said again: "Good-by."

"You are going?"

"I must. I have an appointment."

"You are going to see your daughter?"

He smiled, appreciating her keenness, not at all appreciating her bitterness.

"Yes," he said, "I am."

AS SUMMER WANES

By E. S. Martin

I DROPPED a seed in a cold, cold heart
Far back in the early spring;
I've tried and tried to make it start,
Oh, I've tried like anything.

The garden flowers that the sun has freed
With bloom are all areek.
Ah, when shall a bud from that little seed
Blush pink in my true love's cheek?



The Wind River stage.

IN THE BIG DRY COUNTRY

By Frederic Irland

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

EASTERN landscapes grow yellow with harvest, and sometimes a generation sees them revert to ancient woodland green again; but in the sage-brush hills of the great western arid region a thousand years are but as yesterday when it is past, and centuries have seen little change.

When I took the Wind River stage at Rawlins the only other passenger was a young lady going to Lander. Men go long distances to get to Lander, for it is the little metropolis of a remote and masculine region. And because this is so, a good many young ladies take the stage going there.

Twenty miles out from Rawlins we came upon a freighter whose wagons were fast in a little gulch. Three bridges have been

built across that gulch within five years, but the freight teamsters have taken them all for firewood. Last winter an unusual snow-storm kept a party of freighters out there for thirty-seven days, and if it had not been for the bridge they would have frozen to death. They burned a lot of telegraph poles, too, and the heartless corporation that owned the poles is replacing them with new ones made of iron pipe. Next winter the teamsters will have to burn sage-brush.

Ten years ago there was grass on all these hills, but now the sheep follow one another in countless thousands over it, until hardly a shade of green remains, and in some places the grass will scarcely grow at all. So perfectly do a flock of sheep blend with the gray of the hills that it is hard to see them a mile away; but you notice the



A freighter whose wagons were fast in a little gulch.—Page 297.

herder and his dog as two dark specks, and then you make out a dull splotch that moves slowly. When you get nearer you see that the blur on the hill-side is made up of hundreds of animals. There may be five thousand in a flock, and there are always a few black ones.

The stage ride to Lander was a continuous performance, lasting all day and all night, and the next day. As the daylight faded the jack-rabbits came out, and once in a while we caught a glimpse of a sneaking coyote. It was the time of the year when lambs were coming into the world, and here and there, away off on the desert, where we knew there were no

houses, we saw the twinkling of lights. The mother sheep and their babies are bedded down at night within a circle of lanterns and flags. Coyotes are insatiably fond of spring lamb, but they are afraid of the lights, so they stand afar off and howl.

It was also shearing time, and all the shearing-pens were busy. Around one of these plants fifty thousand sheep were waiting their turns, and more than a score of men were at work. The shearer gets from seven to ten cents per head, and a good hand can make ten or fifteen dollars a day during shearing time. A man has been known to shear



Pack horses.



There may be five thousand in a flock.—Page 298.

two hundred and fifty sheep in a day. The little alleyway in front of the pens is filled with a continuous stream of sheep. At one end they come in bearing their dark and dirty fleeces; at the other end they come out shorn and white as snow.

The law of Wyoming provides that every sheep must be dipped in a hot antiseptic solution of tobacco after being sheared, to prevent disease from scourging the flocks; and after being daubed with a bit of black paint in the distinguishing mark of the owner, each sheep is made to swim about fifty feet through the trough containing the tobacco extract. The

sheep do not seem to enjoy this annual bath, which they have to take whether they need it or not.

At the rear of the shearing-pens a number of men pick up the fleeces as they are thrown out, and toss them to the packer, who sits at the top of a high platform, treading the wool down into the long sacks in which it is freighted to the railroad.

There are probably few enterprises more profitable than this sheep industry on the public lands, when the weather is favorable in the spring. The increase is rapid. Each lamb is worth at least a two-dollar bill the fall



Each sheep is made to swim about fifty feet through the trough.

after it is born, with scarcely any expense to the owner. The wool pays all the cost. A man can fairly see the money grow. But a bad storm at the critical time will kill nearly every lamb. If the snow remains on the ground so that grass is hard to get, the sheep will eat the deadly larkspur weed that is just coming up; and last spring I saw the little two-dollar bills lying dead along the road, a hundred of them to the mile. The profit on all the sheep in Wyoming was wiped out this year in one storm. And the

disconsolate twos and threes for miles, and long before the summer came the coyotes had them all.

The First National Bank of Lander is a little steel fortress. The counter is faced with solid metal, and the teller does business from within a conning tower. When you go into the bank you cannot see anyone, and it is so arranged that a band of hold-ups could be riddled from front and flank. One of the worst bandits that ever disturbed Wyoming bankers used to be a small ranchman. A big cattle out-



The packer treading the wool down into the long sacks.—Page 299

crowding of the range is getting serious. The cattle drove out the buffalo. The sheep drove out the cattle. What will drive out the sheep?

I saw the remnants of one flock scattered far and wide. A sheep man named Kinnear had been caught with a fresh-killed beef bearing a brand he could not claim. Away he went to Cheyenne, and got fifteen months in the penitentiary. His wife tried to keep the sheep together, but a storm made them drift till they could never be gathered again. They were in

fit had a mortgage on his herd. They claimed his cattle were irregularly obtained, and on a round-up they "vended his brand"; that is, put a mark through it, to indicate that it no longer represented ownership. Then there was trouble about a horse. Discrepancies of brand are the beginning of danger out there, and this man served three years. When he came out he robbed a good many banks in broad daylight, at the point of a pistol. Yet for some reason half the sheriffs and most of the people were his



In disconsolate twos and threes.—Page 300.

friends. As one cowboy said to me, "The same companies that make war on the small owners are the ones that used to pay five dollars for every maverick we could get under their branding irons. They taught us how to steal, and then prosecuted every man who did any of it on his own account." Anyway they never got this particular bandit again, and the banks of the West are acquiring the armor-plate habit.

Beyond Lander the road runs for seventy miles across the Shoshone Indian reservation. Sixteen miles from Lander is Fort Washakie, where there are troops,

and the agency, and the post-trader's store, and Indian teepees with stoves in them. Where sage-brush is the principal firewood a stove is a good thing.

At the post-trader's store the pretty eastern wife of one of the educated Shoshones was waiting for the mail, and so were two Indians and one colored sergeant from the fort. In the back room was a machine once used for pressing buffalo skins into bales. It will never be used any more.

Some miles beyond Fort Washakie is the place where the Arapahoes got Dr. Barr a few years ago, after he had bagged



The little alleyway in front of the pens is filled with a continuous stream of sheep.—Page 299.



The JK ranch house.

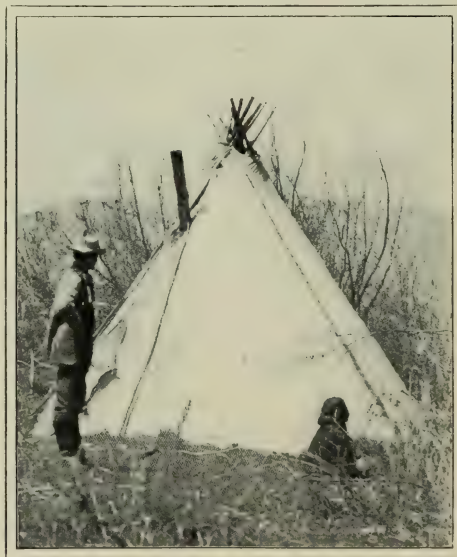
several of them. Nobody who can, will tell just how it happened. When Dr. Barr did not come home, his friends found him by his dead horses and overturned buckboard. On the ground by him were one hundred and fourteen empty Winchester shells, and a number of prominent Arapahoe young men were missing after that.

The first stop of the stage beyond Washakie is at the JK ranch. The Mexican stage-driver went fishing after we got there, and came back in a little while with a five-pound trout.

The JK ranch is a sort of hotel, and that evening there were several cow-men there. Just before dark a ranchman named Andrew Manceau came

along, driving a bunch of horses that had been out all winter on the range. He put them in the corral, and they ran round and round and would not be comforted. Manceau wanted to go home, but his saddle horse was tired. So he threw his rope

over a beautiful pinto mare. Instead of acting properly she pulled and choked. The boys looked her over and concluded she had never been broken, as she showed no saddle marks. It took Mr. Manceau about ten seconds to get the rope around her neck, and half an hour to get it off again. There are a good many old horses running over those hills that are as wild as deer, and have never been ridden.



An Indian teepee with a stove.

All the boys played cribbage after supper. Some people think poker is the game of the West. Of course it is played there as a luxury; but you cannot play much poker on forty dollars a month. When you play cribbage you can roll a cigarette with one hand and peg with the other; and in every lonely ranch cabin in Wyoming cribbage is an exact science.

After the boys had gone next morning,

beavers had repaired their dam again, so the big fish could not come up, and he thought he would have to clean out the beavers.

In his little cabin Jackson had the most interesting collection of rifles I ever saw in the possession of one man. Dating back to an old reliable Sharps, he had weapons of all intervening types, ending with a beautiful smokeless presented to him by



Teton Jackson.

and just before I was to take the up-stage, the cook said to me, "We've got one of them noted characters livin' near here. His name is Teton Jackson. Don't you want to go and see him?" I had heard of Teton Jackson. A good many people have heard of him. He is one of the best of guides, and has a famous New York City clergyman and a noted artist among his patrons.

Jackson caught some trout for our dinner. Taking an alder pole he managed in some way to cast a brown hackle anywhere he wished, right among the thick willows, where nine experts in ten would have been fouled the first cast. The trout in the creek were small, and he said the

an Eastern friend whom he guided last fall. Jackson leads a quiet life now. When we left he resumed the transplanting of watermelon shoots to his irrigated garden patch. He hoped to raise the only watermelons within reach of the colored troops at Fort Washakie.

Two miles from the JK ranch house is Crowheart Butte, a landmark famous all over Wyoming. Situated near the centre of the Shoshone reservation, it is visible for miles in every direction.

Many years ago it was the scene of a great Indian fight. There are Shoshones living along the creeks now who were in that battle, and this is what they tell about it:



Crowheart Butte.

One fall several hundred Crows came down from the North on to the buffalo ground of the Shoshones. They got a supply of meat and had started home, when they met a large Shoshone party. There was a running fight for many miles. The Crows cut their horses' packs, but still the Shoshones overtook them. When some of the fleeing Crows reached the rim-rocks around the big butte they made a stand, to give the others a chance to get away. Finally a lot of the Crows took refuge on top of the butte. Here the Shoshones could not dislodge them, but they formed a cordon around the butte, and kept the Crows there for three days without water. Then the Crow chief came to the edge and dared Washakie, the Shoshone chief, to fight a duel. If Washakie was killed, the Crows were to go home in peace.

Washakie, with the advantage of food and water within him, went up, and with him his warriors, to see fair play. On the flat top of the butte they met. On one

side stood the beleaguered Crows, across from them their enemies. The two chiefs fought with knives, and Washakie killed his opponent. With yells of delight the Shoshones fell upon the poor Crows, and not one on the butte escaped. The Shoshones cut out the heart of the dead Crow chief, hung it on a pole and danced around it, and finally cut it into small pieces which they ate, to give them the courage of their departed foe.

At one end of the butte a little monument of flat stones is piled to commemorate the Shoshone victory. Washakie lived until very recently, and when he died he was given, at the fort that bears his name, a captain's burial. The Shoshone reservation will soon be thrown open to settlement, and its valleys will be pencilled with irrigating ditches. But a thousand years from now, when Crowheart Butte perhaps shall have lost its name, the eagles above it will have seen no more stirring spectacle than Washakie's victory of long ago.

YACHT-RACING RECOLLECTIONS AND REFLECTIONS

By A. Cary Smith



THE "one-design" classes which have proved one of the popular successes of modern racing have met with some severe criticism on the ground that they are a bar to progress in the development of new ideas; but any possible evil in this direction is more than offset by the good they have done in the destruction of a popular fallacy which has existed from the earliest days of yacht racing. Not only the laymen, but the great body of practical yachtsmen, Corinthian and professional together, have for years paid homage to the *model* as the one vital, if not the only factor of speed. The evils that have followed in the wake of this belief are many and far-reaching in their effects. The designer is often most unjustly blamed for results due entirely to causes far outside his power; on the other hand, the good work of a skilful skipper has failed to win recognition through the entire credit being given to the boat. Worst of all, in its deterrent effect on real progress, is the false and misleading verdict of the public, which, by ascribing all results to the merits or deficiencies of the model, blinds itself to the many other vital factors which bring success in match sailing.

The "one-design" classes have proved an object lesson that none could gainsay; here are a dozen or twenty yachts built by the same workmen from a single last, just as a shoe is made; and, in spite of another cherished superstition that it is impossible to build two boats exactly alike, as nearly identical as any product of modern duplicating processes. The sails are all of the same dimensions and material, made by the same workmen, and spars, blocks, and fittings are identical throughout the fleet. The actual test of continuous racing, day after day for weeks, as in the famous thirty-foot class at Newport, shows as great a difference between the various individuals of this monotype fleet as is ordinarily found in the case of the same number of boats by different de-

signers. Certain boats head the fleet persistently, others as regularly bring up the rear, and between them are a number which win few prizes but are seldom among the last in.

It is plain that the designer of such a fleet is no more to be blamed for the failure of some boats than to be praised for the success of others, and that the amazing difference is due to causes wholly apart from the model.

The work of the designer is the foundation on which the success of a yacht is built; his brain, from the accumulated experience of many years, conceives the external form of the hull and adjusts the innumerable details of ballast, balancing, and canvassing, finally planning the construction which shall endow it with concrete form as a living thing possessed of unknown possibilities of speed. This work, however, is but a part; it may be likened to that of the man who plants in the spring with the knowledge that the final success of his labors depends not on himself alone, but on those who, later on, will till and harvest.

The work of the designer nominally ends with the trial trip and the turning over of the completed craft to the owner, but this is only the initial stage in the creation of a successful racing yacht. Following it comes the second stage—weeks of careful, earnest work in testing the yacht under all conditions, determining the proper trim, experimenting with many different sails, and training the crew to work as one man. This work usually falls to the lot of the skipper, who will ultimately handle the yacht in the racing; but it is best done when skipper and designer work together in perfect harmony and mutual understanding of its import.

The third party to the success of a yacht is the owner, who may be helpful in one of two ways: either by leaving the skipper entirely to his own resources, with no attempt to advise or interfere, or by posting himself so thoroughly as to be able to discuss tech-

nical details intelligently with the designer and the skipper. In the contests for the America cup within the past twenty years, it so happened that while the owners of the respective challengers have concerned themselves but slightly with purely technical matters, leaving everything to their designers and skippers, those at the head of the defense (whether as actual owners or the "managing owner" representing a syndicate) have treated the sport of Cup racing as a game of skill, studying it in its broadest aspects until they knew their parts as well as the designer and skipper knew theirs, and thus forming the third member of an almost invincible trio.

The lesson only lately learned through the "one-design" classes, of the importance of skilful management as compared with mere model, might have been mastered many years ago. Some few yachtsmen will recollect the schooner *Eva*, then the property of the late Pierre Lorillard and managed by the late Robert Fish, when she sailed in the New York Yacht Club fleet from Glen Cove to New London, on the occasion of the annual cruise. The wind was quite fresh and the course was a reach. Though but 74 feet long on deck, the little *Eva* was so skilfully handled that at one time she was about eight miles ahead of the fleet, which included among the schooners several quite large vessels, including *Henrietta*.

When the fleet reached New Bedford a match was made, without time allowance, between *Palmer*, *Idler*, and *Eva*, and was sailed in a strong wind, favoring the larger boats, but *Eva*, in spite of a bad tack which lost her considerable distance, was the second boat. The next year she again accompanied the cruise, but under new ownership and with another skipper; on the run to New London she was the last boat, nor did she in any way imitate her performance of the previous year.

When the schooner *Cambria* was here as the first challenger for the America Cup, in 1870, there had been some open races in which the schooner *Palmer* had shown to very poor advantage. Her owner, thinking that perhaps some new blood might work a change, made a match with *Cambria*, to be sailed off Newport, and obtained the services of "Dick" Brown, the pilot and yacht skipper who sailed the schooner

America in 1851, when she won the Royal Yacht Squadron Cup.

There was a strong breeze at the start and *Cambria* got out on the weather of *Palmer* and held there as though she meant to stay. *Palmer* was at that time a centre-board boat, and after "Dick" had the sails trimmed to his satisfaction he called the mate and asked him how much board she had? The mate replied "All we ever give her." "Is there any more pendant?" quoth the veteran skipper. "Yes." "Then give her the whole of it when I keep her off." Down went the board, and at once *Palmer* footed out from under the lee of *Cambria* and spun out a long lead; when she came to go "down wind," she increased this so much as to leave no possible ground for doubt as to her superiority—when sailed by "Dick" Brown.

It was on this same cruise that the schooner *Sappho*, fresh from her triumphant career in English waters, met *Dauntless*, the latter rather besting the champion. The result was a match, to be sailed in New York waters, and *Sappho* was put into the hands of "Bob" Fish, whose successful alteration of her in the previous year had made her such a success in her second visit to England. As Captain Fish was not a professional sailing master, but a modeller and builder of all classes of vessels, there was a strong feeling against him in certain quarters.

At the "Screw Dock" on South Street, where the yachts and pilot boats were regularly docked in those days, and where *Sappho* hauled out to be cleaned, her copper being polished and pot-leaded, the workmen made a large wooden fish, which they proposed to hoist on a pole after the race, symbolical of a dead "Fish." The race came off, but the fish was not hoisted, *Sappho* finishing with a long lead over *Dauntless*.

In this race double topsail halyards were used, probably for the first time; and as *Sappho* neared the weather mark her club topsails were sent aloft before the working topsails were taken in.

Coming down to more recent times, and perhaps venturing on delicate ground, there is an excellent instance of what can be done for and against a boat. When first altered to a schooner, the cutter *Colonia* was sailed by Capt. Charles Barr, who made a repu-

tation for her as a very fast boat. Since he left her she has never added anything to her reputation, and though not yet out-built she has withdrawn from the racing, failing to start last year in the Astor cup race.

Within more recent years we have seen the work of *Columbia*, under Captain Barr's handling in 1901, in her second season and with a wretched mainsail, successfully defending the America Cup against *Shamrock II*, while last year in new hands she made but an indifferent showing. It is typical of the popular treatment of yachting matters in the daily press that, in spite of the obvious difference in conditions, the performance of *Columbia* in the last trial races has been accepted as an absolute standard by which the speed of *Shamrock III* might be measured through *Shamrock II*.

Yachting has many ardent devotees, men who for various reasons are wedded to the sport; one for the fresh air and freedom from conventional restraint, another for the idle life, sitting under an awning in an easy-chair with a pleasant book, another for the hardships of winter cruising or the exciting and vigorous work of racing. Keen as they are, and untiring in their devotion, there are comparatively few who have really mastered the fine points of this royal game.

There is nothing so deceptive as the view of a yacht from the coping of a dry-dock; those who are really competent to judge—and they are very few—appreciate the difficulty in grasping the essential points of a modern 90-footer and hesitate to express any positive opinions. The majority, however, discuss with the utmost freedom the lines, as incorrectly viewed, the assumed displacements, and the imagined positions of the centres of buoyancy; and yet at the same time they overlook that great factor of successful racing, the art of boat-sailing.

That boat-sailing is an art and not a mere trade, something which must be born in a man and that cannot be acquired by mere teaching, is beyond all question. The successful skipper must be one who follows the calling not from mere gain, but because he loves it; he must be a man of independent thought, of iron resolution, but with an observant and retentive mind—two qualities not always found together.

He must be capable of taking infinite pains with his boat; of neglecting nothing,

however difficult or impossible, or however trifling in its results, which may in any way contribute to her improvement. He must not spare himself, and it follows that he is likely to be very exacting with his crew; they will respect him, but they generally do not love him—except when he is at the wheel.

To the born boat-sailer a race is an inspiration; his face glows and his eyes fairly flame with the same expression that animates a great artist absorbed in the creation of a picture, his eye burning like that of an eagle while he sees in the air the scene he is depicting. The really great boat-sailer is in truth an artist, inspired by his work to a point where he rises superior to all immaterial and trivial things and sees only the essentials which make for victory.

What would not some wealthy yachtsmen pay to experience for even an hour the joy and exultation of power that comes to a man in a close race? The boat is alive; responding to the touch of the wheel like a mettlesome horse to the spur, she bounds onward and her master is deaf to all but the buzz of the wind and the surge of the sea to leeward! Hear the ring of his voice as he gives the sharp command, "Ready about," and watch the spell of that voice on the crew—how they spring into action as one man, and throw the force of a giant on to the head sheets.

With such a personality as this, successful results are possible only when all disturbing influences are absent; there must be as few as possible about him at the wheel, no one personally inimical to him must be near at hand, as the influence of such a man is fatal to the speed of the boat. No suggestions or remarks should be made by the friends of the owner, and, in fact, the fewer of the owner's friends on board, the better for the boat; many a race has been lost, many a boat has had her reputation ruined, by the abundance of advice showered on the man at the wheel.

Fortunately the time has passed when, to quote the opinion of an officer of one of the leading yacht clubs, "sailing a yacht was not work for a gentleman to do." The work of the successful skipper, professional or Corinthian, to-day receives a broader and fuller recognition than ever before. The mastering of any class in which the competition is at all keen brings to the

successful professional a public advance in grade, with an increase of compensation, and to the Corinthian honor and reputation that are well worth striving for. To both classes there is offered to-day the highest incentive to hard work. The men who have successfully defended the America Cup and the Seawanhaka Cup, and the man who has within a year won for America the Canada Cup, have had no reason to complain of the generous appreciation showered on them by yachtsmen and laymen alike.

There was a time when the keenest sport was found in certain popular open classes, the 70-foot in the days of *Gracie*, *Bedouin*, *Fanny*, and *Mischief*, the 50-foot at the same period, with *Vixen*, *Oriva*, *Valkyr*, and *Athlon*; later on the 40-footers with *Minerva*, *Mariquita*, *Liris*, *Baboon*, *Banshee*, *Gorilla*, *Nymph*, *Pappoose*, *Tomahawk*, *Moccasin*, and *Gossoon*, and the 30-foot class of the same era. To-day such classes are almost unknown, and international contests have taken their place with the yachting public. In these matches, whether in the case of the 90-footers competing for the America Cup or the little flyers with but 500 square feet of sail which battle for the Seawanhaka Cup, there are in most cases preliminary races of the trial fleet during the early summer, followed later by the grand duel between the two chosen champions.

In all such contests early preparation is now the rule, the yachts are designed in the fall, built during the winter, and launched and rigged as soon as the weather permits in the early spring. The work on a Cup defender begins in March, the crew, previously selected, all picked men personally known to the skipper, or at least to his mate, being set to work while the yacht is still on the ways. There is the bronze bottom to polish and some of the rigging to be done, and then there is the task of training the sixty odd men required. One of the most successful of modern Cup skippers starts in with his crew at the very beginning of the season, before the yacht is launched and when there is comparatively little to do, with the rigid rule that every man must report for work at 7 A. M. Its literal enforcement has involved the loss of some of the ablest men in the crew, but here was laid the foundation for that discipline which was so evident in the races six months later.

In this preliminary work the captain is always with his men, studying them at the same time he is studying the boat as it nears completion, and every detail of sails, spars, and rigging as they are accessible on the floor of the shop. At last the yacht is launched, the great mast and bowsprit are shipped, and the crew turn to with the outside rigging gang to hurry the work of setting up shrouds and stays and reeving off running gear. Now the sails are hoisted on board, and under the watchful eye of the skipper the great mainsail is hauled out and the throat shackled to the gaff, the head is hauled out and laced to the gaff, then the luff is lashed to the hoops, leaving a little slack in the upper hoops lest the sail be strained about the throat. Now the tack is shackled to the gooseneck, the foot is hauled out "hand-taut," and the lacing is passed. The halyards are manned, the sail fully hoisted, and when it is well up and the weight of the boom taken by the lifts the foot is hauled out farther. If the weather is unfavorable the sail is lowered and the covers put on; otherwise the work continues with the setting of the headsails, the casting off of the mooring, and the yacht is under way.

She fills away, the headsails first rounding out with the breeze, and then the great mainsail wakening into life; the sheets are trimmed, and anxious eyes look aloft as she heels and spars and gear are put to the first test. She moves along, but how slowly; the sails are full of wrinkles that must be carefully worked out, and she does not seem to go. The breeze freshens and now she quickens her speed, all hands gaze earnestly at the bow wave and study the wake to learn how the water likes her. Now the club topsail is sent aloft, heeling her farther and giving some idea of her stiffness; then, as she is turned for home, the light sails are set. As she nears her mooring these are taken in, headsails are stowed, and at last the mainsail is under covers and the trial trip is over.

What a silent and anxious group on the after-deck! No one wants to give his opinions, but each waits to hear what the others may volunteer; the only man who can know how she steers is the captain, and even he is not yet sure. This experience of the trial trip is repeated daily, in so far as the weather and the interruption of necessary altera-

tions permit; by degrees the newness of the sails and gear are worked off, the skipper comes to a better understanding of the individual peculiarities of the yacht, and her performance is more satisfactory.

After she is in fair sailing form there comes the testing of many sails and of the yacht under variations of trim, involving an infinite number of combinations of which the skipper must be master. There will be at least three or four mainsails and perhaps as many of each size of jib and jib topsail, making a total of some forty different sails, each with its special merits and defects making it suitable or the reverse for some one condition of wind or course. In the development of *Reliance* last year it was the work of one man to keep an accurate log of every trial under sail and of the observed results of every test of each individual sail, this record being relied on by the skipper in the selection and rejection of sails.

At last the day comes for the first real race, the beginning of a fight that will last for several months, only ending with the formal trial races by which the champion is selected. The older boats have the advantage of at least one full season of racing by way of tuning up, and the *prestige* of previous victories, but it is always expected of the new boat, at least by the public, that she will demonstrate her superiority of model from the start.

The anxious moments drag slowly on as the three or four circle about in company, awaiting the warning gun; at last it sounds, and the manœuvring, though to the ordinary spectator apparently aimless, assumes more definite form as the time to the starting gun grows shorter and shorter. The skippers stand rigid beside each wheel, the crews are silent, and not a word is spoken except the monotonous count of the timekeeper on each boat, standing close beside the skipper with watch in hand. "Two minutes to go—one and a half—one minute to go—fifty seconds—forty seconds—thirty seconds to go." Two boats whirl about in close company and head for the line; like the crack of a rifle come the dual commands, "Break out jib topsail—Lay down to windward." They are at the line, but the weather boat finds that she is too close to it, while with the other under her lee she cannot keep off. The other, by good luck,

keeps off for a moment and runs down the line, then as the first puff of smoke bursts from the muzzle of the gun, she luffs and with a rap full, fairly flies across. By this time the would-be leader has found herself well over the line, any possible doubt being set at rest by the display of her number from the committee boat, and there is nothing for it but to return above the line and recross, with a bad handicap. But her troubles are not yet over. As she returns she meets the third boat, now on the wind; she shaves a little too close in the effort to avoid the loss of any more seconds, and a protest flag is shown, ending her chances for the day. The first boat is now well on her course; with main sheet trimmed block-and-block and baby jib topsail hard and round like a little white pillow hung on the topmast stay, she is working out to windward in a wonderful way, and she is never headed.

Day after day, with varying luck of wind and weather, the early races continue, the new boat showing a varying form at first, but gradually coming to a normal standard of performance as her little ways become known to her skipper. The need of minor changes in spars, sails, and ballasting is demonstrated, and as these changes are made she shows a constant improvement over the older boats. In the course of this work certain sails are entirely discarded, while others are carefully noted for certain conditions.

At last the day of battle comes. Hard as they were at the time, the early races and the trials seem but petty affairs now. The boats have been docked and polished, the measurer has given his final verdict of so many minutes and seconds from one to the other, and by daylight all are astir on the rivals, side by side at their moorings, just within the protecting arm of Sandy Hook. Lines are passed to the attendant tugs, and the two start out, presently feeling the first of the ocean swell. Mainsails are set before the lightship is reached, the headsails go up in stops, and then each skipper is called on to select some particular club topsail and baby jib topsail according to his judgment of the weather, both as it is and as it may be within the next hour or so.

That little corner of the Atlantic within the angle between the Long Island and the New Jersey coasts takes on a new aspect as

craft of all kinds come hurrying down from New York, the big steam yachts, the mammoth Sound and coasting steamers, tug-boats small and large, and even a few launches and catboats venturing where they are safe only in the best of summer weather. The British ensign flies from the challenger's tug and from one or two steam yachts, but a different flag is seen on every other of the great fleet. Every boat is black with people, even the largest heeling to a dangerous angle as the crowd rushes from side to side for a better view of the defender.

For a half hour the two boats sail about with little regard for each other, their captains being busy with the question of weather and sails; then a gun announces the course signals, to windward, due south, fifteen miles. The excitement grows among the spectators, the old hands who never miss a Cup race are worried as to which side of their own steamer will be toward the line, and work their way through the crowd to some promising point of view, where, with glass in one hand and watch in the other, they anxiously watch the two boats and the line.

If the suspense is keen on the steamboats, what must it be on the yachts where, apart from all patriotic interests, the rival designers and skippers have their personal reputations at stake? Only those who have sailed as principals in important races can appreciate the feelings of such a moment.

The circles are now drawn a little closer, but the movements of the two boats are apparently as aimless and independent as before; one thing, however, is plainly noticeable—whether close together or far apart, the American boat is almost invariably to windward of the other. After a seemingly interminable interval there sounds the first gun, fifteen minutes before the start.

Standing beside the wheel, apparently cool and listless, and merely turning it a spoke or two from time to time, the skipper is wrapt in the study of a deep and complicated game. He has in his mind his own yacht and that of his adversary, the line, plainly marked by the old red lightship at one end and the committee tug at the other, the wind as it dies down and threatens to leave him becalmed, and the time as marked

by the signals from the committee boat and the voice of his own timekeeper. Moment by moment the combination changes and the strain becomes more intense, the fickle wind fails him at a critical instant and puts the other boat on his weather, or some carelessly handled steamer eludes the vigilant patrol boats and ventures in his path.

Now the time has run to the last few minutes and the problem resolves itself into three simple elements: his distance from the line and from the other boat, and the time itself as told off close to his ear. Now the seconds are counted and he measures the last distance with his eye; a swoop like a hawk, and in the coveted place which has filled his mind for the last quarter of an hour he heads for the line. Quick and sharp come the commands, to slack this line and harden that, all promptly obeyed in silence by his willing crew, and with every sail drawing she cuts the line under good way in spite of the light breeze.

The challenger follows, not yet beaten in spite of a poor start in the presence of this vast audience of hostile eyes and the fierce will of the multitude, all centred on the man at her wheel. If will alone could do it he would fall dead, while on the other side thousands of willing hands would reach out to pat the shoulder of the man who steers the Yankee boat; for did she not come from the land of wooden nutmegs?

Now the two are settled on their course and under the watchful eyes of the mates the last pull is given to each sheet, the skippers anxiously "feel" the boats through the wheels, and for the time there is nothing to do but to watch the yachts themselves. The work of the designer in the creation and of the skipper in the development of the boat has come to a final test; all else disappears but the yacht and the single mind which dominates her through the wheel.

As they dive into the sea, taking it head on and throwing showers of glittering spray, every movement is watched from the attendant steamers and hot discussions take place. Some can see from the very start the superiority of the defender on every point, in the way she takes the seas, in pointing, in holding to windward, and in footing. A few dispute this, and after the pair have been half an hour on the way point out triumphantly that the challenger is ahead. To those

who look a little more closely it is evident that both parties are seeing the race not with their eyes, but solely through their sympathies, each confident in the boat of his choice.

For nearly an hour the fight continues with the battle still undecided, but the challenger's start to leeward has placed her in a bad position, as she is the offshore boat, and to get in shore, as she must sooner or later, she must take the port tack. There is silence now through the fleet; those who proclaimed the instant victory of the defender at the start are doubtfully studying every move of the two boats, and those who were depressed by the challenger's bad start, though equally silent, are more hopeful.

There is nothing to do but to wait for some decided move to show which is actually ahead, and at last this comes in a tack inshore on the part of the defender. Now she has the sea abeam, running in the trough, and she seems to like it better. The challenger, with a hesitation which finally proves fatal, does not follow at once, but when she does come about she seems to be holding a good wind and doing very well. All is now subdued but intense excitement throughout the fleet, awaiting the last move of the series—the offshore tack that the defender must eventually make.

At length she swings about, the other holding her tack, and the two approach on intersecting lines. From across the wide stretch of open water so jealously guarded by the patrol boats it is impossible to gauge the exact positions of the pair, and it is yet possible that in spite of all the handicap of the port tack the challenger may cross the other's bow. Nearer and nearer they come, the challenger's headsails flutter a little as she comes up, forced to tack under the defender's lee, and the silence of the ocean is broken by one wild, savage roar, in which the shrill shrieks of women wrought almost to hysterics dominate the deep yells of men. Utter strangers fraternize on the moment; staid city men, who would bear the loss of thousands without the slightest sign of emotion, hobnob in the freest manner with any one near at hand. The scene is like Gérôme's *Gladiators*, every thumb turned downward without a sign of mercy. One man cries, "The race is over," others exclaim, "Good boy, Charlie," and "Barr has him," as though at a prize fight.

Now comes the challenger's time to tack, but the other whirls about and is upon him like a cat on a mouse. The race is over, the nerve of the British skipper is completely gone, his crew are disheartened and demoralized, and his boat goes slower and slower until, when the leader turns the mark, there are miles of clear water between them.

Superiority in windward work has long been esteemed the first test of a racing yacht, and the zigzag battle to windward is always more spectacular and exciting than the straight sail down the wind with few opportunities for manoeuvring. It is the windward work which is supposed to call for the highest possible skill on the part of the skipper, and this is perhaps so as far as delicate and expert handling of the stick is concerned. The work of the defence in the America Cup contests, however, not in a few exceptional instances, but in a long series of matches, has taught a new lesson of the value of skilful headwork when under spinnaker and balloon jib topsail.

One of the closest and most interesting races ever sailed in the Cup series, the final one between *Valkyrie II* and *Vigilant* in 1893, was won by the defender only through the bold generalship and able seamanship of the skipper and his quarter-deck associates and the daring personal work of the crew; turning a bad defeat into a notable victory. In more recent contests, those of last season in particular, the difference in method on challenger and defender, shown so plainly in the times at the finish, has been due to causes that were evident to all whose interest in the race was not over when the American boat had turned the weather mark with a safe lead.

To the casual spectator the work is the same on both boats. As they stand up to the mark on the last tack all watches are out; they luff around, the main sheet runs off, the balloon jib topsail breaks out, the spinnaker boom falls, the sail is mastheaded in stops, and as it bursts into a cloud of dazzling white eager voices throughout the fleet proclaim for one boat or the other a gain of a few seconds in setting the big sail. The speed of the boats has fallen to that of the wind; running off before the sea they lose in part their life and motion, and it becomes difficult to gauge the gain or loss. After

admiring for a few minutes the bellying spread of fine white duck, even those who were most keen during the windward work are ready to leave the deck for the dining room, only to reappear as the boats near the lightship.

The few, however, who deem the race still worth a look may learn much from a close comparison of the two sail plans.

On the challenger the main boom and spinnaker boom are squared to expose the greatest possible area to the wind, but little of it getting by them to the "bowsprit spinnaker," the British equivalent of the American "balloon jib topsail," the latter being usually much larger and set in a manner which makes it effective even when squarely before the wind as well as on a reach. The skipper's attention is concentrated on steering a straight course from mark to mark; the crew lie motionless, unless a sudden emergency calls them into life. On the defender the weight of the great steel boom is taken by the lifts, and all the jigs are slacked up, taking the tension from the mainsail and giving it life and flow; the main sheet is trimmed with the utmost care to throw the wind into the spinnaker, and from this in turn it is deflected into the big balloon jib topsail. Why is it that, still close together and in the same wind, the sails of the leading boat are hard and round

in spite of the light breeze, while those of the other hang dead and wrinkled? With such different results from identical conditions, what possible value can attach to the popular deductions as to speed of hull in running?

With wind and sea unchanged the distance between the two still widens, until at last a burst of steam from many whistles on the horizon and the faint echo of the mighty din which makes its way a mile or so against the wind bears to the challenger the sad tidings of another defeat.

If there be limitations to the advancement of yacht designing, they are not yet apparent, and the design must ever be a predominating factor in all open racing and international contests; but all existing conditions, especially those connected with the measurement rule, tend to bring the practice of designers, both in form and construction, into comparative uniformity. On the other hand, the lessons of all the international races of late years, the America Cup, the Seawanhaka Cup, and, above all, the Canada Cup match of last season, teach the same lesson: that success comes not alone from those qualities with which the designer endows the yacht, but from their highest possible development at the hands of one who is in every way an adept at the art of boat-sailing.



THE SOLDIER OF THE VALLEY

BY NELSON LLOYD

ILLUSTRATIONS BY A. B. FROST

XIII



INDSIGHT is better than foresight. A foolish saying. By foresight we do God's will. By hindsight we would seek to improve on His handiwork. Things are right as they are, I say, as I sit quietly of an evening smoking my pipe on my porch, watching the mountains in the west bathe in the gold and purple of the descending sun. What might have been, might also have been all wrong. A foolish saying, says Tim, for if what might have been should actually be, then we should have the realization of our fondest dreams. And with that realization might come a dreadful awakening from our dreams, say I. You might have become a tea-king, Tim, and measure your fortune in millions. I might have turned lawyer instead of soldier; I might have made a great name for myself in Congress by long speeches full of dry facts and figures, or short ones puffed up with pompous phrases. The fact that Six Stars existed might have gone beyond our valley because here you and I were born, and for a time we honored the place with our presence. Suppose all that had been, and you the tea-king and I the great lawyer sat here together as we sit now, smoking, could you add one note to the evening peace; would the night-hawk pay us homage by a single added ring as he circles among the clouds; would the bull-frogs in the creek sing louder to our glory; would the bleating of the sheep swing in sweeter to the music of the valley? And look at God's fireplace, I cry, pointing to the west, where the sun is heaping the glowing cloud coals among the mountains. God's fireplace? says Tim, with a queer look in his eyes. Yes, say I, and the valley is the hearthstone. The mountains are the and-

irons. Over them, piled sky high, the cloud-logs are glowing, and never logs burned like those, all gold and red. Night after night I can sit here and warm my heart at that fireside. Could you, tea-king, buy for my eyes a picture more wonderful? The fire is dying. The coal-clouds grow fainter, now purple, and now in ashes they float away into the chill blue. But they will come again. Could your millions, tea-king, buy for me a sweeter music than the valley's heart throb as it rocks itself to sleep?

"No," Tim answers, "but suppose——"

"And could I have better company to watch and listen with?" I exclaim. "For with you a tea-king, Tim, and I a lawyer, it would be just the same, would it not?"

"That's just what I was trying to get at," says Tim. "Suppose that day of the fox-hunt you had not carried Weston to——"

I hold up my hand to check him.

"Were it to happen a hundred times over, I would take him to Mary's," I cry. "Else he would have died."

"You are right, Mark," Tim says.

I took Weston to Mary's house that day when I found him lying in the charcoal clearing, with little Colonel standing over him wailing. Tearing open his coat and shirt, I staunch his wound as best I could. Then I called the others to the clearing. Tip and Arnold picked him up and carried him, while Murphy Kallaberger and I broke a path through the bushes, and Aaron ran on to Warden's to tell them of the accident and have them prepare for the wounded man. Warden's was the nearest house, but that was a mile from the clearing, and in the woods our progress was slow. Once free of the ridges and in the open fields the way was easy, and Murphy could lend a hand to the others.

"He's monstrous light," Tip said. "He doesn't seem no more than skin and bones in fancy rags."

It is strange how even our clothes go back on us when we are down. Weston I had always known as a lanky man, but about his loosely fitting garments there had been an air of careless distinction. Now that he was broken, they hung with such an odd perversion as to bring from its hiding-place every sharp angle in the thin frame. The best nine tailors living could not have clothed him better for that little journey, nor lessened a whit the pathos of the thin arms that lay limply across the shoulders of Tip and Arnold.

"He's a living skelington," old Arker whispered, as I plodded along at his side. "Poor devil!"

"Poor devil!" said I. For looking at the almost lifeless man I thought of my own good fortune. This morning I had envied him. Now he had nothing but his wealth, and his hold on that was weakening fast. I had everything—life and health, home and friends—I had Mary. As we parted a few minutes before, up there in the woods, I had pitied him. He had seemed so lonely, so bitter in his loneliness, and yet at heart so good. Now his eyes half opened as they carried him on, his glance met mine in recognition, and it seemed to me that he smiled faintly. But it was the same bitter smile. "Poor devil!" I said to myself.

And we carried him into Mary's house.

She was waiting for us, and without a word led us upstairs to a room where we laid him down on a bed.

"I stumbled, Mark, I stumbled," he whispered, as I leaned over him. "The fox came and I ran for it—then I fell—and then the little hound came, and then——"

Mary was bathing his forehead, and for the first time he saw her.

"I stumbled, Mary," he whispered. "I swear it."

.

It was nearly ten o'clock when I left Weston's room. The doctor was with him and was preparing to bivouac at the patient's side. He was a young man from the big valley. Luther Warden had driven to the county town and brought him back to us. The first misgivings I had when I

caught sight of his youthful, beardless face were dispelled by the business-like way in which he went about his work. He had been in a volunteer regiment, he told me, as an assistant surgeon, but had never gone past the fever camps, so this was his first case of a gunshot wound. He had made a study of gunshot wounds, and deemed himself fortunate to be in when Mr. Warden called. Truly, said I to myself, one man's death is another man's practice. But it was best that he was so confident, and I found my faith in him growing as he worked. The wound was a bad one, he said, and the ball had narrowly missed the heart, but with care the man would come around all right. The main thing was proper nursing. The young doctor smiled as he spoke, for standing before him in a solemn row were half the women of Six Stars. Mrs. Bolum was there with a tumbler of jelly; Mrs. Tip Pulsifer had brought her "paytent gradeated medicent glass," hoping it would be useful; Mrs. Henry Holmes had no idea what was needed, but just grabbed a hot-water bottle as she ran. Elmer Spiker's better half was there to demand her injured boarder at once; he paid for his room at the tavern; it was but right that he should occupy it and that she should care for him. When she found that she could not have him entirely, she compromised on the promise that she would be allowed to watch over him the whole of the next day. In spite of the jar of jelly, the doctor chose Mrs. Bolum to help him that night, and when I left them the old woman was sitting in a rocker at the bedside, her eyes watching every movement of the sleeping patient's drawn face.

Outside the wind was whistling. The steady beating of an oak branch on the porch roof, told me it was blowing hard. It sounded cold. Mary stood tiptoe to reach my collar and turn it up. Then she buttoned me snug around the neck. It was the first time a woman had ever done that for me. How good it was! I absently turned the collar down again and tore my coat open. Then I smiled.

Again she raised herself tiptoe before me, and with a hand on each shoulder, she stood looking from her eyes into mine.

"You fraud!" she cried.

Then I laughed. Lord, how I laughed! Twenty-four years I had lived, and until

now I had never known a real joke, one that made the heart beat quicker, and sent the blood singing through the veins; that made the fingers tingle, the ears burn, and brought tears to the eyes. I don't suppose that other people would have thought this one so amusing. The young doctor upstairs might not have deigned a smile, for instance. That was what made it all the better for me, for it was my own joke and Mary's, and in all the world I was the only man who could see the fun of it.

"When you turn that collar up again I am going," said I.

So she sprang away from me, laughing, and quick as I reached out to seize her, she avoided me.

"You know I can't catch you," I cried, taunting her, "so I must wait."

As she stood there before me quietly, her hands clasped, her eyes looking up into mine, I saw how fair she was, and I wondered. The picture of Weston in the woods, standing off there gazing at me, came back then, and with it a vague feeling of fear and distrust. I saw myself as Weston saw me, and I marvelled.

"Mary," I said, "this morning up there in the woods I told Robert Weston everything, and he stood off just as you are standing now. It seemed to me he wondered how it could be true, and now I wonder, too. Maybe it's all a mistake."

"It's not a mistake, Mark," the girl said, and she came to me again and put a hand on each shoulder and looked up. "If I did not care for you I'd never have given you the promise I did last night. But I do care for you, Mark, more than for anyone else in the world. You are big and strong and good—that's why—it's all any woman can ask. You are true, Mark—and that's more than most men——"

"But Mary, there's Tim," I protested, for I did not care to usurp to myself the sum of all the virtues allotted to my sex.

"Tim?" said she lightly, as though she had never heard of him.

"Yes, Tim," I said shortly, "Why did you choose me instead of a lad like Tim?"

"Mark, I care for you more than any one else in the world," said Mary.

"But do you love me?" said I quickly.

"I think I do," she said. But reaching up, she turned my collar again and buttoned my coat against the storm.

XIV



LIM was home in three days. His few months of town life had wrought many changes in him, and they were for the better. I was forced to admit that, but I could not help being just a little in awe of him. He was not as heavy as of old, but there was more firmness in his face and figure. Perhaps it was his clothes that had given him a strange new grace, for in the old days he was a ponderous, slow-moving fellow. Now there was lightness in his step and quickness in his every motion. Had I not known him, I should have seen in the scrupulous part in his hair a suggestion of the foppish. But I knew him, and while I liked him best with his old tousled head and tanned face and homely hickory shirt, I felt a certain pride that he had taken so well with the world and was learning the ways of the town as well as those of the field and wood. His gloves did seem foolish, for it was a bitter December day when the blood had best had full swing in the veins, but he held out to me a hand pinched in a few square inches of yellow kid. The grasp was just as warm though, and I forgave that. When he threw aside his silly little overcoat and stood before me, so tall and strong, so clean-cut and faultless from the part in his hair to the shine on his boot tips I cried, "Heigh-ho, my fine gentleman!"

Then he blushed. I suspected that it pleased him vastly.

"Do you think it an improvement?" he faltered, standing with his back to the fireplace and lifting himself to his full height.

Before I could reply the door flew open without the formality of a knock, and old Mrs. Bolum ran in. When she saw him, she stopped and stared.

"Well, ain't he tasty!" she cried.

Then she courtesied most formally. "How do you do, Mr. Hope?" she said.

"And how is Mrs. Bolum?" returned Tim gravely, advancing toward her with his hand outstretched.

The old woman rubbed her own hand on her apron, an honor usually accorded only to the preacher, and held it out. Tim seized it, but he brought his other arm around her waist and lifted her from the floor in one mighty embrace.

"You'll spoil your Sunday clothes," panted Mrs. Bolum, when she reached the floor again. Stepping back, she eyed him critically. "You look handsomer than a drummer," she cried admiringly.

"Thank you, ma'am," said Tim very meekly.

"I'm so sorry I left my spectacles at home," she went on. "My eyes ain't as good as they used to be and I can't see you plain as I'd like. Mebbe it's my sight as is the trouble, but it seems to me, as I see you now without my glasses, you're just about the prettiest man that ever come to Six Stars."

"Lord, ma'am," protested Tim. "And how is Mr. Bolum?"

"And such a lovely suit," continued the old woman, cautiously approaching and moving her hand across my brother's chest. "Why, Tim, you must have on complete store clothes—dear, oh, dear—to think of Tim Hope gittin' so fine and dressy! Now had it 'a' been Mark I wouldn't 'a' been so took back, for he allus was uppy and big feelin'. But Tim!"

Mrs. Bolum shook her head and held her hands up in astonishment.

"And how is Mr. Bolum?" shouted Tim.

"Never was better, 'ceptin' for his rheumatism and asphmy," was the answer, but the good woman was not to be turned aside that way. "And a cady," she cried, for her eyes had caught Tim's hat and the silly yellow overcoat on the chair where I had thrown them. "A cady, too! Now just put it on and let me see how you look."

Tim obeyed. Mrs. Bolum stepped back to get a better effect.

"It ain't as pretty as your coon-skin," she said critically; "you'd look lovely in that suit with your coon-skin cap—but hold on—don't take it off—I want Bolum to see you."

She ran from the room and we heard her calling from the porch: "Bo-lum—Bo-lum—Isaac Bo-oh-lum."

Isaac was at the store. It seemed to me that his wife should have known that without much research. The little pile of sticks by the kitchen door showed that his day's work was done, for when he had split the wood for the morrow it was the old man's custom to put aside all worldly care and start on a tour of the village, which gen-

erally ended on the bench at Henry Holmes's side.

It was almost dusk. Tim had come on a mission to Robert Weston. I had sent word to him of the accident, that Weston's friends might know, and the first thought of the injured man's partner was to hurry to Six Stars, but my second despatch, announcing that our friend was well on the road to recovery, led to the change in plans that brought Tim to us. Mrs. Bolum did not succeed in alarming the village before he and I were well up the road, past the school-house, and climbing the hill to Warden's.

Tim had a great deal to tell me in that short walk. I had much to tell him, but I was silent and let him chatter on, giving but little attention to what he said, for I was planning a great surprise. The simplest thing would have been to tell him my secret then, but I had pictured something more dramatic. I wanted Mary to witness his dumfounding when he heard the news. I wanted her to be there when its full import broke upon him; then the three of us, Mary and Tim and I, would do a wild jig. What boon companions we should be—we three—to go through life together! And Edith? Four of us—so much the better! I had never seen this Edith, but Tim is a wonderful judge of women.

So I let him talk on and on about the city and his life there, until we reached the house. We found that Mrs. Spiker had secured her rights, and was on duty that day as nurse. The young doctor was there, too, as were Mrs. Tip Pulsifer and a half dozen others, a goodly company to greet us.

"Hello, Mary!" Tim cried, breaking through the others, when he caught sight of her, standing at the foot of the stairs with a lighted candle in her hand.

"Hello, Tim!" cried Mary. "And where is Edith?"

"Edith?" Tim exclaimed, stopping as if to collect the thoughts her sudden taunting question had scattered. "I left her behind this time, but when I come again you shall see her." Tim, with arms akimbo, stood there laughing.

"We country girls, I understand, cannot compare with her," said Mary, tilting her chin.

She had started up the stairs, and now paused, looking down on us. And I looked up at her face showing out of the darkness in the half light, and I laughed, wondering what Tim thought, wondering if he was blind, or was this Edith really bewildering.

"Did I say that?" cried Tim. "Then I must have meant it when I said it. Tonight I have learned better, Mary, but you know I never saw you standing that way before—on the stairs above me—kind of like an angel with a halo——"

"Indeed!" retorted Mary; "but we women of Black Log deck ourselves out in gaudy finery, Mr. Tim, I believe. We women of Black Log do not inspire a man, like your Edith."

"Confound my Edith!" Tim exclaimed hotly. "Why, Mary, can't you see I was joking? The idea of comparing Edith with you—why, Mary——"

Tim in his protest started to mount the stairs, and there was an earnestness in his tone that made me think it high time he knew our secret, for his own sake and for Edith's. It seemed to me unfair of him to desert her so basely in the presence of an enemy. He should have stood by her to the very end, and had he boldly declared that as compared to her Mary was a mummy I should have admired him the more; I should have understood; I should have known he was mistaken, but endured it. Now I seized him by the coat and pulled him back.

"Tim," I said solemnly, "I have something to tell you."

My brother turned and gave me a startled look.

"Mary and I have something to tell you," I went on.

That should have given him a clue. I had expected at that point he would embrace me. But he didn't.

"I suppose you think I've been a fool about Edith," he muttered ruefully.

"No, it isn't that," I laughed. "Mary, will you tell him?"

But we were in darkness! She had dropped the candle, and down the stairs the stick came clattering. It landed on the floor and went rolling across the room. Tim made a dive for it. He groped his way to the corner where its career had ended. Then he lighted it again.

Behind us stood the doctor and Mrs. Tip Pulsifer, and Elmer Spiker's much better half. Mary was at the head of the stairs.

"Come, Tim," she called. "Mr. Weston wants to see you."

"Weston does want to see you very much, Tim," the wounded man said smilingly, lifting a thin hand from the bed for my brother. "I heard you chattering downstairs, and I thought you were never coming."

"It was Mary's fault," Tim said. "I came back as soon as I could, sir. Mr. Mills sent me up on the night train—out this afternoon in a livery rig—here afoot just as fast as Mark would let me—then Mary blocked the way. Mark was going to tell me something when she dropped the candle."

"Why, don't you know——" began Weston.

But over my brother's shoulders I shook my head sternly at him and he stopped and broke into a laugh.

Mrs. Elmer Spiker was standing by him; the young doctor was moving about the room, apparently very busy; Mrs. Tip Pulsifer was peeping in at the door.

"Didn't you know," said Weston, "how I'd shot myself all to pieces, and how there's a live fox in the hollows across the ridge?"

"Mark told me of it," answered the innocent Tim, "and I'm glad to find it is not serious. They were worried at the store. Mr. Mills was for coming right away, but we got word you were better, and he thought I should run up anyway for a day to see if we could do anything. I'm to go back to-morrow."

"It was good of you to come," Weston said, "but there is nothing to be done. Just tell Mills the whole valley is nursing me; tell him that I've one nurse alone who is worth a score." Mrs. Spiker looked very conscious, but Weston smiled at Mary. Then he quickly added: "Tell him that Mrs. Bolum and Mrs. Spiker and Mrs. Pulsifer——" he paused to make sure that none was missed—"and Mark here are a hospital corps, taken singly or in a body."

"I've told him that already," said Tim. "He knows everybody in Six Stars, I guess, and he says as soon as you get well and come back to the office, he will take a holiday himself, fox hunting."

"Poor little Colonel!" murmured Weston. "He'll have a melancholy career. And Mary, too, she'll——"

"But it was when I told him about Mary he made up his mind to come," Tim said.

"Indeed." The girl spoke very quietly. "And, perhaps, Tim, you'll send Edith along to help us. We women of Black Log are so clumsy."

"A good idea," said Weston. "Capital. You must bring Miss Smyth up, too, Tim."

"Parker," I corrected, "Edith Parker."

"But is it Parker?" Weston appealed to my brother. "Mark tells me she's the book-keeper's daughter. Has old Smyth gone?"

"No," Tim stammered, very much confused. "I guess you don't know Parker. He's come lately."

"That explains it, then," said Weston.

But he turned and looked away from us; his brow knitted. Something seemed to puzzle him, for he was frowning, but by and by the old cynical smile came back again.

He said suddenly: "Tim, I wish you luck. I'm glad anyway it isn't Smyth's daughter. That was what I couldn't understand. Ever see Smyth's daughter? No. Well, you needn't bemoan it. I dare say Miss Parker is all you picture her, and I hope you'll win."

"Don't you think you'd better rest now?" asked Tim, with sudden solicitation. Though he addressed himself to Weston, his eyes were appealing to the doctor.

"I think I had," Weston answered, not waiting for the physician to interpose any order. "I get tuckered out pretty easily these days, with this confounded bullet-hole in me—but stay a moment, Tim. They've got a letter from me at the office by this time. It may surprise them; it may surprise you, but I wanted you to know I'd fixed it all right for you, my boy. I did it for Edith's sake."

Tim with face flushed and hands outstretched in protest arose from his chair and went to the bedside.

"But don't you see it's all a joke," he cried. "I can't take it. Won't you believe me this time? There isn't any Edith!"

"I knew that long ago, Tim," Weston answered quietly. "But there may be some day."

He turned his back to us.

"Please go," he said brusquely. "I want to rest. Don't stand over me that way, Tim. Why, you look like little Colonel!"

At the school-house door Tim halted suddenly.

"I'm going back, Mark," he whispered, "just for a minute. Weston will think I'm a fraud and I want to tell him something. Now that the others have left I may have a chance. Confound these kind-hearted women that overrun the house! Why, a fellow couldn't say a word without a dozen ears to hear it."

"I'll go back with you," said I.

We had fallen a few steps behind the others, but somehow they divined our purpose and stopped, too.

"You needn't," said Tim. "I'll only be a minute."

"But I've something to tell you—a secret—and Mary——"

He was gone.

"I'll be back in a minute," he called. "Go on home."

He was lost in the darkness, and I started after him.

"Ain't you comin'?" cried Nanny Pulsifer.

"I must go back to Warden's," I answered.

"Then we'll go with you," said Mrs. Spiker firmly.

"Can't you go on home?" I said testily. "There's no use in your troubling yourself further."

"Does you think we'll walk by that graveyard alone?" demanded the tavern-keeper's wife.

"But there are no ghosts," I argued.

"We know that," returned Mrs. Pulsifer. "Everybody knows that, but it's never made any difference."

"A graveyard is a graveyard even if there is no bodies in it," said Mrs. Spiker, planting herself behind me so as to cut off further retreat.

Tim must have caught some echoes of the argument on the spirit world, for down the hill, through the darkness, came his call.

"Go on home, Mark—I'll be back in a minute."

I believed him, and I obeyed.

XV



IM'S minute? God keep me from another as long!

I had my pipe in my chair by the fire, and knocking the ashes out, I went to the door, and with my hand to my ear

listened for his footsteps. Tim's minutes are long! Another pipe, and the clock on the mantel marked nine. Still I smoked on. He had had a long talk with Weston, perhaps, and had stopped downstairs for a minute with Mary. She had told him all. How astounded the boy must be! Why, it would take her a half hour at least to convince him that she spoke the truth when she told him she was to marry his wreck of a brother; then when he believed it, another half hour would hardly be enough for him to welcome her into the family of Hope, and to talk over the wonderful fortunes of its sons. Doubtless he had felt it incumbent on himself to sing my praises, for he had always been blind to my faults. In this possibility of his tarrying to display my virtues there was some compensation for my sitting alone, with old Captain and young Colonel, both sleeping, and only my pipe for company. Of course, I should really be there with Tim, but Nanny Pul-sifer and Mrs. Spiker had decreed otherwise. Who knows how great may be my reward for bringing them safely past the graveyard!

The third pipe snuffled out. I opened the door and listened. Tim's minutes are long, for the last light in the village is out now. I went to the gate and stood there till I caught the sound of foot-falls. Then I whistled softly. There was no reply, but in a moment Perry Thomas stepped into the light of our window.

"Good evening," he said cheerfully. "It's rather chilly to be swinging on the gate."

"I was waiting for Tim," I answered.

Perry gave a little dry cackle. "Let's go in," he said. "It's too cold out here to discuss these great events."

I did not know what he meant, neither did I much care, for Perry always treated the most trivial affairs in the most elegant language he knew. But now that he stood there with his back to the fire, warming his hands, he made himself more clear.

"Well, Mark," he said, "I congratulate you most heartily."

I divined his meaning. It did not seem odd that he had learned my secret, for I was lost in admiration of his having once weighed an event at its proper value. So I thanked him and returned to my chair and my pipe.

"Of course it hurts me a bit here," said he, laying his hand on his watch-pocket. "I had hopes at one time myself, but I fear I depended too much on music and elocution. Do you know I'm beginnin' to think that a man shouldn't depend so much on art with weemen. I notice them gets along best who doesn't keep their arms entirely occupied with gestures and workin' the fiddle."

Perry winked sagely at this and cackled. He rocked violently to and fro on his feet, from heel to toe and toe to heel.

"Yet it ain't a bit onreasonable," he went on. "The artist thinks he is amusin' others, when, as a matter of fact, he is gettin' about ninety per cent. of the fun himself. We allus enjoys our own singin' best. I see that now. I thought it up as I was comin' down the road and I concided that the next time I seen a likely lookin' Mrs. Perry Thomas, she could do the singin' and the fiddlin' and the elocution, and I'd set by and look on and say, 'Ain't it lovely!'"

"You bear your disappointments bravely," said I.

"Not at all," Perry responded. "I'm used to 'em. Why, I don't know what I'd do if I wasn't disappointed. Some day a girl will happen along who won't disappoint me, and then I'll be so set back, I allow I won't have courage to get outen the walley. Had I knowd yesterday how as all the courtin' I've done since the first of last June was to come tumblin' down on my head to-night like ceilin' plaster, not a wink of sleep would I 'a' had. Now I know it. Does I look like I was goin' to jump down the well? No, sir. 'Perry,' I says, 'you've had a nice time settin' a-dreamin' of her; you've sung love-songs to her as you followed the plough; you've pictured her at your side as you've strayed th'oo fields of daisies and looked at the moon. Now in the natural course of events she's goin' to marry another. When she's gettin' peekit like trying to keep the

house goin' and at the same time prevent her seven little ones from steppin' into the cistern or fallin' down the hay-hole, you can make up another pretty pickter with one of the nine hundred million other weemen on this globe as the central figger."

At the conclusion of this philosophic speech, my visitor adjusted his thumbs in his waistcoat pockets, brought himself to rest with a click of his heels and smiled his defiance.

"But I congratulate you truly, heartily," he added.

"Thank you, Perry," I answered. "In spite of your trifling way of regarding women, I hope that some day you may find another as good as Mary Warden."

"The same to you, Mark," said he.

"The same to me?" I cried, with a touch of resentment.

"Of course," he replied. "I says to myself to-night, 'I hope Mark is as fortunate,' I says, when I saw them two a——"

"What two?" I exclaimed, lifting myself half out of my chair in my eagerness.

"Why, Tim and her," Perry answered. "Ain't you heard it yet, Mark? Am I the first to know?"

"Tim and her," I cried. "Tim and Mary?"

"Yes," said Perry.

He saw now that he was imparting strange news to me. In my sudden agitation he divined that that news had struck hard home, and that I was not blessed with his own philosophic nature. The smile left his face. He stepped to me, as I sat there in the chair staring vacantly into the fire, and laid a hand on my shoulder.

"I thought of course you knowd it," he said gently. "I thought of course you knowd all about it, and when I seen them up there to-night, her a-holdin' to him so lovin', says I to myself, 'How pleased Mark will be—he thinks so much of Tim and Mary.'"

Tim's minute! I knew now why it was so long. I should have known it long ago. I feared to ask Perry what he had seen. I divined it. I had debated with myself too much the strangeness of Mary's promise, and often in the last few days there had come over me a vague fear that I was treading in the clouds. She had told me again and again that she cared for me more than for

anyone else in the world. But that night when I had asked her if she loved me, she had turned my collar up. I believed that when she spoke then it was what she thought the truth. She had pledged herself to me and I had not demanded more. I had been selfish enough to ask that she link herself to my narrow life, and she had looked at me clear in the eye. "You are strong, Mark, and good and true," she had said, "and in all the world there is none I trust more. I'll love you, too. I promise."

On that promise I had built all my hopes and happiness, and it had failed me. It was not strange. I had been a fool, a silly dreamer, and now I had found it out. A soldier? Paugh! Away back somewhere in the past, I had gone mad at a bugle call. A hero? For a day. For a day I had puffed myself up with pride at my deeds. And now those deeds were forgotten. I was a veteran, a crippled pensioner, an humble pedagogue, a petty farmer. This was the lot I had asked her to share. She had made her promise, and that promise made and broken was more than I deserved. From a heaven she had smiled down on me, and I had climbed to the clouds, reaching out for her. Then her face was turned from me, and down I had come, clattering to common earth, cursing because I had hurt myself.

I turned to my pipe and lighted it again. Old Captain came and rested his head on my knee and looked up at me, as I stroked it slowly.

"Poor dog," I said. It was such a relief, and Perry misunderstood.

"Has he been hurt?" he asked sympathetically.

"Yes," I answered, still stroking the old hound's head. "Very badly. But he'll be all right in a few days—and we'll go on watching the mountains—and thinking—and chasing foxes—to the end—the end that comes to all poor dogs."

"It's curious how attached one gets to a dog," said Perry sagely, resuming his rocking from heel to toe and toe to heel.

"It is curious," I said, smoking calmly. I even forced a grim smile.

Now that I could smile, I was prepared to hear what Perry had to tell me, for after all I had been drawing conclusions from what might prove to be but inferences of



The main thing was proper nursing.—Page 314

his. But he had been so positive that in my inmost heart I knew the import of all he had to say.

"Well, Perry," I said, "you did give me a surprise. I didn't know it, and, to tell the truth, was taken back a bit, for it hurt me here." I imitated his effective waistcoat pocket gesture, which caused him much amusement. "I had hopes myself—

you know that, and as I neither fiddled nor recited poetry your own conclusions may be wrong."

"But Tim didn't do nothin'," Perry cackled. "He just goes away and lets her pine. When he comes back she falls right into his arms and gazes up into his eyes, and——" Perry stopped rocking and looked into the fire. "You know, Mark,"

he said after a pause, "it must be nice not to be disappointed."

"It must be very nice," said I, smoking harder than ever.

"That's what I said to myself as I looked in the window and seen them."

"You looked in the window—you peeped!" I fairly shouted, making a hostile demonstration with a crutch.

"Why, yes," said Perry, looking hurt that I should question his action in the least. "I didn't mean to. Comin' from over the ridge I passed Warden's and thought I'd stop in and warm up and see how Weston was. So I stepped light along the porch, not wantin' to disturb him, and seein' a light in the room, I looked in before I knocked. But I never knocked, for I says to myself, 'I'll hurry down and tell Mark; it'll please him.'"

"And you saw Tim and Mary," said I.

"I should say I did," said Perry, "till I slipped away. But says I to myself, 'It must be nice not to be disappointed.'"

"You said you saw Tim and Mary," said I, a trifle angrily.

"I should say I did," Perry answered, chuckling and rocking again on his feet. "The two of 'em, standin' there in the lamp-light by the table, him a-lookin' down like he was dyin', her a-lookin' up like she was dyin' and holdin' on to him like he was all there was left for her in the world. It made me swaller, Mark, it made me swaller."

There was a lump in Perry's throat at that moment, and he stopped his rocking and turned to the fire, so his back was toward me.

"Of course you knocked," said I, after a silence.

"Of course I didn't," he snapped. "Do you suppose I was wanted then? 'No, sir,' I says, 'for them there is only two people in all the world—there's Tim and there's Mary.'"

Perry was putting on his overcoat, winding his long comforter about his neck and drawing on his mittens.

"To tell the truth," he said, with a forced laugh, "I don't feel as chipper as I usually do under such like circumstances. It seems to me you ain't so chipper as you might be, either, Mark."

"Good-night, Perry," I said, smoking very hard.

"Good-night," he answered. At the door he paused and gazed at me.

"Say, Mark," he said, "them two was just intended for one another—you know it—I see you know it. God picked 'em out for one another. I know it. You know it, too. But it's hard not to be picked yourself—ain't it?"

Tim's minute! God keep me from such another!

It was all so plain now. The fire was dying away. The hands of the clock were crawling off another hour, and still he did not come. But what did I care? All in the world that I loved I had lost—Mary and my brother—and Tim had taken both. He who had so much had come in his strength and robbed me, left me to sit alone night after night, with my pipe and my dogs and my crutches. Had he told me that night when I came back to the valley that he loved the girl in all truth, I should have stood aside and cheered him on in his struggle against her, but I had not measured the depth of his mind nor given him credit for cunning. Perry Thomas saw it. He had gone away from her and wounded her by his neglect. In the fabrication of the other girl, the beautiful Edith, whose charms so outshone all other women, he had hit at the heart of her vanity; and now he had come back so gayly and easily to take from me what I might not have won in a lifetime. Losing her, I cared little that what he had done had been in ignorance that I loved her and that she was plighted to me. Losing her, I had no thought of blame for the girl, for when she told me that in all the world she cared for none so much as me, she meant it, for she believed that he had passed out of her life.

By the fireplace, so close that I could put my hand upon the arm, was the rocking-chair I had placed for her, and many a night had I sat there watching it and smiling, and picturing it as it was to be when she came. There would Mary be, sewing beneath the lamplight; there the fire burning, with old Captain and young Colonel, snuggling along the hearthstone; here I should be with my pipe and my book, unread, in my lap, for we should have many things to talk of, Mary and I. We should have Tim. As he played the great game, we should be watching his every move. And when he won, how she and I would smile over it and say "I told you so!"



"Well, ain't he tasty!"—Page 315.

When he lost—Tim was never to lose, for Tim was invincible! Tim was a man of brain and brawn. His arm was the strongest in the valley; in all our country there was no face so fine as his; in all the world few men so good and true.

Now he had come! The chair there was empty. So it would always be. But here I should always be with my pipe and my crutches, and the dogs snuggling by the fire.

Tim had come! The clock hands were crawling on and on. His minute had better end. I hurled my pipe into the smouldering coals; I tossed a crutch at little Colonel, and the dog ran howling from the room. Old Captain sat up on his haunches, his slantwise eyes wide open with wonder.

Aye, Captain, men are strange creatures. Their moods will change with every clock-tick. One moment your master sits smoking and watching the flames—the next he is tearing hatless from the house; and it's cold outside and the wind in the chimney is tumbling down the soot. When the wind sings like that in the chimney, it is sweeping full and sharp down the village street, and across the flats by the graveyard, whither he goes hobbling.

Little Colonel comes cautiously into the room, hugging the wall till he is back again at the fireside. With his head between his fore-paws and one eye closed, he watches the tiny tongue of flame licking up the last coal. There are worse lives than a dog's.

XVI



IM came whistling down the road. He whistled full and clear, and while he was still at the turn of the hill the wind brought me a bit of his rollicking tune as I huddled

on the school-house steps, waiting. The world was going well with him. He had all that the wise count good; he was winning what the foolish count better. With head high and swinging arms he came on, the beat of his feet on the hard road keeping time to his gay whistling. Tim was winning in the game. While his brother was droning over the reader and the spelling-book with twoscore leather-headed children, he was fighting his way upward in the world of commerce. While his brother was wringing a living from a few acres of niggardly soil and a little school, he was on the road to riches; while his brother was wrangling with the worthies of the store over the momentous problems of the day, he was where those problems were being worked out and standing by the men who were solving them. All in this world worth having was Tim's, and now even what was his brother's he had taken. To him that hath! From him that hath not! He had all. I had nothing. Now as he came swinging on so carelessly, I knew that I had lost even him.

Never once had there come to my mind the thought of doing my brother any bodily harm. My emotions were too conflicting for me to know just why I had come at all into the night to meet him. Now it was against him that the violence of my anger would vent itself. Now it was against myself, and I cursed myself for an idle, dreaming fool. Then came over me, overwhelming me, a sense of my own utter loneliness, and against it Tim stood out so bold and clear-cut and strong, that I felt myself crying out to him not to desert me, and let a woman take him from me. I thought of the old days when he and I had been all in all to one another, and I hated the woman who had come between us, who had lured me from him, who had lured him from me. Then as against my misery, she stood out so bold and good, so wholly fair, that I cursed Tim for taking her from me. I wanted to see him in the full heat of

my anger to tell him to his face how he had served me; to stand before him an accuser till he slunk away from me and left me alone, as I would be alone from now to the end.

So I had quickened my pace, hobbling up the starlit road to the school-house. There I was driven by sheer exhaustion to the shelter of the doorway, and in the narrow refuge I huddled, waiting and listening. The keen wind found me out and seemed to take joy in rushing in on me in biting gusts and then whirling away over the flat. By and by it brought me the rollicking air my brother whistled, and then came the sound of foot-falls. In a moment he would be passing, and I arose, intending to hail him. It was easy enough when I heard only his whistling to picture myself confronting him in anger, but now that in the starlight I could see his dark form coming nearer and nearer; now that he had broken into a snatch of a song we had often sung together, my courage failed me and I slunk farther into my retreat.

So Tim passed me. He went on toward the village, singing cheerfully for company's sake, and I stood alone, in the shadow of the school-house woods, listening. His song died away. I fancied I heard the beat of his stick on the bridge; then there was silence.

I turned. Through the pines on the eastward ridge the moon was climbing, and now the white road stretched away before me. It was the road to her house. The light that gleamed at the head of the hill was her light, and many a night at this same spot I had stopped to take a last look at it. It used to wink so softly to me, as I waved a hand in good-night. Now it seemed to leer. The friendly beacon on the hill had become a wrecker's lantern. A battered hulk of a man, here I was, stranded by the school-house. As the ship on the beach pounds helplessly to and fro, now trying to drive itself farther into its prison, now struggling to break the chains that hold it, so tossed about my love and anger, I turned my face now toward the hill, now toward the village. The same impulse that caused me to draw into the darkness of the doorway instead of facing Tim made it impossible for me to follow him home. Angry though I was, I wanted no quarrel, yet I feared to meet him lest my temper should burst its bounds. But I had

a bitter wind to deal with, too, and if I could not go home, neither could I stand longer in the road, turning in my quandary from the beacon on the hill where she was to the light that gleamed in our own window in the village where he was.

The school-house gave me shelter.

I groped my way to my desk and there sank into my chair, leaned my head on my hands, and closed my eyes. I wanted to shut out all the world. Here in the friendly darkness, in the quiet of the night, I could

were real enough. They were part of my to-day, but that dim-lighted room was the school-house of my boyhood. The fourth of those spectre desks, measuring back from the stove, was where Tim and I sat day after day together, with heads bowed over open books and eyes aslant. That was not the same Tim who had passed me awhile before, swaggering and singing in the joy of his conquest; that was not the same Tim who had stood before me that very afternoon in all the pomp of well-cut



"But there are no ghosts," I argued.—Page 318.

think it all out. I could place myself on trial, and starting at the beginning, retracing my life step by step, I would find again the course my best self had laid down for me to follow. For the moment I had lost that clear way. Blinded by my seeming woes, I had been groping for it, and I had searched in vain. But now the dizziness was going, and as I sat there in the darkness, my eyes closed to shut out even the blackness about me, the light came.

After a long while I looked up to see the moon high over the pines on the eastward ridge, and its yellow light poured into the room, casting dim shadows over the white walls, and bringing up before me row on row of spectre desks. The chair I sat in, the table on which I leaned

clothes, drawing on his whitened hands a pair of woman's gloves; that was not the same Tim who by his artful lies had won what had been denied my stupid, blundering devotion. My Tim was a sturdy little fellow, whose booted legs scarce touched the floor, whose tousled black head hardly showed above the desk top. His cheeks would turn crimson at the thought of woman's gloves on those brown hands. His tongue would cleave to his mouth in a woman's presence, let alone his lying to her. That was the real Tim—the rare Tim. To my eyes he was but a small boy; to my mind he was a mighty man. The first reader that presented such knotty problems to his intellectual side was but part of the impedimenta of his youth, and



"Of course it hurts me a bit here"—Page 319.

was no fair measure of his real size. That very day he had fought with me and for me; not because I was in the right, but because I was his brother.

A lean, cadaverous boy from along the mountain, a born enemy of the lads of the village, had dared me. I endured his insults until the time came when further forbearance would have been a disgrace, and then I closed with him. In the front of the little circle drawn about us, right outside there in the school-yard, Tim stood. As we pitched to and fro, the cadaverous boy and I, Tim's shrill cry came to me, and time and again I caught sight of his white face and small clenched hands waving wildly. I believe I should have whipped the cadaverous boy. I had suf-

fered his foul kicks and borne him to the ground; in a second I should have planted him fairly on his back, but his brother, like him a lank, wiry lad and singly more than my match, ran at me. My head swam beneath his blows, and I released my almost vanquished enemy to face the new foe with upraised fists. Then Tim came. A black head shot between me and my towering assailant. It caught him full in the middle; he doubled like a staple and with a cry of pain toppled into the snow. This gave me a brief respite to compel my fallen enemy to capitulate, and when I turned from him, his brother was still staggering about in drunken fashion, gasping and crying, "Foul!" Tim did not know what he meant, but was standing

alert, with head lowered, ready to charge again at the first sign of a renewed attack. He knew neither "fight foul" nor "fight fair"; he knew only a brother in trouble, and he had come to him in his best might.

That was the real Tim!

"I guess me and you can whip most anybody, Mark," he said, as he looked up at me from his silly spelling-book that day.

"As long as we stick together, Tim," I whispered in return.

He laughed. Of course we would always stand together.

That was long ago. Life is an everlasting waking up. We leave behind us an endless trail of dreams. The real life is but a waking moment. After all, it was the real Tim who had gone singing by as I crouched in the shadow of the school-house. The comrade of my school-days, who had fought for me with eyes closed and with the fury of a child; the companion of the hunt, racing with me over the ridges with Captain singing on before us; the brother at the fireside at night, poring over some rare novel—he was

only a phantom. Between me and the real man there was no bond. He had grown above the valley; I was becoming more and more a part of it, like the lone pine on Gander Knob, or the piebald horse that drew the stage. His clothes alone had made wider the breach between us. At first I had admired him. I was proud of my brother. But Solomon in all his glory was

dressed in his best; from Dives to Lazarus is largely a matter of garments. Tim had made himself just a bit better than me, when he donned his well-fitting suit and pulled on his silly gloves. Beside him I was a coarse fellow, and to me he was not the old Tim.

This fine man had come back to the valley to take from me all that made life good. He had struck me over the heart

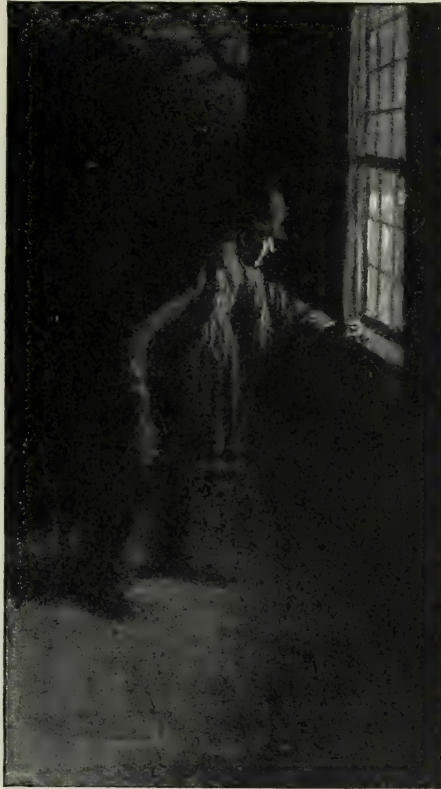
and stunned me and then gone singing by. In Mary's eyes he was the better man of the two. To my eyes he was, and I hated him for it. He could go his way and I should go mine, for we must stand alone. In the morning he would go away and leave me with the Tim I loved, with the boy who sat with me at yonder desk, who raced with me over the ridges, who read with me at the fire-side.

The shadows deepened in the school-room, for a curtain of clouds was sweeping across the moon. Peering through the window, over the flats, I saw a light gleaming steadily at the head of the village street.

It was my light

still burning in the window, and I knew that Tim was there, waiting for me. All the past rose up to tell me that he was still the comrade of my school-days, my companion of the hunt, my brother of the fireside.

My head sank to the table and my hands clasped my eyes to shut out the blackness. But the blackness came again.



"And seein' a light in the room, I looked in."—Page 321.



Dragon by F. C. Yohn.

"Refuse a man like that who's crazy to marry you!"—Page 338.

THE UNDERCURRENT

BY ROBERT GRANT

ILLUSTRATION BY F. C. YOHN

XXII



GORDON drew deeply several times at his cigar, then laid it on the bronze tray for ashes within reach, as though he felt that it might profane his thought.

"I come to you to-night, Mr. Prentiss, as man to man, knowing that you wish truth and justice to prevail, and asking you to believe that I desire the same. We are both of us men of affairs in the modern sense."

The rector bowed.

"Then you as the rector of one of the most influential churches in the city will doubtless agree that religion must be sane and reasonable in its demands to-day or it will lose more followers among the educated—and education is constantly spreading—than it gains from the ignorant and superstitious?"

"Assuredly."

"I, on my side, as a layman—whatever our differences of precise faith and dogma—am glad to bear witness that the present social world could do without true religion less than ever before."

The summary pleased Mr. Prentiss. It was reasonable and progressive. "We are entirely in accord there," he answered heartily.

"As I supposed. Then it obviates the necessity of feeling my way. With some clergymen I should not venture to take anything unorthodox for granted, but I believed that we should readily find a common ground of agreement."

The assertion was regarded by Mr. Prentiss as a compliment. Nevertheless he perceived that it behooved him to mark the limits of his liberality.

"The essence of Christianity has nothing to fear either from the higher criticism or the modern world's lack of interest in moribund dogma. May I not say with Paul

'but this one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth to those things which are before'?"

"And from that point of view may I ask why you have felt constrained to separate Mrs. Stuart and me?"

There was a brief pause. The rector had not the remotest intention of shirking responsibility, but he wished the precise truth to appear.

"It was Mrs. Stuart's own decision."

"I asked her in good faith, after an attachment of several years, to become my wife. She loves me fondly, as I do her. She would have married me had you not convinced her that to do so would be a sin."

"I told Mrs. Stuart that, from the standpoint of her highest duty as a Christian woman, it would be a sin. Not unpardonable sin, if finite intelligence may venture to distinguish the grades of human error, but conduct incompatible with the highest spirituality—and modern spirituality, Mr. Perry."

There was a doughty ring to the rector's tone betokening that he was not averse to crossing swords with his visitor.

"Why would it be a sin?"

Mr. Prentiss knocked the ash from his cigar and held up the glowing tip. "Do you not know?" he asked, fixing his gaze squarely on his antagonist, so that he seemed to attack instead of defend.

"Because she has a husband living—a brute of a husband who, after dragging her down, deserted her shamefully; a husband whom she has ceased to love and from whom the law of this community would grant her a divorce."

"Proceed."

"Because the Church has seen fit to stigmatize as evil that which the State sanctions in a matter vitally affecting the earthly happiness of the human sexes."

Waiting briefly to make sure that the indictment was complete, Mr. Prentiss re-

joined dryly: "You state the case accurately. My answer is that the Church is merely inculcating the precepts of the Saviour of mankind."

Gordon drew a deep breath. He rejoiced in his opportunity.

"Mr. Prentiss," he said, "you referred just now to the world's lack of interest in moribund dogma; we agreed that the demands of religion to-day must be sane and reasonable. I speak with entire reverence, but I ask whether you honestly believe that the few casual sentences which Christ is reported to have uttered thousands of years ago in Palestine in regard to man's putting away his wife should control complicated modern human society—the Christian civilization of to-day—so as to preclude a pure woman like Mrs. Stuart, under the existing circumstances, from obtaining happiness for herself and her children by becoming my wife? I ask you as an intelligent human being and a just man if this is your opinion?"

There was no hesitation on the rector's part; on the contrary, firm alacrity.

"It is."

"And yet you know that a large portion of the civilized world ignores the doctrine," answered Gordon, curbing his disappointment. He had not expected to encounter this stone wall.

"I do, to its shame and detriment. The Church is not responsible for that."

"Then your argument rests on the letter of Christ's words?"

"It does and it does not." There was triumph in the rector's voice as he laid emphasis on the qualifying negation. He had hoped to lead his censor to this very point. "Nor does the spiritual objection of the woman who has refused to marry you rest solely on that ground. She is an intelligent person, Mr. Perry. She perceives, as I perceive, that what you ask her to consent to do would be evil for the human race as well as contrary to the teachings of our Lord. There is nothing moribund in that attitude. It is vital, timely righteousness. Mrs. Stuart must have set this double reason before you."

Gordon remembered that she had. In his agitation during their final interview, believing that she was laboring under a neurotic delusion, he had given little heed to her argument. Now, as a lawyer, he

perceived the ingenuity of the plea, though he still regarded her as the victim of clerical sophistry. Yet he made no immediate response, and Mr. Prentiss took advantage of the opportunity to elucidate the situation.

"Mr. Perry, you are led away by the special merits of your own case. I acknowledge the hardship; I grant the pathos of the circumstances. They present the strongest instance which could be cited in justification of remarriage by a divorced person. But there must be more or less innocent victims on the altar of every great principle. The Lord has demanded this service of His handmaid, and, though her heart is wrung, she rejoices in it."

"I see," said Gordon, "and that presents the real issue. Why should the Church usurp the functions of the State? Why in this age of the world should it decide what is best for the human race in a temporal matter, and substitute an arbitrary and inflexible ethical standard of its own for the judgment of organized society?"

Mr. Prentiss's nostrils dilated from the intensity of his kindled zeal. "Why? For two reasons. First, because the Church declines to regard as a temporal matter an abuse which threatens the existence of the family, the corner-stone of Christian civilization; and, second, because the State has flagrantly neglected its duty, allowing divorce to run riot through the nation without uniform system or decent limitations. Is the Church to remain tongue-tied when the stability of the holy bond of matrimony has become dependent on the mere whims of either party?"

"I see the force of your position. I will answer you categorically. As to the first reason, it seems to me untenable. As to the second, you accused me just now of seeing only my side. Let me retaliate, and at the same time suggest that, though you may seem to have a strong case, you do not know the real facts." Gordon, having reached a more dispassionate stage of the argument, remembered his cigar, which he proceeded to relight. But the rector, not accustomed to such colloquial dissent, threw his own in the fireplace and crossed his arms.

"Regarding your first plea in behalf of the Church's interference that the Church

does not look on marriage as a temporal concern, let me remind you," continued Gordon, "that marriage is the only matter in the realm of human social affairs where the Church undertakes to nullify by positive ordinance the law of the State—where there is divided authority. In all other social affairs the law of the State is paramount. The Church forbids abstract vices—malice, uncharitableness, lust, selfishness, intemperance, but it does not attempt to define these in terms of human conduct, or to substitute canons for the secular statute book."

"The Church regards marriage as a sacrament."

"The Roman Catholic and the Episcopal. If I may say so, the attitude of both these churches is a foreign influence."

The clergyman drew himself up. "Foreign?"

"Yes, foreign to native American ideas, and I might add foreign to the claims of the first followers of Christianity, for the early Christian Church did not assert the right to perform the marriage ceremony, or to regulate marriage. Its protectorate dates from a later period. But what I had in mind was that it is antagonistic to the spirit both of our forefathers and their descendants. In the early days of New England, the service of marriage was performed not by the minister, but by the magistrate, and marriages by clergymen were forbidden. It was the authority of the State, the commonwealth, the considered judgment of the community which was recognized."

Mr. Prentiss nodded. "You are a Unitarian, I judge."

"I was brought up in the Unitarian faith. Like most American men I believe in the power of the individual to work out his own salvation."

"But what message have you for a world of sinners?" asked the rector, trenchantly.

"I appreciate the force of your criticism. I am conscious that the weakness of Unitarianism—of individual liberty of conscience—is its coldness, that it does not constantly hold out to the degenerate soul the lure of a new spiritual birth. It is for this reason largely that your Church and the Catholic Church have gained fresh converts in this country and this city. Moreover those churches have promoted

among us picturesqueness, color, and sentiment. But, on the other hand, their spirit is autocratic, if not aristocratic, and in their love for the pomp of the ages, in their fealty to the so-called vested rights of civilization, they have little sympathy with the rational, every-day reasoning of republican democracy."

Mr. Prentiss pursed his lips. There was no offence in the speaker's manner or tone which would justify a rebuke; on the contrary they both suggested that he was trying to speak dispassionately. But the conclusions stirred the rector's blood, and he tightened his folded arms.

"You seem to forget that the spirit of Christian philanthropy, of the loving brotherhood of man, is the controlling emotional force in the Episcopal—yes, in the Roman Church to-day. You yourself are familiar, for example, with the work of my Mr. Starkworth in the Church of the Redeemer."

"Yes. But neither Church has compassion on the misery of common humanity when to relieve it would conflict with the hard and fast letter of church law. That is where—and notably in this matter of recognizing divorce—the other Protestant churches—the Presbyterian, the Methodist, and the Baptist—have been more tolerant. They have refused to insist that it is for the benefit of mankind that, under all circumstances, men and women unhappily married should remain in durance vile without the possibility of escape, or, having escaped, should be condemned by precept to celibacy for the rest of their lives. And these are sects whose creed is based on the essential sinfulness of human nature."

The rector glowered at Gordon for a moment from under his brows. "Then where will you draw the line?" This was Mr. Prentiss's trump card. It expressed his utter weariness with what he regarded as the foul system of conflicting and irresponsible legislation, unceasingly and scandalously availed of.

"That brings us to your second proposition!" exclaimed Gordon. "As to whether the State is faithless to its duty. Have you a copy of the public laws, Mr. Prentiss?"

"Assuredly." The rector strode across the room and taking down two large vol-

umes from the book-shelf presented them to his visitor. It gratified him to demonstrate by this practical test the broadness of his humanity.

"Do you happen to know the causes for which divorce is granted in this State?"

Mr. Prentiss hesitated. Evidently he had no exact information on the subject, which at this juncture was disconcerting. "For far too many causes; I am sure of that," he replied, stoutly.

"I will read them to you. 'Impotence; adultery; desertion for three years; sentence for felony for two years; confirmed habits of intoxication; extreme cruelty; grossly and wantonly refusing to support wife.'"

The rector listened alertly, hoping to be able to pounce on some conspicuously insufficient provision. Since this did not appear he made a sweeping assertion. "They are all inadequate in my opinion except unfaithfulness to the marriage vow, and I often doubt the wisdom of making an exception there. I am by no means sure that the Roman Church is not right in its refusal to admit the validity of divorce for any cause whatever."

"But what has been the course of history since the Roman Church promulgated its canon at the Council of Trent more than three hundred years ago? The cause of common sense and justice as represented by the State has, in spite of the fierce opposition of the clergy, won victory after victory, until the institution of marriage has been placed under the control of the secular law on most of the continent of Europe, and the right to divorce and the right to remarry widely recognized—for instance in France, Germany, Switzerland, Norway, Denmark. In France it's a criminal offence for a priest to perform the religious ceremony of marriage until after the civil ceremony."

"Yes, and it was France which during the days of the Revolution permitted divorce at the mere option of either party. And there are signs that we are rapidly imitating that same barbaric laxity in the United States, and in this community."

"And if it were, would it be so much more barbarous a condition than the conservatism of the English law of Church and State, which grants divorce to the man whose wife has been guilty of adultery,

but withholds it from a woman unless her husband has been guilty of cruel and abusive treatment into the bargain?"

The rector was touched on another sensitive point. He put out the palm of his hand. "I fail to see the relevancy of your comparison, Mr. Perry. However, the American Episcopal Church is not responsible for the flaws in the details of the English establishment. The two are harmonious and their aims are identical, but we do not follow blindly."

"Yet the American Episcopal Church follows its English parent, and the Roman Catholic in maintaining that the woman whose husband is an inveterate drunkard, is convicted of murder or embezzlement, kicks and beats her shamefully, or deserts her utterly in cold blood, is guilty of a crime against heaven and against society if she breaks the bond and marries again. Progressive democracy in the person of the State is more lenient, more merciful. It refuses to believe that one relentless, arbitrary rule is adapted to the exigencies of human society. It insists that each case should be judged on its merits, and both relief afforded and fresh happiness permitted when justice so demands. Think of the many poor creatures in the lower ranks condemned by your inexorable doctrine to miserable, lonely lives, who might otherwise be happy!"

Mr. Prentiss's brow contracted as though he were a little troubled by the appeal to his sympathy with the toiling mass. "One wearies of this everlasting demand for happiness in this life," he murmured. "Was Christ happy? They are free to disregard the authority of the Church if they see fit," he added. "I for one should not feel justified in refusing the communion to a divorced woman who had remarried."

"But the Catholic Church would and does uniformly; and the high church party in your own church would disapprove of your leniency. The vital point is that both churches and you yourself brand those who disobey as spiritually impure, or at least inferior, a stigma which appalls the best women. And so they are held as in a cruel vice. So you have held her who was to be my wife."

The reversion to the personal equation reminded the rector that this was no academic discussion.

"You have not answered my question yet. Where will you draw the line? Granting for the moment—which I by no means agree to—that gross habits of intoxication, felony, or absolute desertion are valid grounds for breaking the nuptial bond, let me cite the law to you in turn, Mr. Perry." Thereupon Mr. Prentiss stepped to the shelves again, and running through the pages of a book, discovered presently the data of which he was in search. "What do you think of these reasons?" he asked in a scorching tone. "American grounds of divorce: 'When it shall be made to appear, to the satisfaction and conviction of the court, that the parties cannot live in peace and union together, and that their welfare requires a separation,' Utah; 'Voluntarily living separate for one year,' Wisconsin; 'For any cause that permanently destroys the happiness of the petitioner and defeats the purposes of the marriage relation,' Connecticut; 'For any cause in the discretion of the court,' Kentucky; 'Whenever the judge who hears the cause decrees the case to be within the reason of the law, within the general mischief the law intended to remedy, or within what it may be presumed would have been provided against by the legislature establishing the foregoing cause of divorce, had it foreseen the specific case and found language to meet it without including cases not within the same reason, he shall grant the divorce,' Arizona; and in a host of States, 'One year's absence without reasonable cause.'"

"I told you that you seemed to have a good case," said Gordon, smiling. "But I do not think that you understand the facts, understand the real nature of the abuse, for I heartily agree that an abuse exists even from the standpoint of those who maintain that divorce should be granted on the slenderest grounds. As to the extracts which you have just read, I judge that the book is not a recent publication."

"I have reason to believe that it is authoritative."

"Undoubtedly it was so at the time. But several of the provisions in question have been repealed and are no longer law."

"Ah," said the rector. "But you cannot deny that it is still the law that a man and woman may be married in one

jurisdiction and adjudged guilty of adultery or bigamy in another; that the marriage tie is broken daily on the most frivolous grounds and with the most indecent haste; and that there is wide and revolting discrepancy between the statutes of the several United States."

Gordon nodded. "I cannot deny the substantial accuracy of the indictment."

"Well, sir, how do you justify it? Is not civil society neglecting its duty?"

"I do not justify the defects in some of the legal machinery, and to this extent I agree that society is derelict. But what I wish to make clear is that nearly all the legal grounds for divorce in the several States are just and reasonable—substantially the same as in this State—and that the abuses against which they afford relief are such as render the relation of husband and wife intolerable. There are a few vague and lax exceptions such as you have cited, but they are fast disappearing. The real and the salient evil lies in the looseness of administration sanctioned in some jurisdictions, by means of which collusive divorces are obtained by pretended residents, and close scrutiny of the facts is avoided by the courts. To permit legal domicile to be acquired by a residence of three months, as in Dakota, is a flagrant invitation to fraud; but that and kindred abuses are defects in the police power, and have only a collateral bearing on the main issue between us, which is whether democracy can ever be induced to reconsider its decision that it is for the best interests of human nature that the innocent wife or husband, to whom a cruel wrong has been done, should be free to break the bond and marry again. There is the real question, Mr. Prentiss. You as a churchman—a foreign churchman I still claim—demand that the woman whose life has been blighted by a husband's brutality, sentenced for heinous crime, abandonment, or degrading abuse of liquor should remain his wife to the end, though he has killed every spark of love in her soul. The Church will never be able to convince the American people or modern democracy that this is spiritual or just."

"And yet a man who has been prohibited by the courts of New York from marrying again has merely to step into New Jersey and his marriage there will be recognized

and upheld by the courts of New York. But that you will probably describe as another instance of defect in the police power. The line which you draw is evidently that which any particular body of people—sovereign States I believe they call them—sees fit to establish. The logical outcome of such a theory can only be social chaos. The sanctity of the home is fundamentally imperilled thereby.”

“And yet,” said Gordon, “the family life of the American people compares favorably with that of any nation in affection, morality, and happiness. More than three-fourths of the applicants for divorce in the United States are women. They have thrown off the yoke of docile suffering which the convention of the centuries has fastened upon them.”

“Some of them,” interposed the rector with spirited incisiveness. “The shallow, the self-indulgent, the indelicate, the earthly minded. There are many who are still true to the behests of the spirit,” he added significantly. It was doubtless an agreeable reflection to him that the one woman in the world for his antagonist was among the faithful.

“On the contrary, I believe that their number is made up largely of the intelligent, the earnest, and the vitally endowed. Democracy maintains that it is no worse for children to be educated where love or legal freedom exists than where there is thinly concealed hate, contempt, or indifference.”

It was obvious that neither had been or would be convinced by the other's argument. Probably each had been well aware of this from the first. Gordon had come warm with what he regarded as the unwarranted injustice of the clergyman's successful interference, unable to credit the belief that it would not be withdrawn when the case was coolly laid before him. On his part Mr. Prentiss had listened indulgently, certain of the deep-rooted quality of his convictions, but willing to hear the opposite side stated by a trained antagonist. He had been glad of an opportunity to elucidate the Church's attitude, and had not been without hopes of making cogent to this censor of different faith the civilizing righteousness of the ecclesiastical stand, or at any rate—which would be in the line of progress—the demoralizing

insufficiency of the current secular reasons for divorce. Apparently he had failed in both, and moreover had encountered a disposition toward obnoxious radicalism which was disturbing.

“Then I am to assume that you, and so far as you are at liberty to speak for them, the American people,” (Mr. Prentiss could be subtly biting when the occasion demanded) sanction practically indiscriminate divorce?”

Gordon disregarded the sarcastic note. The bare question itself was sufficiently interesting.

“It is true, as you suggested just now, that the American people have gone further in that direction than any other except the French. In France, after the latitude of optional divorce palled, divorce was abolished and was never authorized again, as you may remember, until very recently—1884. In the exuberance of our enthusiasm for personal liberty the legislators in some of our States—especially those of most recent origin, have shown an inclination to pass laws which justify your conclusion. But there is at present a reaction. The people have become disgusted with the licentious shuffling on and off of the marriage tie by the profligate element of the fashionable rich through temporary residence and collusive proceedings in other States. You and I have a recent flagrant instance in this city in mind. Every good citizen abhors such behavior, Mr. Prentiss. But the public conscience has become aroused, and steps are being taken to reform what I termed the defects in the police power, partly by amendment of the loose provisions by some of the offending States, and partly by provisions in other States challenging the jurisdictional validity of foreign divorces granted to their own citizens on paltry grounds. It is perhaps a misfortune that a national divorce law is only among the remote possibilities. And yet, can there be any doubt that any uniform law which the American people would consent to adopt would necessarily include every one of the grounds already law in this State, and which the Church labels as inadequate?”

Mr. Prentiss twisted in his chair. “If the Church were satisfied that the State was sincere, a reasonable compromise might not be impossible. Some of our

thoughtful clergy have been feeling their way toward this."

Gordon shook his head. "But even your Church would yield so little; and the Roman Catholic nothing at all. Would you consent to divorce for gross drunkenness or conviction for felony?"

"If so, what becomes of the spiritual obligation that one takes the other for better or for worse? Shall a woman desert her husband in misery? Is long-suffering devotion to become antiquated?"

"As an obligation, yes. If she loves him still, she will cling to him. But if their natures are totally at variance, if she has been cruelly wronged and disappointed by his conduct, she should have the right to leave him and to wed again. The world of men and women has ceased to believe that individual happiness should be sacrificed until death to the cruel or degenerate vices of another."

"The doctrine of selfish individualism," murmured the rector.

"Mrs. Stuart informed me that you made that cry the basis of your objection. I agree with you that individualism has in many directions been given too free scope, and that modern social science is right in demanding that it should be curbed for the common good. But only when it is for the common good, Mr. Prentiss. Divorce and remarriage are in many instances necessary for the welfare of humanity, for the protection and relief of the suffering and virtuous and the joyous refreshment of maimed, tired lives."

"And how liable they are to become tired with such easy avenues of escape!" Mr. Prentiss hastened to exclaim. "So long as remarriage is stigmatized as a lapse from spiritual grace, young couples will be patient and long suffering. The truest love is often the fruit of mutual forbearance during the early years of wedlock. It is only one step from what you demand to divorce for general incompatibility. I have yet to hear you disclaim belief that this would be for the common good, Mr. Perry." Mr. Prentiss rolled out the phrase "general incompatibility" with fierce gusto, as though he were scornfully revelling in its felicity as an epitome of his opponent's theory carried to its logical conclusion. He had been sparring for wind, waiting for an opening as it were, and

feeling that he had found it, he forced the fighting.

"It is difficult to forecast what is to be the future evolution of the divorce problem," answered Gordon, reflectively. "On one side is the security of the home, as you have indicated, on the other the claims of justice and happiness. Just now respectable society stands a little aghast—and no wonder—at the scandalous lack of reverence for the marriage tie shown by our new plutocracy——"

"Godless people!" interjected the rector.

"And will doubtless mend its fences for the time being so as to refuse divorce except for genuine tangible wrongs, such as those we have discussed. But if you ask me whether I believe that in the end general incompatibility—meaning thereby total lack of sympathy between husband and wife—will be recognized by human society as a valid and beneficial ground, my answer is that the social drift is that way. It will depend on the attitude of the women. They constitute by far the majority of the applicants for divorce, as you know. If they become convinced that it will not be for the welfare and happiness of themselves and their children to remain tied to men utterly uncongenial, the State probably will give them their liberty. But one thing is certain," he added, "the Church will never be able to fasten again upon the world its arbitrary standard."

Gordon rose as he finished. He felt that the interview was at an end, a drawn battle so far as change of opinion was concerned. But he had chosen to complete his bird's-eye glimpse of the possible future with a definite and pointed prediction.

Mr. Prentiss had listened with astonishment to the speculative suggestion. He had expected a disavowal of the license embodied in his taunt, and a floundering attempt at limitation which he hoped would involve his adversary in an intellectual quicksand. Up to this point he had fancied Gordon, though he had disagreed with him. But now, as he also rose, he manifested a shade of haughtiness, as though he were dismissing someone who had come perilously near landing himself outside the pale of the respect which one man owes another of the same class.

Ignoring the assertion as to the decay of the Church's power, he said:

"Such an evolution as you predict, sir, would undermine the structure of human society."

"It would be more or less revolutionary, certainly," answered Gordon, blandly. The possibility seemed not to have proper terrors for him, which was puzzling to the clergyman, who was loth to regard this well-appearing young man as a sympathizer with radical social doctrines. He stared at Gordon a moment.

"So long as women are as pure and spiritual minded as Mrs. Stuart the laxity which you seem to invite will be out of the question."

Here was an unequivocal reminder to Gordon of the real fruitlessness of his interview. It was in effect a challenge; and he accepted it as such.

"She will yet become my wife."

Mr. Prentiss shook his head. "I have known her longer than you," he asserted proudly.

For a moment there was silence. Issue had been joined in these two sentences, and further speech was superfluous. It was Gordon who relieved the tension, which seemed almost hostile, by putting out his hand.

"Mr. Prentiss," he said, cheerily, "we disagree utterly, but that is no reason surely why we should not part with amicable respect for each other's differences of opinion? I know you are actuated solely by the desire to accomplish what you believe to be right."

The genial appeal was instantly reciprocated. The clergyman grasped the outstretched hand and shook it firmly. To agree to disagree gracefully was in keeping with his theories as to the proper attitude of men of affairs.

"Mr. Perry," he said, "I am glad to have made your acquaintance. Believe me, I grieve that the Church in my person must stand between you and happiness. If any matter at any time arises where you think I could be of public service, do not hesitate to consult me. I am well aware that we both are laborers in the same vineyard."

Considering that their theological views were nearly as divergent as the poles, and that they were battling for a woman's soul, this was eminently conciliatory and rational on either side.



HE parting with Gordon had been exceedingly painful for Constance, but she had not wavered. The circumstance that they were in the street had been a serviceable protection, for it forced upon the interview a restraint which must have been lacking had they been indoors. She was enabled to keep her lover at bay, and to meet his protestations of devotion and dismay with the answer that she had made up her mind. At the outset she had explained to him in a few words that she had become convinced that marriage would be inconsistent with her highest spiritual duty and hence must be renounced. Her responses to his arguments and impetuous questions were brief and substantially a repetition of her plea that it was incumbent on them for the good of civilization to stifle their love. He did most of the talking, she listened, and under the influence of her resolution rebuffed him gently from time to time, trying to make plain to him that separation was inevitable. When they had reached Lincoln Chambers she felt it advisable for both their sakes that he should not enter, but that they should part with as little excitement as possible. Of what avail an emotional scene such as would be sure to take place were she to let him in? So she had bidden him good-by then and there, informing him that she was to become Mrs. Wilson's secretary. She had permitted herself finally one last hand clasp and the luxury of saying, "May God bless you, Gordon. You have been the truest friend a woman ever had. I wish you might be more. Good-by." Then she had fled, leaving him standing aghast and still refusing to believe that she could be in earnest.

After she was alone she was free to weep, and weep she did, divining, perhaps, that the surest way to drown her grief was to let sorrow have sway for the moment. When she faced life on the morrow, quiet and resolute, she could not help thinking of the Catholic Sisters of Charity whom she was in the habit of seeing on the street, whose faces so constantly suggested that they had dispensed with earthly happiness. But her elastic nature demanded that she should seek earthly happiness still, and

she found herself protesting against the thought that her renunciation might sadden the remainder of her life. Was not her sacrifice for the welfare of society? If so, it behooved her to behold in it a real blessing over which she should rejoice. If it were not a cause for congratulation, a real escape from evil, she was simply worshipping a fetich as Gordon had declared. It was no case of preference for spiritual over mundane things, but of a choice of what was best for her as a human being. Hence she ought to find fresh zest in life itself, not wait for future rewards.

So she sought to deaden her senses to every thought or memory of Gordon, and to take up her new life as a quickening privilege. The first thing to do was to regain the complete use of her eyes, and for this patient idleness during several months would be necessary.

Therefore, without demur, she lived up to her promise to Mrs. Wilson by accepting the funds necessary for her support until such time as she was able to assume the full duties of her position. Mrs. Wilson made this easier for her by sending her to investigate diverse philanthropic and sociological appeals and employing her on a variety of errands. The present secretary had agreed to remain until Constance could take her place, and was glad to delegate such duties as the latter could perform. Accordingly Constance reported daily for instructions and had the run of the office appropriated to the secretary's use, a pretty room furnished with a convenient but artistic desk, a typewriter and all the paraphernalia for the despatch of a large correspondence. She longed for the day to arrive when this room would be hers, and she could devote herself unreservedly to the furtherance of Mrs. Wilson's wide interests.

One evening, some fortnight after the parting between Constance and Gordon, Loretta came bouncing into Constance's apartment. She had been employed in one place as a nurse during that period, but had completed her engagement the day before. She appeared to be in good spirits, and Constance noticed that she had on a new hat and jacket more gaudy than was her custom, as though she had spent her earnings promptly and freely. More-

over she looked knowing. The cause of this last manifestation was disclosed when, after a few preliminary greetings, she exclaimed:

"And so you've left Gordon Perry, Esq., Counsellor at Law!"

"Yes. It wouldn't have been fair to Mr. Perry to ask him to wait. Besides, Mrs. Wilson has invited me to become her private secretary. Miss Perkins is going to be married."

Loretta cocked her head on one side and winked an eye. She appeared amused by this plausible explanation, which apparently was not news to her.

"I guess somebody else is going to be married, too."

Constance felt uncomfortable; she scented mischief. But there was nothing to do but look innocent.

"A little bird told me to-day that you had only to nod your head to become Mrs. Gordon Perry, Esq." Enjoying the look of confusion which this bold sally evoked, Loretta approached Constance and peered mockingly into her face.

"It's so, isn't it? You're engaged and you can't deny it. I knew it!"

"Nothing of the kind, Loretta," she managed to articulate with decision.

The little bird was evidently Mrs. Harry. But the charwoman's gossip could only have been conjecture, and of course her inquisitor knew nothing definite.

"Well, it's your own fault if it isn't. From what I hear he's just crazy to get you." Loretta paused a moment; she was ferreting for information. She seized Constance by the shoulders and fixed her again with her shrewd gaze. "You can't fool me, Constance Stuart. There's something in the wind. I shan't rest until I find out."

Constance noticed that her cheeks were slightly flushed, and her eyes unnaturally bright. Could she have been drinking? Surely not, or her breath would have betrayed her. Doubtless it was only the excitement of deviltry awakened by feminine curiosity. Then it occurred to Constance to tell her. Was it not best to tell her? Loretta would make her life miserable, so she had intimated, if she concealed the truth. And then again, as she was sacrificing her love for a principle, why conceal from this other struggler the vital conclusion she had reached? It might help, or at

least stimulate Loretta. She shrank from disclosing her precious secret, but now that she was interrogated, was it not the simplest, the most straightforward course to confess what had happened and explain her reason?

"Sit down, Loretta, and I will tell you."

The girl obeyed, surveying her with an exultant mien. Constance hesitated a moment. It was not easy to begin. "Mr. Perry and I have talked things over. Yes, Loretta, he did ask me to marry him."

Loretta uttered what resembled a whoop of triumph, partly to celebrate her own perspicacity, partly by way of congratulation. "I felt sure of it. I knew he loved you by the way he was carrying on."

"And I loved him, but I'm not going to marry him. We are to see no more of each other for the present. It would be wrong for me to become his wife."

Loretta stared as though she could not believe her ears. "Wrong? Who says so? You don't mean to tell me you've refused him?"

"Yes," said Constance a little sadly, for the genuineness of the surprise expressed recalled her own perplexity in discerning an adequate reason for the sacrifice.

Loretta gasped. "Well, you are a fool, and no mistake! Refuse a man like that who's crazy to marry you and whom you love! Wrong? What's wrong about it?"

"It's contrary to the law of my Church, which forbids a woman who has a husband living from marrying again."

"But he's as good as dead so far as you're concerned," interjected Loretta.

Without heeding this pertinent remark, Constance proceeded to state the so-called spiritual objections with succinct fervor. She felt the desire to reiterate aloud their complete potency.

Loretta listened closely, but with obvious bewilderment and disdain. Even now she seemed unable to credit her companion's announcement as genuine.

"If your clergyman won't marry you, get a justice of the peace. That's just as good."

Constance shook her head. "From my point of view remarriage would be sinful—impure."

Loretta leaned back on the lounge where she was sitting and clasped her hands behind her head. She appeared to be at a loss to find words to express her feelings.

"And you mean to tell me that you've let that man go—the man you love and who'd give you a fine home and be a fond husband to you—for such a reason as that?"

"Yes," answered Constance, stanchly.

"Then all I can say is you didn't deserve such luck. He's too good for you."

Loretta's conviction went so deep that she had become grave, and, so to speak, dignified in her language.

"He's too good for any woman I know," Constance felt impelled to assert. "But for both our sakes, all the same, it was my duty not to marry him. Mr. Perry knows my reasons and—and respects them."

Constance had wondered many times what her lover's present emotions were, but she chose to take no less than this for granted.

"If he loves you as much as I guess he does, he must just hate you, Constance Stuart. My! Think of throwing up a chance like that." Then suddenly a thought occurred to Loretta, and leaning forward she asked tensely, "Does *she* know?"

The suggestion of resentment on Gordon's part had been to Constance like a dash of scalding water. The question just put served as a restorative.

"Mrs. Wilson? It was she who advised me to let him go. She agrees with me entirely."

Loretta looked astonished and disappointed; then she frowned.

"Just because you've been married once? Not if you got a divorce?"

"Never, so long as my husband is alive and we are liable to meet in the flesh."

Constance realized that her phraseology had a clerical sound; still she felt that she had a right to the entire arsenal of the Church.

"And she believes that too, does she? Believes that it would be wicked for a good looking, hard-working girl, whose husband has left her in the lurch, and may be dead for all she knows or cares, to get a divorce and marry again? And that's the Church? My! but it's the crankiest thing I ever heard. That's the sort of thing which sets the common folk who use their wits against religion. There's no sense in it. She's a widow; would she refuse to marry again if the right man came along?"

"That's different," said Constance, perceiving that an answer was expected.

"And what's the difference? It's all right to be spliced to another man in three months after the breath is out of the first one's body, as some of them do, but impure to marry again so long as the husband who has dragged you round by the hair of your head is liable to drop in. If it comes to that, and marriages are made in heaven, as the clergy say, what do the dead husbands and wives think about second marriages anyway? I'd be real jealous if I were dead."

"The Church has thought it all out and come to the conclusion that it is the best rule for human society."

Constance spoke with hurried emphasis, hoping to terminate the discussion. She did not desire to argue the matter with Loretta; at the same time she recognized the familiar pertinency of the allusions to dead husbands and wives.

Loretta detected Constance's nervous agitation. "I hate to think it of her," she cried with sudden illumination, "but I believe she has badgered you into it!"

"Nothing of the kind, Loretta. It's my own free choice. Mrs. Wilson simply made clear to me the Church's side."

Loretta sneered. "It's downright cruel, that's what I call it. The Church's side! The Church doesn't recognize divorce, but there's always been ways for the rich—the folk with pull, kings and such—to get the marriages they were tired of pronounced void from the beginning. It was only necessary to show that they had been god-parents to the same child, or were twenty-fifth cousins by affinity, as it's called, or some such tomfoolery. It didn't take Napoleon long when he wished to get rid of Josephine to induce the Catholic Church to declare that they never had been married, though it was a good church wedding before a cardinal. Pshaw! The Church has fooled the people long enough. What we want is justice and common sense."

That same cry for justice, that same appeal to common sense; and from what very different lips! Yet though Constance shrank from the coarseness of the exposition, somehow the naked saliency of the argument was more persuasive than Gordon's subtler plea. Her instinctive compassion for the masses asserted itself. The fact

that Loretta should have touched at once the crucial point which Gordon's trained intelligence had emphasized struck her forcibly. And, after all, what was she herself but one of the common people? But she said:

"The scandal in Mrs. Wilson's own family has been the greatest grief and mortification to her."

Loretta bridled. "Yes, and when Mrs. Waldo gets her divorce in South Dakota and comes back married again, won't everybody she cares about receive her just the same? In six months she'll be staying in Benham and her mother'll be inviting all the other multi-millionnaires to meet her at a big blow-out; see if she don't." She paused, and her eyes took on a crafty look. "What do you suppose she'd say if I were to go back to my man?"

Constance sat bolt upright from apprehension. Loretta's air of mystery, which was accentuated by a whispering tone, conveyed to her the true import of the intimation. Yet she would not seem to understand.

"What do you mean, Loretta?"

"My man; the father of my child. He was in town the other day. He has found out where I am and has been plaguing me to go back to him."

"Did he ask you to marry him?" asked Constance, seeking that solution.

"That's not what he meant. But I've thought of that, too—on baby's account. I guess he would if I were set on it. But we're both doing well single, and—" She stopped and laughed sarcastically—"and supposing we didn't like each other and got divorced, I could never marry anyone else."

"No matter about that now, Loretta. Do you love him still?"

"It's love that makes the world go round. There isn't much else worth living for, I guess." She pursed her lips after this enigmatical answer, then suddenly relaxed them in an impetuous outburst. "One thing's sure, Constance Stuart, *you* don't know what love is or you'd never have sent away Gordon Perry, Esq., Counsellor at Law."

"Don't, Loretta," said Constance, imploringly.

"It's true."

"I love him with all my heart. You don't understand."

"Pish! If you'd loved him as a woman loves a man when she does love him, you'd have been married before this. Why, there's times when I feel like going right back to my man, and I'm not what you'd call more than moderately fond of him. If it hadn't been that I didn't want to disappoint her—and you—I'd have done it before this. Now the next time he comes back, I shouldn't wonder if I did." She leaned back again on the sofa with her hands behind her head nodding doggedly, and nursing her intention.

Constance, appalled, went over and sat down beside her. "Oh, but you mustn't, you mustn't! Go to-morrow to see Mrs. Wilson and talk with her. She will give you strength and convince you that unless you marry him such a course would be suicide, a cruel wrong to yourself, dear—you who have done so well."

"I've kept straight chiefly to suit her; but I don't like what she has done to you."

"Please leave me and my affairs out of the question, Loretta. They have nothing to do with your preserving your own self-respect."

"I don't know about that. If she's just like the rest; if that's a sample of the religion and the beauty she prides herself on, I've been fooled, you've been fooled. What's the use of being respectable if, when true love does come, a poor, deserted woman is robbed of it for such a reason as that?"

It surprised Constance that Loretta should take sides so strongly, and she perceived that the girl must have a tenderer feeling for her than she had supposed. This made her all the more anxious to protect her.

"I value your sympathy very much, dear, but it won't help me—it'll only make me dreadfully unhappy if you do wrong."

Loretta looked at her keenly. Then she took out a small phial, similar to that which Constance had observed on another occasion, and swallowed a pellet ostentatiously.

"If you're troubled with the blues these are the thing to take. They brace one splendid."

"What are they, Loretta?"

"If you promise to take some right along, I'll tell you." But she evidently was not eager to disclose her secret, for she

promptly replaced the phial in her pocket, and said, "I'll make a bargain with you, Constance. If you'll marry Gordon Perry, Esq., Counsellor at Law, I'll keep straight."

Constance flushed. "But I can't, dear. It's all settled."

"He will come back, if you only whistle. You know that."

Constance let her eyes fall. She feared that it was too true. But she could not afford to be pensive. She must be both resolute and resourceful, for the future of this erring sister seemed to be hanging in the balance.

"I can never marry Mr. Perry, Loretta. But——"

"I thought better things of you, Constance. Oh! well then I'll go back to my man."

"If you should do such a thing it would break Mrs. Wilson's heart."

This seemed to Constance in her perplexity the most hopeful appeal, and she was right, for Loretta was obviously impressed by the remark.

"Would it?" she asked. She looked down at her large hands and let them rise and fall in her lap like one nervously touched by sentiment.

"I do not know of anything which would distress her more," continued Constance.

After a moment Loretta said, "He's away now. He won't be on this route again for another four months. So there isn't any danger just yet." She shrugged her shoulders. Then she rose, adding, "I guess I'll go to bed," which was plainly an intimation that this was to be the limit of her present concession.

Constance was relieved, not only that immediate danger was averted, but that the tie which bound Loretta to Mrs. Wilson, however temporarily strained, was still strong and compelling. She rejoiced to think that they were warned, so that they could now keep a closer watch and leave nothing undone to save her from further degeneration. She dismissed the subject by making some inquiries in regard to Loretta's last case. The girl's responses were to the point and brisk, but she did not resume her seat, and evidently had no intention of remaining. Presently she got as far as the door, where she stood discussing for a few moments with her hand on the knob. When at last she opened it and was in the act of

departing, she turned her head and uttered this parting shot, which indicated what was still uppermost in her thoughts:

"I guess that you never really loved Gordon Perry, Esq., Counsellor at Law, or you couldn't have done it."

This taunt lingered in Constance's mind, though she denied the impeachment to herself. Was it not indeed true, as Loretta said, that it is love which makes the world go round? Only for the sake of righteousness was she justified as a healthy, breathing woman in stifling this instinct. If Loretta in the future were to marry some one other than the father of her child both the Church and Mrs. Wilson would rejoice because the mere ceremony of marriage had been lacking in the first relation; yet she herself was forbidden to marry the man she loved because she was tied to a faithless husband by the mere husk of marriage.

She saw Loretta but two or three times before her convalescence was complete and she had assumed her duties as Mrs. Wilson's secretary, for Loretta was sent for again shortly, and was only at home in the interval between her engagements. But Constance gave Mrs. Wilson forthwith an inkling of Loretta's state of mind, though she tried to believe that the girl's wanton threat was a mere passing ebullition due

to resentment of her reason for refusing Gordon. Nevertheless, she did not altogether like the expression of her eyes; it suggested excitement, and predominance of that boldness which, though typical, had been much in abeyance during the period of her regeneration. She remembered, too, the bottle of pellets, which indicated that she was taking some drug. So, though she could not believe that she was seriously considering such an abhorrent proceeding, she felt it her duty to put Mrs. Wilson on her guard. They both agreed, however, that the culprit must be handled gingerly, and not too much made of the occurrence. Accordingly Mrs. Wilson straightway wrote to Loretta, but her letter was a missive of interest and encouragement, not of reproach or alarm. She deplored in it that she had lately seen but little of her ward, owing to the latter's popularity as a nurse, and urged her to call on her at the first opportunity. She sent her also one or two pretty toilet articles for herself and some new frocks for her baby. Constance said nothing, however, to Mrs. Wilson as to Loretta's attitude toward the Church regarding remarriage after divorce, for she could not bear to renew the subject with her patroness. It was settled forever, and her spirit craved peace.

(To be continued.)



HOW THE BABY HELD UP TWO ARMIES

By Mary Gay Humphreys

ILLUSTRATIONS BY E. M. ASHE



HE day that the Japanese army, eight thousand strong, under General Oshima, landed at Seoul, the Calvin MacMurtrie's baby fell ill. This was the middle of July,

when the Korean climate lies on the shoulders like a wet blanket.

In fifteen minutes every tent was up, the rice cooked, and two days' boiled water was ready for the little men—so perfect was the Japanese executive staff. In twenty-four hours they had possession of the Palace, all the bureaus, and had set in motion all those beneficent reforms which, it was promptly announced, the Japanese army had come over to bestow.

Such stirring events did not disturb the routine of the foreign residents of Seoul, who were accustomed in that comic-opera civilization to lightning changes of government, and tea and tennis went on as usual.

The tennis court and club house are in the valley overlooked by the British Legation, the pretty Korean house of the American Minister, and the imposing mansion of the Russians crowning the slope.

Diplomats and missionaries were at the nets, and a lounging group on the piazza watched the game and at the same time discussed the gossip of Seoul. The two prominent topics were the Japanese invasion and the MacMurtrie baby's illness. The baby, indeed, had the larger share of attention, for the women were more numerous. It was Mrs. Helyett's day for tea, and her governess and several unattached missionaries were assisting her to make ready for the moment when the players should come in, red and clamorous.

"Mary Adams was sent for after midnight," continued Miss Knightson, contemplating the arrangement of the table. "Baby must have been pretty bad, for she didn't take time to wait for her chair, but went on her bike."

"Alone!" exclaimed Mrs. Helyett. "At that hour?"

"Alone. But who's afraid of Koreans?"

"The Japanese, though."

"Sure enough. But baby was in convulsions."

"Convulsions! Miss Coote, you must go and inquire before dinner."

Miss Coote was the governess of Mrs. Helyett; a lady-like young girl, with a brother, an out-door customs man at Chemulpo—both positions of subordination which required a subdued manner to match.

"Miss Wilson is with them this afternoon, and I am to spend the night." Miss Knightson continued. "Here is Mary Adams now. Do tell us, Mary."

A tall, well-developed young woman entered, with a swift, noiseless movement. Mary Adams was what is known as a medical missionary, but there clung to her no odor of the sick-room. She came in, bringing with her a sense of out-doors, of harmony of mind and person, and a pair of large white hands that seemed formed to grapple neatly and decisively with difficulties.

"How is baby, Mary?" everyone asked, with the unanimity of a chorus.

"Quiet this morning at eleven. The convulsions have passed, but left it perilously weak. Poor Mrs. MacMurtrie is nearly as ill, and Calvin looks like a wraith. We must arrange a system of relays, for they need support, mental and physical."

"It is a pity they would live at that end," said Miss Knightson.

"Yes. But Mrs. Cho Yun Ha is near. Her Chinese good sense is fairly Western."

"Thanks to the Shanghai Mission."

"Perhaps."

Mrs. Helyett looked up from her cups.

"I hope the poor little fellow will pull through, Miss Adams." Mrs. Helyett was a mother herself—an English mother with

an ever-increasing brood, and a tender heart for all things under three years. "After that spank them," was her unfailing advice to the indulgent Americans.

"But were you not afraid, Miss Adams?"

"Mrs. Helyett"—Mary came up, resting her finger tips on the table—"to tear down South Street on a bike under a Korean moon was an experience. It seemed to me I was the only thing alive."

"The last woman!" exclaimed Miss Knightson.

"Oh, there was a last man!" Mary sank into a chair with a low laugh. "Just as I was turning the corner at Biya's—the shadows were as black as noonday—I ran almost into something which said, 'Great Scott!' as plain as the nose on your face."

"A man, a true trousered man?" Nelly Blackburn, a girl of sixteen, a native born, came up, racket in hand.

"A man, Nelly, a foreign man, and by his voice, a new man. I know every intonation in Seoul. I couldn't wait to investigate. But conceive of his sensations. A mountain tiger he might have anticipated, but a foreign woman on a bike at midnight in Seoul—never!"

"I know. It was a Doshisha Japsentry." Nelly nodded her head positively, for like all the young of Seoul she kept track of events.

"I had forgotten there were such things as Japanese sentries," Mary meditated. "Well, ignorance is the mother of courage. I'm ever so afraid of getting wise."

"Oh, that's your reason." Miss Knightson turned from the library, where she was checking off books.

"Saucy! But seriously I am glad I'd forgotten the Japanese, for I would have waited to waken my boys, and Cho is one of the descendants of the Seven Sleepers."

"The Japanese say they have come to stay," said Nelly.

"They think so, but there may be two words to that. Hush!"

The entrance of a good-natured, broad-faced woman with a Calmuck nose interrupted Mrs. Helyett. It was the wife of the Russian Minister. The unexpected arrival of the Japanese might not be an agreeable topic; and in a small society like that of Seoul, representing such varied interests, debatable conversation had no place.

On the piazza talk was freer.

"By Jove! what do you think of the pretext?" Judge Gilkerson was a British magistrate who had come over from China to preside over the Consular Court.

"For taking the Palace? Crickey! See Ankenyserve. Oh, long memories! They've claimed sovereignty since old Queen Jingu's time," Dr. Knightson answered, being an authority on Korean history.

"Sixteen centuries is a far-away claim. The King of Shiran is Japan's dog. Eh?"

"Just so."

"The Oriental is sublime in claims. China at least exercised her sovereignty."

"Yes, we've all seen the King go down to the gap to receive the Chinese envoys. That's being a vassal, I take it."

"Well, the Japanese will clean you up, at least. They're clean beggars, the Japs. But what do you suppose they think about it up there?" The Judge pointed to the Russian towers.

"The Bear is awake. Peter's map is never folded. If this thing goes on, the blue sea is in sight of the Bear. Meanwhile, with the Japanese broom we'll escape cholera." Dr. Knightson got up. "By the way, MacMurtrie's baby is sick. Boy No. 2 told my Pak."

"Dear me! It must have been sudden. I saw Mac yesterday."

"Taken last night with convulsions."

"The poor little chap! I wonder if there is anything we can do."

The Judge's sympathy was sincere. In these little alien colonies, each human counts. The MacMurtrie baby was the last "added to the strength of" the community, as the English army orders announce each new arrival of this sort in the marriage lines.

The conversation was interrupted by the arrival of the tennis players, fanning themselves with their rackets and clamorous for tea. They were a couple of missionaries, a young attaché, Leggett, and a tall, robust young Englishman, who dropped behind as the group approached the piazza. The Judge and Dr. Knightson got up and joined them, and they disappeared within. The last comer halted shyly on the steps, but Leggett put out his head.

"Come on, Hayton, man. They're harmless."

There was a general uplifting of heads as

the young man entered the room; for a stranger in Seoul counts twice.

"Ah, Mr. Hayton," Mrs. Helyett greeted him from her tea-table. "Miss Coote, look after Mr. Hayton."

Nelly Blackburn, who had taken the stranger in with her wide-eyed scrutiny, resumed her speech:

"But I tell you, Miss Knightson, I saw Boy No. 2 holding the bread between his toes to toast."

"What do you mean, Nelly? This bread?" Miss Knightson made herself heard in the general protest.

"No, our bread. But then I shouldn't be surprised. They do all sorts of things when nobody is looking," Nelly insisted in her own defence.

In the outcry, the new-comer strove to reach the window, and plunged awkwardly over the elbows of Mary Adams's long-sleeved chair.

"Great Scott!" he ejaculated. His awkwardness was unnoticed in the excitement of Nelly's revelations, except by Mary Adams, who gave a quick glance up into his face. He caught her eye, and their mutual gaze was arrested until crimson flags began to wave in both their cheeks.

Mary Adams got up hastily, and under cover of Nelly's surprising and suggestive statements went to the tea-table, while the young man sought the window ledge and drank his tea.

"Well, I dare say that at home we don't always know what goes on in our own kitchens," Mrs. Blackburn protested, as the best defence she could make for her beloved Koreans. For it is to be observed, except in Japan, the missionary carries himself chivalrously toward the race to which he is accredited, against all comers.

Nelly, having spent her shaft, left her elders to the subject she had incontinently set going, and sought Mary Adams.

"I say, Mary, that's a new man. I know who he is; Miss Coote said a young mining engineer was coming to see about Perkins Martins's concession. You remember that roaring M. P. who was at the Consulate. I'll bet a cooky that he is the man you nearly ran down last night."

"Don't let him see we're talking about him, Nelly," Mary whispered.

"Humph! my note not talking. You're blushing. He's looking at you."

Nelly having succeeded in setting up another disturbing interest, turned away. Always hospitably inclined, she circled the tea-room and approached the stranger.

"Can't I get you another cup?" She regarded this as a suitable way of beginning a conversation. He silently handed her his empty cup.

"The usual trimmings?" she asked.

He turned her a puzzled face.

"Cream and sugar. Not Russian," Nelly kindly explained.

"Assuredly. Cream and sugar. Thanks, kindly."

"There it is, pure English, and an extra lump of sugar I stole, in the saucer." Nelly handed him the replenished cup and sat down on the arm of Mary's chair, ready to provide either entertainment or information. As the young man made no demand for either, she kindly took the initiative.

"Isn't it sad about the MacMurtrie baby? It's our last, you know. Mary Adams was sent for in the middle of the night, and ran a man down on her bike. Of course he had no right to be on the street at that hour, so he must have been a stranger; and he couldn't have been a Korean, because a Korean respects the curfew."

"This is very bewildering. Why shouldn't I have been on the street?" He frankly admitted his fault, enlightenment seeming to afford some piquancy.

"Oh, it was you! I must tell Mary." Nelly jumped off her perch.

"No, I beg of you. You must tell me about the curfew. I don't want to get locked up. Come, sit down again. I may need another cup of tea."

At sixteen to be thus entreated is conclusive. Nelly sat down again.

"Now tell me about the curfew."

"Don't you know? The poor dears are shut-up women. They can't go out in the daytime, for fear the men will look at them. So at night the men have to stay home and let them run about."

"Oh, I see. What a jolly thing for the women! Well, I won't offend again. It's too dangerous."

"You mean Mary's bike? Ah, you're joking, and you looked so sober!" Nelly's tone was laden with reproach.

"Hayton, where are you hiding? Mrs.



They were a couple of missionaries.—Page 343.

Helyett wants you. Nelly, you mustn't monopolize him. He's all we've got;" and Leggett led the young man from his retreat.

"I say, Leggett, who was the little girl?"

"It's a good thing she didn't hear you call her a little girl. Isn't she a pickle? It is Nelly Blackburn. Her father is doing Romans into *unmun*."

"She's one of the native born?"

"Korean bred. These missionary children are a distinct breed. They're born into

the language. I've seen Nelly and her brother Jack exchange glances at our educated pronunciation. Nelly, I think, once asked Empress Min for a piece of bread and butter. Mrs. Helyett, here's your man. Hayton, make your manners."

The MacMurtrie baby grew no better, and the Japanese multiplied. The women took turns at the MacMurtrie household, and the men, too, took upon themselves Calvin's duty. Meanwhile the ships an-



Hayton knocked it from his hand.—Page 347.

chored off Chemulpo, and the Chinese landed at Asan. This was not according to the etiquette of war which Orientals think one another should practise. The Chinese should have gone to Chemulpo, where the Japanese ships were in waiting. Accordingly, General Oshima sent the Third Battalion encamped at Seoul to tell them so.

The situation left the Commissariat at Chemulpo cut off from Seoul by roving

bands of Chinese cavalry, and with it the Commissariat of the foreign population of Seoul. Daily the supply of tinned butter and condensed milk grew less. The Korean coolies who are good as pack horses up to four hundred pounds, and who alone could be used to transport ammunition and food overland, as quickly deserted as they were ruthlessly impressed by their old enemies, the Japanese.

Mary Adams had been with the baby all

night. White-faced, with drooping eyes, she came down South Street on her bicycle. At Biya's corner she was halted by a Japanese guard, who levelled his gun as a barrier, and she dismounted. He pointed to a placard on a wall. She shook her head.

"Wakamarisen—I don't understand."

He pointed back the way she had come.

"No can do. I go Chong Dong," pointing up Legation Street and using that peculiar dialect that the foreigner insensibly feels to be more intelligible to the Oriental. "Baby sick."

The idle Koreans gathered about the two.

"Do none of you know Japanese? Tell him I must go for sick baby." Mary asked the Koreans. The amiable Koreans were clamorous with sympathy, but nobody knew Japanese.

Hayton, swinging down from Chong Dong, where the foreigners foregather, saw the crowd about a foreign woman. "Race instinct" comes first, in the East.

"Miss Adams, is it you? Get out of the way, you beggars!" pushing the Koreans right and left, whose tall figures had hid the little Japanese.

"I might have known it was one of you," he said. "What is this fellow doing, Miss Adams?"

"He won't let me go up the street." Hayton took note of the pallid face, the tremulous voice, and the firm, white hand now lying flaccid on the handle-bar.

"You are worn out. Let this lady go, you miserable shrimp."

The Japanese stood his ground, with his gun still across her wheel.

Hayton knocked it from his hand, and the Koreans shrieked with laughter.

"You don't own this town. Not yet, you youngster," he added.

The Japanese picked up the gun with passive face, and again placed it across the wheel.

Hayton knocked the gun again from his hand, and sent the guard spinning after it. The Koreans shouted again, and one, picking up the gun, handed it to Hayton.

"I don't want his gun. Here, Johnnie, take your gun. Miss Adams, you are exhausted. Can you mount your bicycle? You must get home, and get some rest."

Mary smiled faintly. It was very sweet to be considered. Her place in life was to consider others.

"I am hurrying to Mrs. Helyett's to see if she has any condensed milk. If we can get none, baby will die." Mary, to her own surprise and Hayton's undoing, burst into tears.

"It is your fault, for being s-so kind," Mary faltered.

"Miss Adams, if there is a can of condensed milk in Seoul I will find it. But you must go home, and get to bed."

Hayton presented himself at the Helyett's breakfast-table, and promptly confiscated the condensed milk, which had been prepared as nearly as possible to emulate the sincere flow of the absent cow.

"Any more, Mrs. Helyett?" he cheerfully demanded. "No, I haven't time to sit down."

"But you might as well while Miss Coote sees if there is any more in the store-room," his hostess urged. "Here is your cup."

"If we can get no milk, the baby will die." Hayton repeated Mary's words unconsciously, but with conviction.

The Consul General gave a glance of surprised inquiry at Hayton in possession of such positive information.

"I met Miss Adams on her way here. She was worried getting by a Jap sentry;" such was Hayton's version of the encounter. "She was fairly beaten out, so I volunteered to see you."

"Mary Adams is a product," said the Consul General meditatively.

"A product?" Hayton looked up.

"A daughter of the States."

Hayton waited for him to continue, and he did.

"Mary Adams has three times the *aplomb* of Miss Coote, who was born a lady."

"A lady? Isn't Miss Adams a lady?" Hayton resumed his occupation of bread rolling.

"Well, not according to our shibboleths. Her father was a small shop-keeper in Topeka, or Peoria."

"Delaware," Mrs. Helyett corrected.

"Delaware, my love, is a State."

"I'm sure I have heard her say something of Delaware," his wife persisted.

Meanwhile Hayton was trying to fancy Miss Coote speeding down Seoul streets at midnight—Miss Coote, who endlessly fetched and carried. He smiled at the thought.

Miss Coote reappeared with a couple of cans, which Hayton stuck in his pockets.



Drawn by E. M. Ashe.

Scrambling up the bank, she ran toward them.—Page 351.

"Try Madame Wagner's," Mrs. Helyett suggested, as Hayton hurried off.

"I say," said Leggett, coming in later, "I met Hayton up yonder bulging out like a boy who had been stealing apples."

So complete was Hayton's canvass of the town that even Biya, the hotel-keeper, was forced to yield up his last brace of tins.

"Now we've got enough to last five days," said Hayton, fully identifying himself with the situation, as he discharged his pockets at the MacMurtrie's quaint little Korean house. "By that time the Japanese will have opened up communication with Chemulpo."

But this was not the case. Meanwhile the impending conflict lost significance in the immediate fact that the MacMurtrie baby was lying, a feeble little wraith, in Mary Adams's arms, with a distracted mother on her knees, and countless prayers ascending in its behalf in every quarter of the town.

Hayton lay thumping his lumpy pillow at Biya's.

"What's the use of getting up?" he groaned. "I've done all I can do. Men are a helpless lot;" and he closed his eyes. "By Jove, I'll go to Chemulpo myself!" He sprang out of bed, and Biya, below, heard the crazy Englishman splashing and whistling, and looked up anxiously at his cracked ceiling.

At the Consulate, Mr. Helyett shook his head.

"I'm going," said Hayton. "I'll like the adventure. It's intolerable shut up here."

"My dear," Mrs. Helyett suggested, "he can go as a widower."

"What's that? I've no burial certificates concealed about my person, as the Americans say."

"It's a fact. You could do it safely as a widower. The missionaries go about as widowers in the Koreans' annual anti-foreign spasms," Mr. Helyett assented.

"You've got me," Hayton said helplessly.

Mrs. Helyett had already got up.

"I'll send the *mahpo* for Mr. Blackburn's dress."

Nelly came over with the *mahpo* and the clothes, and hugging her camera.

"You'll want a souvenir to send home," she kindly explained.

"Put on those things?" Hayton took up from a roll of Korean clothes made from a yellowish sacking, an umbrella-shaped hat at least three feet in diameter, and a square piece of sacking mounted on two sticks which served as handles.

"Kindly explain," he asked with pathos.

"That's to hold in front of your face. It is Korean etiquette not to inquire behind that screen," Mrs. Helyett explained.

"You are supposed to be in tears for your wife. She was a good laundress," Nelly added with asperity.

Hayton was resolute.

"Never—never will I get into those things!"

"Not even to have your picture taken to send home?" It was outside Nelly's experience, that a foreigner would not put on any sort of strange garments in order to send the photograph home.

"Never. My British knickers are good enough. I never was clever at amateur theatricals. Give me some credentials, Mr. Helyett, and I'm off."

Even so, in his British knickers, and with the foreigners' pride of race, Hayton strode down the scarcely defined path across country that leads to Chemulpo. The Japanese troops had advanced twelve miles from Seoul. Hayton found General Oshima seated under a piece of matting mounted on four sticks beneath a pine tree. This was his tent. The brigade had moved on to Suwon. Hayton had met the General in more peaceful days. It was easy to present himself and explain his errand.

General Oshima listened impassively, then a soft smile overspread the cold suavity of his face.

"Ah, the treasure flowers!" using the pretty Japanese idiom for children, and shaking his head as one who had memories. "Hearts are alike, in Europe and Japan. You reach Chemulpo to-night. You return at once. Two days—three days—take care. I cannot promise." He gave orders for a permit to pass through the lines, and Hayton hurried on until he reached the shores of the Ansong. Here, in pure delight of the eye, he paused.

Under the pine trees, on the rolling downs, the Chinese had pitched their tents, whose draperies of blue and white tossed gently in the breeze. From every height

floated the brilliant insignia of the banner men. In the centre rose the imperial standard, waving with dignity, as if replying to the myriad-colored salutes of the countless flags beneath. It was a riot of color and movement, carried further by the showy uniforms of the Chinese army, the gayly dressed officers, the servants with their red Tartar plumes, carrying fans, parasols, and Winchester rifles impartially. And above all sounded the strident music of the Chinese bands.

Surely if victory could be won by color and sound, it perched above the yellow Dragon hovering between earth and the brilliant Korean skies!

General Yeh's tent was pitched beneath the imperial standard. To him Hayton was led. A stalwart Englishman pleading for a sick baby before a Chinese general gorgeous in the panoply of war and in the midst of his warriors, touched heights that neither then perceived. The difficulties of speech on each side absorbed them.

The Chinese loquacity of the interpreter compared with the poverty of his English seemed to Hayton to intimate a friendly interest. Surely he himself had not been able to convey so much information! The conference at length ended. The General's eyes twinkled humorously. Perhaps he too had realized the inequality between his interpreter's knowledge of Chinese and English, as well as his skill at improvisation.

"Gracious permit," said that able person. "Inchin can go. Baby chow get. Then Dwarfs," meaning the enemy, "Chinaman make run."

After all this was the gist of things, and Hayton gratefully and joyfully set out toward Chemulpo. Takenouchi, the Chief of the Commissariat, forwarded his enterprise, and, best of all, he succeeded in securing a frightened Korean as pack-horse by promising him safe-conduct to Seoul. After a few hours' sleep and rest, Hayton loaded up his Korean with tin things, and they started back. It was Hayton's intention to avoid both armies, and avail himself of every short cut. They struck across paddy fields and made for the now swollen Han, which must be crossed three times. Twice fortune favored them. Now they wandered futilely along the banks. The sun grew misty and the moist heat seemed to swathe Hayton like a blanket. The Korean plod-

ded along, giving no evidence of discomfort. Hayton looked at him curiously.

"Hik-Hic, haec, hoc—that's good enough Korean for a name—what are you made of, any way?" Hayton pointed to some stubby grass and threw himself down. The Korean laughed, and, removing his load, sat down also, remarking cheerfully:

"If I peddle salt it rains. If I peddle flour it blows."

"Well, better luck next time. You're no such Jonah, Hik."

Hayton took out his pipe, and the Korean fetched out his, three feet long, with a bowl like a thimble. They exchanged courtesies in tobacco, and smoked in silence.

As they smoked, two Japanese soldiers came up behind. Hayton anticipated their guns with General Oshima's permit. Before it they bowed low, again and again.

"Hold—enough!" Hayton protested. "I'm too tired to waste strength that way," and he pointed to the Han. Evidently the Japanese were also looking for a ferry. The four followed the stream, until finally they came up to a couple of Koreans in a sampan.

"Hik, now is your chance," said Hayton.

The Korean shouted, and it seemed as if his words ought to have hit them like stones. The Koreans only rowed out into the stream.

Hayton touched the rifle of one of the Japanese, and he fired. The Koreans only paddled to land and fled. The other soldier shed his clothes, and, swimming across, brought back the sampan, and they ferried across.

The sun had not only set, but dark clouds overspread the sky. The darkness soon enveloped them, and they stumbled over the rice paddies silently. There was the tramp of horses' feet. A flash of lightning revealed a squad of Chinese cavalry. The men threw themselves down, and one of the Japanese levelled his rifle. The other pulled him down with an exclamation. He shook himself loose.

"Whether I am shot or not is a matter of destiny. I am not afraid."

"The end of the war is far off. It would be a pity to die now," his comrade rejoined.

But Hayton thrust him back without a word.

"A day's old puppy fears not the tiger," was the Korean's muttered comment.

"We seem to be in close quarters," said Hayton. "Hik, get in front of me, you rabbit." The frightened Korean had fallen significantly behind. "Come, march!" They plunged along in the impenetrable darkness. Suddenly from out the blackness a voice shouted:

"Is there no non-commissioned officer nor first-class private within hearing?"

One of the soldiers jumped forward.

"Yes. Here am I—Nasa Trefusa—first-class private."

"I am Captain Matzukata. Go with a message to the Third Battalion. I am cut off from the advance guard."

The little soldier plunged into the darkness. A flash of musketry cut the night like a sword. Hayton saw Matzukata fall, and at the same moment his bugler, sounding a charge, fell with the bugle still at his lips. Hayton pressed the barrel of his revolver against the Korean's back, and by the light of the musketry conveyed him behind a group of pines, whose needles fell in showers from the rain of Winchester bullets.

"When whales fight, the backs of shrimps are broken," Hik muttered, then gave himself up to fate. Together they stumbled on, until Hayton, halted by a groan in the road before him, stopped. There lay their little Japanese companion.

"Cut off my head," he begged. "Never let my body be taken by the enemy."

Hayton picked him up, and laid him across his shoulder. "Perhaps we can get him to Seoul, Hilo." But the groans ceased, and he heard a whisper like a brief ecstatic sigh, "Banzai Nihon." Then Hayton laid his burden down under some low bushes, and they pushed on.

"The Japanese are advancing," Hayton inferred, as the sound of the Murata rifles overcame the spit of the Winchesters. Truly enough, the battle of Suwon was on.

Seoul had heard the firing. The foreign colony, unmindful of the fate of nations, stirred in their beds, thinking only of Hayton's fate. All day the MacMurtrie baby had hovered between life and death; losing strength as its tiny rations were cut to prolong as far as possible the little store left. Mary Adams sat with the baby in her arms, listening to great Krupps punctuating the volley firing, scarcely listening to the comments of Miss Knowlton, who shared her vigil.

"Listen, Mary; Mr. Hayton will never get through. It's hopeless," she wailed.

"Don't be discouraged, Helen. It can't be long until daybreak." But her mind was filled with visions of a lonely man pierced by an alien bullet, his life going out in the darkness. Unable to sit still, she paced up and down the floor, with the baby for whose little life she had fought so valiantly perhaps going out amid the clash of the contending armies.

"God have mercy! Christ have mercy!" The unuttered prayer rose, and died away on her lips.

"I wish I had your composure, Mary. You never seem to have any nerves. Horrible! listen to that." Miss Knowlton buried her head in her hands.

With the grateful dawn came Mrs. Hel-yett and Mrs. Blackburn.

"What an awful night! Give me the little fellow, Mary, and go straight home, both of you, to bed.

"Yes," said Mary obediently; but got on her bicycle instead and made for the great South gate, which was swinging open ponderously to admit the throng of country people hurrying into the town for safety.

Mary sped down the road to the Han, her eyes vainly endeavoring to pierce the mists. In the straggling Korean crowds she could see nothing that resembled a stalwart Englishman. She reached the shores of the Han, where the sampans were unloading and Koreans screaming to one another over the events of the night. She turned wearily to retrace her steps, when over the downs two figures appeared. The bicycle dropped from her hands and fell unheeded on the ground. Scrambling up the bank, she ran toward them with a cry of anguish.

Hayton, drenched with blood and covered with grime, tottered forward. Of his outstretched arms he took no note.

"Ah, you are wounded!" she cried. "A life for a life," was her thought.

"Not a bit of it," Hayton answered cheerfully. "That's the blood of a poor little Jap."

"Thank God!" Mary swayed forward, and Hayton started to catch her.

"I'm not going to faint, Mr. Hayton; we haven't time."

Hayton stepped back shyly.

"I don't wonder, Miss Adams, you were

staggered at the sight of such a disreputable-looking beggar."

Mary smiled wistfully and shook her head.

The Korean, glad enough of a halt, watched curiously a man and woman looking in that manner into one another's eyes.

"The moon sees himself in the smiling waters," he muttered, with the Oriental's havoc in the way of genders.

Leggett and Mr. Blackburn had found one another hurrying down to the Han on the same errand, and both were unmindful of Nelly speeding after them on her wheel.

"There they are. Hooray! I see them, father. There's a foreign woman. It's Mary Adams, father."

Nelly unsprung her faithful camera and ran at their heels.

"It's all right," Hayton called to them. "Hik's loaded up to the guards with milk."

"Then you're not bleeding to death, with those lungs, Hayton. By Jove, you look it!" said Leggett. "Good morning, Miss Adams. You forestalled us. The discoverer's rights are yours."

Mary felt the pink signals showing from her cheeks, and turned to Mr. Blackburn.

"If you can get out some of the milk now, Mr. Blackburn, I'll hurry back with it."

But Nelly had not been idle.

"Now I know you'll want a souvenir, Mr. Hayton. I've got it for you, and Mary Adams is in the picture." Nelly patted her camera affectionately.

Speech was impossible, but Hayton then vowed a vow: Mary Adams should always be in the picture.

CHIAROSCuro

By Rosamund Marriott Watson

I WALKED alone in a wood where the fluttering Spring wind blew
Through veils of silvery sunlight and silvered green,
A glory of birds about me and Spring's own sheen
Fresh upon blossom and bough in glints of crystalline dew.

And I said to my heart, Can it be that at last we know?
Can it be given to us to indeed divine
The soul in the image, the great artificer's sign,
Spring as the symbol of life—that the Maker conceived it so?

I walked in a glamour of gold and of golden leaves,
The dusk of a low, late sunset, and heard the call
Of Robin singing sweetest and last of all:
Still were the clouds, but stiller the rich chrysanthemum sheaves.

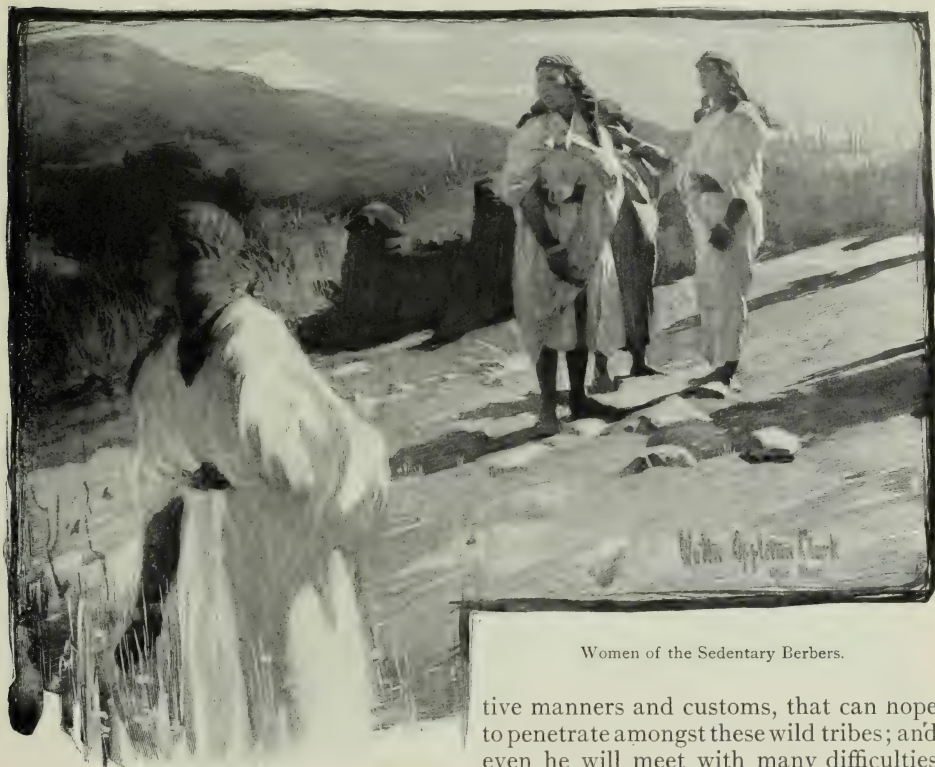
And I said to my heart, Were this the likeness of Life's last close,
Splendors of song-thrilled silence and mellow peace,
Still should we mourn the waning of Summer's lease,
Came thus the ultimate ending as loose leaves fall from a rose?

I said to my heart, Behold, then, God's meaning clear—
Life all a dream and a promise, shown forth in Spring;
Even in the low, late sunset one bird to sing
When death comes, golden and gracious, as comes the fall of the year.

THE BERBERS OF MOROCCO

By Walter Harris, F. R. G. S.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. A. CLARK, E. C. PEIXOTTO, W. M. BURGHER, AND H. L. BROWN



Women of the Sedentary Berbers.

WHILE the Arab and Moorish population of Morocco have received no little attention from the pen and pencil of travellers, the Berbers have been left almost entirely undescribed. Nor is the reason of this difficult to discover, for ever since the Arab invasion of the country in the seventh century they have been perpetually driven further and further afield from the more fertile and more easily attainable portions of the land, until to-day they are only to be found in the most inaccessible districts, where, at war with stranger, and generally, too, amongst themselves, they jealously guard their domain against intrusion. It is only the traveller who possesses a fluent knowledge of the Arabic language, and who is ready to adopt the native dress and conform to na-

tive manners and customs, that can hope to penetrate amongst these wild tribes; and even he will meet with many difficulties and not a few dangers, if not with a stern refusal to allow him to proceed. That such is the case can scarcely be wondered at, for ever since the now predominating Arab race began to pour into the country, the Berbers have suffered at their hands, a fact that renders them suspicious of all men. The fertile valleys, the rich plains that they once inhabited have been overrun by the new people, until, in order to avoid total extermination, they have been obliged to seek a refuge in the mountain chains and forest lands, where pursuit is impossible, and where the nature of the soil is such as not to tempt the Arabs to oust them. That, in the face of such treatment, the Berbers have been able to maintain throughout their independence and their characteristics is evidence that they are possessed of no little vitality. It

is true that where the two races have come in contact—the Semitic Arabs and the Hamitic Berbers—the latter have largely merged into the former, and there exist many tribes to-day which, though actually of Berber descent, have abandoned their racial character, their language, and their customs for those of the Arabs. Yet in spite of this, no love exists between the two, and in such parts of the Moorish Empire as the two races find themselves neighbors, a constant state of guerilla warfare exists, usually taking the form of organized raids, and not unselfdom of pitched battles. This state of affairs the native government is absolutely incapable of repressing, for no sooner does a punitive expedition approach than the tribes collect their women, cattle, flocks, and herds, and seek refuge in the peaks of the Atlas, or in the recesses of their forests, where pursuit by an ill-organized and totally inefficient soldiery, such as is possessed by the Sultan of Morocco, is out of the question. More than once during the reign of the late Sultan—Mulai El Hassen—the army received severe checks from the Berber tribes, and on one occasion the Imperial camp was looted and the Sultan himself narrowly escaped with his life.

But it is not the purpose of the writer of these lines to enter into any serious account of the Berber race, for such would require far greater space than is at his disposal here, but rather to put before the reader some idea of the life and characteristics of these seldom-visited tribes.

While that portion of the race which inhabits the main chain of the Atlas Mountains are one and all dwellers in fixed abodes, those who still hold the forests of cedar trees to the south of Fez continue to make use of the low brown tents, which, pitched in circles, form their villages. These tribes are entirely nomad, changing their grazing-ground as soon as the supply of grass at one spot is exhausted, when they seek pastures new. In summer they retire to the higher slopes of their mountains, where melting snow and cool breezes do not allow of the soil becoming parched and dry, to return once more to the plains as soon as the autumn rains have fallen and given birth to pasture, and the soil is soft enough to plough.

It is in their mountain and forest haunts that the traveller must seek them if he would see them at their best, for the heavy rains of winter and the drudgery of the plough seem to damp the ardor and crush the spirit of the life-loving tribes. No doubt all agricultural work is distasteful to these wild shepherds, whose traditions are all pastoral. But the necessities of life have driven them to the plough and the tilling of the soil, though it is with only a half-hearted spirit that they enter upon these labors.

Let us suppose that the winter rains are over, and that the plains are green with the young rising corn. Ploughing and work are finished for the year, and within the circle of brown tents—some two dozen in number—all is life and activity. Men and women are gathering together the few household goods they possess, or pulling up the pegs that hold their tent-dwelling in place. Pots and pans of tinned copper or rough red earthenware are piled about, and strips of matting are being rolled up. The children are chasing the fowls to and fro in their endeavors to capture them; the flocks and herds browse near by, tended by sunburnt shepherd boys, and everything speaks of an early move. Then the tents themselves are struck and rolled up, and the loading of the beasts of burden commences. Every animal capable of bearing a load is pressed into service. Cows and bullocks, mares, mules, and donkeys—even men and women—share joyfully in the labor, for spring is come and the shade of the giant cedar trees awaits the shepherds and hunters—and cattle thieves. Life for the Berbers commences then, and for a few months, in the impenetrable hills and forests, they can pass their existence unhampered by Arab neighbors and far beyond the reach of grasping officialdom. Then a move is made, and one and all, singing as they go, the procession starts off. Men on horseback—their wiry little steeds as mud-stained and ragged as the saddles they bear—lead the way. Fine little creatures they are, with all the grace of movement found only in the savage. Their long, toga-like “haiks” and straight heavy white cloaks add not a little to their picturesque appearances. Nor are their features devoid of beauty, for, though the



Walter Appleton Clark
The Photo

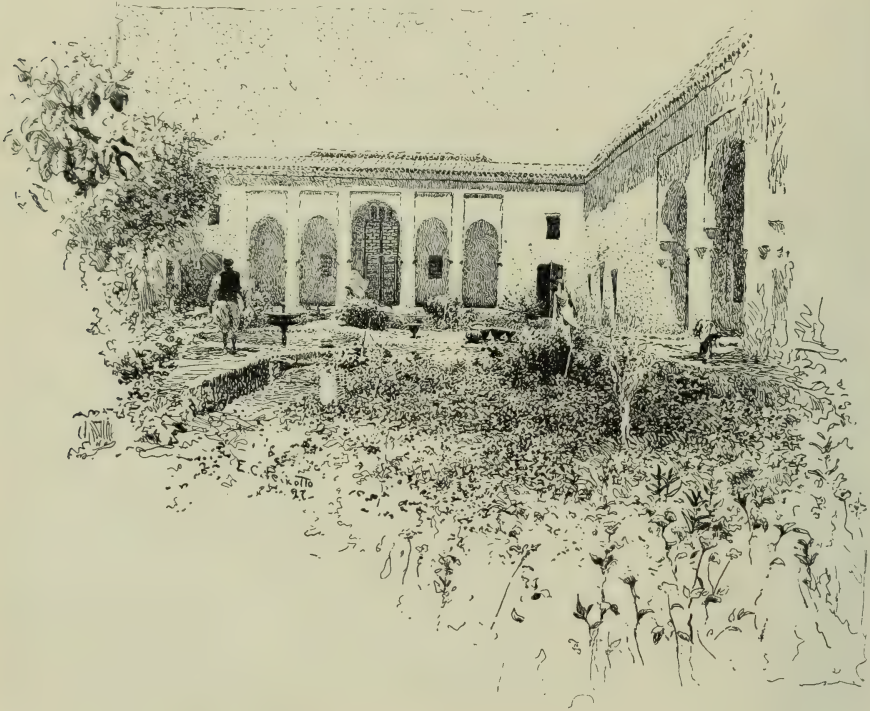
Drawn by Walter Appleton Clark.

Atlas Berbers.

suns of summer and the tempests of winter score and mark their faces at an early age, they fail to obliterate the pleasant smile and glittering eye that are so typical of the race. The women follow on foot, or perhaps on donkey back, strange, undergrown, huddled-up figures, wrapped in long striped shawls, and with their heads tied in handkerchiefs of many colors,

with a mirth that is infectious. With the women are the children, half-naked little savages, some tied on to the back of a friendly cow, some running races by the roadside, and others, again, still at the breast.

And so to the forest. Two days, or perhaps three, are occupied in the journey, and then at last the welcome shade of the



A court-yard in one of the Berber castles.

and gaiters of knitted wool or leather on their legs. What little beauty nature has bestowed upon them they manage most successfully to conceal under the strange dicta of Berber fashions. Their complexions are stained and striped with red "henna" dye; their noses and chins are tattooed in patterns of dark blue, and even the antimony with which they encircle their eyes is so carelessly and coarsely put on as to give the appearance of a recent scrimmage. Untidy, unkempt, and none too clean, the Berber women offer few of the attractions apparent in the men, who, though often sadly in want of a washing, are handsome, frank, and full of spirit,

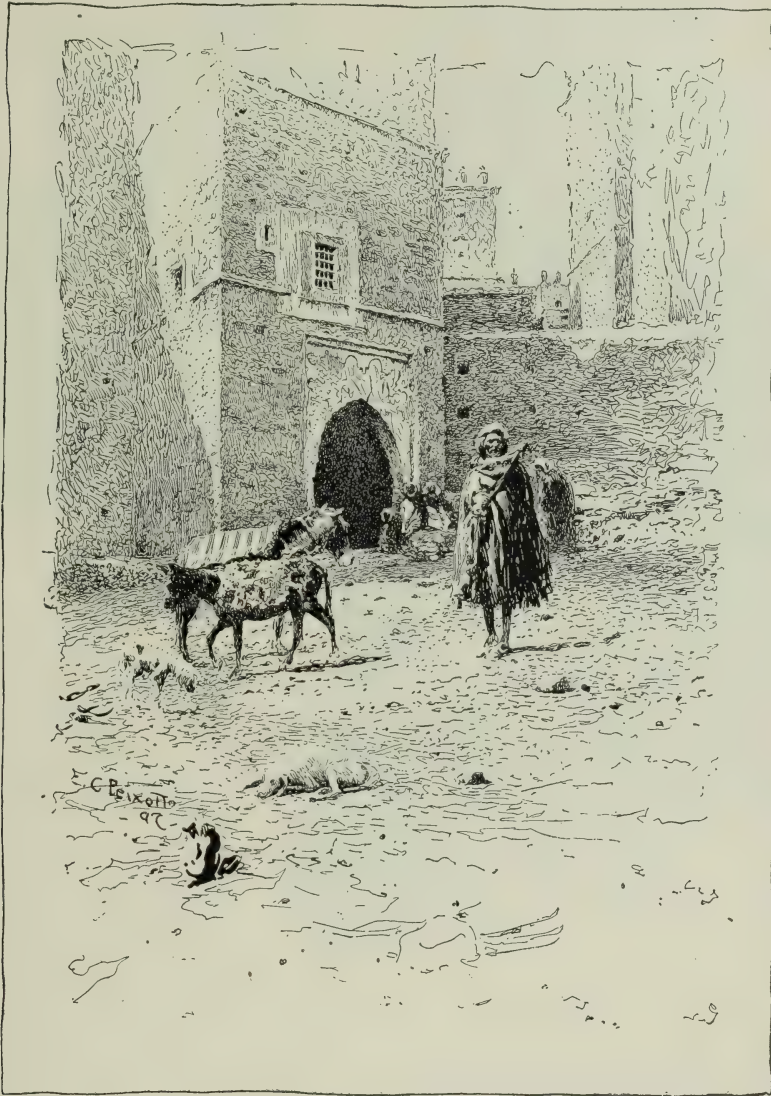
giant cedar trees is reached and the camp-village pitched near some cool stream or crystal spring. There is no more labor now, no more ploughing. Idleness and hunting take the place of winter drudgery. Clothes and tents are washed, and man and beast revel in the fresh young grass and the wild flowers, with which the whole country is carpeted.

At dawn the horses are saddled—if they have not been out all night in some raiding expedition on a neighboring village—and the men and youths go forth to hunt the gazelle, the whole forest ringing with their cries and the barking of their dogs. Then back to the tents to pass the heat of the

day lolling on the banks of the stream, until evening comes again, and the flocks and herds, dancing and gamboling to the soft notes of the shepherd boy's flute, re-

hanging about the outskirts of Fez and Meknas, dirty and cold, and drenched by the winter rains.

In the summer their thieving instincts



Massive towers look down frowningly.—Page 361.

turn to the circle of tents for the night. It is an ideal existence, this summer life of the nomad tribes, wandering from spot to spot, hunting, robbing, and singing; and anyone who has seen the Berbers then can scarcely imagine that they are the same men who, a few months previously, were

know no restraint, and night after night the young men steal forth on horseback, their rifles across their saddles, to rob and loot. Often many are rich enough, but the instinct is overpowering, and the love of excitement urges them on. No youth is held of account amongst the nomad

tribes unless he is known to be a skilful and plucky cattle lifter. The penalty, severe as it is, does not deter them, though the thief knows well enough what fate awaits him if caught red-handed. A flogging until death is near, and then to be thrown as a feast to the village dogs would, it might be thought, arrest their occupation; yet such is not the case. Quite lately the writer reached a village where, a few nights before, a victim

live a far more homely and happy domestic life than is the case with the Arabs, to whom they are also vastly superior in morality.

It is during these summer months that all the feasts and festivities of the tribes take place. Though the total adoption of Mohammedanism has largely influenced the Berbers in their traditions, there are yet to be discovered, by the careful observer, traces of older rites that bear

no resemblance to the tenets of Islam. Principal amongst these is the marriage ceremony. The preliminaries to a wedding—the sending of a deputation and presents to the bride's parents—much resemble the custom in use throughout Morocco, but here the similarity ends. The price is arranged which the bridegroom shall pay for his wife, and as, usually, the youth is not possessed of such a sum, a period is allowed for him to engage in almost nightly robberies of cattle, etc., until he can collect it—or die in the attempt. At length the day arrives and the bride, mounted upon a mare, is brought into her husband's village. Here she is received by the bridegroom's female relations in the tent which she is eventually to inhabit. A jar of butter is placed in her hands, with which, after raising it toward the stars, she smears the poles and crossbeam of the tent. The "haidus"—or national Berber dance—then

takes place. Two long lines are formed, one of men, the other of women, who, facing one another, approach and retire, clapping their hands and singing to time beaten on drums. After the "haidus" food is served, steaming dishes of "kuskusu" and stewed mutton, with tiny cups of sweetened green tea, and finally the bridegroom is conducted to his tent by all his relatives.

Although the nomad Berbers are by far the most wild of all the race, it is perhaps



Sedentary Berbers.

paid this penalty. Caught in the act of stealing sheep, he was flogged with ropes until almost past recovery, then bound hand and foot, and, still conscious, handed over to be torn to pieces by the dogs. Horrible as is even the thought of such a death, it seems in no wise to influence the conduct of the tribes, and robbery is still to-day the aristocratic calling of the richer Berbers. Yet, strange as it may seem, the tribesmen are not by nature cruel. Devoted to their families, they

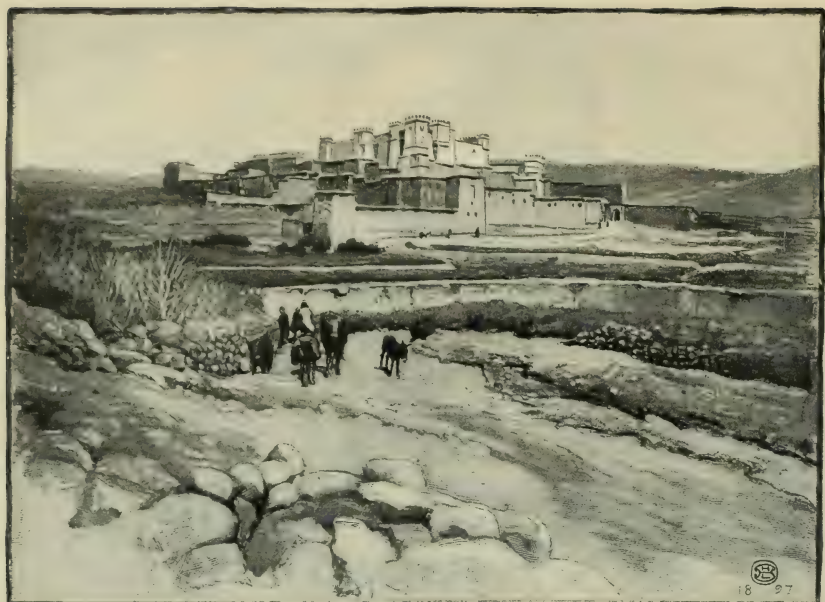


A Berber castle.

the sedentary division of the people who offer to the traveller the most attractive features, more especially from the strange castles they build and inhabit. The greater part of these are to be found only on the southern side of the main chain of the Atlas Mountains, a district which the writer has been the only Englishman to visit. Although on the northern slopes a few examples of this curious architecture exist, they can be counted almost on the fingers, and even then they do not offer all the peculiar characteristics to be found further to the south, where whole villages of betowered and battlemented castles call to mind the feudal times. Nor is the life of the people unlike what existed in England in the eleventh and twelfth centuries, for every tribe and subdivision of a tribe is at war, and even when, rarely enough, peace prevails amongst the tribes, every householder seems to seize the opportunity to wage war on his neighbor.

There is no sight more striking in all Morocco than the positions occupied by many of these castles, for usually some elevation above a river is chosen for their site, where the natural formation of the

ground gives additional protection in times of siege. Wherever an oasis exists in the northwest portion of the Sahara, these "ksor"—as they are called—are to be found, often rearing their towers far above the heads of the surrounding palm groves, and giving a warlike and majestic appearance to districts otherwise poverty stricken and inhospitable. Of all these "ksor" the castle of the Kaid of Glawa is perhaps the most important. Situated some six thousand feet above the level of the sea, and two thousand below the southern end of the Glawi pass, it dominates almost the only road leading from Morocco into the Saharan dominions of the Sultan. An hereditary family of governors resides within its walls, their jurisdiction extending over an enormous area, though it is only by force of arms that their authority is maintained. The present representation of the family is the Kaid Sid Madani, a young Berber chieftain, whose record of bravery and skill at arms upholds the traditions of his family. Continually at war with all or any of his neighbors, he seems seldom or never to obtain a respite, but as soon as one expe-



Castle of the Kaid of Glawa, Atlas Mountains.

dition is over, to be off upon another. Nor are the duties of holding in check the wild tribesmen over whom his authority extends, by any means sinecures, for the construction of the castles in which they reside often necessitates a long seige before submission can be extracted and the rebellious subjects punished. The material with which these castles are built consists of beaten soil, which forms a concrete hard and durable in a country where rain is rare. Under the action of water, however, it soon disintegrates, and the object of the attacking party is always, if possible, to weaken the foundations by this means. If the building is not situated above the reach of water, woe betide the inmates! for under the shadow of night and the protection of rifles, canals will be dug and the stream let loose upon the walls. The soil instantly crumbles away, and a breach is formed, if indeed the whole side of the building does not fall. Then commences the bloodshed; for no lives are spared, and every man and boy capable of carrying arms is put to death. So intense are the blood feuds and so largely has the population been decimated by war, that a life is worth a life, and a male spared may eventually mean the death of one or more of the attacking force. In contrast, however, to this barbaric treatment of prisoners must be mentioned the case of captured women. With one exception it is all that can be desired, for the women and girls are returned to their relations, or their fellow tribes people, not a jot the worse for their adventure. The captor has the right of marrying a captured woman, but only on the understanding that she becomes his legal wife, and that any children she may bear him shall eventually share equally in his property with those by any other wife he may possess. In this case the Berbers are far above the Arabs, for as often as not, with the latter, it is only the desire to obtain possession of the women that stirs them up to deeds of bravery. In the case of women in child, however, the Berber custom is revolting; for they are immediately put to death, for fear of an addition of a male child to the number of the enemy. Some idea of the state in which these tribes live can be gathered from this revolting custom, when it is considered necessary to look so far ahead as the years that must pass before the as yet unborn child can carry arms. None is more ready to deprecate with horror this custom than its

perpetrators. "A life is worth a life, and a life spared may mean the death of one of our own children," they say in excuse. Yet in spite of all this, the writer found a genuine desire for peace, a state the country has probably not experienced for a month together for several centuries, if not much longer.

In this great, gloomy castle of the Kaid of Glawa everything speaks of war. Laughter is seldom heard, and even the very slaves who attend to the household duties are armed. The massive towers that look down frowningly upon the court-yards could tell many a tale of bloodshed and horror, and beneath their foundations not a few prisoners lie in chains, passing their lives away in darkness under-ground. Yet the ardor and spirit of the race is not broken. Athletes one and all, they spend their time, when not fighting, in manly sports, at the chase, or in running races or dancing their war dances, rifles in hand.

One might be led to think from this dreary picture of the life on the southern slopes of the Atlas Mountains that the Berbers are savages. Far from it, though their education is little and their knowledge of the world bounded by the snow peaks and deserts that encircle them. In manners they are charming, and as hosts leave nothing to be desired. Few and far between are the Europeans who have climbed over the Atlas and descended to the castle of Glawa, but such as have reached it have been treated with the lavish hospitality for which, amongst the Moors, the place is famous, and with all the kindness and consideration of the best of hosts. The Kaid himself and his brothers are untiring in their endeavors to render life agreeable, and that without the great fault of the Arabs—a vast inquisitiveness that finds an outlet in an unending series of questions. One of the most-to-be-commended customs of the Berbers is that it is a breach of etiquette to ply guests—native or European—with queries as to their professions or the why and wherefore of their travels.

It would be difficult to imagine a country the nature of which is more inhospitable than that which these tribes inhabit. In winter the cold is intense, and the mountains are deep with snow. Even the caravan road over the Atlas is blocked for months together. In summer the arid

heat is equally severe, and little or nothing will grow except in a few sheltered valleys where some simple form of irrigation is possible. Here and there a few carefully constructed terraces on the mountain side allow of small crops of barley and turnips to be raised, but as a rule, the natives earn their livelihood as caravan men, driving their sturdy little mules over the passes, laden with the dates of Taflet, and returning with rough iron bars to be forged into weapons and hoes. A hard, weary existence, indeed, spent in a climate which seems unsuitable to the support of life, with its fierce contrasts of heat and cold. But the people are very poor and their time counts for little, as can be judged when it is mentioned that a man and a mule can be hired from Marakesh to Taflet—a distance of some 300 miles of snow peaks and desert—for six Moorish dollars, about the equivalent of four and a half American dollars—and out of this pittance the man must find food for his mule and himself for the eleven or twelve days the journey occupies. Yet the people seem contented enough, and the little caravans of mules and donkeys keep coming and going, followed by their lithe drivers in their long black goats-hair cloaks. Good, cheerful fellows they are, singing as they skip from rock to rock, and the mountains round echo and re-echo their song until the whole country seems alive with voices. But the Berbers are not the sole inhabitants of these mountain peaks, for even here the Oriental Jew is found, engaged in such skilled labor as the situation demands. Gunsmiths, jewellers, shoemsmiths, and petty traders, one and all are Jews, indistinguishable almost in appearance from their Mohammedan neighbors, and speaking Shelha—the Berber language. Their lives spent amongst the Berbers seem to have changed everything about them with the exception of their religion. They even go armed, and many a Berber has discovered that they can repay an insult with a bullet as readily as he himself. In parts there are whole villages of these Israelites, walled and fortified, and to them the Berbers resort to do their shopping.

These mountain Jews—unlike their co-religionists of the plains and cities—complain but little of the treatment they receive from the Mohammedans, for a system

exists by which they enjoy, in return for a small yearly tribute, the protection of various Berber chieftains, by whom the robbery or murder of a Jewish protégé is considered a personal affair, and one that must be avenged by blood. And so it is that in this, perhaps, the wildest district of Morocco, one meets Jewish women travelling one or two together without fear, when in those portions of Morocco over which the Moorish Sultan holds some authority no woman, Arab or Jew, can venture alone, or even several together, without the protection of men.

There are many minor divisions of the Berber race in Morocco, one and all of which possess characteristics differing in some degree from those of their neighbors; but of these space does not allow of mention here.

Yet when nowadays so many American and English travellers visit Tangier, with

its picturesque old crumbling "kasbah," and its narrow white streets—the one little spot near Europe where one still lives in the Old Testament—it would be neglect were the reader not told that he will find there representatives of the Berber race in the Riffi tribesmen, who have left their mountain homes to seek a livelihood in the town. They are easily recognizable, from their short brown cloaks and the long lock of hair left unshaven on the back of their heads. The principal interest which centres in them is perhaps this: that within the last few years they have been guilty of acts of piracy on the open seas. They are the last of the Barbary Corsairs, and one cannot help feeling a hope that they will continue the anomalous calling yet awhile, and so help to maintain the assertion that the three hours crossing from Europe to Africa is a myth, and that, in reality, one travels back a thousand years.

GIFTS

By Hildegard Hawthorne

IF God had given me some wondrous thing
 Thou shouldst have had it. I had but my song
 That rhymed to the wild music all day long
 Sung by the chanting sea. I could but bring
 My laughter, glad as the first sounds of Spring
 And free as are the flowers from pain or wrong.
 But these, and my young hope as Heaven strong,
 My wish for good, my faith in everything—
 All these thou hast. But when I brought to thee
 My heart, that with much dreaming was grown great
 Thou wouldst not take it; yet it cannot be
 That thou wilt keep the dying song, or wait
 To hear spent echoes of past joy? Give me
 My poor gifts back, nor leave me desolate.

THE WAR OF 1812

BY CAPTAIN A. T. MAHAN, U. S. N.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HENRY REUTERDAHL AND STANLEY M. ARTHURS

VIII*

THE BATTLE OF LAKE ERIE AND PERRY'S VICTORY—CHAUNCEY'S THIRD BATTLE WITH YEO.



WHILE the movements related in the last article were in progress, the contest for Lake Erie was brought to a final decision. The successful transfer of the vessels from Black Rock to Erie, shortly after the abandonment of the Niagara frontier by the British, has been mentioned. From that time, June 18th, Perry remained upon Lake Erie, superintending all administrative work; but in particular pressing to completion the equipment of the two brigs, ordered by Chauncey the previous winter. To the one of these, on which Perry intended to embark his own fortunes, was given the name of *Lawrence*, in honor of the captain of the *Chesapeake*, whose death, heroic in defeat, occurred at this period. The other was called the *Niagara*. They were sister vessels, of five hundred tons, constructed for war, and brig-rigged; that is, with two masts, and carrying square sails on both. Their armaments also were alike: eighteen 32-pounder carronades, and two long 12-pounder guns. They were thus about the equivalent in fighting force of the ocean sloops-of-war, *Wasp* and *Hornet*, which, however, were ship-rigged—three masts with square sails. The remainder of the squadron were what we now call a scratch lot. Three were schooner-rigged gunboats, built for the navy at Erie; the remainder were the vessels brought from Black Rock. Of these one was the brig *Caledonia*, formerly British, captured by Elliott the previous autumn; the others were purchased lake craft. When finally

taking the lake, in the beginning of August, the squadron consisted of the two brigs, the Black Rock division—*Caledonia*, *Somers*, *Tigress*, *Ohio*, and *Trippe*—and three schooners—*Ariel*, *Scorpion*, and *Porcupine*, apparently those built at Erie; ten sail, all of which, except the *Ohio*, were in the final decisive battle.

On July 23d the vessels were rigged, armed, and ready for service, but there were not men enough to man them. How little exacting Perry was in this matter, and how eager to enter upon active operations, is shown by a letter from his superior, Chauncey, to the Secretary of the Navy, dated July 8th. "I am at a loss," he says, "to account for the change in Captain Perry's sentiments with respect to the number of men required for the little fleet at Presqu' Isle; for when I parted with him, on the last of May, we coincided in opinion perfectly as to the number required for each vessel, which was 180 for each of the new brigs, 60 for the *Caledonia*, and 40 for each of the other vessels; making in all, 740 officers and men. But if Captain Perry can beat the enemy with half that number, no one will feel more happy than myself." Chauncey having supreme control over both lakes, all reinforcements from the seaboard were sent to him; and as he had his own particular enemy on Ontario to confront, it was evident and natural that the junior, Perry, would be least well served. Hence, after successive disappointments, being, besides, of much more venturesome temper than his superior, it is not surprising that he soon was willing to undertake his task with fewer men than his unbiassed judgment would call necessary.

The clash of interests between the two squadrons, having a common superior but separate responsibilities, is seen by a comparison of dates, which shows operations nearly simultaneous. On July 23d the Erie squadron was reported "all ready to

* A map of the Lake region illustrative of this article is to be found in the March number of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE on page 346.

meet the enemy the moment they are off-ered and manned"; on July 20th the *General Pike* was ready, and on the 21st the Ontario squadron sailed from Sackett's Harbor. On the 5th of August Perry had his vessels across the bar at Erie, and on the 6th stood out into the lake. On the 7th Chauncey and Yeo met for their first encounter. On the 8th the two Ontario schooners, *Hamilton* and *Scourge*, were lost with nearly all on board; and on the 10th the *Julia* and *Growler* were captured. After this, it may be imagined that Chauncey with difficulty parted with any men; and it was in the midst of his second collision with Yeo that the Battle of Lake Erie occurred. In it, of the 180 men deemed necessary by Chauncey, Perry's brig had 142, of whom 30 were sick; while the squadron, with nearly all its vessels present, instead of the estimated 740, had but 490. Of this total, nearly one hundred were received from the army on August 31st, only nine days before the action. For the most part these were strangers to ship-board. Barring them, Perry's fighting force was barely more than half that reckoned necessary by Chauncey.

After the Frenchtown disaster of January 22, 1813, the army of the Northwest under General Harrison had remained strictly on the defensive throughout the spring and summer. The tenure of its position on the Maumee River depended upon Fort Meigs, built during the winter, just above the rapids, some twenty miles from the lake. Thirty miles east of Meigs was Fort Stephenson, on the Sandusky River, protecting the approaches to Sandusky Bay, near which were Harrison's headquarters at the time the squadron was ready to move. Fort Stephenson by its situation contributed also to secure the communications of the Maumee line with central Ohio, and was an obstacle to an enemy's approach by land to Erie, a hundred and fifty miles further to the east. It was not, however, a work permanent in character, like Meigs; and neither post could be considered secure, being inadequately garrisoned. Fortunately, the general tenor of the instructions received by Procter from Prevost conspired with his own natural character to indispose him to energetic operations. His force of regulars was small, and he had not the faculty

which occasional white men have shown, to rouse the Indians, of whom he had an abundance at call, to vigorous and sustained activity. Desultory guerilla warfare by means of them, which was prescribed to him in a letter from Prevost of March 1st, became in his hands inoperative. Nevertheless, the threat of savage warfare, from the number known to be under his command, and the control of the water enabling him to land where he would, hung over the frontier like a pall, until finally dissipated by Perry's victory.

The danger to British control of the water, and thereby to the maintenance of their position in the northwest, in case the American fleet now building should succeed in getting upon the lake, was perfectly apparent, and made Erie a third and principal point of interest. At the time of Perry's first arrival, March 27th, the place was entirely defenceless, and without any organization for defence, although the keels of the two brigs were laid, and the three gunboats well advanced in construction. By a visit to Pittsburg he obtained from an army-ordnance officer four small guns, with some muskets; and upon his application the local commander of Pennsylvania militia stationed at Erie five hundred men, who remained till the vessels crossed the bar. Under this slender protection went on the arduous work of building and equipping a squadron in what was substantially a wilderness, to which most of the mechanics and material had to be brought five hundred miles from the seaboard, under the difficulties of transport in those days. The rapid advance in the preparations aroused the disquietude of the British, but Procter had not the enterprising temper to throw all upon the hazard, for the sake of destroying an armament which, if completed, might destroy him; while on Ontario and the Niagara peninsula the British inferiority of force, with the movement of Chauncey and Dearborn, resulting in the capture of York on April 27th, effectually prevented intervention in the affairs of Lake Erie. At this time Procter made his first effort of the season, directed against Fort Meigs, which he held besieged for over a week—from May 1st to May 9th. Although unable to capture the position, he inflicted a very severe loss upon an American relief force, chiefly through its own



Dragon by Henry Koster.

Commodore Perry receiving the surrender of the British at the battle of Lake Erie.

mismanagement; a corps of 866 men being cut to pieces or captured, only 170 escaping. The chief points of interest in the affair are the demonstration of the weakness of the American frontier—the principal defence of which was thus not merely braved but threatened—and the effect of control of the water. By means of it Procter brought over gunboats which ascended the river to the fort, and guns of a weight not to be rapidly transported by land. The lake also secured his communications.

After the failure before Meigs, Procter turned his attention more seriously to the situation at Erie, and demanded reinforcements to enable him to attack the place. Prevost, being Commander-in-Chief for all Canada, recognized the propriety of the movement, and wrote him on the 20th of June that he had directed De Rottenburg, commanding at Niagara, to push on reinforcements and supplies; but Prevost was in Kingston, and De Rottenburg declined to weaken his force. He was already inferior to the United States army under Boyd, which was then confronting him, resting upon Fort George; and there was the prospect also that Chauncey might regain control of the lake. Instead of coöperation for offence, he transmitted arrangements for retreat in case of a disaster to Yeo on Ontario. Procter enclosed this letter to the Commander-in-Chief, remarking pathetically that he was fully confident of receiving aid from him, but intentions were of no avail. Had the force ordered been sent, he felt sure of destroying the fleet at Erie, thus securing the command of the lake, which would have benefited also the centre division (Niagara). He should now, he said, make an attempt upon Sandusky; Erie was impossible without reinforcements. At the same time, July 13th, Captain Barclay was about to sail for Long Point, on the Canada shore directly opposite Erie, to embark one hundred troops, and then to endeavor to retain the American fleet in port until the required assistance could be sent. The new British ship, *Detroit*, was nearly ready for launching at Amherstburg, and could be equipped and gunned there; but seamen were absolutely needed.

In accordance with these plans Barclay went with his squadron to Long Point.

There the expected soldiers were refused him; and as also no seamen were forthcoming, he wrote on July 16th a letter directly to Sir George Prevost, "lest Sir James Yeo should be on the lake," representing the critical state of affairs, owing to the inadequate equipment of his vessels, the want of seamen, and the advanced preparations of the Americans to put afloat a force superior to his. On the 20th he appeared off Erie, where Perry's fleet were all still in harbor, waiting for men. Two hundred soldiers, loaned to it by Dearborn when the Black Rock flotilla came round, had been recalled on the 10th of July. On the 23d and 30th two reinforcements from Chauncey, in all 130 men, arrived. With these, and some landsmen enlisted on the spot for four months, the force of his squadron, estimated to require 780 men, was raised to 300. Having, however, lately received two pressing letters from the Navy Department, urging General Harrison's critical need of coöperation, Perry determined to cross the bar; and, most opportunely for his purpose, Barclay disappeared on the 30th, Friday, which thus for him made good its title to unlucky. He was absent until the 4th, and was by the Americans believed to have gone to Long Point. Before his Court-Martial he merely stated that "I blockaded as closely as I could, until I one morning saw the whole of the enemy's force over the bar, and in a most formidable state of preparation." The Court did not press inquiry on the point, which perhaps lay beyond its instructions; but the double failure to intercept the Black Rock division on its passage, and to prevent the crossing of the bar, were serious strategic misadventures when confronting a superior force. Perry's preparations for the passage had been for some time completed, but information of contemplated movements travelled so easily from shore to shore that he gave no indication of immediate action until Sunday. On that day the officers were permitted to disperse in town as usual, but afterward were quickly summoned back, and in the course of the day the vessels were moved down to the bar, on which the depth ordinarily was from five to seven feet, considerably less than was needed for the *Lawrence* and *Niagara*. This obstacle, hitherto a protection against naval

attack, now imposed an extremely delicate and critical operation; for to get over, the brigs must be lightened of their guns and their hulls be borne upon floats. So situated, they were helplessly exposed to destruction, as far as their own powers went.

From point to point the mouth of the harbor, where the outer bar occurs, was eight-tenths of a mile wide. The distance to be travelled on the floats, from deep water within to deep water without, as shown by a sketch of the period, was a mile; rather less than more. On Monday morning, August 2d, the movement of the vessels began simultaneously. Five of the smaller, which under usual conditions could pass without lightening, were ordered to cross and take positions outside, covering the channel; a sixth, with the *Niagara*, was similarly posted within. The protection thus afforded was increased by three 12-pounder long guns, mounted on the beach abreast the bar, distant not more than five hundred yards from the point where the channel issued on the lake. While these dispositions were being made, the *Lawrence's* guns were hoisted out, and placed in boats to be towed astern; the floats taken alongside, filled, sunk, and made fast, so that when the water in them was pumped out their rising would lift the brig. In process of executing these movements it was found that the water had fallen to four feet, so that even the schooners had to be lightened, while the transit of the *Lawrence* was rendered more tedious and difficult. The weather, however, was propitious, and the water smooth; and although she grounded in the shoalest spot, necessitating a second sinking of the burden-bearing floats—appropriately called “camels”—perseverance protracted through that night and the day of the 3d carried her outside. At 8 A. M. of the 4th she was fairly afloat. The mounting of guns, singly light in weight as hers were, was quickly accomplished; but none too soon, for the enemy appeared almost immediately. The transit of the *Niagara* was more easily effected, and Barclay offered no molestation. In a letter to the Department, dated August 4, 1813, 9 P. M., Perry reported, “I have great pleasure in informing you that I have succeeded in getting over the bar the United States vessels, the *Lawrence*, *Niagara*, *Caledonia*, *Ariel*, *Scorpion*, *Somers*, *Tigress*, and *Porcu-*

pine.” He added, “The enemy have been in sight all day.”

While Perry was thus profitably employed, Procter had embarked on another enterprise against the magazines on the American front of operations. His intention, as first reported to Prevost, was to attack Sandusky; but the conduct of the Indians, upon the coöperation of whom he had to rely, compelled him to change the point of attack to Fort Meigs. Here, an attempt to draw the garrison into an ambush having failed, the savages began to desert; and so rapidly that when Procter, after two days' stay, determined to revert to Sandusky, he was accompanied by “as many hundreds of them as there should have been thousands.” The white troops went on by water, the Indians by the shore. Proceeding up Sandusky River, he appeared before Fort Stephenson on Sunday, August 1st. The garrison was summoned, with the customary intimation of the dire consequences to be apprehended from the savages in case of an assault. The American commander, Major Croghan, accepted these possibilities; and the following day, during which the *Lawrence* was working her way over Erie bar, the British artillery and gunboats were busy battering the north-west angle of the fort. At 4 P. M. an assault was made. It was repelled with heavy loss to the assailants, who during the night withdrew, and returned, baffled, to Malden.

Barclay having allowed his opponent to gain the lake, and mount his batteries, found himself like Chauncey while awaiting the *General Pike*. His new and most powerful vessel, the ship *Detroit*, was approaching completion. He was now too inferior in force to risk action when he might expect her help so soon, and therefore he also retired to Malden. Perry was thus left in possession of Lake Erie. He put out on August 6th; but failing to find the enemy, he anchored again off Erie, to receive provisions, and also stores to be carried to Sandusky for the army. While thus occupied, he received on the evening of the 8th the welcome news that a reënforcement of officers and seamen was approaching. These joined him on the 10th, to the number of 102. At their head was Commander Jesse D. Elliott, an officer of reputation, who became second in command to Perry, and took charge of the *Niagara*.

On the 12th the squadron finally made sail for the westward, not to return to Erie till the campaign was decided. Its immediate movements possess little interest, the Battle of Lake Erie being so conspicuously the decisive incident as to reduce all preceding it to insignificance. Perry was off Malden on August 25th, and again on September 1st. The wind on the latter day favoring movement both to go and come, a somewhat rare circumstance, he remained all day reconnoitring near the harbor's mouth. The British squadron appeared complete in vessels and equipment; but Barclay had his own troubles about men, as had his antagonist, his continual representations to Yeo meeting with even less attention than Perry conceived himself to receive from Chauncey. He was determined to postpone action until he should get reinforcements of seamen from the eastward, unless the contingency of failure of provisions, already staring him in the face, should force him to battle, in order to open communications again by the lake.

The headquarters of the United States squadron was at Put-in Bay, in a group of islands known as the Bass Islands, thirty miles southeast of Malden. The harbor there was good, and the position suitable for watching the enemy, in case he should attempt to pass eastward to the lower lake, toward Long Point or elsewhere. Hither Perry returned on September 6th, after a brief visit to Sandusky Bay, where he had received information that the British leaders had determined that the fleet must sail, and at all hazards open communications with Long Point. From official correspondence afterward captured with Procter's baggage, it appeared that the Amherstburg and Malden district was now entirely dependent for flour upon Long Point, intercourse with which had been effectually destroyed by the presence of the American squadron. Even cattle, though somewhat more plentiful, could no longer be obtained in the neighborhood in sufficient numbers, owing to the wasteful way in which the Indians had killed where they wanted, while it was impossible to restrain without alienating them, or, worse, provoking them to outrage.

At sunrise of September 10th, the lookout at the masthead of the *Lawrence* sighted the British squadron in the northwest.

Barclay was on his way down the lake, intending to fight. The wind was southwest, fair for the British, but adverse to the Americans quitting the harbor by the channel leading toward the enemy. Fortunately it shifted to the southeast, and there steadied; which not only removed this difficulty, but gave them the windward position throughout the engagement. The windward position, or weather-gage, as it is commonly called, confers the power of initiative; whereas the vessel or squadron to leeward, while it may by skill at times compel action, or itself obtain the weather-gage by manœuvring, is commonly obliged to await attack and accept the distance chosen by the enemy. Where the principal force of a squadron consists, as in Perry's case, in two vessels armed almost entirely with carronades, the importance of choosing distance, and getting within carronade range, is apparent.

Looking forward to a meeting, Perry had prearranged the disposition of his vessels to conform to that which he expected the enemy to assume. Unlike ocean fleets, all the lake squadrons, as is already known of Ontario, were composed of vessels very heterogeneous in force. This was because the most had been bought, not designed for the Navy. It was antecedently probable, therefore, that a certain general principle would dictate the constitution of the three parts of the order of battle, the centre and two flanks, into which every military line divides. The French have an expression for the centre—*corps de bataille*—which was particularly appropriate to squadrons like those of Barclay and Perry. Each had a natural "body of battle," in vessels decisively stronger than all the others combined. This relatively powerful division would take the centre, as a cohesive force, to prevent the two ends—or flanks—being wedged apart by the enemy. Barclay's vessels of this class were the new ship *Detroit*, and the *Queen Charlotte*; Perry's were the *Lawrence* and *Niagara*. Each had an intermediate vessel; the British the *Lady Prevost*, the Americans the *Caledonia*. In addition to these were the light craft, three British and six Americans; concerning which it is to be said that the latter were not only the more numerous, but individually much more powerfully armed.

The same remark is true, vessel for vessel, of those opposed to one another by Perry's plan; that is, measuring the weight of shot discharged at a broadside, which is the usual standard of comparison, the *Lawrence* threw more metal than the *Detroit*, the *Niagara* much more than the *Queen Charlotte*, and the *Caledonia* than the *Lady Prevost*. This, however, must be qualified by the consideration, more conspicuously noticeable on Ontario than on Erie, of the greater length of range of the long gun. This applies more particularly to the principal British vessel, the *Detroit*. Owing to the difficulties of transportation, and the demands of their Ontario squadron, her proper armament had not arrived. She was provided with guns from the ramparts of Fort Malden, and a more curiously composite battery probably never was seen; but, of the total nineteen, seventeen were long guns. It is impossible to say what her broadside may have weighed. All her pieces together fired 230 pounds; but it is incredible that a seaman like Barclay should not so have disposed them as to give more than half that amount to her broadside. That of the *Lawrence* was three hundred pounds; but all her guns, save two twelves, were carronades. Compared with the *Queen Charlotte*, the battery of the *Niagara* was as 3 to 2; both chiefly carronades.

From what has been stated, it is evident that if Perry's plan, of opposing vessel to vessel, were carried out, the Americans would have a superiority of at least fifty per cent. Such an advantage, in some quarter at least, is the aim of every capable commander; for the object of war is not to kill men, but to carry a point; not glory by fighting, but success in result. His only obvious dangers were that the wind might fail or be very light, which would protract unduly his exposure to long guns before getting within range for his carronades; or that, by delay of some of his vessels coming into action, one or more of the others would suffer a concentration of the enemy's fire. It was this contingency, realized in fact, which gave rise to the embittered controversy about the battle; a controversy never settled, and probably now not susceptible of settlement, because the President of the United States, Mr. Monroe, pigeon-holed the charges formulated by

Perry against Elliott in 1818. There is thus no American sworn testimony to facts, searched and sifted by cross-examination; for the affidavits submitted on the one side and the other were *ex parte*, while the Court of Inquiry, asked by Elliott in 1815, neglected to call all accessible witnesses—notably Perry himself.

The historian to-day thus finds himself in the dilemma that the American testimony is in two categories, distinctly contradictory and mutually destructive, yet to be tested only by his own capacity to cross-examine the record, and by reference to the British accounts. The latter are impartial, as between the American parties; their only bias is to constitute a fair case for Barclay, by establishing the surrender of the American flag-ship, and the hesitancy of the *Niagara* to enter into action. This would indicate victory so far, changed to defeat by the use Perry made of the vessel preserved to him intact by the over-caution of his second. Waiving motives, these claims are substantially correct, and constitute the analysis of the battle as fought and won.

Barclay, finding the wind to head him, and place him to leeward, arranged his fleet to await attack in the following order, from van to rear: The schooner *Chippewa*, *Detroit*, *Hunter*, *Queen Charlotte*, *Lady Prevost*, *Little Belt** (Position I). This, he said in his official letter, was "according to a given plan, so that each ship" (that is, the *Detroit* and *Queen Charlotte*) "might be supported against the superior force of the two brigs opposed to them." The vessels lay in line, in each other's wake, by the wind on the port tack, hove-to (stopped) with a topsail to the mast, heading to the southwest. Perry now modified some details of his disposition. It had been expected that the *Queen Charlotte* would precede the *Detroit*, and the American commander had therefore placed the *Niagara* leading, as designated to fight the *Charlotte*; the *Lawrence* following the *Niagara*. This order was now reversed, and the *Caledonia* interposed between the two, the succession being *Lawrence*, *Caledonia*, *Niagara*. Hav-

* There was a question whether the *Hunter* was ahead or astern of the *Queen Charlotte*. In the author's opinion the balance of evidence is as stated in the text. Perry rearranged his line with reference to the British, upon seeing their array. Had the *Charlotte* been next the *Detroit*, as James puts her, it seems probable the *Niagara* would have been placed next the *Lawrence*.

ing more schooners than the enemy, he placed in the van two of the best, the *Scorpion* and the *Ariel*; the other four behind the *Niagara*. His centre, therefore, the *Lawrence*, *Caledonia*, and *Niagara*, was

to resort to oars because the wind was light. It is not uncommon to see small vessels with low sails thus retarded, while larger are being urged forward by their lofty, light canvas. Perry stood down without

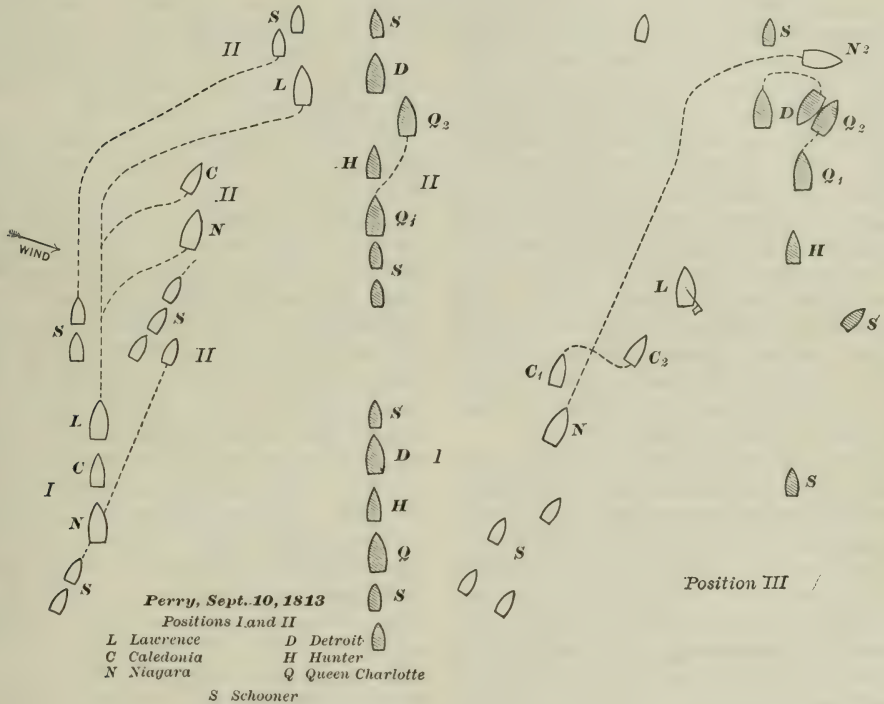


Diagram of the battle of Lake Erie, September 10, 1813.

opposed to the *Detroit*, *Hunter*, and *Queen Charlotte*. The long guns of the *Ariel*, *Scorpion*, and *Caledonia* supplied in measure the deficiency of gun power in the *Lawrence*, while standing down outside of carronade range; the *Caledonia*, with the rear schooners, giving a like support to the *Niagara*. The *Ariel*, and perhaps also the *Scorpion*, was ordered to keep a little to windward of the *Lawrence*. This was a not uncommon use of van vessels, making more hazardous any attempt of the opponent to tack and pass to windward, in order to gain the weather-gage with its particular advantages.

The rear four American schooners, as is frequently the case in long columns, were somewhat straggling at the time the signal to bear down was made; and they had difficulty in getting to action, being compelled

regard to them. At quarter before twelve—noon—the *Detroit* opened fire with her long guns upon the *Lawrence*. Ten minutes later the Americans began to reply. Finding the British fire at this range more destructive than he had anticipated, Perry made more sail. Word had already been passed by hail of trumpet to close up in the line, and for each vessel to come into action against her opponent, before designated. The *Lawrence* continued thus to approach obliquely, using her own long twelves, and backed by the long guns of the vessels ahead and astern, till she was within "canister range," apparently about 250 yards, when she turned her side to the wind on the weather quarter of the *Detroit*, bringing her carronade battery to bear. This distance was greater than desirable for carronades; but with a very light breeze, mov-

ing little more than two miles an hour, there was a limit to the time during which it was prudent to allow an opponent's raking fire to play, unaffected in aim by any reply. Moreover, much of her rigging was already shot away, and she was becoming unmanageable. The battle was thus joined by the Commander-in-Chief; but, while supported to his satisfaction by the *Scorpion* and *Ariel* ahead, and *Caledonia* astern, with their long guns, the *Niagara* did not come up, and her carronades failed to do their share. The captain of her opponent, the *Queen Charlotte*, finding that his own twenty-fours would not reach, made sail ahead, passed the *Hunter*, and brought his battery to the support of the *Detroit* in her contest with the *Lawrence*. Perry's vessel thus found herself under the combined fire of the *Detroit*, *Queen Charlotte*, and in some measure of the *Hunter*; but the armament of the last was too trivial to count for much. (Position II.)

The battle being thus opened, the order of events seems to have been as follows: Perry having taken the initiative of bearing down, under increased sail, Elliott remained behind; governed by, or availing himself of—two very different motives, not lightly to be determined, or assumed, by the historian—the technical point, long before abandoned in practice, that he could not leave his place in the line without a signal. His action was thus controlled by the position of his next ahead in the line, the dull-sailing *Caledonia*, a vessel differing radically from his own in armament; having two long and, for that day, heavy guns, quite equal in range and efficiency to the best of the *Detroit's*,* and therefore capable of good service, though possibly not their best, from the distance at which Perry changed his speed. Elliott's battery was the same as Perry's. He thus continued until it became evident that, the *Queen Charlotte* having gone to the support of the *Detroit*, the *Lawrence* was heavily overpowered. Then, not earlier than an hour after Perry bore down, he realized that his commander-in-chief would be destroyed under his eyes, unless he went to his support, and that he himself would rest under the imputation of an inefficient spec-

tator. He ordered the *Caledonia* to bear up, in order that he might pass. Though not demonstrably certain, it seems probable that the wind, light throughout, was now so fallen as to impede the retrieval of his position; the opportunity to close, used by Perry, had passed away. At all events it was not till between 2 and 2.30 that the *Niagara* arrived on the scene, within effective range of the carronades, which constituted nine-tenths of her battery.

With this began the second stage of the battle. (Position III.) The situation then was as follows: The *Lawrence*, disabled, was dropping astern of the *Detroit*, *Queen Charlotte*, and *Hunter*. More than half her ship's company lay dead or wounded on her decks. Her loss, 83, killed and wounded out of a total of 142,—sick included,—was mostly incurred before this. With only one gun left, she was a beaten ship, although her colors were up. The *Detroit* lay in the British line almost equally mauled. On her lee quarter,—that is, behind, but on the lee side,—and close to her, was the *Queen Charlotte*. Her captain, second to Barclay, had been killed,—the first man hit on board,—and her first lieutenant knocked senseless; being succeeded in command by an officer whom Barclay described as of little experience. The first lieutenant of the *Detroit* was also mortally wounded; and Barclay himself, who already had been once hit in the thigh, was now a second time so severely injured,—being his eighth wound in battle,—that he was forced at this critical instant to go below, leaving the deck with the second lieutenant. The *Hunter* was astern of her two consorts. The *Lady Prevost*, fifth in the British order, had fallen to leeward with her rudder crippled. The position of the leading and rear British schooners is not mentioned, and is not important; the reliance of each being one long 9-pounder gun.

Before this, taking advantage of the breeze freshening, the *Niagara* had gone clear of the *Caledonia*, on her windward side, and had stood along the line to the southwest. She had not at first either fore-sail or topgallant-sails set; and as she passed the *Lawrence* to windward, she was almost certainly then over 250 yards from the British line, for there is no conclusive proof that the *Lawrence* was nearer than that. Combining the narrative of the Brit-

* The *Caledonia* had two long 24-pounders, and one other lighter gun, variously stated. The *Detroit's* heaviest were also two long 24's; she had, beside, one long 18, six long 12's, etc.

ish commodore with that of his second lieutenant, who now took charge, it appears that Barclay, before going below, saw a boat passing from the *Lawrence* to the *Niagara*, and that the second lieutenant, Inglis, after relieving him, found the *Niagara* on the weather beam of the *Detroit*. Perry, seeing the *Lawrence* incapable of further offensive action, had decided to leave her and go on board the *Niagara*; and in this brief interval was making his passage from the one vessel to the other. After leaving the *Lawrence* astern, the *Niagara* had made sail; the foresail having been set, and the top-gallant-sails "in the act of being set, before Captain Perry came on board."* This necessarily prolonged the time of his passage, and may have given rise to the opprobrious British report that she was making off. As far as the eyes of the British officers could detect, this increase of canvas was made while she was standing nearly parallel to their line, and her course was not changed till Perry reached her. Her making sail as she did indicated that she had suffered little aloft; she had been out of carronade range while her consort, still in fighting condition, was bearing the brunt; it was natural to conclude that she would not alone renew the action now that the *Lawrence* was hopelessly disabled. The wish, too, may possibly have helped the thought. The *Lawrence*, in fact, having kept her colors flying till Perry reached the *Niagara*, struck immediately afterward. Had she surrendered while he was on board, he could not honorably have quitted her; and the record was clearer by his reaching a fresh ship while the flag of the one he left was still up.

What next happened is under no doubt so far as the movements of the *Niagara* are concerned, though there is irreconcilable difference as to who initiated the action. Immediately after Perry came on board, Elliott left her, to urge forward the rear gunboats. Her helm was put up, and she bore down ahead of the *Detroit* to rake her; supported in so doing by the small vessels, presumably the *Ariel*, *Scorpion*, and *Caledonia*. The British ship tried to wear, both to avoid being raked and to get her starboard battery into action, many of the guns on the broadside heretofore engaged

being disabled. The *Charlotte* being on her lee quarter, and ranging ahead, the two fell foul, and so remained for some time. This condition gave free play to the American guns, which were soon after reënforced by those of the rear gunboats; enabled, like the *Niagara*, to close with the freshening breeze. After the two British vessels got clear, another attempt was made to bring their batteries to bear; but the end was inevitable, and is best told in the words of the officer upon whom devolved the duty of surrendering the *Detroit*. "The ship lying completely unmanageable, every brace cut away, the mizzen-topmast and gaff down, all the other masts badly wounded, not a stay left forward, hull shattered very much, a number of guns disabled, and the enemy's squadron raking both ships ahead and astern, none of our own in a position to support us, I was under the painful necessity of answering the enemy to say we had struck, the *Queen Charlotte* having previously done so." A Canadian officer taken prisoner at the Battle of the Thames saw the *Detroit* a month later, at Put-in Bay. "It would be impossible," he wrote, "to place a hand upon that broadside which had been exposed to the enemy's fire without covering some portion of a wound, either from grape, round, canister, or chain shot." Her loss in men was never specifically given. Barclay reported that of the squadron as a whole to be 41 killed, 94 wounded. He himself, though now only thirty-two, had lost an arm at Trafalgar; and on this occasion, beside other injuries, the one remaining to him was so shattered as to be still in bandages a year later, when he appeared before the Court-Martial, which acquitted him emphatically of blame. The loss of the American squadron was 27 killed, 96 wounded; of whom 22 killed and 61 wounded were on board the *Lawrence*.

Thus was the Battle of Lake Erie fought and won. Captain Barclay not only had borne himself gallantly and tenaciously against a superior force,—favored in so doing by the enemy attacking in detail,—but the testimony on his trial showed that he had labored diligently also during the brief period of his command, amid surroundings of extreme difficulty, to equip his squadron, and to train to discipline and efficiency the heterogeneous material of

* Evidence of Midshipman Montgomery of the *Niagara*, before the Court of Inquiry.

which his crews were composed. The only point not satisfactorily covered is his absence when Perry was crossing the bar. His allusion to this incident in his defence is very casual, resembles somewhat gliding rapidly over thin ice; but the Court raised no question, satisfied probably with the certainty that the honor of the flag had not suffered in the action. On the American side, since the history of a country is not merely the narrative of principal transactions, but the record also of honor reflected upon the nation by the distinguished men it produces, it is proper to consider the question of credit, which has been raised in this instance. There can be no doubt that opportunity must be seized as it is offered; for accident or chance may prevent its recurrence. Constituted as Perry's squadron was, the opportunity presented to him could be seized only by standing down as he did, trusting that the other vessels would follow the example of their commander. The shifting of the wind in the morning, and its failure during the engagement, alike testify to the urgency of taking the tide as it serves. There was no lagging like Chauncey's, to fetch up heavyschooners; and the campaign was decided in a month, instead of remaining at the end of three months a drawn contest, to lapse thenceforth into a race of ship-building. Had the *Niagara* followed closely, there could have been no doubling on the *Lawrence*; and Perry's confidence would have been justified as well as his conduct. The latter needs no apology. Without the *Niagara's* help, the *Detroit* was reduced to a "defenceless state," and a "perfect wreck," by the carronades of the *Lawrence*, supported by the raking fire of the *Ariel* and *Scorpion*. Both the expressions quoted are applied by the heroic Barclay to her condition at 2.30, when, as he also says, the *Niagara* was perfectly fresh. Not only was the *Detroit* thus put out of action, but the *Charlotte* was so damaged that she surrendered before her. To this the *Caledonia's* two long twenty-fours had contributed effectively. The first lieutenant of the *Queen Charlotte* testified that up to the time he was disabled, an hour or an hour and a quarter after the action began, the vessel was still manageable; that "*Niagara* engaged us on our quarter, out of carronade range, with what long guns she had; but our principal

injury was from the *Caledonia*, who laid on our beam, with two long 24-pounders on pivots, also out of carronade-shot distance."

Is it to Perry, or to Elliott, that is due the credit of the *Niagara's* action in bearing up across the bows of the *Detroit*? This is the second stage of the battle; the bringing up the reserves. An absolute reply is impossible in the face of evidence, sworn but not cross-examined. A probable inference, which in the present writer amounts to conviction, is attainable. Before the Court of Inquiry, in 1815, Captain Elliott put the question to several of his witnesses, "Was not the *Niagara's* helm up and she standing direct for the *Detroit* when Captain Perry came on board?" They replied "Yes." All these were midshipmen. By a singular fatality most of the *Niagara's* responsible officers were already dead, and the one surviving lieutenant had been below, stunned, when Perry reached the deck. On the other hand, no mention of this very important change of course is made in a letter addressed to the Secretary of the Navy, October 13, 1813, one month after the battle, drawn up for the express purpose of vindicating Elliott, and signed by all the lieutenants and the purser, who formerly had been a lieutenant in the Navy. Their account was that Perry, on reaching the ship, said he feared the day was lost; that Elliott replied it was not, that he would repair on board the rear schooners, and bring them up; that he did so, and "the consequence was that in ten minutes the *Detroit* and *Queen Charlotte*, with the *Lady Prevost*, struck to us, and the whole of the enemy's squadron followed their example." This attributes the victory to the four or five long guns of the four schooners, instead of to the nine carronades of equal calibre on board a single vessel, the *Niagara*, occupying a raking position, within point-blank carronade range of vessels in the condition described by Barclay. Such a conclusion traverses all experience of the tactical advantage of guns massed under one captain over a like number distributed in several commands, and also contravenes the particular superiority of carronades at close quarters. An officer of the *Detroit* who was on deck throughout testified that the *Lawrence* had engaged at musket shot, the

Niagara, when she bore down under Perry, at pistol shot. To say the least, the statement of the *Niagara's* officers minimizes her action under Perry. In fact, it altogether ignores her standing down.

In short, the campaign of Lake Erie was brought to an immediate successful issue by the ready initiative taken by Perry when he found the British distant fire more destructive than he expected, and by his instant acceptance of necessary risk, in standing down exposed to a raking cannonade to which he for a long while could not reply. If, as the author holds, he was entitled to expect prompt imitation by the *Niagara*, the risk was actual, but not undue. As it was, though the *Lawrence* surrendered, it was not until she had, with the help of gunboats stationed by Perry for that object, so damaged both her opponents that they were incapable of further resistance. In the tactical management of the *Lawrence* and her supports was no mere headlong dash, but preparation adequate to conditions. Had the *Niagara* followed, the *Lawrence* need never have struck. The contemporary incidents on Erie and Ontario afford an instructive commentary upon Napoleon's incisive irony, that "War cannot be waged without running risks." There has been sufficient quotation from Chauncey to indicate why the campaign on Ontario dragged through two seasons, and then left the enemy in control. Small as were the scale and the theatre of these naval operations, they illustrate the unvarying lesson that only in offensive action can defensive security be found.

The destruction of the British naval force decided the campaign in the northwest by transferring the control of the water, and the general military results were in this respect final. Nothing occurred to modify them during the rest of the war. Detroit and Michigan territory fell back into the hands of the United States; and the allegiance of the Indians to the British cause, procured by Brock's sagacious daring a twelvemonth before, but rudely shaken by the events narrated, was destroyed by the death of their great leader, Tecumseh, a month later in the Battle of the Thames, itself the direct consequence of Perry's success. The frontier was henceforth free from the Indian terror, which had hitherto disquieted it from the Maumee to Cleveland.

Perry's victory was promptly followed up by himself and Harrison. Within a week the squadron—except the *Lawrence*—and four of the prizes were in condition to transport the army, an operation performed by successive stages. On the 30th of September Detroit and Fort Malden were occupied, the British forces retreating eastward up the valley of the Thames, pursued by the Americans. On the 5th of October, at a place then known as Moravian Town, they were brought to action, routed, and wholly dispersed. After the engagement, which in American history is called the Battle of the Thames, General Procter reached Ancaster with only two hundred men, whence he again retired upon Burlington Heights at the head of Lake Ontario. General Vincent, who, after the temporary presence of a superior, was again in command on the Niagara peninsula, also fell back upon the same position with much precipitation, as soon as the news of the defeat reached him; for he feared that Harrison's victorious division coming in there upon his rear would intercept his communication and retreat toward York by land, while Chauncey also cut him off by water.

Harrison, however, did not pursue so far, but returned to Detroit, where Perry and he received orders to transport a division by vessels to Niagara, whence it was further to proceed to Sackett's Harbor. He accordingly embarked with 1,300 men and reached Buffalo October 24th. Here Perry was detached from the lake service, while Harrison went on alone to Niagara.

This movement was in pursuance of a change of plan by the Government, which in the middle of the summer had determined to abandon the attempt on the Niagara peninsula, retaining in that quarter only Forts George and Niagara, adequately garrisoned, and to transfer the main effort of the American arms to the eastward; against Kingston or Montreal, as circumstances might determine. The first point of concentration in either case was to be Sackett's Harbor. Thither the regulars then on the peninsula, some 3,000 strong, were to be directed, and in conjunction with the force already there to attack either the one place or the other. The division on Champlain under General Hampton was also to advance in concert.

Its action, if Kingston became the object, would divert the attention of the enemy and divide his strength; while if Montreal were chosen, it would co-operate directly by a junction on the St. Lawrence with the main body. Harrison's reënforcement would supply the place of the men removed from the peninsula, or of the garrison taken from Sackett's, according to circumstances.

General James Wilkinson, an officer advanced in years, of extremely poor reputation, personal as well as professional, and of broken constitution, had been either selected by, or forced upon,* the Secretary of War, to replace Dearborn in command of the New York frontier and conduct of the proposed operations. To his suggested doubts as to the direction of effort, whether westward or eastward, Armstrong had replied definitely and finally on August 8th. "Operations westward of Kingston, if successful, leave the strength of the enemy unbroken. It is the great depot of his resources. So long as he retains this, and keeps open his communication with the sea, he will not want the means of multiplying his naval and other defences, and of reënforcing or renewing the war in the west." He then explained that there were two ways of reducing the place: by direct attack, or, indirectly, by choking its communications with the lower river. The method indicated for accomplishing the latter was, while making a demonstration of direct attack, to move rapidly down the St. Lawrence to Madrid (or Hamilton)† in New York, cross there to the Canadian side, seizing and fortifying a bluff on the north bank to control the road and river; which done, the rest of the force should march upon Montreal. The army division on Champlain was to co-operate by a simultaneous movement and subsequent junction. This plan, in general outline, had been approved by the President; and in transmitting it Armstrong wrote to Wilkinson: "After this exposition, it is unnecessary to add, that, in conducting the present campaign, you will make Kingston your *primary object*, and that you will *choose* (as circumstances may warrant), between a *direct* and *indirect* attack upon that post."

* Scott says, "The selection of this unprincipled imbecile was not the blunder of Secretary Armstrong." *Memoirs*, Vol. I, page 94.

† Both these names are used, confusingly, by Armstrong. Madrid was the township, Hamilton a village on the St. Lawrence fifteen to twenty miles below the present Ogdensburg.

Wilkinson reached his headquarters at Sackett's August 20th, and on September 4th was at Fort George to superintend the first movement of concentration. Chauncey, after some unimportant preliminary movements on the lake, arrived off Niagara September 24th with the squadron, and the process of embarkation at once began; but as the vessels of war could not carry so large a force, the trip must be in batteaux, coasting the south shore of the lake, an operation with which Yeo might interfere. Accordingly, when word was received on September 26th that the hostile fleet was at York, only thirty miles away, it became necessary to suspend the departure of the troops and to seek it; but owing to head winds the American squadron could not get out of Niagara till the evening of the 27th.

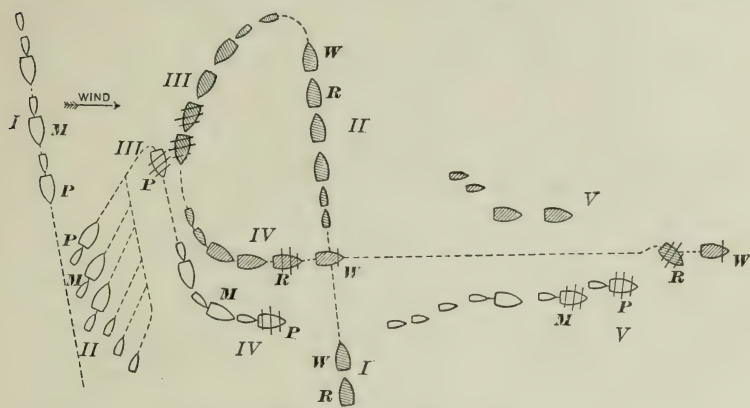
In consequence of the schooner gunvessels sailing so badly, the *Pike*, the *Madison*, and the *Sylph* each took one in tow on the morning of the 28th, steering for York, where the British fleet were soon after sighted. As the Americans kept standing in, the British quitted the bay to gain the open lake; for their better manœuvring powers as a squadron would have scope clear of the land. They formed on the port tack, running south with the wind fresh at east. (Positions I.) Being now about three miles distant, to windward, Chauncey put his fleet on the same tack as the enemy and edged down toward him. (II.) At ten minutes past noon, the Americans threatening to cut off the rearmost two of the British, Yeo tacked his column in succession, beginning with his own ship, the leader; heading north toward his endangered vessels, between them and the opponents. (III.) When round, he opened fire on the *General Pike*. As this movement, if continued, would bring the leading and strongest British ships upon the weaker Americans astern, Chauncey put his helm up and steered for the *Wolfe* as soon as the *General Pike* came abreast of her, the American column following in his wake. The *Wolfe* then kept away, and a sharp encounter followed between the two leaders, in which the rest of the vessels took some share. (IV.)

At the end of twenty minutes the *Wolfe* lost her main and mizzen-topmasts, and mainyard. With all her after-sail gone,

there was nothing to do but to keep before the wind, which was fair for the British posts at the head of the bay. (V.) The American squadron followed; but the *Madison*, the next heaviest ship to the *Pike*, su-

torian Cooper, "luffed up in noble style across her stern to cover the English Commodore," and "kept yawing athwart her stern, delivering her broadsides in a manner to extort exclamations of delight from the American fleet. She was commanded by Captain Mulcaster." Her fighting mate, the *Madison*, had a heavy schooner in tow.

At quarter before three Chauncey relinquished pursuit. Both squadrons were then about six miles from the



Chauncey's battle on Lake Ontario, September 28, 1813.

perior in battery power to the *Wasp* and *Hornet* of the ocean navy, and substantially equal to the second British ship, the *Royal George*, "having a heavy schooner in tow, prevented her commander from closing near enough to do any execution with her carronades."* The explanation requires explanation, which is not forthcoming. Concern at such instants for heavy schooners in tow is not the spirit in which battles are won or campaigns decided; and it must be admitted that Commodore Chauncey's solicitude to keep his schooners up with his real fighting vessels, to conform, at critical moments, the action of ships of eight hundred and six hundred tons, like the *Pike* and *Madison*, to those of lake craft of under one hundred, is not creditable to his military instincts. He threw out a signal, true, for the fleet to make all sail; but as he held on to the schooner he had in tow, neither the *Madison* nor *Sylph* dropped hers. His flag-ship, individually, appears to have been well fought; but anxiety to keep a squadron united needs to be tempered with discretion of a kind somewhat more eager than the quality commonly thus named, and which on occasion can drop a schooner,—or other small craft,—in order to get at the enemy. As the dismasted *Wolfe* ran to leeward, "the *Royal George*," says the American naval his-

torian Cooper, "luffed up in noble style across her stern to cover the English Commodore," and "kept yawing athwart her stern, delivering her broadsides in a manner to extort exclamations of delight from the American fleet. She was commanded by Captain Mulcaster." Her fighting mate, the *Madison*, had a heavy schooner in tow. At quarter before three Chauncey relinquished pursuit. Both squadrons were then about six miles from the head of the lake, running toward it before a wind which had increased to a gale, with a heavy sea. Ahead of them was a lee shore, and for the Americans a hostile coast. "Though we might succeed in driving him on shore, the probability was we should go on shore also, he amongst his friends, we amongst our enemies; and after the gale abated, if he could get off one or two vessels out of the two fleets, it would give him as completely the command of the lake as if he had twenty vessels. Moreover, he was covered at his anchorage by part of his army and several small batteries thrown up for the purpose." For these reasons, the Commodore "without hesitation relinquished the opportunity then presenting itself of acquiring individual reputation at the expense of my country." The British squadron anchored without driving ashore, and the American returned to Niagara. It had received a certain amount of damage aloft, and one of the purchased schooners lost her foremast; but the killed and wounded by the enemy amounted to only five, all on board the *General Pike*. That vessel lost besides twenty-two men by the bursting of a gun.

After this action Chauncey continued off Niagara, to hold in check the enemy's fleet pending the movement of the batteaux, which began October 1st. On the 2d all had gone, and Wilkinson himself set

* Chauncey's report.

out, reporting that he was bringing 3,500 men. On the 4th a false account that Yeo had given him the slip induced Chauncey to carry the squadron to Sackett's, where he arrived on the 6th; having been fortunate enough on the way to capture six transports having reinforcements from York for Kingston. Of them two were the schooners taken from himself on August 10th.

This movement of British troops upon Kingston showed that the enemy had divined in part the American object. In fact, as early as October 2d, General de Rottenburg, who had succeeded to Brock's place as Lieutenant-Governor and Commander of the forces in Upper Canada, had quitted the peninsula for Kingston, as the point chiefly menaced, taking with him two regiments, and leaving Vincent again in local command. This was after Perry's victory had become known, but before the Battle of the Thames.

When Chauncey reached Sackett's he found there not only Wilkinson but the Secretary of War, General Armstrong, who had transferred the War Department to the frontier for this campaign. A discussion followed as to the place to be chosen for the grand attack. The Secretary and Chauncey preferred Kingston; Wilkinson argued in favor of Montreal. For some time the Secretary stood firm; but the concentration of the troops at Sackett's was not effected till October 18th, and it was then known that De Rottenburg with his two regiments had arrived at Kingston two days before. Armstrong then reconsidered his determination, and on the 19th ordered the advance against Montreal, down the St. Lawrence; a junction to be made with Hampton, who was then at Chateaugay. Chauncey, whose principal anxiety naturally was the British dockyard, was much disgusted at this decision, which was reached while he was again on the lake, covering the movement to troops to Grenadier Island, at the entrance to the St. Lawrence, where a first rendezvous was established for the final start. Not the least objection, and one of great importance, was that Sackett's would be practically denuded of garrison until Harrison's men should arrive. Scarcely less detrimental was the stripping of the Niagara frontier, which in the end caused most disastrous consequences.

From Grenadier Island the army, on

November 1st, began entering the St. Lawrence by detachments, rendezvousing again at French Creek, on the American side, fifteen miles from the lake. Being here immediately opposite one of the points considered suitable for an advance upon Kingston, the object of the movement remained still doubtful to the enemy. The detachments first arriving were cannonaded by four of Yeo's vessels that had come through the channel north of Long Island, which here divides the stream. On November 2d Chauncey anchored near by, preventing the recurrence of this annoyance. On the 4th the entire force was assembled, and on the 5th started down the river with fine weather, which lasted until the 11th. Up to this date no serious difficulty was encountered; but immediately that the departure from French Creek proclaimed the real direction of the movement, De Rottenburg dispatched a body of six hundred regular troops under Lieutenant-Colonel Morrison, accompanied by some gunboats under Captain Mulcaster, to harass the rear. At the same time, probably to cover from observation the movement of this little expedition, as it crept along the north bank, Sir James Yeo on the 5th came out from Kingston with his fleet. He anchored on the north side of Long Island, only five miles from the American squadron, but separated by a reef, over which the *General Pike* could not pass without being lightened. Steps were taken to effect this, and to buoy a channel, but on the 6th Yeo retired.

Morrison and Mulcaster on the 8th reached Fort Wellington, opposite Ogdensburg. Here they landed and received reinforcements from the garrison, raising their numbers to eight hundred. These continued to follow, by water and by land, until the 11th, when they were turned upon by the rear guard of an American division, marching on the north bank to suppress the harassment to which the flotilla otherwise was liable in its advance. An action followed, known as that of Chrystler's Farm, in which the Americans were the assailants and in much superior numbers; but they were worsted and driven back, having lost 102 killed and 237 wounded, beside 100 prisoners. The troops engaged then embarked, passing the Long Saut Rapids to Cornwall, 120 miles from Kingston and 82 from Montreal. Here they

were rejoined on the 12th by the advance portion of the division, which had met little resistance in its progress.

At this time and place Wilkinson received a letter from General Hampton, to whom he had written that the provisions of his army were insufficient, and requested him to send "two or three months' supply by the safest route in a direction to the proposed scene of action." He also instructed him to join the advance at St. Regis, opposite Cornwall. As the two bodies were coöperating, and Wilkinson was senior, these directions had the force of orders. In his reply, dated November 8th, Hampton said: "The idea of meeting at St. Regis was most pleasing, until I came to the disclosure of the amount of your supplies of provision." Actually, the disclosure about the supplies preceded in the letter the appointment of meeting at St. Regis, which was the last subject mentioned. "It would be impossible," Hampton continued, "for me to bring more than each man could carry on his back; and when I reflected that, in throwing myself upon your scanty means, I should be weakening you in your most vulnerable point, I did not hesitate to adopt the opinion that by throwing myself back upon my main depot (Plattsburg), where all means of transportation had gone, and falling upon the enemy's flank, and straining every effort to open a communication from Plattsburg to . . . the St. Lawrence, I should more effectually contribute to your success than by the junction at St. Regis."

Hampton then retired to Plattsburg, in the direction opposite from St. Regis. Wilkinson, upon receiving his letter, held a council of war and decided that "the attack on Montreal should be abandoned for the present season." The army accordingly crossed to the American side and went into winter quarters at French Mills, just within the New York boundary, ten miles from the mouth of the Salmon River, which enters the St. Lawrence thirteen miles below St. Regis. Wilkinson was writing from there November 17th, twelve days after he started from French Creek to capture Montreal. Thus two divisions, of eight thousand and four thousand respectively, both fell back helplessly, when within a few days of a junction which the enemy could not have prevented, even

though he might successfully have opposed their joint attack upon Montreal.

It is a delicate matter to judge the discretion of a general officer in Hampton's position; but the fact remains, as to provisions, that he was in a country where, by his own statement of a month before, "we have, and can have, an unlimited supply of good beef cattle." A British commissary at Prescott wrote two months later, January 5, 1814: "Our supplies for 1,600 men are all drawn from the American side of the river. They drive droves of cattle from the interior under pretence of supplying their army at Salmon River, and so are allowed to pass the guards, and at night to cross them over to our side"—the river being frozen. He adds: "I shall be also under the necessity of getting most of my flour from theirs side." It is not necessary greatly to respect Wilkinson in order to think that in such a region Hampton might safely have waited for his superior to join and to decide upon the movements of the whole. He was acting conjointly, and the junior. Under all the circumstances there can be no reasonable doubt that his independent action was precipitate, unnecessary, contrary to orders, and therefore militarily culpable. It gave Wilkinson the excuse, probably much desired, for abruptly closing a campaign which had been ludicrously inefficient from the first, and under his leadership might well have ended in a manner even more mortifying.

Chauncey remained within the St. Lawrence until November 10th, the day before the engagement at Chrystler's Farm. He was troubled with fears as to what might happen in his rear—the defenceless condition of Sackett's and the possibility that the enemy, by taking possession of Carleton Island, below him, might prevent the squadron's getting out. None of these things occurred, and it would seem that the British had not force to attempt them. On the 11th the squadron returned to the harbor, where was found a letter from Armstrong, requesting conveyance to Sackett's for the brigade of Harrison's army, which Perry, after the Battle of the Thames, had brought to Niagara, and which the Secretary destined to replace the garrison gone down stream with Wilkinson. The execution of this service closed the naval operations on Ontario for the year 1813.

On November 21st Chauncey reported he had transported Harrison with eleven hundred troops. On the night of December 2d the harbor froze over, and a few days later the commodore learned that Yeo had laid up his ships for the winter.

There remains yet to tell the close of the campaign upon the Niagara peninsula, control of which had been a leading motive in the opening operations.* Its disastrous ending supplies a vivid illustration of the military truth that positions are in themselves of but little value, if the organized forces of the enemy, armies or fleets, remain unimpaired. The regular troops were all withdrawn for Wilkinson's expedition; the last to go being the garrison of Fort George, eight hundred men under Colonel Winfield Scott, which left on the 13th of October. The command of the frontier was turned over to Brigadier-General George M'Clure of the New York Militia. Scott reported that Fort George, "as a field work, might be considered as complete at that period. It was garnished with ten pieces of artillery, which number might have been increased from the spare ordnance of the opposite fort"—Niagara. The latter, on the American side, was garrisoned by two companies of regular artillery and "such of M'Clure's brigade as had refused to cross the river."

It was immediately before Scott's departure that the British forces under General Vincent, upon receipt of news of the Battle of the Thames, had retreated precipitately to Burlington Heights, burning all their stores and abandoning the rest of the peninsula. This was on October 9th, a week after De Rottenburg had taken with him to Kingston two regiments, leaving only ten or twelve hundred regulars. De Rottenburg sent word for this force also to retire upon York, and thence to Kingston; but the lateness of the season, the condition of the roads, and the necessity to abandon sick and stores, decided Vincent, in the exercise of his discretion, to hold on. This resolution was as fortunate for his side as it proved unfortunate to the Americans. M'Clure's force, as stated by himself, was about one thousand effective militia in Fort George, and two hundred and fifty Indians. Concerning the latter he wrote: "An exhibi-

tion of two or three hundred of them will strike more terror into the British than a thousand militia." From time to time there were also bodies of "volunteers," who assembled on call and were subject to the orders of the National Government for the period of their service. With such numbers, so constituted, it was as impossible for M'Clure to trouble Vincent as it was inexpedient for Vincent to attack Fort George.

A gleam of hope appeared for the American commander when Perry brought down the thirteen hundred of Harrison's victorious army, with the general himself. The latter, who was superior to M'Clure, lent a favorable ear to his suggestion that the two forces should be combined under his own command, and an attack made on Vincent's lines. Some four hundred additional volunteers gathered for this purpose; but before the project could take effect Chauncey arrived to carry Harrison's men to Sackett's, stripped of troops for Wilkinson's expedition. The urgency was real, and Chauncey pressing, on account both of Sackett's and the season. In reply to a very aggrieved remonstrance from M'Clure, Harrison expressed extreme sympathy with his disappointment and that of the volunteers, but said no material disadvantage was incurred, for he was convinced the British were removing as fast as they could from the head of the lake, and that an expedition thither would find them gone. Therewith, on November 16th, he embarked and sailed.

The period of service for which the militia were "draughted" would expire December 9th. To M'Clure's representations the General Government, which was responsible for the general defence, replied impotently by renewing its draught on the State Government for another thousand militia. But, wrote Armstrong, if you cannot raise volunteers, "what are you to expect from militia draughts, with their constitutional scruples?"—about leaving their State. Armstrong was not personally responsible for the lack of organized power in the nation; but as the representative of the General Government, which by a dozen years of inefficiency and neglect had laid open this and the other frontiers, the fling was untimely. On December 10th, the garrison of Fort George was reduced to "sixty effective regulars and probably forty volun-

* A map of the Niagara Peninsula illustrative of this article is to be found in the July number of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, on page 100.

teers. The militia have recrossed the river almost to a man." M'Clure also learned "that the enemy were advancing in force." That night he abandoned the works, retiring to Fort Niagara, and carrying off such stores as he could; but in addition he committed the grave error of setting fire to the adjacent Canadian village of Newark, which was burned to the ground.

For this step M'Clure alleged the authority of the Secretary of War, who on October 4th had written him, "Understanding that the defence of the post committed to your charge may render it proper to destroy the town of Newark, you are directed to apprise its inhabitants of this circumstance, and to invite them to remove themselves and their effects to some place of greater safety." The General construed this to justify destruction in order to deprive the hostile troops of shelter near Fort George. "The enemy are now completely shut out from any hopes or means of wintering in the vicinity of Fort George." The exigency was insufficient to justify the measure, which was promptly disavowed by the United States Government; but the act imparted additional bitterness to the war, and was taken by the enemy as a justification and incentive to the retaliatory violence with which the campaign closed.

The civil and military government of Upper Canada at this time passed into the hands of Sir Gordon Drummond. For the moment he sent to the peninsula General Riall, who took over the command from Vincent. On December 13th M'Clure reported the enemy appearing in force on the opposite shore; but, "having deprived them of shelter, they are marching up to Queens-ton." This alone showed the futility of burning Newark, but more decisive demonstration was to be given. Early on the 19th the British and Indians crossed the river before dawn, surprised Fort Niagara, and carried it at the point of the bayonet; meeting, indeed, but weak and disorganized resistance. At the same time a detachment of militia at Lewiston was attacked and driven in, and that village, with its neighbors, Youngstown and Manchester, was reduced to ashes, in revenge for Newark. On the 30th of December the British again crossed, burned Buffalo, and destroyed at Black Rock three small ves-

sels of the Erie flotilla; two of which, the *Ariel* and *Trippe*, had been in Perry's squadron on September 10th, while the third, the *Little Belt*, was a prize taken in that action. Two thousand militia had been officially reported assembled on the frontier on December 26th, summoned after the first alarm; but, "overpowered by the numbers and discipline of the enemy," wrote their commander, "they gave way and fled on every side. Every attempt to rally them was ineffectual."

With this may be said to have terminated the northern campaign of 1813. The British had regained full control of the Niagara peninsula, and they continued to hold Fort Niagara, in the State of New York, till peace was concluded. The only substantial gain on the whole land frontier was the destruction of the British fleet on Lake Erie, and the consequent transfer of power in the west to the United States. This was the extreme left flank of the American position. Had the same result been accomplished on the right flank—as it might have been—at Montreal, or even at Kingston, the centre and left must have fallen also. For the misdirection of effort upon Niagara, the local commanders, Dearborn and Chauncey, are primarily responsible; for Armstrong yielded his own correct perceptions to the representations of the first as to the enemy's force, supported by the arguments of the naval officer favoring the diversion of effort from Kingston to the westward. Whether Chauncey ever formally admitted to himself this original misdirection of effort, which wrecked the summer's work upon Lake Ontario, does not appear; but that he had learned from experience is shown by a letter to the Secretary of the Navy of December 17th, when the squadrons had been laid up. In this he recognized the uselessness of the heavy sailing schooners when once a cruising force of ships for war had been created, thereby condemning much of his individual management of the campaign; and he added: "If it is determined to prosecute the war offensively, and secure our conquests in Upper Canada, Kingston ought unquestionably to be the first object of attack, and that so early in the spring as to prevent the enemy from using the whole of the naval force that he is preparing."

THE POINT OF VIEW

"A GREAT man quotes bravely," said Emerson, "and will not draw on his invention when his memory serves him with a word as good." No sentiment could be more acceptable to the inexperienced writer straining after impressive statement, and no sentiment could lead more surely to flabby faculties and prosy utterance. Emerson drew it, as he drew most of his counsel

The Art of
Making Tags

to others, from the depths of his own experience, and his experience taught him also the corollary, commonly omitted by the professional quoter. "Only an inventor knows how to borrow, and every man is or should be an inventor." There is the meat in the shell. An inventor may do as he will with the materials at his hand, while the copyist can use them only to his destruction. Since most of us find it easy to copy and difficult to invent, the habit of prolific quotation has grown with the growth of a certain hasty and idle spirit easily to be discerned in modern literature, and the London *Saturday Review* has recently stood for an honest and wholesome reaction in favor of writing neatly woven from the author's individual thought, and unbedecked with maxims from familiar sources. It offered some months ago a prize for the worst three "tags" in use at the present day, a tag being understood to mean a quotation that has grown stale with repetition. Hundreds flowed into the columns of the *Review*, and not until they were there did many a reader recognize how often their aged faces had been seen upon the pages of young books and magazines. Here are a few of them: "It is the unexpected that happens," "more honored in the breach than in the observance," "Homeric laughter," "the thin end of the wedge," "the right man in the right place," "there is much virtue in an if."

If the time has come, and apparently it is here, for these and similar phrases borrowed from the big grab-bag of the classics, frequently without any distinct knowledge of their origin, to be discarded from the product

of the average writer, the naked dulness of the average style will be more than ever conspicuous, and inevitably there will be more or less striving to create verbal ornaments of a reasonable originality. Already the popular parodist has found a way out of the difficulty that is not without its appropriateness to a flippant age. Instead of illuminating his text with the wise sayings of his predecessors, he adopts them only after fortifying them with his mother wit, as the prudent physician fortifies his anæsthetic remedies. For "A word to the wise is sufficient" he gives "A word to the wise is superfluous," or for "Procrastination is the thief of time" he sagaciously substitutes "Punctuality is the thief of time," altering, with consummate impudence, dignified gray sentiments that have walked with Shakespeare and Milton. The other alternative to the old stupid method of quotation without variation—to produce our own tags, to make a literature of concise, richly colored, expressive phrases worthy to be quoted by subsequent generations—involves an amount of labor discouraging to the small writer, living upon his wares.

We must keep a stout heart and look to our style to express our common little thoughts, many of which are, after all, as good as those of Montaigne or Hazlitt or Bacon, with a delicate consideration for their individuality. Though they are no more original than we are Adam and Eve, they need not be quite like the thoughts of any other mind. To play them gently as a good fisherman his trout; to follow their moods and let them suggest their conclusions and modifications without rude interruption; to fit words to them as kindly and artistically as if they were the dearest of our children about to be introduced into a critical society, there to be judged by the appropriateness of their dress; to treat them in all ways politely and honestly—this is to make them valuable if the elements of value are in them; if not, it is the way to find the sad truth out.

THE FIELD OF ART



THE PEDIMENT OF THE NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE.

WHEN so important a work of art as this comes our way, description of it and comparison with other achievements may be the first and most needed form of criticism. It is not likely to attract any observers who will dispute the power and judgment of such a pair of sculptors as J. Q. A. Ward and Paul Wayland Bartlett. The one is of all our good men the best for

power, for personal and artistic energy, for sculpturesque grasp; the other is past-master of detail, at home in all that academic traditions can give; and is also an expressional artist unsurpassed among modern artists of pure form.

In the case of this pediment it is Ward who has made the design, it is "his job"; the original small model is his, and the larger subsequent studies are his in their conception; but everywhere, in the modelling of every fig-

ure, as it would seem. Bartlett's hand appears as the actual creator of the figures as we now see them. Such statements as these must always be made with a feeling of some uncertainty. No good-will, no frankness, no desire on the part of either artist to give full credit to his yoke-fellow, can enable a third person to judge exactly what the share of each sculptor has been.

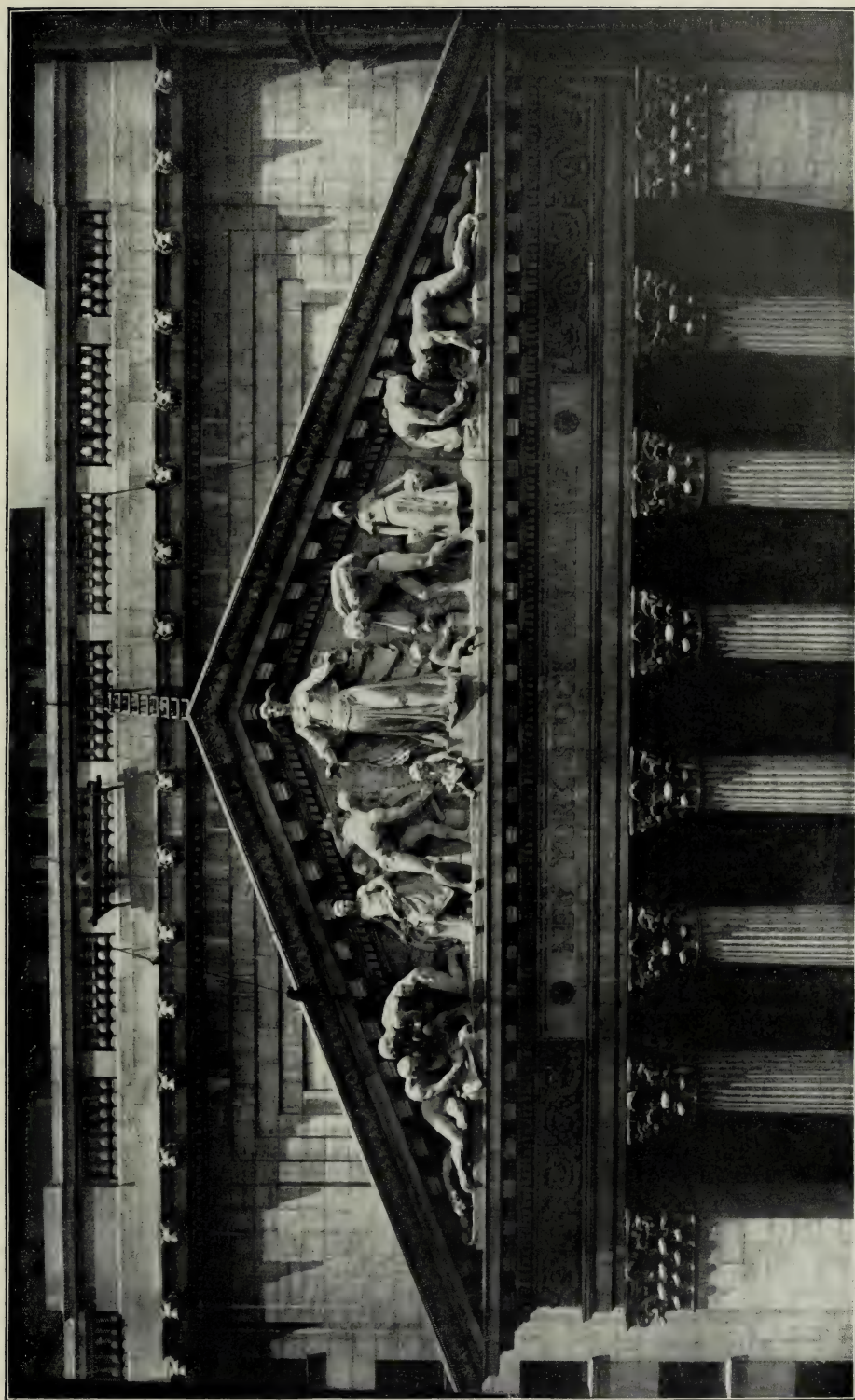
Ward has never given to his sculptured work that charm of which some men have the secret; he is not a master of sentiment in outward expression, and there are living men, his inferior in much, who have yet more than he of the secret of grace. Bartlett, triumphant in his "Michelangelo" and also successful in his "Columbus" and his "Lafayette," has still to give us a great composition. But it is not sentiment nor even grace as a primary need which such a great piece of architectural sculpture requires to make it noble, and the power of Ward as a sculptor on a great scale, aided by Bartlett's extraordinary feeling for truth and significance of modelling, would commend these two men working together to any person wishing to give to a great monument its principal sculptured adornment.

The pediment in question is about 100 feet above the street, and is 110 feet long. From the high floor of the portico of the Sub-Treasury on the one side, from some point within the vestibule of the Mills Building on the other, angle views can be had, the first-named of which is fairly well reproduced in our first picture; but to get the view shown in our second illustration—or any view from the front except of one figure at a time, and that with a disagreeable straining of the neck muscles—you must mount to the roof of the buildings opposite or look through one of their uppermost windows. It is probably this disadvantageous placing of the monument which has caused Ward to give to his figures very great scale and to diminish their number. The pediment of the Panthéon and that of the Corps Législatif, at Paris, are each about as large as this one. The Panthéon is by that Pierre Jean David whom we call David d'Angers, and contains many human figures, so grouped and arranged that it is not sufficient merely to count them, as is shown below, and much paraphernalia—many small subdivisions. The other, by Philippe Henri Lemaire, contains seventeen figures and, again, many accessories, without seeming sufficiently filled. The Stock

Exchange pediment, on the other hand, contains seven colossal figures and four much smaller. And yet when seen from the street, or at all in the way shown in our Fig. 1, it seems remarkably full, even crowded with the huge groups.

The figures seem to be even overwhelmingly massive, as if they were about to fall from their places by sheer overhang and by unsupported mass. It is a step that has been taken consciously, in order that the sculpture may tell from below—so much is evident. What, indeed, would be the value of the sculpture if it could not be seen from the opposite side of Broad Street? As for the Madeleine in Paris, that is altogether on a larger scale and there, with openings all around the monument, and the power of looking at the pediment at any desired angle with a distance of 350 feet horizontal, and a quarter of a mile away on its axis, through the Rue Royal and from the middle of the Place de la Concorde, there has been no need of making the figures excessive in rotundity and projection. It has been, indeed, the custom in the filling of modern pediments, to leave them rather bare, with a great deal of blank background, or at least a very imperfectly filled area. Thus in the composition by David d'Angers, the design required the "grands Hommes" to whom "la Patrie reconnaissante" is awarding crowns to come up to receive them in ranks, as it were, the grouping on the right of the central figure being especially noted for its arrangement in lines of men seen in perspective. Then the triangle at either end is filled with a rather unorganized medley of human figures and of attributes of war and of peace, and in fact the whole pediment is designed as if the scheme were to make an impressive centre and to taper off into nothing at the right and left.

Lemaire's composition for the parliamentary building is a dignified and sufficient piece of work. Here, again, there has been a disposition not to crowd it. The heads of the figures do not reach to its highest level except at one or two points; the awkward triangles at either end are, in this instance also, filled with nothing particular; it seems as if it were beyond the strength of the designers to overcome the great difficulty of filling those triangles with dignified human figures. Or, perhaps that was more than anybody thought worth his while—to do as the artist of the Stock Exchange pediment



Pediment of the New York Stock Exchange, by J. Q. A. Ward and Paul Wayland Bartlett.

did, to put some of his most important nude figures in those intractable sharp angles. Even in the huge pediment of the Madeleine advantage has been taken of the subject, "The Last Judgment," to fill those angular spaces with tumbled tombstones and *débris*.

In the case before us, the New York pediment, the angles are filled with human sculpture as important as any in the group; mighty giants who would stand eighteen feet high. Figures equally large flank the presiding goddess in the middle. Those six great nude figures form, indeed, the design. It is only the two female figures, the two draped figures, which are in a way out of harmony—one cannot quite believe in them; their drapery does not seem either real or ideally graceful. The question of scale troubles the spectator a little, if he looks upon the composition otherwise than as a purely sculptural mass; for the slight and short young man with the dynamo and the young woman with the ram are in an unaccountable way associated with the mighty forms about them.

The non-artistic significance of the design is, no doubt, that Integrity holds the centre of the world's business, which is going on around her. On her left comes the farmer with his crushing back-load of grain, a huge sackful which is to be poured into measuring vessels, and the farmer's daughter, with her hand on the head of a magnificent ram; while, filling the angular space beyond, the two giants to whom there has been allusion represent all those who explore for minerals, trying and testing the surface indications in search of promise of hidden wealth below. On the right hand of Integrity, the nearest great figure represents Machinery and the Mechanical Arts, and next to him is Electricity; while the figures at the end and filling the southernmost part of the pediment, stand for surveyors and builders who are engaged in laying out grounds and establishing a building site. That is the whole story—a group of two figures engaged in planning and building, one of two figures exploring and mining, a group of two who stand for Industry and Applied Science, still a fourth group which stands for Agriculture; those figures, with the central presiding one, form the whole composition, if we except the

little *putti* who are set like child angels on the corners of the pedestal on which stands Integrity. And yet, few as the figures are, the space seems in no place insufficiently occupied, and as the eye draws toward the two ends the pediment seems even excessively filled, the huge figures there affording even more variety and mass of form than perhaps was required. It is a magnificent fault enough—if fault it be—to meet the difficulty boldly and to put your most important figure in the awkwardest place, the place which almost every artist shuns.

There is one more very important and striking characteristic of the design. It is the surprising development given to the muscles of the gigantic nude figures which chiefly compose it. Here is no collection of statues of the Apollo Belvedere type—soft rounded figures with smooth limbs like the arms which a beautiful woman shows in her evening dress; here is, on the other hand, even an excess (if we compare this with other modern work) of muscular detail. It is probable that some lovers of great sculpture would wish to see the figures modified in this respect. It is probable that some would say that the sculptor was deceived by the look of his four-foot models, and allowed them to be enlarged without due consideration of the result of their colossal size; but then this cannot be urged in the face of the senior sculptor's presence in New York and his continual supervision of his work. No, it is deliberately chosen; the remarkable emphasis laid upon muscular development is taken deliberately as the fitting treatment for nude statues used in decorative, that is architectural, work.

There is one fact, however, which every careful observer will note and will learn how to allow for—the fact that the marble is not of a single tint, but is (most unfortunately, as it appears to this writer) veined and spotted with gray. This clouding of the surface interferes with the purity of the form in very many cases. It interferes, too, with the spectator's entire grasp of the subject at given points, for how are you to tell what is local color and what is shade? And if you cannot be sure of your shades, then what becomes of that detail of modelling which is the life of refined sculpture?

RUSSELL STURGIS.



Drawn by Edwin B. Child.

A BLINDING, SHRIVELLING HEAT PLAYED UPON MY FACE AND ARMS WHEN THE
LADLE TIPPED TOWARD ME.—Page 388.

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THE MOULDERS

By Benjamin Brooks

ILLUSTRATIONS BY EDWIN B. CHILD

MY introduction to the mysteries of the gloomy foundry was not encouraging. In the first place, it occurred quite before sunrise on a dull winter's morning, while there was still very little light in the open; and as I entered the black doorway against an ill-smelling current of steamy vapors, my eyes revealed to me no more than might be seen by looking down a chimney. A few gruff orders directed me to "Shorty over yonder with the candle," and I set out in his direction, stumbling over a pile of broken lava, still warm from its eruption from some fiery source, waded into hillocks of soft wet earth, fell in and out of a loose pile of crates (which I afterward learned to call flasks), and at length arrived at the candle. I found it securely stuck by much over-spilled grease to a black hand quite unmindful of its high temperature, which in turn belonged to an unfamiliar crouching animal that rooted about in the earth and dug up odd-shaped things made of iron.

"Ah! so you come," said the animal laconically, straightening itself into a human attitude and disclosing a rather handsome clear-cut face above a body whose breadth of chest and shoulder was out of all proportion to its scant height. "My name's Mike; what's yours? Last names don't count in a foundry. Very good. Now you'll begin your education by finding where I always keep the shovel and fetching it here. After that you'll find the stink-pot by a little rooting in the corner, and can knock the ice out of her and mix her up again."

I located the shovel by bringing up against the protruding handle of it with my nose, which promptly started bleeding copiously; and soon after, to my unbounded disgust, found myself concocting a putrid compound of earth and water and mouldy flour in a small paint keg which fully deserved its unlovely name.

"How does your young friend like the moulding business?" said a burly voice out of the gloom, which was by this time giving way to a sifting of light that found its way in through the sooty skylights.

"Takes to it like a veteran," replied Mike; "leastwise, he was so anxious to mix me up my dope this morning, I let him do it first thing."

A rumble of hoarse laughter followed this delicate sarcasm, and so assisted me in getting up my temper that I resolved, no matter what the art comprised, I'd be a moulder or bust. With the zeal of Mr. Midshipman Easy, then, I took up my first and most important duty, which consisted of bending double over a short-handled shovel and sailing into a sand pile like a dog after a buried bone; and from that moment, seeing I meant business, Mike was always my fast friend.

I remember this first day of mine in the foundry as vividly as one recalls his first journeying in a strange land or his first setting to sea. In fact, travelling never brought me to so many incidents in one day; and between the excitement of venturing upon a new trade and the interest in such surroundings—the tall cupola with its ominous fire-stained openings, the great

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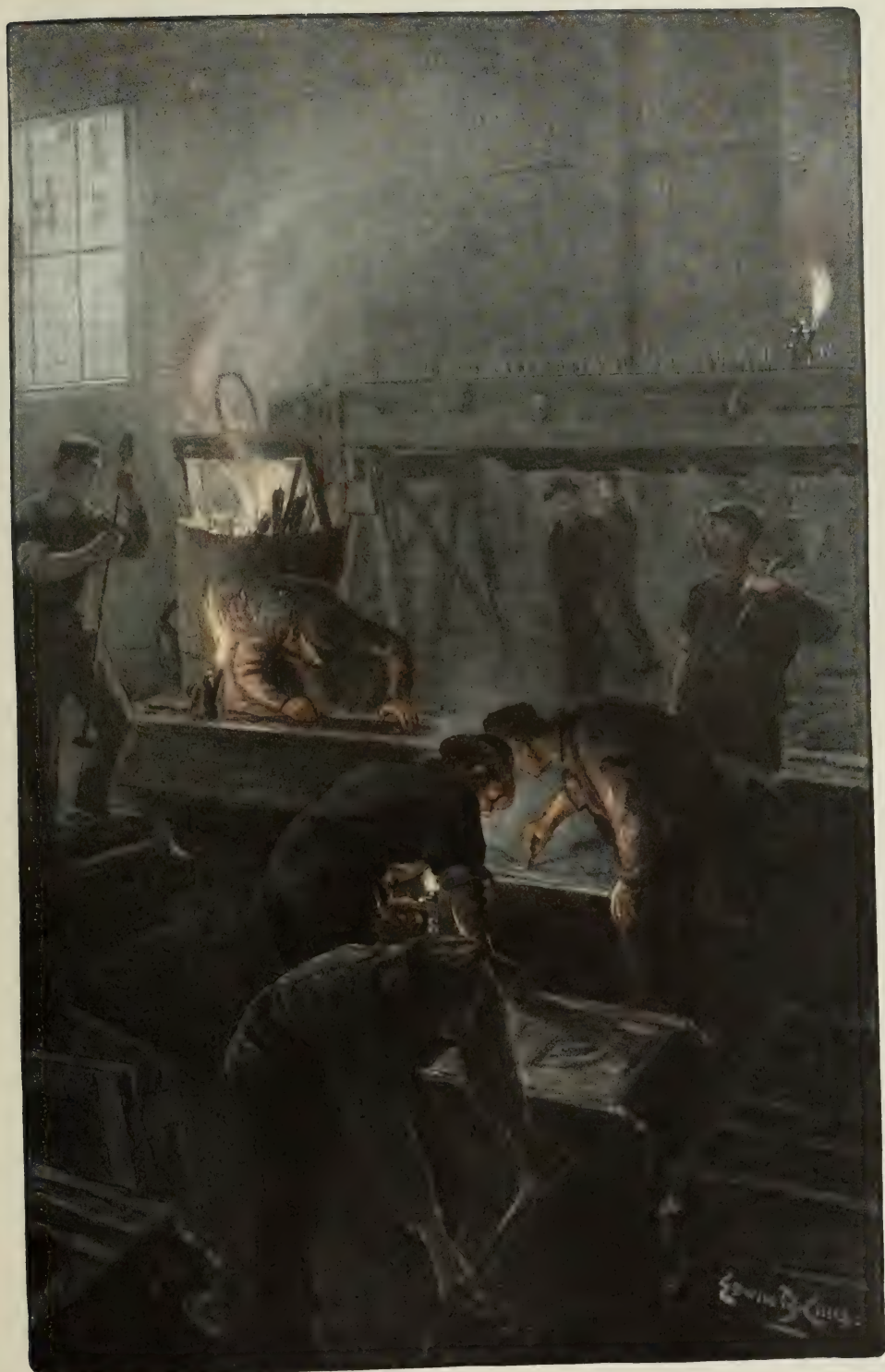
cranes moving ponderously under the creaking roof, the half-clad men delving in the black earth—I was far too occupied to be of much use.

Upon one hand were a lot of 'prentice boys (all greatly amused over my first efforts with the short shovel) who were engaged in what looked like a mud-pie contest. They had a number of neat wooden playthings which they spoke of as patterns—the body of a water valve, the hind leg of a stove, fragments of electric motors, parts of the internal economy of a piano—all these fashioned very carefully to go together and come apart like the halves of a walnut. They buried them in singular bottomless boxes like enlarged honey-comb frames placed one on the other, tucking the soft wet earth deftly into the crevices and corners, pounding it firmly with iron-shod poles, finishing with a primitive sort of war dance to tread it down to compactness. Very gently then, without so much as disturbing a single crumb of earth, they drew the frames apart again—the upper half from the lower—disclosing the wooden pattern. Still more gently, with tapping and coaxing and lifting with a pointed steel hook, they drew forth the pattern as carefully as though they were playing jackstraws; and this left a neat cavity behind it, which, when the necessary channels and openings were cut, would receive the molten metal and shape it as the wooden patterns were shaped, to the finest detail. And all the while they moved with the most wonderful dexterity, tucking and fitting and shovelling at an extraordinary rate, and at the same time chaffing one another and talking with their heads close to the ground as they doubled over the work, as if it were an entirely automatic process without special wonder.

In another place lay the long fin-like blade of a ship's propeller, varnished and polished like a piece of furniture; and a painstaking old workman bent over the impression of it which he had taken in the earth, smoothing it with a tiny trowel, dusting it over with sprinklings of plumbago, and polishing it with the flat of his rough hand till it looked as smooth and glossy as an ice pond. Beyond, in a deep pit, a crouching gnome with a short clay pipe in his mouth was building up a circle of bricks like a well-curbing, stuffing mud and straw

into the chinks, lining it with earth carefully smoothed and polished. This was to give shape to the engine cylinder of some gallant liner of the near future. In another department men were compounding unusual shapes out of flour and clay and water mixed together and pressed into wooden forms, which they piled upon a car and ran into an oven as big as a small cottage, till they were baked hard. And these "cores," as they called them, were to be laid within the sand moulds to form the inside hollow places in the iron where required. So upon every side things were happening at the same lively rate, and from the great variety of the limbs and skeletons of future machinery that lay about, I concluded the foundry was the beginning of all things metallic—and this was not so very wide of the mark; for to go into a foundry is to go back to first principles in mechanics, where the ordinary common things we use and depend on every day, with no thought of their origin, are fashioned out of the elements of the earth.

But I had a great deal more to do than look on. Mike's frequent commands to "shovel in" kept the perspiration running copiously off the end of my chin, and his demands for earth which had been shaken laboriously through a coarse "riddle" or sieve told upon my back. I began to compare my slender limbs with those of my confederates, whose sleeveless shirts disclosed a magnificent set of knotty muscles, and wonder if I should indeed ever be a moulder, for all my resolutions. Yet strength was a very small part of it, as my laconic instructor was demonstrating every minute. He chanced to be making, on the day of our acquaintance, long strips of those beautiful carved mouldings which run about the entrances and staircases of the modern office building—save that you only see them after they have been polished and plated to look like bronze. He would grasp the handles of one end of his flask, directing me to the other with a "Say when you're mad"; and at the signal—"mad"—would straighten up easily under a load of three hundred and fifty pounds, setting it down as carefully as a keg of powder. So much for strength. But immediately afterward he would draw forth the light wooden pattern as gently as one draws a splinter, never harming the delicate



Drawn by Edwin B. Child.

'They buried them in singular bottomless boxes.—Page 386.

sand form. All defects in the intricate design he conjured up again with a steel spatula and his blunt but sensitive thumb, replacing carved points and angles that, had you or I touched them, would have fallen hopelessly to pieces. He was as delicate of touch as a fat old potter I once saw at Sevres, who, with the same thick, clumsy-looking kind of thumb, made a fragile vessel on his wheel and handed it with unconcern to a dainty young lady, who, much to her chagrin, crushed it at the first touch. So much for skill; and as for knowledge and ingenuity, there seemed to be ten thousand ways of preventing the sand from falling out of place, by arranging wooden pegs in it made sticky by being dipped in the unlovely paint keg; of drawing most unmanagable shapes from the moulds by dividing them into Chinese puzzles of many pieces; of leading the metal where it should go, and damming it off with mud where it should not. How, for instance, would one go about making the hole in a water faucet, which is crooked and cannot be drilled? Or how would one cast a statue of Henry Ward Beecher all in one piece and have him hollow clear down to his toes? All good moulders know these things, for if there are tricks in every trade, moulding is a trade which is all tricks, as my first long and connected conversation with Mike the Laconic amply demonstrated. At high noon, which was announced by hitting a cracked bell with a hammer, we repaired by ladder to the roof of the low building, there to bask in the sun (which we had not seen before that day) and counteract the morning's gloom. While I devoured my sandwiches, finger-marks and all, with a mighty appetite, Mike reached over into a neighboring yard and plucked a crisp climbing morning-glory. Holding the delicate blossom up for my inspection, he said: "Young feller, kin you make me one just like that in bronze?" I was quite sure I could not. "But," said he, "you needn't think it can't be done. First you get an old can, punch a hole through the bottom of it with a nail, and stick the stem of the flower through the hole, leaving the blossom inside. See?" I saw. "Next you fill the can with water, and drop into the water, bit by bit, nice fine sand. Mind you go slow. After a long time the water will leak out, leaving the blossom buried in the sand, but

still in good shape. Now you'll dry the whole thing in the core oven and bake it. That will burn the blossom to ashes. Then if you have the patience to shake it and shake it till all the ashes drop out through the stem, you'll be ready to pour in your metal; and if you do as I tell you and make no mistake, and try about six times, you'll have, in the end, the prettiest morning-glory that ever bloomed in a tomato can."

When the cracked bell summoned us again to earth—very literally to earth—they had closed up the chimney-like cupola at the bottom, strewn kindlings in it, added coke on top of that, then a layer of iron scraps, then more coke and more iron, alternately, till the charge was several feet deep; and the Cupola Boss touched it off with a smoky torch thrust in through the air twyers. Fire indeed became the ruling element, springing up everywhere—upon the floor under one's feet, deep down in the pits, and hung in iron baskets over the open moulds—each small blaze drying out a flask, each contributing generously to the smoke which soon enveloped all things. In the fitful flickerings the cranes, groaning under great weight and clanking with chains, swung back and forth placing covers on the moulds, weighting them with blocks of iron as big as the regulation ice cake, and fetching immense clay-lined "ladles."

Finally the moulds were all closed and clamped with iron bars as though they were expected to withstand dynamite. The men left off work, and stood in groups joking one another as though the day was done. But it was far from done. Presently from the cupola, which had been roaring with a strong forced draught and glowing red at the peep-holes, issued a slender stream of fire, first dull red, then yellow as a canary. As it coursed down the spout and fell splashing to the floor, a myriad of tiny livid beads spattered in the air, each bursting with a hiss into a spangle of light like the most delicate and beautiful sort of miniature sky-rockets. Yes, it was iron; and a very strange thing it was to see so dull and solid a metal running like syrup.

Soon the crane set down a big ladle under the stream, and, as it filled, the fireworks increased to a very torrent of sparks, falling upon the by-standers to their obvious discomfort; and great floods of light rose from the molten pool, illuminating the black

rafters and transforming my sombre associates to red fiends who brandished glowing "skimmers" in the air.

At the right moment a man with a clay plug on the end of a long pole stopped the flow, and the ladle, with much shouting of "histe away," went swinging high over head on the crane, casting weird shadows. As it stopped over the opening of a mould my curiosity reached a climax and I drew near. There was a moment's hesitation by the men at the turning handles, as if waiting for something, and then a man clapped me on the shoulder, saying, "Here, you'll do; take this and hold it so, to skim back the slag," and I found myself, willy-nilly, holding a bar across the lip of the ladle within three feet of the fearful stream that already began to pour into the mould with a gurgle like boiling oil. Now this was my very last hour, I felt sure. A blinding, shrivelling heat played upon my face and arms when the ladle tipped toward me, as though I were looking down the throat of a small volcano. Breathing was out of the question, for the moment. I felt my countenance ready to crack open like a roasted chestnut. My hair must certainly burn off like prairie grass. To strengthen this idea one of those fiendish little hissers dropped upon my head and rolled smoothly down inside my clothing, causing me to dance. But I dared not let go; the awful consequence of letting anything drop or go wrong, with a ton of molten metal overhanging me, was too apparent. At the moment the last dregs were poured, however, the "riser" gate of the mould overflowed in the sputtering convulsive fashion of a young geyser, pouring over to the floor directly behind me. An attack from the rear was too much for me at this juncture. Without leave or ceremony I fled, and, being thoroughly blinded by staring at the metal, was soon sprawling in a sand pile which (praised be the Cyclops!) was cool. The voice of Mike came reassuringly out of the smoke—"The next time stand a bit more to one side and it'll not be so hot for you." And then, noting my chagrin at having run away, he continued, "I mind a time when I ran away myself. I had a top-heavy bull ladle full to the rim hooked on to a hydraulic crane and going up, me steadying it by the handles. Don't you ever trust no hydraulic crane, boy. When

I sung out 'high enough' the valve broke short off, and she kept going up and no way to stop her. Ever dreamed you was fallin' and fallin', and woke up just before you hit? Well, boy, I was as scared as that, and yellin' for the fellers to run for it; and the higher it got the more noise I made. They ran, askin' no questions, and when she was as high as one could reach I had no choice but to run myself; and if I'd run a little faster I would have saved a whole suit of clothes and a lot of skin. Yes, boy, I was burnin' up pretty fast when they got to me and put me out."

By this time there were ladles going in all directions, each with its trail of light like a comet, some ponderously by the cranes, some smaller ones carried by men who staggered under their weight over rough ground and in the dark, but never stumbled. The moulds, as they poured them off, burst into flame at every chink and vent with the inflammable gases which the metal generated within. Loud boomings sounded on every hand like artillery, as accumulated gases exploded. Now and again a mould on the apprentices' floor, through bad venting, blew its entire contents into the air. Here a number of men with shovels were trying to stop a leak, others were bringing buckets of water to put out a too persistent blaze; there a man, unable to let go of his ladle, swore feelingly and urged somebody to extinguish the seat of his trousers which had inopportunely caught fire. Everything burned or smoked—even the earth, with the pools of congealed metal that lay on it; everything seemed given over to panic and destruction. The devil himself would have voted it a fine climate. Yet, despite the smoke and darkness, nobody stumbled or made a wrong move. Despite the roaring of the air blast, nobody misunderstood an order. Nobody seemed confused or in the least dismayed. To me alone was it fire and brimstone and the end of the world.

Now finally came a lull. The fires died away and dank vapors floated in the thick air. Mike and I set to with the help of the crane to break out the moulds we had set up, and this was all seven of the labors of Hercules, with the heroism left out. Red-hot sand poured out on our boots, or went up in the air with the heat currents to light upon us from above. The smoke blinded



Drawn by Edwin B. Child.

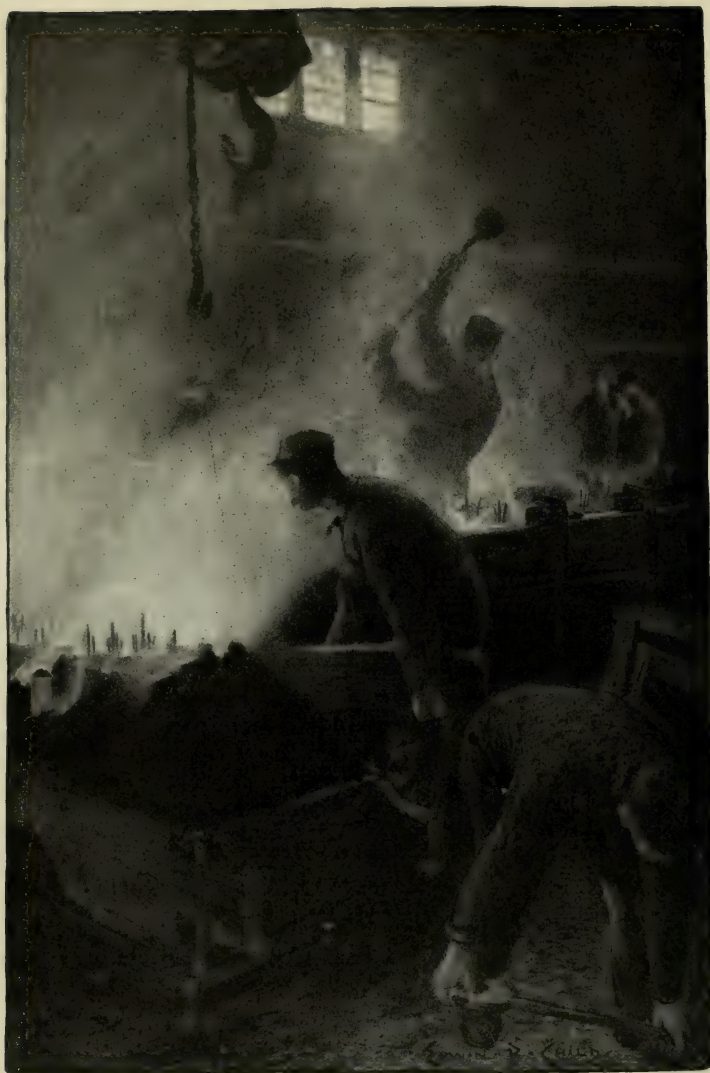
Soon the crane set down a big ladle under the stream.—Page 387.

us, the fumes of burned flour stifled us, till we ran to a door with smarting eyes and nostrils for a breath of air, only to return again for another stifling. At length appeared our day's work in iron, still red with heat, and I herewith took first lessons in the art of uncovering castings to cool without cracking. We were still in the midst of this, thoroughly covered with sweat and hot sand, when there came a warning shout, a blow, and a crash, and the remaining contents of the cupola lay dumped upon the floor, a blinding, half-molten volcanic pile, and the water they played on it burned in long flames like so much petroleum. I stood fascinated by the sight till the force of example bid me lay hold of a long chain with the rest of the crew (keeping one arm over my face for protection), and heave away at the pile till it was scattered over the floor to cool.

And this was the end of my first day in a foundry. I came intact through the usual scrimmage for a place under the cold water tap, won out in the contest for the soap—the rare elusive soap—and passed out into the cool evening and God's fresh air.

I worked many months at the moulders' trade, but never learned it. For that matter, neither had my instructor, Mike, who had been at it years and had the advantage of a long line of moulders to inherit from; and his white-haired grandfather, crushed to death by the crane through a mistaken signal at the age of ninety, had never learned it either. He had often said to Mike, viewing with grave disfavor the introduction of machinery into the trade, "The day will come, my lad, when you'll be ashamed to say you're a moulder!" And all good mechanics are apt to feel that machinery takes the skill out of a trade and reduces it to drudgery. Yet here was I, working in what may prove the world's climax of machinery, and moulding was still an intangible, unlearnable art; and, as in the time of Mike's distinguished ancestor, so there are to-day about nine men out of ten who could never be good moulders any more than they could paint good pictures or sculpture in clay. Indeed, it is very hard to say where the moulder leaves off and the sculptor begins. There is, to be sure, a lot of humdrum about it. A man will often be found making

twenty moulds a day from the one pattern, and doing the same for months together, till his tools wear out in his hands. He works automatically, without zeal or joy in the task, and whether the monotony makes the man or the man chooses the monotony is not easy to say. Most of them, at any rate, fight against routine. They roam over the map with a happy-go-lucky assurance of a job, appear in many shops, do many different kinds of work, until they have become too valuable to be set at one task to work without thought. Delightfully free and sailor-like it is to go where one will, seeing the cities of the world like a gentleman tramp, with one's office under his hat, with one's livelihood in one's hands, and money in pocket. Yet I believe the artist rather than the vagabond is uppermost with them. We took on a man one day who gave us a most convincing reason for having left his last job. It was this way: He was moulding large grooved pulleys for a cable railway. Some were cast, others he was at work on. At this point a surly foreman ordered him to "shake her out"—which meant to destroy the mould. Now why should he "shake her out"? The first pulleys were good, why not these? He had made no error. The foreman offered no explanation, but, with a sneer of disapproval, ordered the moulds destroyed. The purely materialistic view of the situation would have been—so many dollars per day, whether the work might be to build up or shake out; but our new man saw only that he was asked to destroy without good reason the work of his own skilled hand; and, sooner than do that, he put on his coat, demanded his pay, and set out for new worlds to conquer. There is usually room at the top for all such "unphilosophic" moulders as he, for in contrast with the twenty-pieces-a-day routine is the work that requires great skill and judgment—like the ocean greyhound's cylinder, for instance, that takes two weeks to make, and beyond that again are the fellows that cast the great chimes—five tons of metal in one bell, mixed and compounded with the care of an alchemist, true to the ear and without a single flaw. The bronzes on the Capitoline, the satyrs that were dug up at Pompeii—these also are moulding; and old Bartolommeo Colleoni, riding his famous bronze steed through the square in Venice,



Breaking out the moulds.

is enough to make every moulder proud of his trade. It is a very ancient, respectable art, and has never declined like many others. I have seen, in the unromantic lower districts of breathless New York, moulders who, machinery and hustle to the contrary, took plenty of time and infinite pains fitting together hundreds of irregular blocks of the finest, compactest earth to form the moulds for the ornaments on palaces along the Avenue and the statues in the Park; and had they artists who could draw and model for them as of old, they could cast

better bronzes than any Renaissance has yet brought forth. And this is to say nothing of aluminum of the cup defenders, and cast steel for a hundred things unknown a generation ago.

As to the moulders themselves, I have often been asked what my friends the sculptor-gnomes are like, in much the same way that the traveller, returning over seas, is asked, "What about the Patagonians?" as though moulders were quite an outlandish tribe. I have heard them characterized as ignorant, unruly, nomadic, brave, and so



Blowing off the slag.

on, all bunched together; and once I was interrupted by a young giant near by who observed: "I say, Spindles" (which was my foundry name, denoting herculean build), "I see by this morning's *Journal* that moulders are a lazy lot of fellows all together. How about that?" But since it was so painfully evident that I was just about then having great difficulty in keeping up to Mike's pace, I made no comment on the editorial decision, but dispelled his derisive grin by throwing a gate-pin at him between riddlefuls.

Moulders look very much alike when you meet them hurrying to trains and ferries with tin pails and worn-out coats and that unmistakable smell of burnt flour about them, but work among them ever so little, and they become exceedingly individual, and, like the single men in barracks, "most amazingly like you." Ignorant? To be sure. There are moulders who can't read their own union cards, or measure accurately with a rule, but space off distances with their two fists held together with thumbs extended end to end for a crude

twelve-inch measure; and record the length of bolts and clamps with chalk upon their trouser legs. On the other hand, I would stake the average moulder against the average college professor for a thorough knowledge of the laws of hydrostatics. As the Egyptian *had* to learn geometry and the Hollander engineering, so the moulder must learn those mysteries of liquid pressure along with the alphabet. I had sometimes seen fellows standing on their smaller flasks to hold them tight down in lieu of clamps, and pouring them at the same time. I tried it myself one day, and a little column of molten iron six inches high and one in diameter lifted me and three hundred pounds of sand off its bed so that the metal poured out through the joint; and I, who was "edekated," thereupon took a first lesson in hydrostatics, amid flame and sparks and the laughter of the foundry crew. After that it seemed unsafe to think of moulders as ignorant.

And their reputation for brute unruliness: A moulder is apt to turn devil when he strikes. A little scrap of cold iron dipped in water and dropped into a filling ladle will explode it like a Yellowstone "hell-hole," blinding, or maybe killing, everybody near it; and a handful of gunpowder dropped down a "gate" will never show till the metal touches it off when the mould is poured. It is a brave man indeed who will risk his life as a "scab" in a foundry. Yet in contrast to such occasional inhumanity are the weekly gatherings in sombre meeting halls decorated with florid banners, mediæval regalia, and spittoons, wherein the grievances of the hotheaded are allowed to dissipate in smoke, profanity, and chaotic argument; and the business element refers the matter to headquarters in Cincinnati, waits calmly for the decision of the central committee, and acts upon their Yea or Nay with the support of fifty thousand men.

To describe the moulders, then, would be for me to go back to the old shop and describe them as individuals. Mike, no doubt, would be as laconic as ever, save for grumbling that his father hadn't apprenticed him to an easier trade than moulding, yet secretly liking the work for its own sake, doing it always well, and standing off three foremen in a hurry, if necessary, to insist on enough time and the

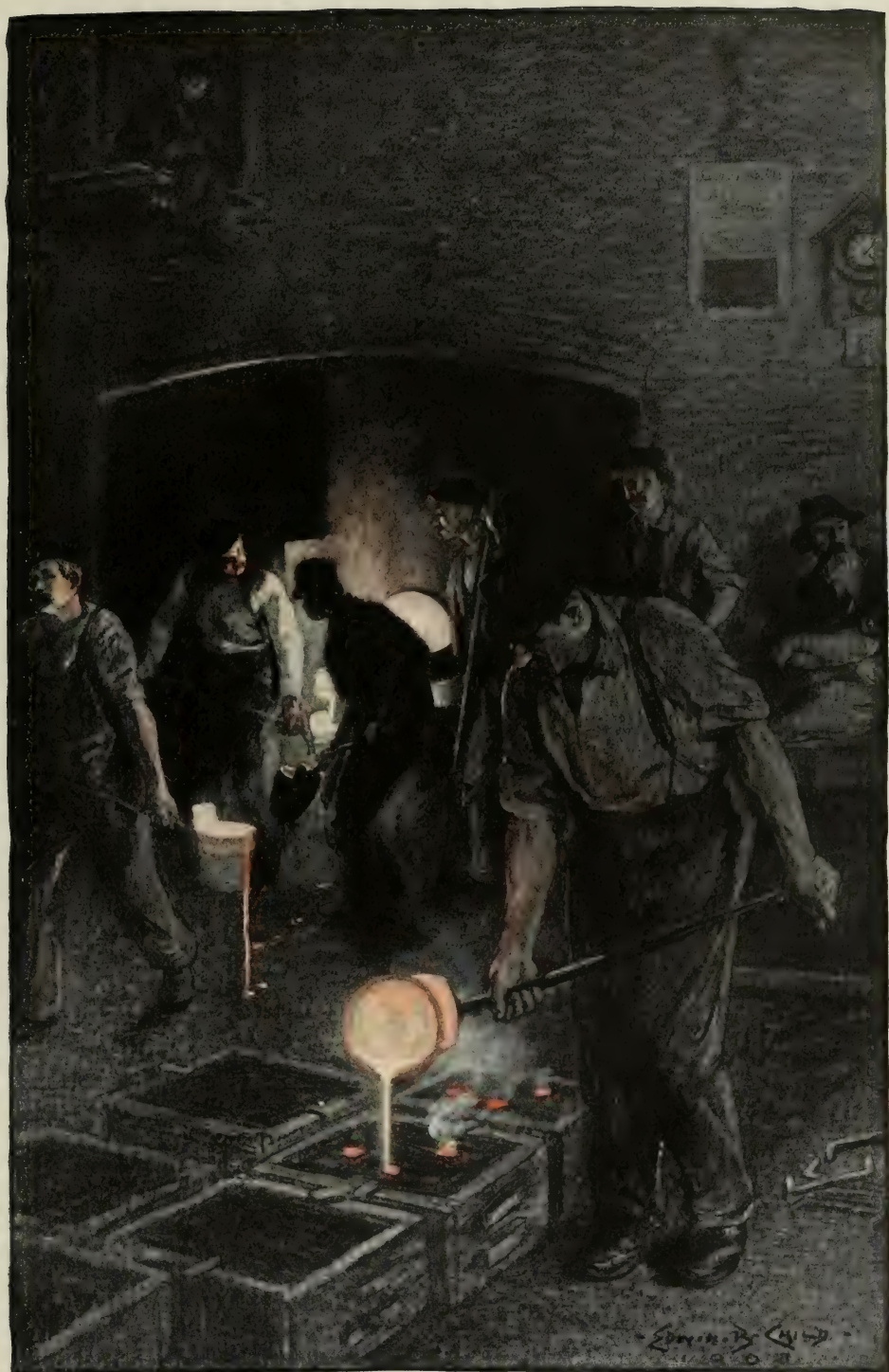
right methods. In contrast to him, "Black Jack" would still appear as low-browed and sullen as ever; would show as plainly each Monday the effects of an intemperate Sunday when the heat got at him. Henry, raw-boned, enormous, and clumsy, would be hard at it to no purpose after all, and about to invest his horded bank account in some aerated scheme to get rich quick. Possibly the old man is there yet, who they say went partially mad years ago over a great sorrow, working and working, and never looking up or speaking to his fellows. But the young Alsatian—he will be gone. He was a nomad. He could play the cornet when work was dull, or land anywhere and do anything, for that matter. He will be away to Japan for the fight, or to the Klondike for gold, and with equal relish. "Stagey Pete," so called from his weakness for amateur theatricals, might surprise you very much, if the mood was on him, by showing a phenomenal knowledge of the works of some famous bards. Often have I heard him begin "Now is the winter of our discontent made glorious summer"—as the metal began to run on dull days; or, when we were standing in groups waiting for our turn at the cupola, he would begin with me and recite "The seven ages of man" with an eloquence that charmed us, ending in mock solemnity with the most venerable of us all. "Skinney Jim," alternately member of the Salvation Army and penitent transgressor—he with the one remaining front tooth—is still, I doubt not, the butt of the foundry. You will hear them all singing in chorus:

"Are you washed, are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

Are your garments spotless and as white as snow?"

And Jimmy, being all one color of earth—hair, skin, and clothing, with nothing distinguishable but the whites of his eyes—responding, "Sing away, himps o' the devil! yer can't get me mad, gosh damn yer!" and brandishing a menacing skimmer rod.

If these heterogeneous moulders of mine had anything in common it was a general spirit of hearty cheerfulness, free from the cross-grains and "nerves" of men who sit in offices with no outlet for their physical energies. There is a saying, I believe, about the man who sings at his work, and I remember it was mighty inspiring in a long day's toil when we started up "John



Drawn by Edwin B. Child.

Smaller ones carried by men who staggered under their weight.—Page 388

Brown's Body" all together in a big bull-throated chorus accompanied by the noisy "rattler mills" which churned without ceasing, and tumbled our castings about to rid them of tenacious sand and sharp corners and make them presentable. And if a joke sprang up anywhere it was everybody's joke, and went all round without interfering with the work. "Spindles," the 'prentice boy, was under a sort of kindly protectorate of them all, who saw that he worked like a horse, but never lifted beyond his strength. Then there was their stanch nerve—the kind that held Mike to his top-heavy ladle till the boys were out of danger; they all had that to a greater or less degree.

It might safely be said also, that although all moulders are not ignorant, nor any of them ignorant in all directions, yet they all, in common with other so-called uneducated workmen, show a sensitiveness about what they don't know. Have respect and interest in what a moulder does know, and he will eagerly tell you many of his trade secrets in exchange for a fact or so from you. But even hint by word or action that his knowledge is small, and it will go hard with you in the foundry. The consciousness that they vote blindly and the wrong way, that they know not how to seize opportunities nor just what to strike for, is pathetic; and I regret that, as a corollary to this, there exists a feeling almost of resentment and suspicion against the class who are better informed than they, whom they must deal

with as the Irishman played the fiddle, "by main strength and awkwardness."

Well, since my foundry days the condition of moulders has grown better. I have seen foundries lately with windows that let in light and good cheer, and proper ventilators that let out smoke, and gas-burners that dry moulds much better than wood fires, and save a man's eyes. I have seen shower rooms and free soap; and these last are great things, for when a man can leave his work and the dirt of it behind him together at the end of the day, he comes to much more consideration in the eyes of his fellow-citizens. Some day I hope for a sort of internal strike, whereby the real moulders will strike out the incapables, the mere "hoboes," from themselves and their unions, and stand ready to advance according to their own merits.

However, as I said, I never learned the trade—all of it—nor all about my gruff, hearty friends, the moulders. It is better to have been a moulder than to be one, even to-day; so, following the examples of the sons of great designers and inventors, who take their course in the foundry as a means to an end, I finally set out for new fields, with a broader chest and an invaluable, unforgettable accumulation of experience. But to-day, whenever I chance to pass within scent of a foundry and see the flames at the cupola stack, the old desire is strong upon me to get back to those primitive black elements again and be making things with my hands.



HENRY JAMES

By Elisabeth Luther Cary



FROM most of the fiction of the present day, always excepting that of Mr. Meredith and Mr. Hardy, I gain the impression that it is written for the young and by the young. I gain the impression that its authors have been checked at a certain point in their intellectual development by the abundance of the satisfaction their immature sympathies and observation provide. A few points of human nature and experience have claimed their attention without luring them to further inquiry. And the result is an atmosphere in which it is difficult for those who have "grown old and crafty and wise," and for those who have "grown old and godly and grave," to breathe. Yet to fiction surely we should turn as we grow older, to find that enlarged field of subtle and poignant interests demanded by our initiated minds. Nowhere else can we move in such varied and such stimulating society; nowhere else can we learn the jealously guarded secrets of the mind and heart that become important to us in proportion as our fellow beings render them inaccessible. In the novels of Henry James we drink deep of this peculiar satisfaction. Here, at least, there is no shirking of the exactions upon the mind made by increasing years. The enlightened and fortified intelligence has kept pace indefatigably with its task of investigation and record. There has been neither impatience nor weariness shown in the arduous study of character constantly rendered more complicated by wider and richer opportunities. Rightly to estimate the contribution thus made by Mr. James to the small body of what we may call our mature fiction demands an ability in analysis equal to his own; but there are in his work a few salient qualities that leap to the notice of the reader, and that, brought together, form in themselves a sufficiently coherent picture of the more obvious side of his performance. First of these is what can only be termed, although perhaps misleadingly, his patriotism. To this day we

hear it pointedly explained by the militant type of critic that he is the opposite of a patriot; so, possibly, it is necessary, in order to get the best point of view from which to regard his work, to examine somewhat closely his claims to Americanism. In one of his biographical sketches he declares that we know very little about a talent until we know where it grew up. Certainly in his own case it would be superficial in the extreme to fail to note in his accomplishment the influence of environment and of certain facts in his life.

He was born of American parents, his earlier childhood was passed in New York, where, he tells us, he spent a large part of his time poring over the pictures in *Punch*, yielding himself to the appeal of their trans-Atlantic suggestions, and dreaming of Drury Lane and Kensington Gardens. When he was twelve years old he was taken abroad and his schooling was carried on in France and Switzerland. At sixteen he came back to continue his studies at Harvard. Finally when he was six and twenty he went to Europe to live the rest of his life there, chiefly in England. Once only he has returned for a visit of a few months' duration. As he is now well past the middle years it is immediately apparent how small a part America has played in creating his environment and forming his associations, and it is the more interesting to observe that his attitude toward Americans, after all has been said—and certainly it is not a little—shows extraordinary sympathy and comprehension. He has written between thirty and forty novels and long stories, and in two-thirds of them, at least, is portrayed the American character with the scrupulous care of a mind ardent in the pursuit of truth. These wonderful types are as flexible and pure of outline, as nervously alive and as beautifully expressive, as any to be found in English fiction. They appear against the backgrounds of British and Continental life provided for them, surrounded by an air of their own, a clear medium of innocence enriched by intelligence. They

are acutely interested by the world that lies about them, and abundantly susceptible to new impressions; but what strikes one most forcibly in regarding them as a group is the depth of their temperamental refinement; their inability to think coarsely of their relations with their fellow beings. They represent their nation on its most exquisite side—youthful, bright, incorruptible, confiding, expectant. And almost with one accord they bring this unsophisticated, receptive temperament to the deep wells of civilization, where the intensity of their thirst becomes apparent. They are continually leaving the keen, thin atmosphere of their native society to expand and ripen in the mellow and brilliant world to which Mr. James invites them, and which returns them rejoiced, or sometimes chastened, but singularly unspotted and unimpaired. For, unlike many of the pilgrims in search of experience with whom literature has concerned itself, these people, created by Mr. James in the image of America, present an impenetrable surface to the demoralizing influences of the spectacle which they find so alluring. They receive the beauty of the vision and maintain their integrity of soul. They are as sound as the picked apples of their orchards, and they are made to assist at situations both ugly and mean without either losing their fine moral constancy or showing themselves priggishly insensitive. Gertrude Wentworth and Daisy Miller, Isabel Archer, Christopher Newman, Milly Theale, Francie Dosson, the incomparable Strether, all meet their various fates, some of them tragic enough, with the fervent sweetness of the dreamer for whom the joy of impressions can never be dimmed by the shock of personal disillusionment. Together they form a body of character and temperament that makes powerfully for wholesome idealism. Never was exhilaration of mind and soul obtained from purer sources than those from which they draw their inspiration, and never were the satisfactions of spiritual and intellectual curiosity more vividly realized.

Apparently Mr. James has not been able to forget the sentiment of the little boy turning the pages of *Punch* and looking forward with impatience to the time when he should walk the London streets. The sense of initiation began for him with those

London pictures, and the sense of personal discovery that was soon to follow has not yet ceased to exercise its magic. His latest novel, "The Ambassadors," contains the figure of a man who has grown grizzled in an Eastern town of the United States and who meets at last in Europe the savor of life that enchants him. In Strether we have the ideal American as Mr. James beholds him incarnate. A freshness of heart and soul that is not youth, but that to the crude eye simulates it; a temperament fine and rich and warm in which the seeds of experience, once dropped, spring instantaneously into blossom and fruit; a mild and genial kindliness, the key to precious intimacies, an appreciation of the more delicate delights of civilization so keen as to inflict suffering; the perfection of desire toward the right, and of knowledge of what makes the right—these in Strether combine to form that Americanism for which Mr. James has the tenderest sentiment, the most loyal respect. In the first chapter of his "Life of Story" he declares that "the old relation, social, personal, æsthetic, of the American world to the European" is "as charming a subject as the student of manners, morals, personal adventures, the history of taste, the development of a society, need wish to take up—with the one drawback, in truth, of being treatable but in too many lights;" and later he laments that "it has never been 'done,' to call done, from any point of view." Perhaps not; but it has never come nearer to it than at the hands of Mr. James himself, and the point of view to which he has chiefly confined himself is that which presents his compatriots in their most winning aspect. In his hands their representative fabric of qualities and susceptibilities becomes a thing of shimmering tones and elusive beauty. Milly Theale, for example, in "The Wings of a Dove," is minutely defined as a product of New York. Her wealth, her history, her face, her dress, have the stamp of New York upon them. She glides across the pages upon which are depicted her lovely life and death, with a fascinating lightness of movement, and the gracious turns of her beneficent spirit in working out its kindness of intention are not less entrancing. No character in any of the novels is freer from aggression, triviality, or crudity; no character is richer

in mellow instincts and harmonious impulses. In the disastrous impact of her fragile nature upon the coarser alien types with which she is brought into relations we have a tragedy of which Mr. James has developed many sides. It occurs in "The American," in "The Reverberator," in "An International Episode," in "Daisy Miller," and in each case it is the American whose texture, when the crash reveals it, proves to be exquisite in fineness, and quite without the stain of self-seeking.

Of course there are Americans of a different kind. There are Madame Merle and Gilbert Osmond, Olive Chancellor and Mrs. Tristram, Roderick Hudson and Caspar Goodwood; there is the sturdy Waymarsh; but, interesting as these are, they are not the real thing. "The name of the good American," Mr. James has recently ejaculated in the person of the astute Miss Gostrey, "is as easily given as taken away. . . . What is it, to begin with, to *be* one . . . surely nothing that's so pressing was ever so little defined!" Mr. James defines it by the dramatic method, by embodying his definition in his chosen characters. For those who play the leading parts in his books he unerringly selects models of singular moral and temperamental beauty, and these respective and responsive people make up the principal charm of the international drama with which he so largely concerns himself. In detaching the figures of his Americans from the group of his distinguished characters there is no injustice to his art, for they indubitably stand for what is most individual and most precious in the sum of his achievement.

If Mr. James, however, after many years of what his critics deprecate as expatriation, has not merely preserved, but has intensified his sensitiveness to all that is sweet and sound in the American composition, it is not therefore the case that he finds in America the Land of his Heart's Desire. He has chiefly exploited it as a place from which to escape whole-hearted to the homes of traditions and symbols, of faint fragrant messages from the past, and long-established institutions. At the time when he knew it best he put into the mouth of a mad artist this characterization:

"We (the Americans) are the disin-

herited of art. We are condemned to be superficial! We are excluded from the magic circle. The soil of American perception is a poor, little, barren, artificial deposit. Yes! we are wedded to imperfection. An American, to excel, has just ten times as much to learn as a European. We lack the deeper sense. We have neither taste nor tact nor force. How should we have them? Our crude and garish climate, our silent past, our deafening present, the constant pressure about us of unlovely circumstance, are as void of all that nourishes and prompts and inspires the artist as my sad heart is void of bitterness in saying so." Doubtless he would now put it with far less bald conclusiveness, even were the changes due to what he calls the annexation of the complicated European world less marked. His present impression, indeed, is conveyed chiefly by means of mild insinuation. The town of Woollett, Massachusetts, is, he suggests, a place marked "by the failure to enjoy"—one of the great failures in his eyes, . . . and Woollett stands for a thousand towns of modern New England. It is not sure it ought to enjoy. If it were, it would. But it hasn't, poor thing, anyone to show it how. New York, despite its cleverness in originating Milly Theale, appears to little advantage in the references she makes to it; those "American references, with their bewildering immensities, their confounding moneyed New York, their excitements of high pressure, their opportunities of wild freedom, their record of used-up relatives." It is thrown out at the same time that Boston is a city in which one finds "a particular peace" beyond the power of New York to bestow, a city which may be counted upon to help you "feel your situation as grave" under the discipline of life or death. Such attributions are amusing and discerning, and frankly unsympathetic. Mr. James is too deeply enamoured of art, the outcome of "Silence and slow Time," to be patient with any form of life that dissipates the æsthetic inclination or confuses the æsthetic effect. Not merely the pursuit of art as an avocation or religion or destiny, although in "The Tragic Muse" this too has received a large and splendid recognition, but the art that colors and moulds our surroundings, that affects our taste in the minutest particulars, that makes itself manifest through

the harmony of our environment and our relation to it—this affords him continual concern. Who else has given us such portraits of places, of homes, of rooms, of gardens, of streets and churches and little inns, of dress even, of all that has passed under the hand of man to be beautified? In the earlier books, where all emotions are more insistently held, this emotion for beauty has its active part to play on the comparatively empty stage, and one grows at times almost tired of its inevitable appearance. Later it takes its place as a pervasive, comforting influence which, like the fragrance of flowers, ameliorates all harsh conditions and deepens the sense of well-being. In "A London Life," miserable story as it is of sordid quarrels and debased relations, the description of the dower-house at Plash is like a cool and soothing touch in fever. In the novel that has least to commend it to the admirers of Mr. James, "The Sacred Fount," we find ourselves bewitched by Newmarch, the country-seat at which take place the extravagant and pitiful events of the fable. Wherever we turn in this strange story, driven by our puzzled and half-rebellious curiosity, we are hushed and calmed by glimpses of utter loveliness. They are scattered in single sentences and fragmentary allusions, occasionally expanding into descriptions of consummate felicity, fixing some moment of passing effect:

"There was a general shade in all the lower reaches—a fine clear dusk in garden and grove, a thin suffusion of twilight out of which the greater things, the high tree-tops and pinnacles, the long crests of motionless wood and chimnied roof, rose into golden air. The last calls of the birds sounded extraordinarily loud; they were like the timed serious splashes in wide, still water, of divers not expecting to rise again. I scarce know what odd consciousness I had of roaming at close of day in the grounds of some castle of enchantment. My few steps brought me to a spot where another perspective crossed our own, so that they made together a verdurous circle with an evening sky above and great lengthening, arching recesses in which the twilight thickened. Oh, it was quite sufficiently a castle of enchantment, and when I noticed four old stone seats, massive and mossy and symmetrically placed, I recognized not only the

influence, in my adventure, of the grand style, but the familiar identity of this consecrated nook, which was so much the type of all the bemused and remembered. We were in a beautiful old picture, we were in a beautiful old tale, and it wouldn't be the fault of Newmarch if some other green *carrefour*, not far off, didn't balance with this one and offer the alternative of niches in the greenness, occupied by weather-stained statues on florid pedestals."

These are the scenes with which Mr. James has gained familiarity and which he reproduces as they are reproduced in the art of Corot, with such an adjustment of values and accents that the whole trembles mysteriously into color without a brilliant note or patch of deadness. And it is in such descriptions that one feels now his older vision, they are so perfectly the evolution of what his younger eyes beheld when Europe still was foreign land; they realize so fully the dream that grew out of early reading and imagining. Compare the bland serenity of Newmarch with this picture of Hampton Court, dating more than a quarter of a century earlier, and throbbing with impressionable youth and eagerness:

"Over against us, amid the deep-hued bloom of its ordered gardens, the dark red palace, with its formal copings and its vacant windows, seemed to tell of a proud and splendid past; the little village nestling between park and palace, around a patch of turfy common with its tavern of gentility, its ivy-towered church, its parsonage, retained to my modernized fancy the lurking semblance of a feudal hamlet. It was in this dark, composite light that I had read all English prose; it was this mild moisture that had blown from the verses of English poets; beneath these broad acres of rain-deepened greenness a thousand honored dead lay buried."

It is the same vision, it is the same craving, the same delight in humanized landscape and sophisticated nature, the same zest for turning the pages of a book written in the tongues of ancient peoples and illustrated by the great masters of form and color. The development has been certain, sustained, and complete. Following a habit he has in common with many other intensely personal writers, Mr. James has devoted to this trait of his mental

physiognomy an entire book. In "The Old Things," later called "The Spoils of Poynton," he gathers up as if in some slender vase of intricate workmanship, the aroma diffused by the multitudinous flower of civilization. In this work (and in this alone) the human interest is subordinated to the pressure of æsthetic preoccupations. At the end Fleda Vetch and Owen Gereth are dim and fantastic to the reader's imagination, and it is the fresh old tapestry and deep old damasks, the rare French furniture, the old golds and brasses, the Spanish altar cloth and the ivory crucifix that flicker and glow with vitality. Saving himself by the adjective "maniacal" applied to Mrs. Gereth's passionate regard for her properties; saving himself still more by Fleda's refusal to see in those wonderful properties the price of her affections, Mr. James nevertheless emphasizes, once and for all, the reader feels, the compulsion of such a passion as that of Mrs. Gereth for her "Old Things." He points a warning hand in the direction of its ultimate effect upon human character. We may see for ourselves, he seems to say, how far it may carry one. In "The Portrait of a Lady," which antedates "The Old Things" by some fifteen years, he has also shown that the dilettante attitude, the excessive preoccupation with matters of taste, presents to him as to less susceptible observers its ugly and contemptible side. In the person of Gilbert Osmond he has concentrated all its hardening and lowering possibilities, and he has provided an illuminating contrast to this peculiarly detestable connoisseur in Ralph Touchett, in whom taste, the unfortunate Isabel feels, is "a kind of humorous excrescence" that does not interfere with his inalienably human qualities.

In the world which Mr. James has chosen to depict, reality prevails. There is a vast amount of art, but there is little artificiality. There is almost nothing of what critics are fond of calling primal sentiment, but there is an abundance of the ordered, restrained, compressed sentiment that reaches its highest development in the soil of civilization. Unlike Mr. Meredith, he fails to show us any wild flowers of womanhood springing, beautiful and alluring, from the crags of unconventionality. None of his heroines could be compared to great sky-

birds, or to forest trees, or to the shower-cloud of the mountains. But to say that his characters clothe their emotions with the garments of the cultivated world to which they belong is not to deny their sincerity or even their intensity. Purely primitive passion does not interest him, but strong feeling—feeling of which one may die, for that matter—assailed by the problems of life in a complex environment—this awakens him to searching analysis and to poetic interpretation. The wonderful story, "The Beast in the Jungle," furnishes a striking definition of the tragedy which he finds in passionless living. No more terrible vision of blank and empty reaches in the soul can be conceived than that evoked by the anguish with which Marcher covets the ravages of grief beheld upon the face of a mourner. And, as usually in the life of the modern world, feeling is obliged to parade itself or else to seek concealment before a cloud of witnesses. In all the later stories people are coming and going with constant intrusion, doors are swinging, we obtain glimpses here and there of significant corners out of the way of the crowd; but it is a rare chance that we can feel ourselves alone for an instant with anyone. All that we gather in the way of confidences must be culled from half-framed sentences, from allusions, tacit understandings, instantaneous intuitions. We must keep ourselves alert, guarded, intelligent, or we miss the secret. If Mr. James is the opposite of idle with his observing and recording, we too are industrious. He calls upon his readers to work with him and in his own spirit of untiring curiosity. And everywhere he produces what a recent critic has called "the emotion of multitude." He moves among his characters, numerous as they are, with great serenity and with an air of perfect ease. Again unlike Mr. Meredith, who continually enters one's thoughts in his company, he assumes no mask of comedy or tragedy, he requires no isolation of place. In evening dress, in great assemblies, he astutely interrogates the human soul and receives its confessions. I recall but one instance of his rebellion against the social order, the shackles of which he seems so consenting to embrace. Once, at Newmarch, he complains that to that fine and formal company the summer stars called in vain. "We had ignored

them in our crystal cage, among our tinkling lamps, no more free really to alight than if we had been dashing in a locked railway-train across a lovely land." But for the most part the immense society of the civilized world offers him his tremendous opportunity and he is not disdainful of it. For this reason he has been placed in a group of writers fundamentally unlike himself, and the tag of "realist" has been cheerfully attached to him. It is hardly worth while to dispute the applicability of that or any other tag when its applicability can be so easily defended. But the realism of Mr. James is merely the solid and tangible envelope of his inherent mysticism. He is too thoroughly an artist to leave his characters in the air in a disembodied state. It is the business of an artist to give form to his thought, to provide illusions that shall convince; and this to the most extraordinary degree Mr. James accomplishes. His least characters walk the solid earth and think and act with integral individuality. They are born into life as real persons, not as dreams or ideas; but this world of our mortality is not the only world of which they are conscious. The domain of terrestrial experience is narrow compared to the wide world of psychological conjecture. From the natural phenomena absorbing the attention of most of us, some of us are continually summoned by a vision of miracle, by a ghostly sense of the supernatural coldly breathing upon our lusty materialism. It was not for nothing that Mr. James had for his father and the guide of his early studies, that genial theologian of Swedenborgian tendencies, who pursued Emerson even to his bedchamber to "bring him to book on the topic of man's regeneration," and who found the idol of Concord "absolutely destitute of reflective power." In the early work of Mr. James, in that of his middle period, and markedly in the work of his later years, we feel that visions and dreams have been his frequent companions. Occasionally he has written ghost-stories of undiluted mystery. "The Turn of the Screw" is a tale of which the elusive horror cannot be exaggerated. In all its elements, in the choice of the little child as the victim of inexplicable evil, in the veil shrouding in darkness the manifestations of the evil, in the sense of irresistible forces sweeping against and overturning divine innocence of

heart, in the downfall of the physical under the fierce assault of the spirit, sheer ghastly, shattering horror is present. In other stories involving excursions into the region of good and evil spirits, a lighter medium is used. The ghosts of "The Real Right Thing," "The Third Person," "Owen Wingrave," "The Romance of Certain Old Clothes"—these ghosts enlist the imagination without appalling it. In the story called "Maud-Evelyn" the eccentric spirit of whimsy is riotous. Maud-Evelyn is a child who died at some early age and who lives in the memory of her parents with such intensity—but it is folly to translate or curtail the wonderful web into which Maud-Evelyn's adventures are woven! Reading of them one is far away from the author of "The Papers" and "What Maisie Knew."

But it is from this amazing composition of equal sensitiveness to the visible and the invisible that the moral worth of these various works has grown. The spiritual difference between good and evil is kept continually in mind, and out of a maze of incident, weary with intellectual exercise, one emerges at the important goal to find the beauty and dignity of virtue still pre-eminent. Out of the corruption of a society which Mr. James depicts with unsparing detail and without satire or didactic comment, rises the flame of purity. Some one among his characters is sure to stand for invincible goodness. There is never for a moment the pretense that wickedness and vulgarity are happy estates for the soul. There is always the assumption that to be sanely and positively good is to shape for one's self the only satisfying destiny, and the assumption is the more potent that none of the felicities of life escape the notice of him by whom it is made. The resources of the opulent material universe, the complications of the intricate social relation, the deep delights of multifarious personal experience—to hold these in the hand and weigh against them the secret value of goodness is to count so far as one can for morality.

Mr. James may be said to count for morality on its sturdiest side, on the side assailed by all the insidious temptations of refined and sophisticated tastes. "I like your talking, my dear man, of what you don't perceive. I've yet to find out what that remarkable quantity is." One of his

own characters tosses him this appreciation, and he himself admits that "a man habitually ridden by the twin demons of imagination and observation is never enough for his own peace out of anything."

But such a man speaks with authority to the initiated and those who have tasted satiety. The freshness and sweetness of his message has none of the crude tang of immaturity, and if he is listened to he is believed.

Unfortunately it becomes increasingly difficult to listen understandingly. Many years ago—the years of "The Passionate Pilgrim" and "The Europeans"—there was but one fault to find with that clear enunciation in which words had so delectable a sound. It was not entirely flexible. Mr. James, like many another writer whose ideal of the English tongue is a high one, wrote at first cautiously, and erred on the side of elaboration. He explained; at times he even a little exhorted. He moved not quite freely among his sentences. In the correction of that fault

he arrived at the style of "Princess Casamassima" and of "The Portrait of a Lady," a style beautifully sincere, personal and significant. Then, to use the expressive characterization of one of his fellow novelists, he "bent backward." Apparently he is increasingly anxious to be on terms of careless intimacy with his readers, to address them in the colloquial speech of inner circles, in an *argot* like that of the studio or the newspaper or the stage. Such an expression as "things are not, also, gouged out to your tune" is an example of the liberties he now takes with his easily handled instrument. The result is an immense pliability; a wonderful sense of being in and of the group; a pleasant good-fellowship between the reader and the book, but as one reads, a fear settles upon the mind—is not this broken and distorted style the most fragile of vessels in which to preserve the precious substance? Will it not be practically unintelligible for future generations? A greater mishap in literature could hardly be imagined.

QUATRAINS

By Arlo Bates

SELF

ONE newly dead, wafted on winds of space,
 Felt clustering shapes he knew not and yet knew.
 "Who are ye?" cried he, scanning face by face.
 "Yourself!" they laughed. "We all have once been you!"

TRUTH FALSIFIED

OF countless bards, each called his love a rose,
 Yet never was it true till Sylvia came;
 And so much fairer than the flower she shows,
 That what now first is sooth, now first seems blame!

THE FIGHTING IN MANCHURIA

WHY GENERAL KUROPATKIN HAS FAILED

BY THOMAS F. MILLARD

WITH MAPS BY THE AUTHOR



THE beginning of the rainy season may be said to mark the completion of the first stage of the war. The difficulty of conducting extensive operations during the rains, coupled with the comparative exhaustion of both armies after a prolonged campaign attended by unusual hardships, will probably cause a temporary cessation of hostilities on a large scale in central and southern Manchuria. From six weeks to two months will elapse before the ground becomes again sufficiently firm to bear the weight of heavy transport, and in the interim, while keeping a close watch on each other, the antagonists will do what they may to repair the wastage of the campaign now ending, preparatory to taking the field in the fall.

The time, then, seems opportune for an account of some of the operations of the army under the command of General Kuropatkin as they have come to my knowledge during four months spent with the Russians in the sphere of hostilities.

That Russia was not prepared to undertake a war in this part of the world must now be generally understood, but the extent of her disadvantage is probably not yet fully appreciated. When the war began, various estimates of Russia's strength in the far East were published. These differed widely, but it is not putting it too strongly to say that even the lowest was greatly in excess of the reality. So well do the Russians preserve their military secrets that it was not until I had been for some time on the scene that I began to grasp the facts. Many details conspire to confuse one. For instance, the organization of the Siberian troops and railway guards is different from the European army, and estimates of numbers based upon battalions, regiments, or divisions are apt to be entirely at fault.

In attempting to estimate the number of men Russia actually had in the theatre of war at the beginning of hostilities, the Vladivostok garrison should be at once eliminated, since they were required for the defence of that fortress and could not be used for any other purpose. Not only was it impossible to withdraw troops from Port Arthur for use in the field, but it was necessary to reënforce the garrison. When the war began, there were probably about 20,000 men in and about Port Arthur, and as many more in the Vladivostok district. This left free for active operations only the Manchurian railway guards and such of the Siberian troops as happened to be east of Lake Baikal at the time. While I do not pretend to possess positive information on this matter, I have good reason to regard the following estimate as reasonably accurate. Of railway guards, who are armed and equipped as infantry, there were approximately some 24,000, fully one-fourth of which were required to guard and operate the railway east of Baikal. Moreover, when the war commenced, these were not concentrated, but were widely distributed. In addition to the railway guards there were two brigades of East Siberian rifles, of four regiments each, and having a theoretical strength of 16,000 men. Then there were some thirty or forty sotnias of Siberian Cossacks—at the outside some 4,000 men—distributed throughout the Yalu country and along the Korean frontier. So, assuming that these regiments were full strength—which certainly was not the case—the Russians had not more than 40,000 men free to take the field when war was declared. Compared to estimates varying from 150,000 to 300,000, conceded to the Russians by military experts at that time, this seems a ridiculously low figure, but I believe it is not far from correct.

Although something had been accomplished in the way of concentration, this

was practically the situation when General Kuropatkin reached the scene in March. However, by this time all the Siberian troops that could be spared had been mobilized and were being conveyed to Manchuria as rapidly as possible. These troops had to be brought, many of them, from central Siberia—a great distance, notwithstanding the seeming adjacency on the map—and in the early attempts to adjust the traffic of the railway to the increased demands of the war progress was slow. By this time, the Russian fleet at Port Arthur had been seriously crippled, the Japanese had occupied the greater part of Korea and were already approaching the Yalu, delayed only by the natural difficulties of the way and such predatory opposition possible to a small force of Cossacks which, immediately upon the commencement of hostilities, had crossed into Korea.

The prospect that confronted General Kuropatkin certainly was not a favorable one. He spent his first fortnight in Manchuria familiarizing himself with the ground, making hurried visits to the Yalu, Port Arthur, and Newchwang. Having done this, and taken stock of the army at his disposal, he announced to the authorities at St. Petersburg that it would be impossible to hold the Yalu, and that Port Arthur must be fully garrisoned and left to shift for itself, while he spent many months in assembling at some convenient point an army capable of taking the field with a fair prospect of success. Of course, General Kuropatkin did not take me or any of the correspondents into his confidence, but these matters are now notorious throughout the army, and are freely discussed not only by the staff, but by the line as well.

The reasons for this decision are quite clear, and easily understood even by the lay mind. By controlling the sea, the Japanese were able to land large armies at almost any point they might decide upon. Should Kuropatkin take his small army to the Yalu—and he must take the whole of it to successfully oppose the Japanese advance from that quarter—it would be an easy matter to entirely cut him off from the railway and his entire line of communications by landing a Japanese army at Newchwang or any one of many convenient places on either side of the Liao-Tung. To place his army in such a position was to

invite disaster. That there should have been any military criticism of Kuropatkin's policy in this matter must have been due to the almost universal misconception of his strength at the time. Had he 200,000, or even 150,000 men at his disposal outside of Port Arthur, he might have detached 50,000 for the defence of the Yalu, and still been able to secure himself in the Liao-Tung. But he had altogether not more than 50,000, as most of the troops first arriving were sent to reënforce the garrison in Port Arthur, which was even at that time believed to be threatened.

But Kuropatkin's plan was not favorably received at St. Petersburg, and against it was arrayed the still powerful influence of Admiral Aliexieff, who refused to admit the complete inadequacy of his preparations. A difference had arisen between Kuropatkin and Aliexieff two years before, on the occasion of the general's tour of inspection in the far East, when Kuropatkin reported adversely to many things connected with the military administration, and the breach caused thereby had never been entirely healed. At the court it was known that Kuropatkin believed Aliexieff to be incompetent, and Aliexieff regarded Kuropatkin as certain to replace himself as Viceroy should the general succeed in retrieving the difficult situation brought about by the admiral. With this previously laid foundation, it was not hard to foresee friction between the political and military powers in Manchuria. Kuropatkin took a purely military view of the situation, and his opinion was undoubtedly correct, bearing, as it now does, the approval of events. But the Viceroy, in his representations to St. Petersburg, where, notwithstanding his damaged prestige, his peculiar relations to the court gave him undiminished influence in powerful quarters, was able to advance some plausible and potent arguments against the adoption of Kuropatkin's proposal to abandon the Yalu and southern Manchuria. He pointed out, and rightly, that to retire from southern Manchuria would not only involve a serious loss of prestige in the eyes of the world, and particularly—which was of more practical importance—the Chinese population, but would mean the virtual abandonment of immense quantities of supplies and material, which even a temporary retention of the

country would enable the Russian army to apply to its own uses, rather than leave them to the uses of the enemy. Then there is no doubt that Alixieff represented the military situation as by no means so desperate as Kuropatkin would have the government believe, and more than hinted that the general exaggerated the difficulties ahead of the army. In these matters Alixieff was correct politically, but under such circumstances political considerations should, and of necessity must, yield to military ones. However, Alixieff was supported by St. Petersburg, and thus the character of the first campaign was determined.

Since it was evident that sooner or later Port Arthur would be isolated, the first consideration was the preparation of the fortress to withstand a prolonged investment, and for some time the resources of the railway were applied to this purpose. Reinforcements of men, material, and supplies were hurried forward, and it was not until April that the needs of the field army could receive more than casual attention. By degrees, and somewhat slowly, owing to the interruption of traffic across Lake Baikal, the available Siberian troops were brought out. General Kuropatkin had established his headquarters at Liao-Yang, a Chinese town of some importance, situated on the main highway between Peking and Seoul, and which crosses the Yalu near its mouth. As the troops arrived they were formed into divisions and corps. The necessity of pretending to hold the Yalu compelled the dispatch of a considerable number of troops in that direction, and the command of this force was intrusted to Lieutenant-General Sussolitch, and denominated the Second Siberian Army Corps. Another, called the First Siberian Army Corps, commanded by Lieutenant-General Baron von Stalkenberg, was assembled in the vicinity of Kai-ping, with a view to preparing for a possible Japanese landing at the head of the Liao-Tung Gulf. The garrison of Port Arthur, commanded by Major-General von Stoessel, was organized into the Third Siberian Army Corps, while a Fourth Siberian Army Corps was collected at Liao-Yang and Hai-Cheng, under the command of Lieutenant-General Sarubayieff. A division of this corps, commanded by Major-General Konratorvitch, a young but brilliant officer, was stationed partly at

Newchwang and partly at Ta-shih-cha, where the railway branch to Newchwang joins the main line. Until Port Arthur was cut off Admiral Alixieff divided his time between that port and Moukden.

These were the dispositions at the time of the first Japanese landing in the Liao-Tung, and considering General Kuropatkin's orders, it is difficult to see how they could have been improved.

Up to this time (late in April) no troops had arrived from Russia, except some batteries of field artillery, and the total number of troops at General Kuropatkin's disposal did not exceed seventy thousand, with which he was required to defend a line extending from the Yalu to Newchwang, and assailable almost anywhere by an enemy who, through commanding the sea, might appear at any moment. Meanwhile, a bold front was maintained all along the line, and the greatest precautions were taken to prevent the weakness and vulnerability of the Russian army from becoming known. Exaggerated statements concerning the number of troops on the ground and the arrival of reinforcements were cleverly fostered and preparations accelerated as much as possible. At this time it was a constant source of wonder to General Kuropatkin why the Japanese did not begin their landing operations while they might take him at such a great disadvantage, but the Japanese doubtless had excellent reasons for the delay. It is now evident that their first landing on the Liao-Tung was timed to be practically simultaneous with their advance at the Yalu, so as to increase the chances of success in both places by compelling the Russian commander to keep his force widely divided. This was correct strategy, and was entirely successful because the weakness of General Kuropatkin's army compelled him to follow the enemy's lead, leaving him practically without initiative.

It is well known in the army that General Kuropatkin, while compelled by the policy of the home government to apparently oppose the enemy at the Yalu, positively refused the responsibility of accepting a battle there, and General Sussolitch had strict orders not by any chance to be drawn into a decisive engagement. This is not a stock excuse, of the brand now made so familiar by Major-General Pfloug,

for explaining away a reverse. Its correctness is conclusively proved by the force placed at the disposition of General Sussolitch, which, deducting those necessary for the protection of his long line of communications, did not exceed twenty thousand of all arms. The reasons for limiting the force to this number were several and excellent. It was quite sufficient for the task of retarding the enemy's advance by effective frontal demonstrations, it was as large as could quickly and safely retreat along the single road available, and it was all General Kuropatkin could spare. It is evident that such a force could not long resist the advance of a Japanese army estimated at from fifty thousand to seventy thousand, and which certainly was fully double that of the Russians.

I shall not review the Yalu battle, which has been so often described in detail, but even a casual study of it will show that it was not the frontal attack opposite Wiju, but the counterflanking movement to the north that compelled the evacuation of the Russian positions. It is very doubtful if the Russians could have been dislodged by a frontal attack, notwithstanding the superiority of the Japanese force in all arms and the fact that a passage of the river could not well be prevented. The Russians had only light artillery, while the Japanese had a number of long-range guns of large calibre, besides the naval guns on the ships. This gave them a commanding fire advantage over their opponents, which they utilized to keep the Russians in any force away from the river banks. In the real fighting of the day, along the Loang-Chang River and the Liao-Yang highway, the Japanese heavy guns and the gunboats were unable to play a part, but the prompt pursuit of the Japanese infantry after the evacuation of the main Russian positions prevented General Sussolitch from stopping to save his heroic rear-guard. On the whole, considering the tardiness of definite information regarding the Japanese turning movement, General Sussolitch may be said to have done fairly well to save his corps and the bulk of his artillery and transport. His mistake, which led to the disaster to the two regiments, was due to his delaying his retreat too long. I do not wish to be understood as attempting to detract from the feat accomplished by the Japanese. Gen-

eral Kuroki's plan was excellent and was almost certain to accomplish the desired result, namely, the passage of the river and the dislodgment of the enemy, and his troops displayed throughout splendid courage and energy. But I must deprecate the apparent tendency of the American and British press to magnify this action into a wonderful military accomplishment. General Kuroki could form his plans at his leisure and had no occasion to fear a counter-attack, as his gunboats gave him absolute command of the river. It was a creditable performance, I think; nothing more.

After the battle on the Yalu General Sussolitch retreated rapidly, but in fairly good order, to Feng-huang-cheng, where a supply depot had been established. There was nothing resembling a rout, although the Japanese pursuit was prompt. Naturally, as is always the case in similar circumstances, some transport and supplies had to be abandoned, and a few stragglers were picked up by the enemy. General Sussolitch had prepared a secondary position at Feng-huang-cheng, but General Kuropatkin, fearing a repetition of the Yalu disaster, and being unable to send any reinforcements, ordered a further retirement to the Mo-ting pass. Such supplies as could not be removed were destroyed.

Meanwhile, the long-expected Japanese landing on the Liao-Tung had taken place, and General Kuropatkin's attention was fully occupied elsewhere. After a number of feints, the Japanese landed a force near Fu-chow, on the west side of the peninsula, and a few days later at other ports. General Kuropatkin fully realized that he was helpless to prevent the enemy from landing almost where he chose, so he turned the command of Port Arthur over to General von Stoessel, with instructions to withdraw his troops inside Kinchou neck, while such of the field army then in the Liao-Tung was withdrawn to Kai-ping.

The Japanese landings on the peninsula compelled Admiral Aliexieff, who had gone to Port Arthur after the death of Admiral Makaroff, to return to Moukden, where he established his headquarters in a train composed of drawing-room cars, which remained on a specially built siding near the station. The reverse at the Yalu and the complete success of the Japanese landing operations were keenly felt in St. Peters-

burg, where, notwithstanding the ill success of the navy, it was expected that the army would more than redeem the situation. With little else to do, Aliexieff began a systematic attempt to undermine Kuropatkin. There is no doubt about this. A scapegoat must be found, and, naturally, it would be either Aliexieff or Kuropatkin. Aliexieff blamed Kuropatkin for the disaster on the Yalu, contending that he should have sent a larger force. Kuropatkin retorted that he had no force to send. Thus the controversy waged, and the breach widened. While shouldering the responsibility for an awkward situation which he had nothing to do with bringing about, General Kuropatkin felt that the wires to cause his removal were being pulled in St. Petersburg. Many another general has been in a similar situation.

Fresh differences between the Viceroy and the commanding general soon arose. Kuropatkin again advised a retirement at least to Moukden until a large army could be assembled, representing that with the comparatively small force in hand he could not attempt to hold southern Manchuria without risking serious disasters. Aliexieff intimated that timidity was not exactly the quality desired in a commanding general. But for a brief time it seemed that the retreat northward would be made. After occupying Feng-huang-cheng, General Kuroki dispatched a small force to the north, in the direction of Sing-king, which lies almost directly east of Moukden. The appearance of this force, whose strength was greatly exaggerated, caused something like a panic in Moukden. Hurried preparations were made to remove the Viceroy's headquarters to Harbin, and for several days a locomotive with steam up was kept attached to the vice-regal train. All the money and papers of the Moukden branch of the Russo-Chinese bank were packed ready to depart at a moment's notice. A regiment of Cossacks was dispatched to the eastward, and followed by some infantry. For a week southbound troop trains discharged their contingents at Moukden. But the scare passed. The Japanese movement developed into a mere reconnaissance, and the Viceroy, who had been fully prepared to go to Harbin, again poohpooed the suggestion of a retreat.

During this time General Kuropatkin re-

mained at Liao-Yang, which became the central base for the Manchurian army. It was the most convenient place to keep in touch with the various divisions. Numerous minor operations and engagements were going on continuously. General Mischenko, who, it will be remembered, had crossed the Yalu with a small cavalry force, made a sudden descent upon Wiju. The Japanese were thoroughly surprised, but soon recovered and drove the Russians away after a sharp little fight.

So passed some six weeks. Reënforcements were arriving with considerable regularity, but not very rapidly. As the troops, which were still, except some artillery from Europe, two regiments of Orenberg Cossacks, and a regiment of Trans-Caucasian Cossacks from Siberia, reached the scene they were attached to the various army corps according to the scheme already prepared. For several weeks after the isolation of Port Arthur from all communication by land the First Siberian Army Corps, under command of General Stalkenberg, was encamped in the vicinity of Kai-ping. There General Kuropatkin desired it to remain until the enemy's plan of campaign was more fully developed. But St. Petersburg, probably prompted by the Viceroy, insisted that a demonstration be made in the direction of Port Arthur, with a view to relieving the pressure upon the garrison by threatening the Japanese rear. By this time General Kuropatkin's force was increased to nearly 100,000, but it was widely scattered. And it should be remembered that the Japanese forces were being augmented much more rapidly. At this time there were, so far as we with the Russians could judge, four Japanese armies in the field. One was investing Port Arthur. Another was composed of troops landed at Fu-chou and Pei-tse-wo, which had been concentrated north of Port Adams. A third was composed of troops landed at Ta-whang-ho and Ta-ku-shan, and was concentrated at Hsu-yen, which was occupied on June 8. The fourth army was at Feng-huang-cheng, and was composed of troops who fought at the Yalu, under General Kuroki. It may be that the troops landed at Ta-whang-ho and Ta-ku-shan also belonged to Kuroki's army, but the nature of the country compelled them to act separately. It is probable that at that time the

Japanese had 150,000 men in the field, exclusive of those investing Port Arthur.

Against his judgment, as I have good reason to believe, General Kuropatkin sent General Stalkenberg southward. The Russians had all along retained possession of the railroad well down to the middle of the peninsula. Stalkenberg advanced until he came in contact with the enemy, which occurred a few miles south of the town of Wa-feng-tien. This southward movement left Kai-ping exposed. For a fortnight Kai-ping could have been taken by a single Japanese regiment. It also still further stretched General Kuropatkin's already attenuated line, which extended from Moukden to Wa-feng-tien, a distance of about 150 miles. This was the situation when the battle of Wa-feng-goa was fought.

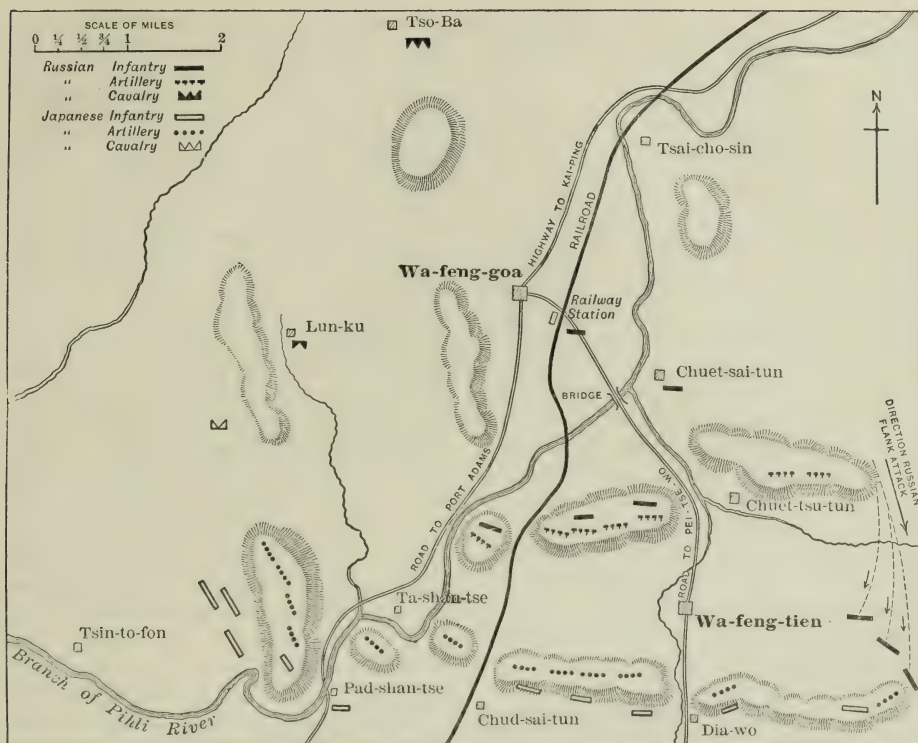
The country surrounding the towns of Wa-feng-goa and Wa-feng-tien is very like the greater part of the Liao-Tung. It is extremely rough and hilly, the elevations crowding close together, separated usually by narrow gorges, which here and there widen into small valleys. This is one of the poorest parts of the peninsula, agriculture being scanty and villages small and less numerous than is usual in China. The bare hillsides offer little in the way of natural cover; on the whole, an unattractive spot, with little to recommend it to the eye. However, it is not without military advantages, and reminded one somewhat of parts of Natal, the scene of so much fighting in the Boer war.

General Stalkenberg's corps, which had been reënforced by part of the Tenth Army Corps, then just arriving from Russia, amounted to about 28,000 men, with eighty guns. Opposed to him was a Japanese army of more than 40,000, with 120 guns, commanded by General Okiu. As at the Yalu, General Stalkenberg had orders to avoid a decisive battle if he found the enemy in superior numbers, but to retire slowly, delaying the Japanese advance as long as possible. The armies, after the usual amount of "feeling" for each other with their skirmishers, came into contact, on June 14, some two miles south of the village of Wa-feng-tien. Here a sharp advance-guard action was fought, but the Russians, after contesting the ground stubbornly for several hours, retired three miles to the north, where General Stalkenberg

had established his main position. General Stalkenberg had rested his right on a branch of the Pih-li River, which here flows in a northeasterly direction, with numerous windings among the hills. This creek is shallow and easily fordable in the dry season. The main highway from Port Adams to Kai-ping follows the general course of the stream. The road to Pei-tse-wo, along which the main body of the Japanese army advanced, passes through Wa-feng-tien and joins the highway at Wa-feng-goa. Thus the Russian position commanded both roads, as well as the railroad, which also follows the course of the creek. The Russian left extended beyond the village of Chuet-tsu-tun on the other side of the Pei-tse-wo road. On June 15 the Japanese extended their left wing across the creek at the village of Pad-shan-tse and occupied a large hill, around which the stream looped. The Japanese centre rested on a long ridge just north of the village of Chud-tsai-tun, while the right occupied another ridge across the Pei-tse-wo road, and to the eastward of Wa-feng-tien, which thus lay between the two armies. This was the position at nightfall of June 15.

It seems that each general determined upon the same plan—to attack his opponent's right wing. After the battle, when reprimanded by General Kuropatkin for assuming the offensive, General Stalkenberg explained the considerations which induced him to take the initiative. He pointed out that by crossing the creek General Okiu had divided his forces. By attacking the Japanese right and driving it in, the Russians would be able to seize the Pei-tse-wo road, and by thus threatening his entire line of communications, compel General Okiu to retreat. General Stalkenberg thought that General Okiu had in mind to turn the Russian right, necessitating a wide detour, and calculated to anticipate the movement by crushing the Japanese right before the turning movement could be accomplished. In short, General Stalkenberg thought that this was a case where aggressive tactics constituted the best possible defence against the enemy's plan. So he made his dispositions, and ordered the attack to begin very early on the following day, in order to be ahead of his opponent.

The night passed quietly. The first



The battle of Wa-feng-goa.

Positions of armies at 4:30 A.M., when the Russians began the fight by attacking the Japanese right flank with some success.

faint rays of the dawn had hardly appeared in the east, touching the hilltops with a pale pink glow, while the shadows yet lingered in the valleys, when the Russian advance upon the Japanese right began. It was not four o'clock when the assaulting column debouched from behind the long ridge east of the village of Chuet-tsu-tun and moved rapidly forward. Crossing a rivulet, the column deployed into a line of battle without materially slackening its progress, and reached a point abreast of Wa-feng-tien before it was discovered by the Japanese. Two batteries of Japanese artillery, situated a mile or so to the eastward of the village of Dia-wo, promptly opened fire, as did the Japanese infantry. The assault was completely successful. The east end of the ridge was carried with a rush, the two batteries captured, and the Japanese flank doubled around upon itself. But by this time the Japanese were awake to what was happening, and General Okui took prompt measures to check the Russian assault.

Reënforcements were rapidly shifted eastward, and a new position fronting to the east taken up. By six o'clock the Russian advance had lost its momentum, and although it continued to press forward with determination, it practically came to a halt, still nearly a mile short of the Pei-tse-wo road, by eight o'clock.

The checking of the Russian attack on his right left General Okui free to carry out his original plan, which he now did with remarkable vigor. The Japanese artillery was posted on several eminences, extending from the Pei-tse-wo road to the big hill on the west side of the creek. Altogether, according to a fairly reliable estimate, 108 guns were in position along this line, which had a front of over three miles. Opposed to this formidable artillery, General Stalkenberg was only able to bring sixty-four guns. These were nearly all placed on the high hill between the village of Chuet-tsu-tun and the railroad. Thirty-two guns were established in two redoubts on the higher

part of the hill, while the remainder were without protection, except that afforded by the uneven terrain.

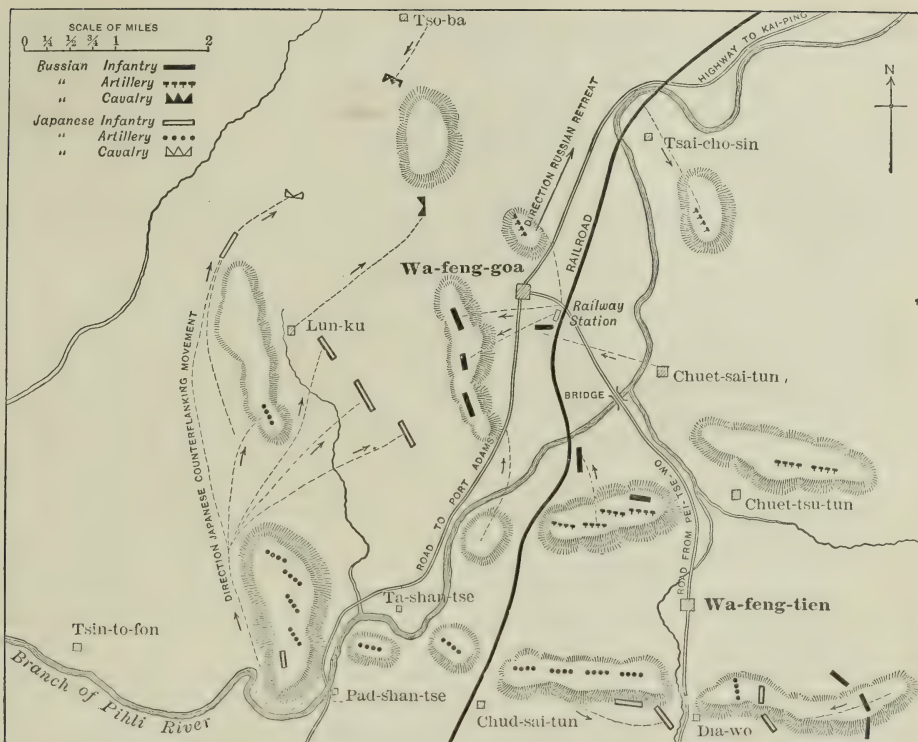
Shortly before nine o'clock occasional impact shells began to fall upon the Russian centre, and the Russian batteries sent back a few in reply. This was merely a preliminary exchange of courtesies, for the purpose of getting the range. The Russian gunners in the redoubts were given the range at 3,800 yards, which shows approximately the distance between the lines. About 9.20 the Japanese batteries began to fire salvos, also of impact shell. This was for the purpose of finally correcting the ranges, but they needed little correction, for it was remarked that nearly all these salvos, which were fired at short intervals, burst almost directly upon the Russian redoubts. At 9.30 the Japanese artillery opened all along the line, and at the same time the counterflanking movement started.

Eye-witnesses of this fire agree that it exceeded in intensity, accuracy, and execution anything of the kind they had ever seen, and many of those expressing this opinion were officers of experience in former wars. A perfect rain of shells (this well-worn simile is literally true) fell upon the positions occupied by the Russian batteries, killing and wounding hundreds of the artillerymen and dismounting quite a number of the guns. Fifteen minutes after the Japanese fire opened not a single Russian gun fired another shot. Within that brief time from ten to fifteen thousand shells fell upon the Russian positions, making it absolutely impossible to work the guns. The Japanese used both shrapnel and impact shells, and both were terribly effective. The Russian redoubts, which were of the old-fashioned kind, offered scarcely any protection from the shrapnel, while the new high explosive first used in this war by the Japanese caused fearful havoc, ripping up the entire top of the ridge like a ploughed field. Notwithstanding this fire and the fact that their artillery was no longer able to reply to the enemy's guns, the Russian troops on the ridges held their ground without flinching, and would probably have continued to hold it had they been called upon to do so.

The scene during this frightful cannonade was typical of modern war. Looking toward the Japanese lines nothing was vis-

ible except the brownish-green slopes of the hills, ribbed by the darker shading of the gorges. Here and there, on the lower slopes or in the little valleys, nestled a Chinese village, its yellow mud walls and thatched roofs bas-relieved by contrast. Occasional stretches of the stream, where its course fell into line with the eye, were marked by a silvery sheen. Nowhere within the hill-bound perimeter of vision the slightest sign of the enemy. The deafening roar of two hundred guns, jumbled by quick-firing mechanism into a sound like that caused by a boy scraping a stout stick rapidly along a picket fence smote the ear. But more real, more palpable than the noise was the vibration of the atmosphere, which quivered under the concussion like a tuning-fork, causing a keen, yet seemingly far-away, tingling of the ear-drums. The roar was punctuated by the nearer, more acute, bursting of the shells, and the raucous whine of shrapnel after it blows its head off gave out a distinct note of its own. Shells were bursting high up in the air, leaving a pale-blue ring of smoke, as if some destructive spirit had puffed upon an invisible cigar; others, nearer the earth, extended penetrating fumes together with their clusters of shot; still others, of the impact variety, ricocheted over the ground, throwing up by their explosion a cloud of stones and dust. But still no enemy. Shells are bursting by thousands, hundreds of men are being killed by them, but whence do they come?

In this battle the Japanese used entirely the indirect method of firing, made possible by the long range and consequently high-aiming elevations of modern field guns. For the information of the unsophisticated I will explain that indirect firing consists in placing guns behind an elevation of the ground, and by raising their muzzles at an angle mathematically calculated, firing at an object a long distance away. Thus while the projectile, which takes a curved flight reaches the object at which it is aimed, a line of vision, which is direct, cannot reach the gun from the object fired at. So the Russians at Wa-feng-go were for hours under a terrific artillery fire, yet not once did they catch sight of a Japanese gun. Of course, while they were able to reply they directed their own fire where the enemy was supposed to be, and probably



The battle of Wa-feng-goa.

Positions at 9.30 A.M., when the Japanese, having checked the Russian flank attack, had executed their plan of counterflanking the Russian right. The success of this movement decided the day.

did him considerable damage until their own guns were put out of action by the superior fire of the Japanese.

While the Japanese artillery was thus crushing the Russian centre by sheer superiority of fire, the counterflanking movement was making rapid progress. The speed with which this movement progressed was, indeed, extraordinary. It was soon detected by a detachment of Russian cavalry stationed near the village of Lun-ku, and reported to General Stalkenberg, who had his headquarters during the battle at the railway station. Measures to meet it were taken at once, but so rapidly did the Japanese move that General Stalkenberg had great difficulty in saving his army. The Japanese column marched nearly straight north until its head reached a position opposite Wa-feng-goa, when it deployed into line of battle by the simple movement of wheeling into line, while at the same time it broke out its line of skirmishers, and the attack moved forward almost without hesi-

tating. The whole movement was magnificently executed, and would have reflected credit on any army in the world.

But undoubtedly the decisive factor in the battle was the handling of the Japanese artillery, which was almost beyond criticism. As soon as the Russian artillery was silenced the Japanese fire was shifted to another object. Fully aware by ten o'clock that his flank had failed and that he would be compelled to retreat, General Stalkenberg issued orders to move the large amount of transport which was collected, principally, about the railway station and in the rear of the Russian centre near the village of Chuet-sai-tun. Here was collected the bulk of the reserve ammunition parks, several emergency hospitals and their equipment, and much miscellaneous transport. When this began to move it raised a cloud of dust, which was immediately noticed by the Japanese, who turned their artillery fire upon it, throwing it into confusion. The Japanese continued to

shell the dust clouds for probably an hour, doing considerable damage and spreading panic in the rear of the Russian army. During this period nearly all the troops then withdrawing from their positions in order to meet the counterflanking movement marched along the Pei-tse-wo road to where it crossed the creek, in order to avail themselves of a bridge which General Stalkenberg had prudently constructed to facilitate his retreat, and they suffered severely from the shell fire. Then, as the attack on the Russian right developed, the Japanese artillery fire was directed at the ridge west of the railway station, where General Stalkenberg was rushing troops to hold the enemy while he could withdraw his army, and at the station itself, which could be located by the Japanese gunners by the smoke sent up from the locomotives. It was not necessary for the Japanese guns to change position. The officers directing their fire simply increased the elevation as the Russians retired, never scattering it, but concentrating it on an object until it was smashed, then turning it upon another. It was altogether a masterly handling of artillery fire, and decided the battle.

As illustrating the effectiveness of this artillery fire may be mentioned an incident that occurred during the last stages of the fight. A regiment belonging to the Tenth Army Corps was brought down by train while the battle was going on, and detrained at the station. The men had been over a month on the train coming out from Russia, and naturally felt the effects of their long and fatiguing journey. They were formed near the station, and, drawn up in a square with one side open, the men all knelt while the regimental priest administered the sacrament and gave them his blessing. It was a most impressive sight. These men had come to war, but it is unlikely that they expected to step from the train into a battle. Yet so it was to be, and they knelt with bared heads while the long-haired, bearded priest absolved them. Half an hour later that regiment had lost nine hundred men, about one-fourth its total strength. It suffered most from the Japanese artillery fire, aimed at an entirely invisible target, a striking result of a well-directed long-range fire.

By fighting desperately the Russian rear-guard succeeded in holding the Japanese

while the remainder of the army withdrew. But owing to the battery horses being killed, many Russian guns were left on the field, and for the same reason the Russians were unable to bring away the guns they captured in the attack upon the Japanese right. However, on the whole, the army got away in tolerably good order. The work of the Russian field hospitals during the battle was splendid. Hundreds of wounded were brought back, given first aid, and placed on the hospital trains to be carried north. Had it not been for the remarkable use of these hospital trains, nearly all the Russian wounded must have been left in the hands of the enemy, as was the case at the Yalu. Regardless of the Japanese artillery fire, these trains were brought to the station and held there while filled to their full capacity with wounded, and when the last one pulled out shells were falling all about it, and the Japanese infantry was not more than a mile away. The Russian retreat was much aided by a heavy rain-storm which broke shortly before noon. The rainfall was so heavy that objects half a mile distant were invisible. Covered by this friendly curtain, the Russian army abandoned the field and drew off to the north. Baroness von Stalkenberg, who was visiting her husband at the front, remained at the railway station throughout the battle, and did not leave the field until the general retired. When the reserves went into action she stood on the platform of her carriage and waved a flag as they marched away.

The retreat to Kai-ping was orderly and well conducted. The Russian troops showed a fine spirit, frequently leaving their columns to help drag a piece of artillery out of the mud.

"We will need you later, little brother," they would jocularly say.

General Stalkenberg shared the fate of General Sussolitch, and narrowly escaped a court-martial. The rank and file who had not yet met the enemy could not understand how a Russian army could be defeated by the Japanese. In my opinion, General Stalkenberg made a good fight, considering the discrepancy between his army and that of the enemy. The superiority of the Japanese artillery was quite enough to decide the battle against the Russians. Such guns as the Russians pos-

sessed were poorly handled, and some of them did not get into action at all. The Russian infantry displayed its accustomed dogged courage, but was hopelessly outnumbered and demoralized by the fire of a powerful artillery to which they were unable to reply. On the part of the Japanese, Wa-feng-goa was a far more creditable performance than the Yalu. Their tactics in this fight were irreproachable, broadly considered. It was a well-fought battle, and the biggest and best army won. The Russian loss was about four thousand. I have, of course, no means of ascertaining the Japanese loss.

I have not the space here to summarize the harassing campaign by which the Japanese army, on July 9, occupied Kai-ping without having to fight a battle.

I have tried to make clear General Kuropatkin's situation and the difficulties which have beset him. The Russian commander-in-chief has had more handicaps than numerical weakness, a strategically difficult position and a lack of support in certain high quarters. It is not to be wondered at that of late his temper has become so irritable that even his chief lieutenants hesitate to approach him. As for General Kuropatkin's relations with the Viceroy, they are no longer even outwardly amiable. All pretence has been thrown aside, and the whole army knows that the commanding general and the Viceroy hold no communication with each other beyond what is absolutely necessary. As will readily be understood, this knowledge does not tend to increase the general morale.

On the whole, the Japanese strategy, so far as the war has gone, has been well conceived and consistently executed. But much of its success has been due to the inability of the enemy to seriously impede its operation. An important factor has been the undoubted superiority of the Japanese service of security and information. Much of this superiority is due to the fact that the Japanese have been able to make excellent use of Chinese sources, while this avenue of information has been practically closed to the Russians, owing to a latent, though not openly expressed, hostility. For five years before the war began the Japanese had been sending hundreds of coolies into southern Manchuria, with instruction to live among the Chinese and fraternize

with them. In this way the foundation for an excellent system of information was laid, which is now yielding excellent results. The Russians freely admit that they have been unable to use the Chinese to any advantage, and that much of the information procured from them has proved unreliable and misleading. Owing to their superior information, the Japanese generals have often been able to keep the Russians entirely in the dark as to their movements. All along, since they secured a footing in Manchuria, the Japanese have been able to cloak their movements behind a living screen of advance patrols. This would have been impossible had the Chinese been disposed to inform the Russians, for the utmost vigilance could not have prevented the transmission of the intelligence. On the contrary, most of the important moves of the Russians were quickly reported to the Japanese through Chinese sources, and the Russians were utterly powerless to prevent it. It is no more possible to keep the Chinese population in Manchuria under surveillance than to keep track of a million fleas in a bed.

Yet, notwithstanding these advantages, the Japanese strategy has shown several noticeable obsessions. For the last two months they have virtually had the game in their own hands. While all their movements bear the stamp of a prearranged general plan of campaign, most methodically carried out, there have been occasions where they failed to rise to a great opportunity. Before the battle of Wa-feng-goa the Japanese were within fifteen miles of Kai-ping, and there was nothing to oppose their occupation of that important place except half a battalion of railway guards. Had they seized Kai-ping at that time with any force, General Stalkenberg's army must have been lost. They had a similar opportunity to take Liao-Yang while General Kuropatkin had his whole army in the south, but moved too slowly. Success in either of these moves would have at once placed the whole of southern and central Manchuria in control of the Japanese, and might have had a decisive bearing upon the result of the war. This, however, the Japanese strategy has accomplished: it has managed by keeping General Kuropatkin always "guessing" to prevent him from concentrating a large army at any point, thus en-

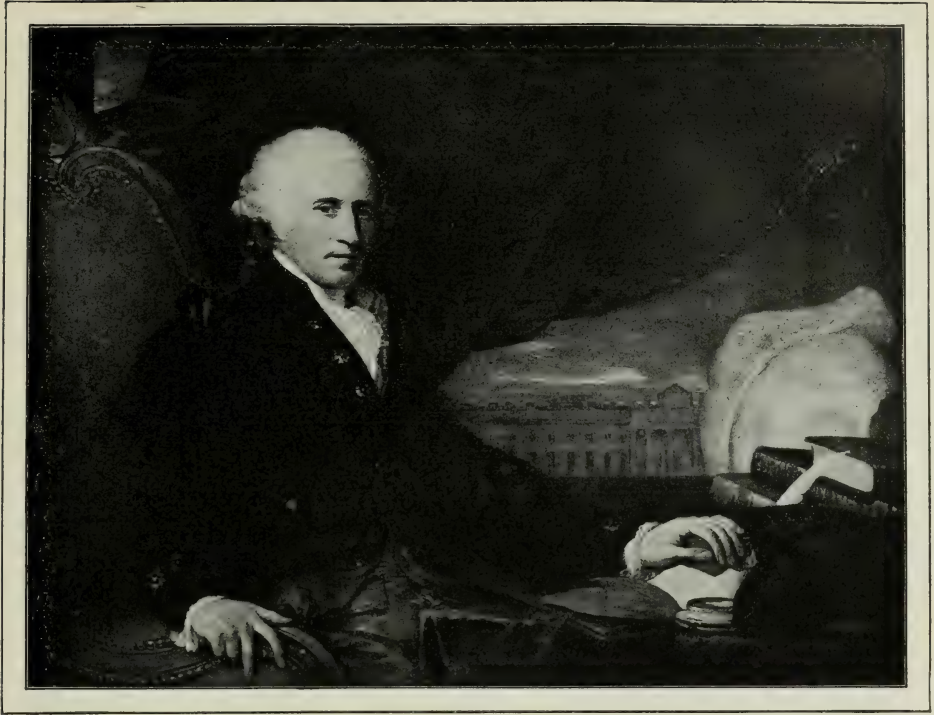
abling the Japanese generals to fall upon the Russians and defeat them piecemeal; and it has kept the Russian troops almost continually worn out through the necessity of repeatedly being shifted from place to place. From the beginning of land operations the Japanese have taken and retained both the offensive and the initiative, in themselves often sufficient to decide the issue of a campaign. Evidently the Japanese have throughout followed a carefully matured plan, carried out thoroughly and with remarkable attention to details.

The beginning of the rainy season finds the Russian army still at a decided disadvantage, and with no very promising prospect, that I can see, of any material improvement by the time operations are resumed. There seems little probability that General Kuropatkin will be able to obtain a numerical superiority over his opponents for many months to come, if ever. And until he does gain such superiority he will have to remain on the defensive, in a situation more or less difficult from a military standpoint. In my opinion, the total Russian force now available for field operations in central and southern Manchuria does not exceed, at the outside, 120,000 of all arms. It consists of 128 battalions of infantry, 124 sotnias of Cossacks, and 42 batteries of artillery. If all these units were full strength, the total force would be approximately 180,000; but they never were full strength, and a majority of the regiments have been decimated by casualties and disease. The army is particularly weak in cavalry, the total of this arm being less than 10,000. Russian field batteries have eight guns, except the light mountain batteries, which have four. Against this force the Japanese are estimated to now have from 160,000 to 180,000 of all arms.

A vital factor in the situation is the railroad, for it is the only feeder of the Russian army as long as Japan retains control of the sea. I have observed with as much

care as possible the operation of the railway during the last three months, and have been able to form a tolerably good idea of how rapidly reënforcements are being brought out. The daily average since the war began is a little more than four hundred men, with their equipment and transport. The maximum was reached within the last month in the transportation of the Tenth Army Corps from Russia. From the day the first troops belonging to this corps reached Liao-Yang until the last arrived at the same place thirty-four days elapsed. The full paper strength of this corps is 31,000 infantry, 4,000 cavalry and 3,200 artillery, with 124 guns. But it is very doubtful if this pace can be maintained. With the arrival of more troops, the burden of transporting their supplies increases in proportion, and becomes an additional tax upon the carrying capacity of the railroad. Moreover, as certain kinds of supplies in the country are exhausted, it becomes necessary to bring them from Russia and Siberia, still further adding to the traffic on the railroad. Then the unusual strain is beginning to tell upon the road-bed and rolling stock, and even now constant repairs are needed. These are matters which must be taken into consideration, and, making all allowances for the better management that always follows experience, I do not think that an average of 1,000 a day, or anything like it, can be kept up. So, in view of the comparative ease and rapidity with which the Japanese can reënforce and repair their losses, it is hard to see when General Kuropatkin will be strong enough to take the offensive with a fair prospect of success. It is entirely too soon to predict the outcome of this war, but the man who can feel optimistic over the prospects for the success of the Russian army in Manchuria must give greater credit to favorable staff reports than I, after some months on the scene, am able to do.

LIAO-YANG, MANCHURIA, July 18.



Benjamin West, P. R. A., by himself

THE ROYAL ACADEMY

By Fred. A. Eaton

Secretary R. A.

FIRST PAPER

THE Royal Academy, like its elder sister, the Royal Society, owed its successful inception to royal patronage. What Charles the Second did for Science in 1660, George the Third did for Art in 1768. As a matter of fact, he did a great deal more, for he took a deep personal interest in the foundation of the Academy, calling it "his Academy," and not only gave it apartments in what was then his own palace at Somerset House, but undertook to supply out of his own purse any deficiency between its receipts and expenditure, an undertaking which cost him in the first twelve years of the Academy's existence a little over £5,000. Then in 1781, the necessity for such assistance ceased.

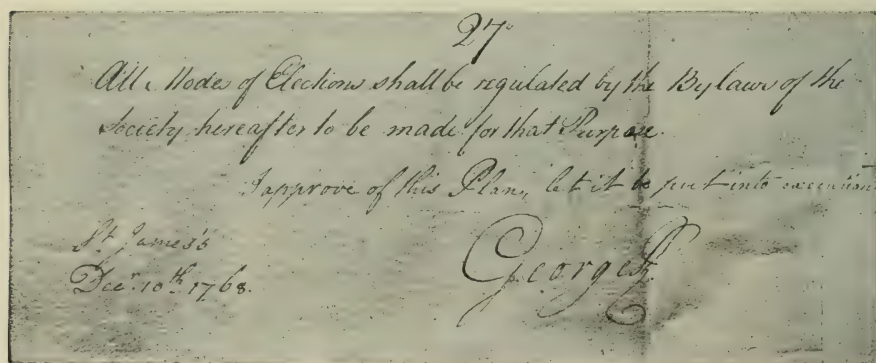
The story of the foundation of the Royal Academy has been often told, and it is not

intended to repeat it here. A short summary will suffice. Many attempts, dating from the time of Sir James Thornhill and Hogarth, had been made to form a society for the advancement of art in England, but all had failed for want of money. Chance revealed the fact that a revenue might be made out of an exhibition of pictures. Two societies were quickly formed to profit by this discovery. One of them was granted a Royal Charter in 1765, under the title of the "Incorporated Society of Artists of Great Britain"; but it made the mistake of placing no limit to the number of its members, with the inevitable result that the inferior artists constituted the majority, and very soon removed the original founders and directors of the Society, who were the most distinguished artists of the day,

and took their place. These artists therefore resigned, and, headed by William Chambers and—it is interesting for Americans to remember—Benjamin West, both of them *personæ gratæ* to George the Third, presented a memorial to the King praying for his gracious assistance and patronage “in establishing a society for promoting the arts of design.” The King assented, and a detailed scheme was drawn up, which, under the title of the “Instrument,” was signed by his Majesty on December 10, 1768, a date which has consequently been always kept as the anniversary of the foundation of the Royal Academy. This document defined the constitution and government of the Royal Academy, and though

only with the practice but the highest theories of art were far above those of any of his artistic contemporaries. To dwell on his merits as a painter would be superfluous. England has never produced a greater, and, indeed, a very competent critic has said that to him belongs the glory of being the most complete all-round painter the world has ever seen. The immortal “Discourses” testify to his lofty theories of art and his power of literary composition.

The foundation date of the Royal Academy was, as has been already stated, December 10, 1768; and on December 14th, twenty-eight of the thirty-four Royal Academicians nominated by the King met and signed the Roll of Obligation. This obliga-



Final clause of “Instrument” with King’s signature.

many changes have of course been made in the laws and regulations, it still remains the “Magna Charta” of the Society.

After the King, the chief personal factor in the successful founding of the Academy was undoubtedly Joshua Reynolds; for although he took no part at all in the preliminaries, contemporary records leave little doubt that the success of the scheme largely, if not entirely, depended on securing him, by common consent the first artist of the day, as President of the Society. Alike by his personal character and his intellect, apart from all question of his art, he was preëminently fitted for the task of guiding the footsteps of the infant Academy. Courteous and discreet, with a well-balanced judgment and a tact that rarely failed, he was the ideal *primus inter pares* which the position required; while his literary attainments and his acquaintance not

tion has been signed by every Academician since. It is written at the head of a large sheet of parchment, and the signatures now extend far down a second sheet. At the same meeting the chief officers were appointed, and at a further one, on December 17th, the Professors; and in less than a month one of the two objects for which the Academy was founded, viz., a “School or Academy of Design for the use of students in the Arts,” was opened at Dalton’s Print Warehouse in Pall Mall, a little eastward of where the United Service Club now stands, and nearly opposite the modern Carlton Hotel. On this occasion Reynolds delivered his first Discourse.

The other object for which the Academy was founded—“An Annual Exhibition open to all artists of distinguished merit, where they may offer their performances to public inspection, and acquire that degree of repu-



George III.

From a painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

tation and encouragement which they shall be deemed to deserve"—was inaugurated with equal promptitude, the first exhibition being opened to the public on April 26, 1769. It contained 136 works, arranged in a small room about thirty feet long, lighted by a central skylight, as depicted in a

print by Earlom from a picture by Brandoin of the Exhibition of 1771. Among the pictures were four by Reynolds, one the beautiful "Hope Nursing Love"; a portrait of the actress Miss Morris; four by Gainsborough, one a landscape; two by West; and three by Wilson. In all, thirty-three Acade-



The Royal Academy, Burlington House.

micians exhibited eighty-seven works, and the remaining forty-nine were by other exhibitors.

In the memorial to the King, the memorialists had stated that they believed that the profits arising from the exhibitions would suffice for the expenses of the schools, and even leave something over for distribution in charity. Accordingly, the following advertisement was printed at the beginning of the Catalogue: "As the present Exhibition is part of the Institution of an Academy supported by Royal munificence, the Public may naturally expect the liberty of being admitted without any expense. The Academicians therefore think it necessary to declare that this was very much their desire; but that they have not been able to suggest any other means, than that of receiving money for admittance, to prevent the room from being filled by improper persons, to the entire exclusion of those for whom the Exhibition is apparently intended." An engraving from a drawing by Ramberg of the opening day of the Exhibition of 1787 has under it the legend "*οὐδὲς ἄμουςος εἰσῆτο*," perhaps a delicate way of hinting at the exclusion of improper persons.

The financial results of this first Exhibi-

tion, which was only open a little more than a month, were so far satisfactory that while the expenses were only £116.14.2 the receipts were £699.17.6. Of this, £169.1.0 was given in charity to artists, not members of the Academy, their wives and children. The remainder went to defray the expenses of the schools, and the general expenses; but as these exceeded it by £903.17.7, recourse was had to the Royal purse to supply the deficit. In 1780 the Exhibition was held in the new rooms at Somerset House for the first time. Both the number of works and the receipts showed an increase, and the King's privy purse was called on for the last time.

The finances of the Academy had been placed by George the Third in the hands of William Chambers, the architect. The Treasurer was essentially the "King's officer" in the days when the sovereign practically financed the Academy; and, indeed, the appointment, which with one exception has always been held by an architect, was until recently entirely in the hands of the Sovereign, in order, as the Instrument recites, that his Majesty "may have a person in whom he places full confidence in an office where his interest is concerned." Careful management soon placed the Acad-



Burlington House before it came into the possession of the Academy.

emy beyond the need of assistance from the Sovereign's purse, but theoretically the liability continued, and it was not until 1875 that with the assent of the late Queen the office was assimilated to that of the Keeper and the Librarian, and made elective for a period of five years. Both in the inception of the Academy and in the conduct of its business, Chambers played a very important part. At one of the earliest meetings of the Academicians a Resolution was passed thanking Mr. Chambers "for his active and able conduct in planning and forming the Royal Academy"; and it was no doubt the favor in which he was held by George the Third that induced that monarch to give his patronage to the new Society and to take such a close interest in its proceedings.

This favor, it may be noted, was shared by another, who, perhaps, subsequently exercised more influence than Chambers—viz., Benjamin West. He was the King's favorite painter, and neither Reynolds nor Gainsborough nor any other artist of the day exercised such influence over the virtuous monarch as the American Quaker, with his sedate manners and unimpeachable morals. It may be suspected that he was dull, but that probably did not operate

greatly to his disadvantage at the Court of George the Third. He was eminently safe and had a reputation for wisdom which he no doubt owed in some measure to his habitual silence. At the same time he was suave and even-tempered, and always ready to smooth rather than to raise difficulties. The Academicians showed their usual perspicacity when they elected him President in succession to Reynolds; though, no doubt, the more ardent spirits among them sometimes longed for a little more "go" in their leader, and Fuseli is credited with having said at one of the annual re-elections of President that he was going to vote for Mary Moser, "as one old woman was as good as another"; but the records do not show that he carried out his threat.

The personal interest of George the Third in the affairs of the Academy extended even to quite trifling details. Even the appointment and the wages of the servants were sometimes subject to his approval, as, for instance, in what is called "The Royal Book," i.e., the book containing the documents submitted for the approval by signature of the Sovereign, one of the resolutions submitted on February 10, 1791, reads: "And to engage Charles Cranmer (who has for many years been the occasional assistant) as an

additional porter at the Royal Academy, at a salary of Forty pounds per annum." It may be added that in the original "Instrument," "signed by his Majesty's own hand," provision was made for "A Porter of the Royal Academy, whose salary shall be twenty-five pounds a year," and for "A Sweeper of the Royal Academy, whose salary shall be ten pounds a year."

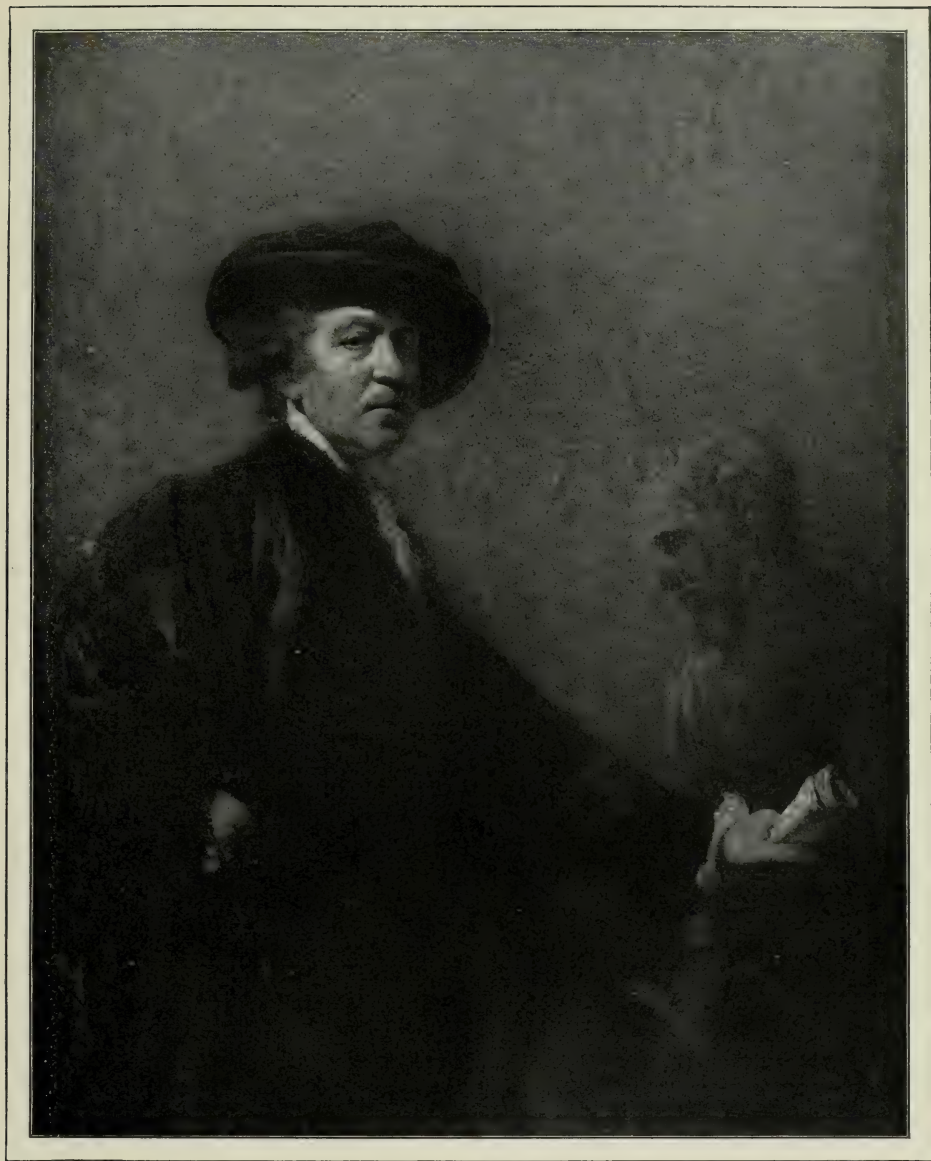
In this same Royal Book is preserved a very interesting example of the minute and careful attention given by the King to the affairs of the Academy which he had founded. It is the first draft drawn up by him in his own hand of the preamble for the Diploma of an Academician. The chief differences from the wording as finally determined on are "The City of Westminster," instead of "The City of London," and "honours, privileges, and emoluments," which are reduced to the one word "endowments." For the head-piece of the Diploma several designs were made, many of the members being requested to furnish one. In the end that by Cipriani, subject to certain alterations, was chosen, and the engraving of it entrusted to Bartolozzi. The Diploma given to the Associates has the same head-piece, but the wording is, of course, different, the bestowers being in this case the President and Academicians, and the signatures attached to it being those of the President and Secretary.

The Class of Associates was instituted at the end of 1769, one year after the foundation of the Academy, and was at its outset limited to Exhibitors at the Academy, those who desired to become candidates having to inscribe their names on a list. This rule continued till 1866 when it was replaced by the one now in existence, in accordance with which any Academician or Associate has the right to propose and second artists for the Associateship whether Exhibitors or not. The number of Associates was originally not to exceed twenty. This was altered in 1866, and the number made indefinite with a minimum of twenty, and in 1876 the minimum was raised to thirty. As a matter of fact the minimum has never been exceeded. The Associates have no voice in the management of the affairs of the Academy, and until 1869 they took no part either in the elections into their own body or of Academicians. But at that date they received the full franchise;

that is to say, they vote at the election of both Associates and Academicians—the former a very proper concession, the latter a very unwise one, as experience has often proved. The mode of voting is the same in both cases. Each member receives a printed list, in the one case of Candidates, in the other of Associates, and places a mark against the name of the person he votes for. The President reads out these marked lists, and all who have received four or more votes are voted for again in the same manner, the final ballot lying between the two who received the most votes on this second occasion. In the early days voting by proxy was allowed, and there was only one preliminary marking, the second marking being introduced for the first time at the election of the present Secretary in 1873.

By the third clause of the Instrument it was ordained that no elected Academician should receive his Diploma until "he hath deposited in the Royal Academy to remain there, a Picture, Bas-relief, or other specimen of his abilities, and approved of by the then sitting Council of the Academy," and subsequently six months was the period of grace allowed for fulfilling this obligation. When fulfilled, the Diploma is submitted to the Sovereign for signature, and on its being obtained, the Academician-elect is summoned to a General Assembly, signs the obligation, receives his Diploma from the President, and takes his seat. By his failure to comply with this rule George Stubbs, the well-known animal painter, though elected an Academician, never received his Diploma nor signed the Roll. The collection of works of art thus acquired is of course of very unequal merit, and it is evident that both Members and Council occasionally held their responsibilities in the matter of little account. On one occasion, however, the latter erred in the opposite direction, for they declined to accept the work submitted for their approval by Millais, "The Enemy Sowing Tares," on the ground that it was not a characteristic work, thereby losing a good picture. In the end they were more fortunate than they deserved, for he gave them instead the brilliant little sketch, which is the bright particular gem of one of the Diploma Galleries, "A Souvenir of Velasquez."

The foundation members did not have to deposit "specimens of their ability,"



Sir Joshua Reynolds, P. R. A. Painted by himself.

though in some instances they presented works which are not among the least attractive ones in the collection. But they started another and unofficial form of contribution, which has been continued down to the present day—viz., the giving of a piece of plate by each member. The original minute, which has a somewhat unofficial flavor, runs thus: "It is expected that each Academician when he arrives at the honour of

being on the Council do deposit five shillings and threepence and afterwards make a handsome present to the Academy of a piece of Plate for the use of the Council, and his name shall be engraved thereon and transmitted to ————." The blank probably conceals a joke; indeed, the Secretary of the period, Newton, seems to have been in a pleasant humor when he wrote this minute and compiled the first

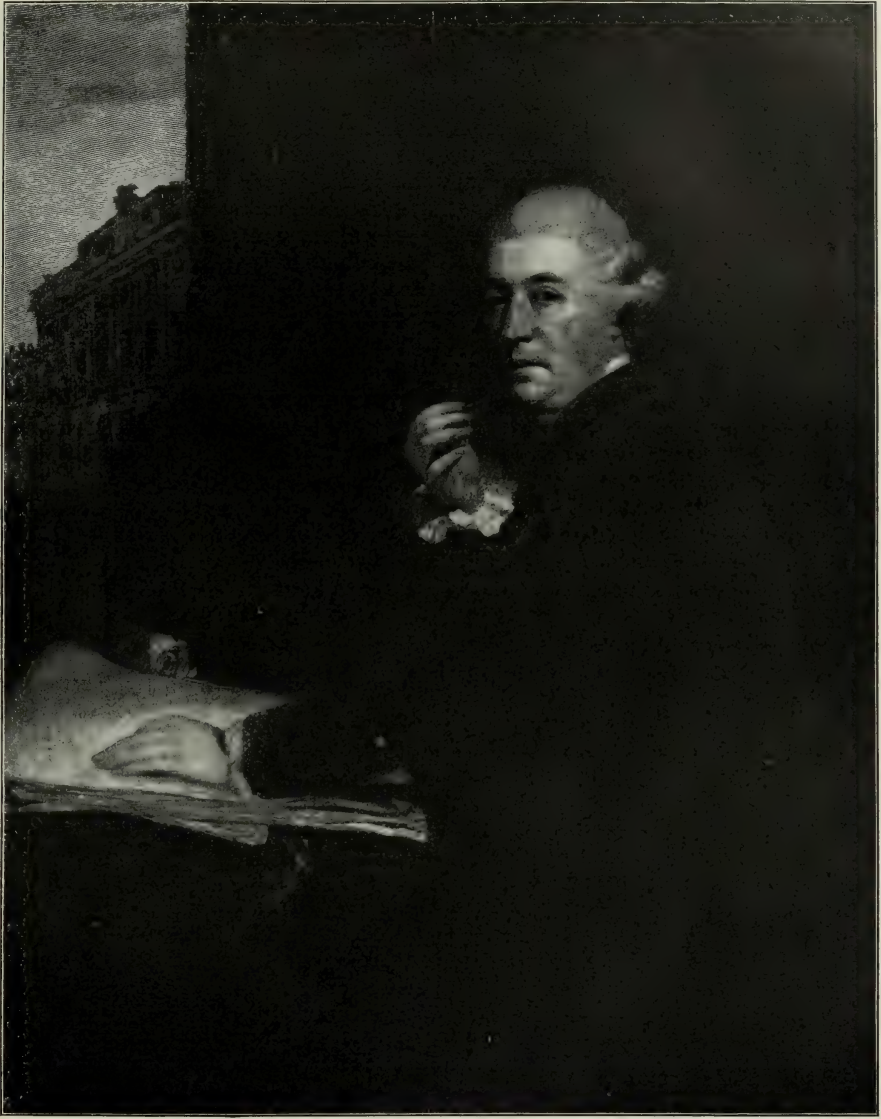
list of presents. It begins with, "Given by the President, a superb Standish" (an ink-stand); "by the Treasurer an elegant Nest of Cruets"; "by the Keeper a shining spoon"; "by the Secretary a useful spoon." Then follow four other gifts of Spoons, one "exquisite," another "incomparable," a third "good," and a fourth "fine." Spoons, in fact, are very much to the fore, under the various epithets, "brilliant," "excellent," "admirable," "real great," "pretty," "wonderful." Wilton, Thos. Sandby, B. West, and Cipriani, each give a "pompous silver candlestick." "A matchless silver salt," "a pair of magnificent sauce boats," and "a precious bottle stand" also figure in the list. What the contribution of 5/3 was for does not appear; it may have been intended to repay the cost of engraving the name of the donor; at any rate it was soon dropped.

Not so the custom of giving a piece of plate, which became in fact almost obligatory; for in the minutes of the Council of December 5, 1812, there is the following entry: "Mr. Yenn moved that the Plate belonging to the Academy be inspected and the names of those Academicians who have not contributed thereto returned to the Council, which was seconded by Mr. Farington and passed unanimously." There is no official record of this resolution having been carried out, but the following one, passed on the 22d of the same month, shows that it was given practical effect to: "Resolved, that the new and old Council be requested to meet together at the Royal Academy on New Year's Eve, according to ancient usage: that a dinner be provided for them in the Library (6 o'clock) at the expense of the Institution, to which the Keeper as Resident Officer shall be invited: that the Plate of the Academy be used on this occasion, and that the guests do each contribute five shillings, one-half of which collection to the Housekeeper, and the other to be divided among the porters attending."

This custom of the old and new Council dining together on New Year's Eve has been kept up ever since. It now takes place in what is called the General Assembly Room, the big dining-room of old Burlington House. The contents of the Plate Chest, which now requires a strong room to itself, have of course largely increased, and comprise in addition to various useful and ornamental pieces, all that is necessary

for the entertainment of a large dinner party. The greatest number that under present conditions can ever appear at the New Year's Eve Dinner is twenty, viz.: five outgoing Councillors, five remaining ones and five incoming ones, and, in addition, the five Officers—President, Keeper, Treasurer, Librarian, and Secretary. The writer, who has been present on thirty-one occasions, only remembers the full number being reached once. It was in 1895, and a rather melancholy recollection attaches to it. After dinner and the giving of the only two toasts allowed—"The Queen," as it then was, and "Honour and Glory to the next Exhibition"—the President, Leighton, rose and said he had a communication to make, which he thought would be well received, viz., that her Majesty had been pleased to confer a peerage upon him as President of the Royal Academy. The secret had been well kept, no one had an inkling of it, and the applause which greeted the announcement was as spontaneous as it was loud and genuine. Alas, for the hopes and expectations that were founded upon this promotion of a working professional artist to a seat in the legislature! in less than a month the man in whose person the Sovereign had delighted to honor art and artists, was laid in his grave.

A story which the late Mr. George Richmond, R.A., the portrait painter, used to tell may be quoted here apropos of the bestowal of titles on Presidents of the Royal Academy in particular, and artists in general. He was walking with Mr. Gladstone one day, and passing down one of those streets in which doctors chiefly dwell, his eye caught the name on a brass plate, "Sir William Gull, Bart." He pointed it out to Mr. Gladstone, and said: "Is it not rather strange, sir, that men of all kinds of professions have been made baronets, but an artist never?" "Oh," replied Mr. Gladstone, "you are certainly mistaken; Sir Joshua Reynolds was a baronet." Mr. Richmond had some difficulty in convincing him that the mistake was on his side; but the remark appears to have borne fruit, as not very long afterwards, Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A., who for private reasons refused the honor, then Millais in 1885, and Leighton in 1886, were made baronets at the suggestion of Mr. Gladstone. Lord Leighton's peerage was on the recommendation of Lord Salisbury.



Sir William Chambers, R. A.

By Sir Joshua Reynolds, P. R. A.

Reynolds was knighted, as we learn from his note-book of that year, at a levee held on April 22, 1769, at St. James's. Benjamin West on his election as President was offered a knighthood, but declined it, not, as is popularly supposed, because he was a Quaker, but because he wanted a baronetcy and a pension. These were refused,

and the other was not again offered. George the Fourth knighted Lawrence immediately after his election to the Presidency, and at the same time presented the Academy with a very massive gold medal and chain to be worn by its Presidents. The medal bears the inscription: "From His Majesty George the Fourth to the

President of the Royal Academy." All subsequent Presidents have been knighted directly after their election. This election has to be approved by the Sovereign, and on that approval being signified, the President-elect accompanied by the Secretary, is granted audience, when the appointment receives the royal sign manual, the medal and chain which have previously been delivered up are placed round the neck of the President, and he receives the accolade. A somewhat diverting incident occurred on the occasion of Leighton's appointment. He and the Secretary were summoned to Windsor, and duly went there, with the paper of appointment for signature, and the medal and chain. When waiting in the Long Corridor for the summons to the Queen's presence, with the officials in attendance on her Majesty, the Lord in Waiting, the Earl of Dunmore, who had been previously sent for, appeared, looking very amused, and said: "Here's a pretty go! the Queen wants to know what she's got to do;" and the worst of it proved to be that nobody else there knew, for none of them had ever assisted at a similar function before. However, the difficulty had to be faced, and an order of procedure then and there invented, which, after approval by her Majesty, was carried out. The Secretary was first introduced to the presence, delivered up the medal and chain, and submitted the appointment of the new President for signature; he then followed, was invested with the Medal and Chain, and knighted.

Among the duties which the office of President of the Royal Academy entails upon its holder is that of presiding each year at the Annual Dinner before the opening of the Exhibition, and that of delivering every other year a "discourse" to the students. The successful fulfilment of both these duties argues a certain capacity for

public speaking, and the power of being able to interest, and in the latter of the two instances, to instruct, your hearers. The Academy has always been fortunate enough to have Presidents possessed of these qualifications in a greater or less degree—*uno avulso non deficit alter*. To state instances of the less degree would be invidious, but it may safely be said that the high-water mark of the greater degree was reached by Sir Joshua Reynolds and Lord Leighton. Reynolds's discourses both in matter and style are masterpieces, and he must—in spite of Northcote's jibe to the contrary—have had

both a good delivery and a pleasant voice, to judge by the well-known story of how Edmund Burke at the end of the last discourse, on December 10, 1790, stepped forward from among a number of illustrious persons who had assembled with the students to hear him, and taking his hand quoted Milton's lines:

"The Angel ended; and in Adam's ear
So charming left his voice, that he awhile
Thought him still speaking, still stood fixed to hear."

There are not, so far as I am aware, any specimens extant of Reynolds's after-dinner oratory. Probably that plague of modern entertainments did not exist then to the extent it does now; at any rate, reporters were not to the fore.

It was in this branch of public speaking that Leighton more particularly excelled. Lord Salisbury once at the Academy dinner said that the guests came there not only to take a lesson in the arts of painting and sculpture, but, turning to the President, "in oratory also." This was perhaps going a little far, for perfect as they were in form and matter, to many Leighton's speeches seemed to be overpolished and too ornate; they lacked spontaneity, and the grain of humor so necessary in an after-dinner speech; his delivery, too, was not very



The Council Room of the Royal Academy, Burlington House.

George the Third by the grace of God
 King of Great Britain, France and Ireland,
 Defender of the Faith &c. &c. To Our Trusty and
 Well beloved *Creating* ~~William~~
~~the President of the Society of Artists~~
~~whereas~~ ~~which~~ We have thought fit to establish
 in this Our City of Westminster for the
 purposes of cultivating and improving the Arts
 of Painting, Sculpture and Architecture, under
 name and title of the Royal Academy of
 Arts, and under Our own immediate Patronage
 and Protection, And Whereas We have ordered
 to entrust the sole management and Direction
 of the said Society under the, unto forty
 Academicians the most Able and the most
 Artists Residing in Great Britain We
 therefore in consideration of Your great Skill
 in the Arts do by these Presents constitute
 And Appoint You to be one of the forty
 Academicians of Our said Royal Academy
 here by granting unto You all the honours,
 privileges and Emoluments thereof according to the
 tenor of the Statute in this behalf made under our Royal
 Sign Manual upon the tenth of December 1768

First draft of preamble in the diploma of an Academician in the handwriting of George III.

sympathetic, and his voice, when raised, rather harsh and *criard*. But this is, perhaps, hypercriticism. No one could have looked the part, or spoken the part, better. The man and his speech were in complete harmony. His discourses to the students

had the same merits, and, in a measure, if one may use so harsh a word, the same defects. Full of learning, and of knowledge as sound as it was varied, always inculcating the highest aims and the loftiest ideals, while laying full stress on the more com-

monplace virtues of thoroughness and hard work, they were beautiful models of completeness, satisfying the head and the intellect, but rarely—and here was the defect—touching the heart. As an instance of how particular Lord Leighton was in the phrasing of his sentences, he came to me once the day before he had to deliver one of his discourses and asked me if I could give him a synonym for a word he had used, which though it exactly expressed his meaning, did not suit the rhythm of the sentence in which it occurred; he had tried several, but none satisfied him. I produced Ro-

get's "Thesaurus of Words and Phrases"—a book, by the way, he did not know of, and which he immediately afterwards bought—and we at length found a word which, with a little modification of the sentence, gave a satisfactory result.

On the evening of the opening day of the first Exhibition, April 26, 1769, a dinner was given at the St. Alban's Tavern to commemorate the event; Reynolds presided and several lovers and patrons of art were present. Some odes and songs were composed for the occasion, among them "The Triumph of the Arts," by Dr. Franklin, and another, of which the refrain was:

That Art unrivalled long may reign
Where George protects the polished train.

But the first official dinner, which soon became—and has continued to be—one of the chief functions of the year, was held at the new rooms at Somerset House on St. George's Day, April 23, 1771, the day preceding the opening of the Exhibition. The invitations were limited to twenty-five, and the cost of the dinner to 5s. per head. The menu and the bill for the dinner of 1774—at which the same conditions were in force—are in existence. From the former we learn that there were two courses, the first consisting of "fish, fowles, Roast beef, pid-

geon pye, raised pye, ham, sallad, and greens"; the second of "lamb, goose, ducks, asparagus, and pudding." The wine, which was charged extra, was limited to Port and Madeira, and there were also extra charges for "desert of fruit," "strange beer," "olives after supper," etc., and for waiters.

The number of invitations gradually increased, and they seem to have been distributed rather too freely, and without sufficient regard to the status of the guests; for in 1809 we find complaints made that whereas "the original intention of the entertainment was to bring together at the

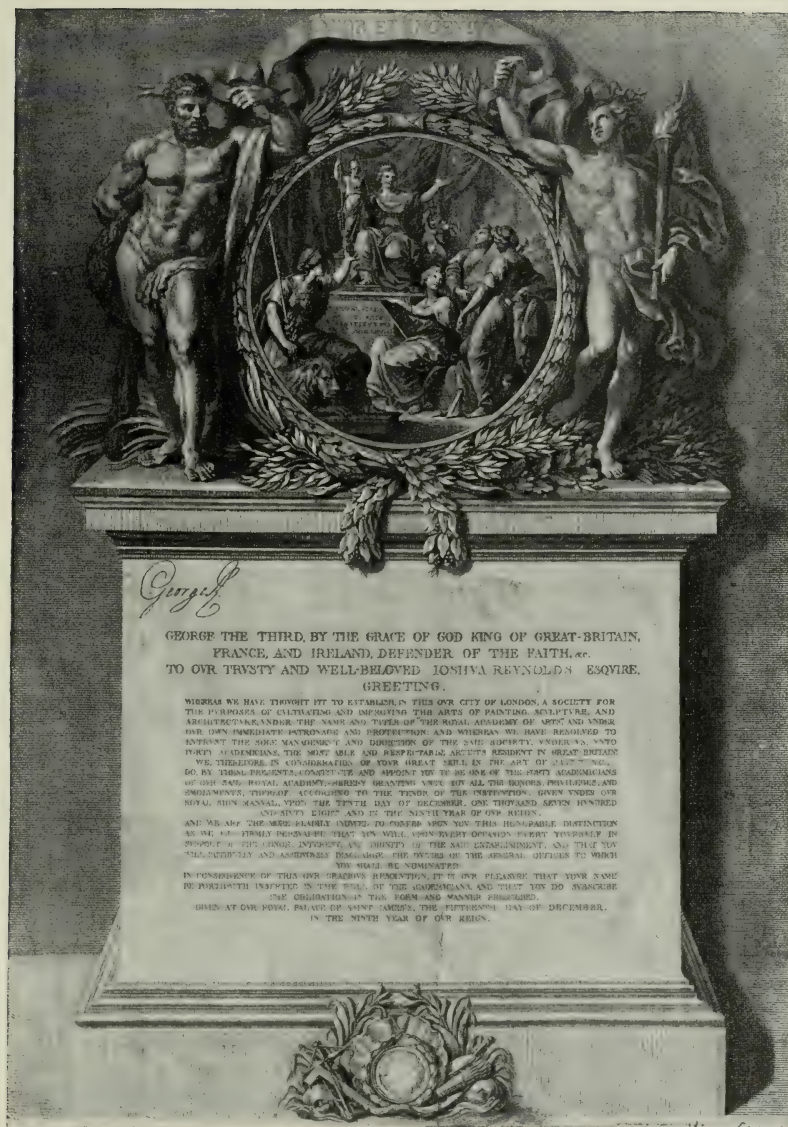
opening of the Exhibition the highest orders of society and the most distinguished characters of the age, by degrees the purity of selection had given way to the influence of private friendships, and the importunity of acquaintances, the rooms been most inconveniently crowded, and the dignity of the Feast impaired." It was

consequently resolved that the number of invitations should be limited to one hundred and twenty, exclusive of the members of the Academy; that they should only be issued to "Persons in elevated situations, of high rank, distinguished talents, or known patrons of the arts"; and that each person proposed should be balloted for by the members of the Council present, two black balls to exclude. These regulations remain in force at the present day, except that the number of guests now reaches two hundred, which is as many, with the addition of sixty or seventy members, as the large Gallery No. 3, in which the dinner takes place, will hold.

Many a reputation as an after-dinner speaker has been of late years won—and lost—at an Academy Dinner. Of the speeches made there no regular record exists before 1852, the first year in which the press, in the guise of the *Times*, was admitted. The first speech which attracted general attention was that of the Prince



Saloon, Royal Academy of Arts



Diploma of Sir Joshua Reynolds.

Consort in 1851, in which, after some very pregnant remarks upon art and the duties of the Academy with regard to it, he concluded: "The same feeling which actuated George the Third in founding this Institution still actuates the Crown in continuing to it its patronage and support, recognizing in you a constitutional link, as it were, between the Crown itself and the artistic body; and when I look at the assemblage of guests at this table, I may infer that the

Crown does not stand alone in this respect, but that those feelings are shared also by the great and noble in the land. May the Academy long flourish, and continue its career of usefulness." A speech which I have always heard referred to as of exceptional merit was that by Charles Dickens in responding for Literature in 1870. In my own experience, putting aside what may be called professional speakers like Mr. Gladstone, Lord Beaconsfield, Lord

Granville, Lord Salisbury, and Lord Rosebery, the best speech I ever heard at the dinner was that of the late Bishop of London, then Bishop of Peterborough—Dr. Mandell Creighton—in returning thanks for the guests in 1894. It was admirable alike in style, diction, and matter, full of real humor—as distinguished from mere jokes—and lost nothing from the delivery of the speaker, his clear voice and distinct enunciation.

Moreover, it was as good to read the next day as it had been to listen to the evening before. Mr. Gladstone as an after-dinner speaker on these occasions was not altogether a success, Lord Beaconsfield decidedly outshone him, and the former was probably conscious of the fact. At least the following story would seem to show it. A practice had for some time prevailed of inviting the members of the Cabinet in office, and those of the preceding Cabinet, and placing the former on the right of the President and the latter on the left.

In 1877 the Conservatives were in office, and the toast of "Her Majesty's Government" was to be responded to by the Prime Minister, Mr. Disraeli—as he then was—who had accepted the invitation. Mr. Gladstone had also accepted, and had undertaken to reply to the toast of "Literature." Meantime the Premier was laid up with an attack of gout, and it became daily more doubtful whether he would be able to come. Two days before the dinner Mr. Montagu Corry (afterward Lord Rowton), his private secretary, came to see me and said that his chief still hoped to be present

and speak, but it was rather uncertain. In the course of conversation I alluded laughingly to the gossip that Mr. Disraeli would not come because Mr. Gladstone was going to speak. The next day Mr. Corry came with the news that there was no hope of the Prime Minister's being able to appear; and he went on to say that he had repeated to him the gossip I had mentioned, that he was much amused at it, and

had added: "But you may tell Mr. Eaton that though it isn't true in this instance, it was true a few years ago when the positions were reversed; Mr. Gladstone, who was going to reply for the Government, heard that I was to respond for Literature, and he sent word to the President, Sir Francis Grant, that if I spoke he would not."

In the early days of the dinner, songs were sung both during and after the repast, some of them being composed for the occasion—as, e.g., one called "The Quarrel of the Arts," a part song, two MS.

copies of the words and music of which are preserved. One of the copies is endorsed "To be sung at the Royal Academy the 29th April 1780." It began:

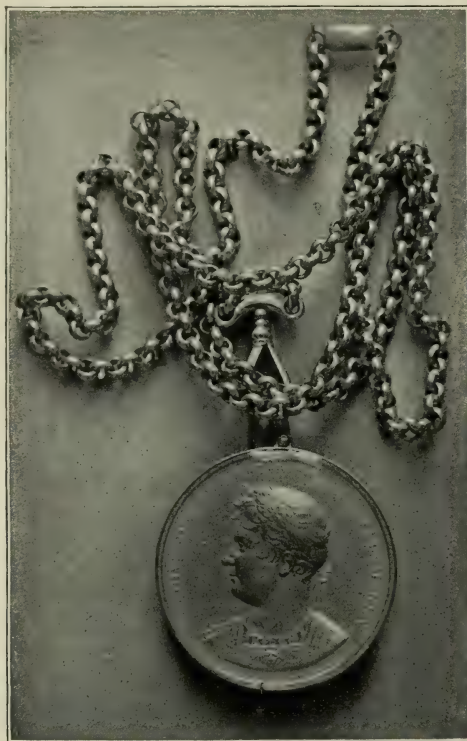
One evening last week as I rambled this way,
I was witness, good Sir, to a terrible fray—

A terrible, terrible, terrible fray:

The Brush, the Chisel, and the Rule
Were fighting in Minerva's School,
As sisters seldom can agree,
For dear superiority.

Like Billingsgate brawlers full fast their tongues
ran,

And thus in loud accents the scolding began:



Presidential medal given by George IV.



Some of the pieces of plate presented by Academicians on their election.

"Who raised this fair structure?" Quoth Sculpture, "'Twas I."

Quoth grave Architecture, "Sweet sister, you lie!"

Quoth Painting, "You both are mistaken; 'twas I."

"'Twas I," "You lie," "You both are mistaken, 'twas I."

"In good truth," cried Minerva, "I must interfere; We'll have nought but good humour and harmony here.

Kiss, be friends, I beseech you, and try all your skill To please our great master"—"We will, so we will!" etc., etc.

Gradually as the dinner grew longer and longer, and the number of toasts increased, the singing between each of them was eliminated, and finally abolished altogether, its place being taken by the Royal Artillery Band, which plays a few bars of the National Anthem after the toast of "The King," and then discourses sweet music when the dinner is over and the guests are dispersed about the galleries looking at the pictures. For this and many other suggestions the Academy is indebted to his present Majesty, King Edward, who when Prince of Wales honored the dinner with his presence nearly every year. One much-appreciated boon conferred through his gracious initiative was that of permission to smoke as soon as the Sovereign's health had been drunk, instead of having to wait till dinner was over. Many shook their heads at the innovation, and prophesied all sorts of evil consequences, but so far nothing disastrous has happened, and the Academy has not yet succumbed to the vulgarity of the "picturesque" reporter and the flash-light photograph.

The annual dinner is paid for out of the

funds of the Academy. But another dinner was instituted in 1770, called the "Birthday Dinner," which took place on the Royal Founder's birthday, and was given by the members to the principal exhibitors, and paid for out of their own pockets. It was done away with in 1851 and the present *soirée*, given by the Academy, and to which all the exhibitors of the year are invited, substituted. On this occasion all the private rooms of the Academy, as well as the Exhibition Galleries, are thrown open to the guests. These private rooms include the five reception rooms of old Burlington House. They consist of the Library (formerly the ball-room), the Council Room, the general reception room, the Secretary's Room, and the General Assembly Room, where the forty meet. All these rooms, so far as their general appearance is concerned, are unaltered. In connection with the Council Room an interesting story may be told. At the first meeting of the Council in it, in January, 1874, the President, Sir Francis Grant, addressing the members before proceeding to business, told them that when he first decided to take up portrait painting as a profession, the first commission he received was from the Countess of Burlington, who sent for him to paint a portrait of her daughter. On arriving at Burlington House he was shown into the room where they were now sitting. "Lady Burlington and her daughter," he continued, "came in, and close to that window," pointing to it, "I painted the first portrait for which I received any money, little thinking that I should one day sit in the same room as President of the Royal Academy."



Drawn by F. C. Young.

The flowers were the bright, shining milestone.—Page 433.

THE UNDERCURRENT

BY ROBERT GRANT

ILLUSTRATION BY F. C. YOHN

XXIV



It was a great relief to Constance when at last she was once more self-supporting. Her eyes appeared to be as strong as ever, and she found her new work congenial and absorbing. She was not merely Mrs. Wilson's stenographer, but her factotum, expected to exercise a general superintendence over her employer's philanthropic and social concerns, to attend to details, and, through tactful personal interviews, to act as a domestic buffer. The change from the practical severity of a law office, with its dusty shelves of volumes uniformly bound in sheep, its plain furniture and heterogeneous clientage, to her present surroundings was both stimulating and startling. Stimulating because it catered to her yearning for contact with æsthetic influences to have the run of this superb house and to be brought into daily familiar association with all sorts of lavish expenditure in aid of beautiful effects and beneficent purposes. Startling because the true quality of the luxury aimed at was unknown to her until she became a constant eye-witness. In both Mrs. Wilson's and her brother Carleton Howard's establishments a major-domo presided over the purely domestic relations, engaging the numerous servants, and endeavoring to maintain such a competent staff below stairs as to ensure delicious, superabundant food and neat, noiseless service which should resemble as far as possible the automatic impersonality of male and female graven images. All the appointments of the house were captivating; the pantry closets bristled with beautiful cut glass and delicate, superbly decorated china; flowers in great profusion and variety were brought three times a week from Carleton Howard's private nurseries to be tastefully arranged by a maid whose special duty it was to attend to this and

to see that those not needed for the decoration of the house should be sent to the destinations indicated by Mrs. Wilson through her secretary—hospitals, friends in affliction or with birthdays, and the like. The spacious bathrooms were lined with artistic tiles; electric lights had been adjusted in the chambers so as to provide perfect facilities for reading in bed; once a week an attendant called to wind all the clocks in the house. Mrs. Wilson's personal appetite was not keen, yet exacting. Her breakfast was served in her own room, and, unless she had company, her other meals were apt to be slight in substance, but were invariably of a delicate, distinguished character as regards appearance if not ingredients. Her steward had instructions that the dinner table should be garnished with flowers and the most luscious specimens of the fruits of the season, though she were alone. When she had guests these effects were amplified, and her mind was constantly on the alert to provide novelty for her entertainments. During the first season of Constance's employment, music between the courses—a harpist, a quartette of violinists, an orchestra—happened to be the favorite special feature of her dinner parties.

That first winter Mrs. Wilson had the influenza and went to Florida for a month for recuperation, carrying her secretary with her. The journey was made in Mr. Howard's private car, and the suite which they occupied at the elaborate modern hotel where they stopped was the most select to be obtained. The spectacle at this winter resort for restless multi-millionaires was another bewildering experience for Constance. The display of toilets and diamonds at night in the vast ornate dining-room was dazzling and almost grotesque in its competitive features. Mrs. Wilson preserved her distinction by a rich simplicity of costume. She had left her most striking gowns at home, and she let Constance perceive that her sensibilities

took umbrage at this public cockatoo emulation of wealth. She was even conspicuously simple in regard to her food, as though she wished to shun unmistakably being confounded with the conglomeration of socially aspiring patrons, whose antics jarred upon her conceptions of beauty. But Constance could not avoid the reflection that profuse, if not prodigal, expenditure was typical of her companion no less than of them, and that the distinction was simply one of taste. What impressed her was that so many people in the land had merely to sign a check to command what they desired, and that the mania for novel and special comforts, and unique or gorgeous possessions was in the air. On their way home Mrs. Wilson spent a few days in New York shopping, having directed Constance to communicate in advance with several dealers whose business it was to dispose of artistic masterpieces. She bought two pictures at a cost of twenty-five thousand dollars apiece, an antique collar of pearls, and several minor treasures. At the same time she took advantage of the occasion to grant an interview to two persons, a man and a woman, who had solicited her aid in behalf of separate educational charities. To each of these enterprises, after proper consideration, she sent her subscription for five thousand dollars.

Undoubtedly the chief purpose of Mrs. Wilson's stay in New York was to see her daughter. After a three months' residence in South Dakota, Lucille had obtained a divorce on the ground of cruelty, and had promptly married her admirer, Bradbury Nicholson, son of the president of the Chemical Trust. Mrs. Wilson had declined to attend the wedding, which took place in Sioux Falls three days after the final decree had been entered—a very quiet affair. Lucille had notified her mother that it was to occur, but was not surprised that she did not take the journey. She and her husband had spent four months in Europe to let people get accustomed to the idea that she was no longer Mrs. Clarence Waldo, and recently they had taken up their residence in New York. Her new husband had three millions of his own, and, as Lucille complacently expressed the situation to her mother, society had received them exactly as if nothing had happened.

"I told you how it would be, Mamma,"

she said. "Everybody understands that Clarence and I were mismated. I am radiantly happy, and, as for your granddaughter, she could not be fonder of Bradbury if he were her own father. He has bought a thousand dollar pony for her. All the Nicholson connection and my old friends have been giving us dinners, which shows that we can't be disapproved of very strongly."

Lucille certainly looked in the best spirits when she came to see her mother. She was exquisitely dressed, and her equipage, which stood at the door during her visit, was in the height of fastidious fashion. So far as externals were concerned, it was manifest that she was making good her promise to be more conservative and decorous. Mrs. Wilson saw fit to mark her abhorrence of her daughter's course by going to a hotel instead of to Lucille's large house on Fifth Avenue. She was not willing to stay under her new son-in-law's roof, but how could she avoid making his acquaintance and dining with him? A definite breach with her only child was out of the question, as she had previously realized; besides her granddaughter demanded now more than ever her oversight and affection. Consequently on the second day she dined at the new establishment, and consented later to attend a dinner party which was given in her honor, though Lucille kept that compliment from her mother's knowledge until the evening arrived. She had taken pains to secure the most socially distinguished and interesting people of her acquaintance, and the affair was alluded to in the newspapers as one of the most brilliant festivities of the winter. A leopard cannot altogether change its spots, and Lucille's ruling passion was still horses, but she desired to show her mother that she had genuinely improved; so it happened that after the guests had returned to the drawing-room an organ-grinder accompanied by a pleasing black-eyed young woman, both in fresh, picturesque Italian attire, were ushered in. They proved to be no less than two high-priced artists from the grand opera, who, after a few preliminary capers to keep up the illusion, sang thrilling duets and solos. When they had finished came an additional surprise in that the organ was shown to be partially hollow and to contain a collection of enamelled bonbonnières, which were passed on trays by the servants among the delight-

ed guests. After the company had gone mother and daughter had an intimate talk, in the course of which Lucille, though making no apologies, volunteered the statement that she in common with half a dozen other women of her acquaintance had decided to go into retirement in one of the church sisterhoods during the period of Lent. She explained that the sisters of her new husband, who had high church sympathies, were preparing to do the same and that the project appealed to her. Mrs. Wilson was electrified. It was on her lips to ask Lucille how she could reconcile this new departure with her hasty second marriage, but she shrank from seeming to discourage what might be an awakening of faith or even of æsthetic vitality in her daughter's heart. Still, though she rejoiced in Lucille's apparent happiness and prosperity, she felt stunned at the failure of Providence to vindicate its own just workings. Much as she desired in the abstract that her daughter should be blessed, how was it that so flagrant a violation of the eternal proprieties could result not merely in worldly advancement, but an attractive home? For there was no denying that Bradbury Nicholson was a far more engaging man than his predecessor, and that he and Lucille were at present highly sympathetic in their relations. Would the harmony last? It ought not to, according to spiritual reasoning. And yet on the surface the dire experiment had proved a success, and there were indications that permanent domestic joys and stability were likely to be the outcome of what she considered disgrace.

Mrs. Wilson did not condescend to refer to her daughter's immediate past, but when she found that Lucille was brimming over with fresh tidings concerning the other offenders, Clarence Waldo and Paul's wife, she suffered her to unbosom herself. This news was consoling to her from the standpoint of ethical justice. As she already was aware, Mrs. Paul Howard, obdurate in her impatience of delay, had obtained a divorce on the ground of cruelty in Nebraska after six months, the statutory period necessary to acquire residence, and had then married Clarence Waldo. Now rumor reported that the newly wedded couple, who had been spending the present winter in Southern California for the benefit of the second Mrs. Waldo's bronchial tubes, had

not hit it off well together, to quote Lucille, and were likely to try again. For according to the stories of people just from Los Angeles, she was permitting a congressman from California, the owner of large silver mines, to dance constant attendance on her, and her husband, quite out of conceit of her to all appearances, was solacing himself with a pretty widow from Connecticut.

"Of course," added Lucille, contemplatively, "if they really intend to obtain a divorce in order to marry again, it will be convenient for them that they happen to be in California, as that is another of the States where one can acquire a legal residence in six months."

Mrs. Wilson's disgust was tempered by a fierce sense of triumph. She was glad to know the facts, but she did not wish to talk about them, especially as she was far from clear in her mind that there was any logical distinction to be drawn between the conduct of these voluptuaries and that of her own child. She tossed her head as much as to say that she desired to drop the unsavory topic. But Lucille was so far blind to any similarity between the cases, or else so far content with the contrast in results between the two remarriages, that she continued in the same vein, which was pensive rather than critical.

"I'm thankful that Paul insisted on keeping Helen as a condition of not opposing his wife's Nebraska libel, for it would have been rather trying for the poor child to get used to three fathers in less than three years."

Mrs. Wilson felt like choking. The unpleasant picture intensified her repulsion; yet she knew that speech would be no relief for she would not find Lucille properly sympathetic. Just at that moment her granddaughter came prancing into the room, and ran to her. Mrs. Wilson clasped her to her breast as a mute outlet for her emotions, for she could not help remembering that this child also had two fathers, and what was the difference but one of degree? Yet here was its mother smiling in her face, seemingly without qualms and perfectly happy. How was this peace of mind to be reconciled with the eternal fitness of things?

Meanwhile Lucille was saying, "Tell me about Paul, Mamma. How does he take it? What is he doing?"

Mrs. Wilson sighed. "He was terribly cut up, of course," she answered, gravely.

"He feels keenly the family disgrace." She paused intentionally to let the words sink in. "Fortunately for him, he has been invited to run for Congress—that is, if he can get the nomination. It seems there are several candidates, but your uncle tells me Paul has the party organization behind him. The caucuses for delegates do not meet until the early autumn, and in the meantime he hopes to make sufficient friends in the district, which includes some of the small outlying country towns as well as certain wards in Benham."

"It would be nice to have Paul at Washington, for he might be able to get the duties taken off so that our trunks wouldn't be examined when we come from Europe. I suppose it will cost him a lot of money to be elected."

"I have not heard so," said her mother, stiffly. Though Mrs. Wilson's statement was true, certain allusions in her presence by Paul and his father had aroused the suspicion in her mind that elaborate plans to secure the necessary number of delegates were already being laid. The use of money to carry elections was a public evil which she heartily deplored, and which she was loth to believe would be tolerated in her own family.

"He can afford it anyway," continued Lucille, disregarding the disclaimer.

Mrs. Wilson changed the subject. "He was also much absorbed when I left in his new automobile."

Lucille clapped her hands. "A red devil?"

"That name describes its appearance admirably. It is the first one of the kind in Benham, and naturally has excited much attention."

"Bradbury has promised me one for a birthday present."

"I have not ridden with Paul yet," said Mrs. Wilson a little wearily, for the enthusiasm elicited appeared to her disproportionate to the theme. "He has invited me once or twice, but somehow the spirit has failed me."

Lucille gasped. "It's the greatest fun on earth, Mamma. They annihilate time and distance, and you feel with the rush and the wind in your face as though you were queen of the earth. If mine runs well, we intend to tour through the continent this summer. Fancy speeding from one

capital of Europe to another in a few hours!" She paused, then after a moment's reverie continued, as though stating a really interesting sociological conclusion, "I think it possible, Mamma, that if automobiles had been invented earlier, Clarence and I might not have bored each other. Which wouldn't have suited me at all," she added, "for Bradbury is a thousand times nicer."

Mrs. Wilson was painfully conscious that Bradbury was infinitely nicer, which increased the difficulties in the way of replying to this incongruous observation. She decided to ignore it as essentially flippant, and she rose to go. It was the nearest approach to a review of the past which either had made during her stay in New York.

She hoped that Constance would not appreciate how completely Lucille had rehabilitated herself in a worldly sense, and she tried to counteract the effect of the evidence by letting fall a remark now and again to show that the memory of her daughter's conduct was still a thorn in her side. As a mother she could not but be thankful that her daughter was far happier as Mrs. Bradbury Nicholson than she had been as Mrs. Clarence Waldo. At the same time her being so was a blow to the theory that the exchange of one husband for another ought to end and ordinarily does end in misery; or, in other words, that divorced people who marry again should be and are apt to be unhappy. To be sure, it was early to judge, and the happiness might not last; and at best it should be regarded as a sporadic case of contradiction, a merciful exception to the general rule; but she was glad when the day arrived for removing Constance from the sphere of this influence, fearing perhaps some pointed question from her secretary which would invite her to explain how it was that a person who had deserved so little to be happy as Lucille should have found divorce and remarriage a blessing, if the whole proceeding in deserving cases was fundamentally opposed to the social well-being of civilization. As an antidote, Mrs. Wilson took pains to enlighten her as to the rumored depravity of Clarence Waldo and the late Mrs. Howard.

But Constance asked aloud no such question. Yet necessarily she perceived that Lucille was in the best of spirits, and

apparently had suffered no loss of position by her conduct. Constance did not need, however, any reminder from Mrs. Wilson that the late Mrs. Waldo was not a person of the finest sensibilities; moreover she considered the point as definitely settled for herself. Nevertheless as a spectator, if no more, she noted the circumstance that Lucille was already a different woman in consequence of her second marriage, and she detected her reason challenging her conscience with the inquiry which Mrs. Wilson had dreaded, how it appeared that the world would have been better off if Lucille had simply left the husband who had been faithless to her, and remained single instead of marrying. Constance was merely collecting evidence, as it were. All was over between her and Gordon, but as an intelligent, sentient human being she had no intention of playing the ostrich, but insisted on maintaining an open mind.

It was now nearly a year since she had conversed with Gordon. Her sentence had been perpetual banishment from his presence since the fateful Sunday when they had parted. He had written to her that he could not bear to resume the old relation, for now that they knew they had been lovers in disguise, it could not be the old relation. He had declared that the best thing for them both was never to meet, and she had been forced to accept his decision, for he had not been to see her since. But he had mitigated the rigor of her punishment, for she chose to regard it as such, by occasional letters, written at irregular intervals, letters which let her know beyond the shadow of a doubt that the love he cherished for her was strong and deep as ever. He sent her beautiful flowers on Christmas and her birthday, and in writing to her he told her briefly whatever of special interest he had been doing. Precious as these communications were to Constance, she was of several minds as to whether to answer them. Her impulse always was to reply at once, if only that she might draw forth another letter; but sometimes her scruples forced her not to let him see how much she cared and to feign indifference by silence. She knew, as Loretta said, that she had only to whistle and he would come to her, and she felt that it would be cruel to give him the smallest encouragement to believe that she could

ever alter her decision. This being so, she argued that he ought to marry; he must forget her and choose someone else. She tried to believe that she would rejoice to hear that he was engaged to another woman, but when her thoughts got running in this channel she was apt to break down and realize that she had been trying to deceive herself. In such moments of revulsion she now and then would throw her scruples to the winds and write him about herself and her doings. On two occasions she had suddenly decided that it was necessary for her to see him again; see him without his seeing her. Consequently she had frequented a spot down-town where she knew he would pass, and each time had been rewarded by a close and unobserved glimpse of his dear features. These glimpses, the letters, and the flowers were the bright shining milestones along the itinerary of her much occupied life. Busy and interested as she was in her employment, it sometimes seemed to her that she walked in a trance in the intervals between some word or sign from him.

Delighted as she had been to travel, to see such a diverse panorama of national life as her trip to Florida and New York afforded, she was glad to find herself again at home. She had not heard from Gordon during her absence, and she was eager to see the Benham newspapers again in order to ascertain what he had been doing in his new capacity as a legislator. He had written to her the preceding autumn that he had decided to allow the use of his name as a candidate for the State Assembly, and subsequently he had been elected. Before her departure, in the early days of the session, she had kept her eyes and ears on the alert for public mention of him, but had been informed that this was the period for committee conferences and that the opportunity for debate would come after the bills had been framed and were before the house. Constance knew that Gordon had the strong support of the Citizens' Club in his canvass, that Hall Collins, Ernest Bent and others affiliated with that organization had conducted rallies in his behalf, and that he was expected to favor progressive legislation. There were certain philanthropic measures in which Mrs. Wilson was interested also before the Assembly, and Constance had twice al-

ready prepared letters from her employer to Gordon in reference to these, which was another slight opportunity for keeping in touch with him.

Shortly after Mrs. Wilson's return from her vacation it happened that Paul invited her again to ride in his automobile. Recalling Lucille's enthusiasm, and having been partial all her life to new æsthetic sensations, she concluded to try what the exhilaration which those who doted on these machines revelled in was like. The afternoon chosen was one of those days in the early spring when sky and wind combine to simulate the balminess of summer. It was a satisfaction for Paul to have his aunt beside him, both because he admired her and because, seeing that he regarded her as what he called a true sport at bottom, he felt confident that she had only to experience the sensation of speed to become an enthusiast like himself. Therefore, he let his red devil show what it could do in the hope of carrying her by storm. Equipped with suitable wraps and a pair of goggles, Mrs. Wilson found the process of whirling through the country at a breakneck pace, by the mere compression of a lever, a weird and rather magnetic ordeal. These were the adjectives which she employed to express her gratification to her nephew. She was glad to have tried it, but in her secret soul she had grave doubts if it were the sort of thing she liked. Nevertheless she did her best to appear delighted, for she had in mind to drop a few words of warning in Paul's ear to the effect that it was incumbent on men of his class in the community to preserve their self-respect in the matter of electioneering as an example to the country at large. In the intervals when Paul moderated the speed she endeavored to convey to him clearly but not too concretely the substance of her solicitude. She let him realize that she had him and his campaign in mind, but that she did not intend to meddle beyond the limit of emphasizing a principle unless he were to ask her advice. Paul listened to what she had to say with evident interest, and without interruption. He even let his machine crawl along so as to get the complete benefit of her exposition. When she had set forth her views she turned toward him and said in conclusion, by way of showing that she made no charges but simply desired to put him on his guard:

"Very likely you have thought this all out for yourself and intend to see that every dollar you may use is expended legitimately."

Paul let the automobile come to a halt, and removing his goggles proceeded to wipe off the dust and moisture.

"Aunt Miriam, every word which you've said is gospel truth; but—and it is a large but—if I were to follow your advice to the letter there would not be the slightest possibility of my securing the nomination. I've thought it all out, as you say, and I'd give gladly to charity twice the sum I shall be compelled to spend, if I could only confine my outlay to legitimate expenses, stationery, printing and the hiring of a few halls. I've no objection to explaining to you why I can't, provided I wish to keep in the running. There are three men including myself in this district," he continued, starting the lever, "who are bidding for the nomination. Each of us has a machine, a machine the function of which is to create enthusiasm. Ninety per cent. of the candidates for public office do not inspire enthusiasm; they have to manufacture it. And there are all sorts of ways of doing so; by paying club assessments and equipping torch-light paraders with uniforms; by invading the homes of horny-handed proletarians and sending tennis or ping-pong sets to their progeny; or by the solidier, subtler method of large direct cash payments, which can never be detected, to a certain number of local vampires as expenses for influence, and whose *quid pro quo* is the delivery of the goods at the polls. I have engaged a smooth and highly recommended patriot at a high salary to conduct my canvass. He has told me there will be large expenses. When he asks for money I draw a check and ask no questions—a rank coward's way I admit. I know nothing as to what he does with the money, and so I save my conscience after a fashion." Paul shrugged his shoulders and applied a little more power to the automobile, while he chanted:

"Some naturalists observe the flea
Has smaller fleas on him to prey,
And these have smaller still to bite 'em,
And so proceed *ad infinitum*."

"Which means, my dear aunt," he continued, "that when a rich man runs for office a certain proportion of the free-born

consider that they are entitled to direct or indirect pickings in return for a vote."

Mrs. Wilson sighed. "But is not the price too high for a free-born citizen to pay? Why exchange private life and the herbs of personal respect for publicity and a stalled ox which is tainted?"

"I've thought occasionally of getting out, but father would be disappointed. I wish to go to Congress myself and the party wishes me to go. And what would be the result if I retired? One of the other two would win, and I don't throw any large bouquet at myself in stating that I shall make a much more useful and disinterested Congressman than either of them."

Mrs. Wilson shook her head, but at the same time she appreciated the difficulties of the situation. For she herself desired to see her nephew go to Washington. It was one thing to tell him to take a brave stand and refuse to swerve from the path of highest political probity, another to advise him in the midst of the canvass to dismiss his manager and thus invite certain defeat. It sometimes seemed to her that the ways of the world of men were past understanding. She wondered whether, if human affairs were in the hands of women, the rivalry of politics and the competition of commercialism would tolerate the same army of highwaymen who held up would-be decent citizens as successfully and appallingly as Dick Turpin and Claude Duval. She liked to believe that complete purity would reign, and yet the memory of what some women to her knowledge were capable of in the bitterness of club politics served as a caveat to that deduction. Discouraging as Paul's observations were, as bearing on the ethical progress of human nature, and deeply as she deplored the fact that he appeared to be winking at bribery, she recognized that she had shot her bolt, for she was not sufficiently conversant with the different grades of electioneering impropriety to be willing to take on herself the responsibility of imploring him to retire, even if he would consent to do so. But the confession had robbed the day of much of its beauty for her. She glanced at the little clock in the dashboard, and remembering that she desired to leave a message for her secretary, to whom she had given an afternoon off, she asked Paul if he would return home by way of Lincoln Chambers.

It happened that in turning something went wrong, so that the automobile came to a stop. Paul was obliged to potter over the mechanism a quarter of an hour before he was able to get the better of the infirmity. Somewhat nettled, and eager to make up for lost time and to demonstrate to his companion that in spite of this mishap a red devil was the peer of all vehicles, he forced the pace toward Benham. By the time he was within the city limits his blood was coursing in his veins as the result of the impetus, and he felt on his mettle to amaze the onlookers as he sped swiftly and dexterously through the streets. Gliding from avenue to avenue without misadventure, he applied a little extra power as they flew down that street around one corner of which stood Lincoln Chambers, in order to make an impressive finish. In turning he described an accurate but short circle, so that the automobile careened slightly, causing Mrs. Wilson to utter an involuntary murmur. Paul, amused at her nervousness, suffered his attention to be diverted for an instant; the next he realized that a young child, darting from the sidewalk, was in the direct path of the rapidly moving machine. He strained every nerve to prevent a collision, shutting off the power and endeavoring to deflect the vehicle's course so that it might strike the curbstone to their own peril rather than the child's; but the catastrophe was complete almost before he realized that it was inevitable. There was a sickening bump, accompanied by the screams of women; the red devil had overwhelmed and crushed the little victim, and stood panting and shaking like a rudely curbed dragon.

Paul jumped from his seat and lifted the child from the gutter into which it had been hurled and where it lay ominously still with its head against the curbstone. He found himself face to face with two women, in one of whom he recognized his aunt's secretary. The other, with an assertive agony which made plain her right to interfere, sought to take the child from him—a flaxen-haired girl of about four—exclaiming:

"Oh, what have you done? You've killed her. You've killed her."

Meanwhile Mrs. Wilson, utterly shocked, sought to keep her head as the only possible amelioration of the horror. She whispered

in Paul's ear: "There's a drug store opposite. We'll take her there first and send for a doctor." At the same time she put her arm around the mother's shoulder, and said, "Let him carry her, Loretta, dear. It is best so."

Loretta Davis desisted, though she stared wildly in her patron's face.

"The blood—the blood," she cried, pointing to the tell-tale streaks on the child's head. "I'm sure she's dead."

Acting on his aunt's suggestion, Paul bounded across the way with the limp form clasped in his arms. While those immediately concerned endeavored with the aid of the apothecary to ascertain that the injuries were not grave, a curious crowd began to gather in the store. By the time that the trial of the ordinary restoratives had made clear that the child was already beyond the aid of medicine, though Mrs. Wilson and Constance wrung their hands and counted the seconds in hope that the physician telephoned for would arrive, a reporter, a policeman, and a doctor, appeared on the scene. The physician, who happened to be passing, was Dr. Dale, the oculist with the closely cut beard and incisive manner who had attended Constance. A moment's inspection sufficed him for a verdict.

"There is nothing to be done," he said.

At the fell words a wave of anguish passed through the group. Paul allowed Mrs. Wilson to take the baby from him; and, overwhelmed beyond the point of control, he bowed his head in his hands, and burst into tears. His aunt reverently clasped the stiffening form to her bosom regardless of the oozing blood which mottled her cloak.

"We must get Loretta home as quickly as possible," she whispered to Constance, and she started to lead the way so as to save the situation from further publicity.

But now that the doctor's usefulness was at an end, the two other representatives of social authority advanced their claims for recognition. The police officer, having relegated the gaping spectators to a respectful distance, began to inquire into the circumstances of the accident, in which he was ably surpassed by the agent of the press, who, note-book in hand, had already been collecting material from the bystanders and composing a sketch of the surroundings before interviewing the prin-

cipals. Paul gave his name and address, and made no attempt to disguise his responsibility for the tragedy. Mrs. Wilson, finding her way barred by the two functionaries, grudgingly gave similar information in the hope of being allowed to escape. As she bore the victim in her arms, this would have been the result had not Loretta, who was following close behind under the supervision of Constance, and who up to this point had seemed dazed by the proceedings, suddenly realized what was taking place. She clutched Constance's arm.

"Will it be in the newspapers?" she inquired with feverish interest.

The reporter overheard her inquiry. "You are the mother of the little girl, madam?" he asked, addressing her, pencil in hand.

"Yes. She is my only child."

"Your name is?"

"Loretta Davis."

"And the child's?"

"Tottie. She would have been five in a few weeks."

The reporter perceived that he had found a responsive subject. "I lost a little girl of just that age two years ago," he volunteered sympathetically. "Is there a photograph of Tottie which you could let me have for the press? The public would like to see what she looked like."

Loretta's eyes sparkled. She thrust her hand in her pocket and drew forth a photographer's envelope. "Isn't it lucky," she cried, "I got these proofs only yesterday, and they're the living image of my baby."

As she hastily removed the package from her pocket, together with her handkerchief, Loretta let a small bottle slip to the floor. Constance, who was spellbound with dismay at the turn of affairs, stooped mechanically to pick it up. She recognized the pellets lauded by Loretta. In doing so her head nearly bumped against that of Dr. Dale, who was intent on a similar purpose. He got possession of the bottle, and instinctively he glanced at the label before transferring it to Constance. She observed that he shrugged his shoulders. As she put out her hand to take it from him, she said in a low, resolute tone:

"Will you tell me what those are?"

Then as the physician regarded her search-

ingly, she added, "I have a special reason for asking. I wish to befriend her."

"Cocaine tablets," answered Dr. Dale. "The woman has the appearance of a drug habitué."

XXV



IN parting with the Rev. Mr. Prentiss without personal rancor and yet with an open avowal of his conviction that Constance would marry him in the end, Gordon Perry both made an admission and issued a challenge. His admission on the surface was simply that he recognized the rector's sincerity. In his own consciousness it went further; he recognized the validity of the conflict between them to an extent which he had up to this time failed to perceive, or at least to acknowledge.

The effect of this was to intensify the ardor of his convictions, but at the same time to cause him as a lawyer to respect his opponent's position, though he believed it to be utterly false. The interview had been absorbing to him sociologically, for it had crystallized in his own mind as concrete realities certain drifts or tendencies of which he had been aware, but which he had hitherto never formulated in words. Now that the occasion was come for doing so, the indictment—for it was that—had risen spontaneously to his lips. It was clear to him, as he had informed Mr. Prentiss, that there was a direct strife in American social evolution between those who sought eternal truth through the free processes of the human spirit and those who accepted it distilled through an hierarchy.

Just as in his sociological perplexities Gordon, yearning to be a sane spirit, had abstained from radicalism and had sought relief in concrete practical activities, he had watched the theological firmament and had felt his way. If he realized that the Christian organizations which saw in the human soul a dignity which refused mediation were merely holding their own as formal bodies, he comforted himself with the knowledge that the thousands of men and women who rarely entered the churches—among them many of the most thoughtful and busiest workers in the land

—were to a unit sympathizers with the creed of soul-freedom and soul-development. Not merely this; he knew that among orthodox worshippers the secret belief of the majority of the educated already rejected as superfluous and antiquated most of the old dogmas. But with his reverence for religion as an institution, Gordon had no ambition to outstrip his generation; simply to be in the van of it. There was no attraction for him in iconoclasm; he craved illumination, yet not at the expense of rationalism. Now suddenly the practical issue of the Church's interference with the State, of the Church's imposition on mankind of a cruel, inflexible ideal, labelled as superior purity, had become both an immediate and a personal concern. His soul felt seared as by an iron; all his instincts of sympathy with common humanity, the helpless victims of an aristocratic aim to preserve the family at the expense of the blameless individual, were aroused and intensified. Viewed as a general issue, Gordon felt no question as to the outcome. Was it not already decided? The Church had never ceased to deplore as usurpation society's constantly louder claim the world over of the right to regulate marriage, but without avail. It was only abuse by the State which had produced a reaction and given sacerdotalism another chance. But the particular, the personal issue, was a very different matter. For him it meant everything, and his whole being revolted at the possibility of losing the great joy of life through such a misapprehension of spiritual duty on the part of her who, so far as he was concerned, was the one woman in existence. Yet during the next weeks following the interview with the clergyman he experienced a sense of flatness which was almost despondency, for he realized that he had exhausted his resources. Mr. Prentiss had refused to aid him; on the contrary, had virtually defied him by expressing a triumphant conviction that Constance's decision was final. Could it be that she, whose lucidity of mind he had been wont to admire, would refuse to understand that the barrier which seemed to separate them was but an illusion? Surely it was not for the good of the world that true love—its most vital force—should be starved because the marriage tie was

played fast and loose with by others. And yet he appreciated apprehensively the subtlety of this plea for the world's good; how modern it was, and how attractive to woman when made the motive for the exercise of renunciation. Truly, the priest had argued shrewdly, yet Gordon refused to admit that Constance could be deceived for long. That seemed too incompatible with her previous outlook and their delightful comradeship which had been love in disguise.

He concluded forthwith that his best hope lay in terminating that comradeship. To resume it would make them brother and sister, a relation tantalizing to him, and which might be better than nothing to her, and thus strengthen her resolve. Accordingly, with Spartan courage, he never visited her. But he chose by his letters and his gifts to let her know unequivocally that he was waiting for her to relent—would wait until the end of time. He wrote to her that her dear image was the constant inspiration of his thoughts, and that he sighed for the sound of her voice.

While thus he chafed within, and yet endeavored to pursue his work as earnestly as though he had been able to forget, he received and accepted an invitation from the Citizens' Club to become a candidate for the State Assembly. He saw in this both relief and an incentive; public service would tend to divert and refresh his thoughts, and opportunity would be afforded him to promote legislation. It would suit him to become a member of the free parliament of men where, whatever its abuses and shortcomings, the needs of ordinary humanity were threshed out and where true, practical reforms were piece by piece won from the vested traditions of the past.

At the same time he declared to the members of the committee which waited on him that in accepting their nomination he was not to be understood as offering himself to the voters as a denunciatory radical or as advocating all the so-called grievances aired at the Citizens' Club. His words were, "I agree to support every measure which I believe would be an immediate benefit to the community from the standpoint of justice and public usefulness. If you are content with that guarded generalization, I shall be proud

to serve you; but if you insist on my playing the demagogue or wearing the livery of the enemies of constituted society, I must decline the nomination."

"That's all right," asserted Hall Collins, who was the spokesman. "What we want this trip are two or three new pieces of timber in the ship of state, repairs we'll call them if you like it so, and we've chosen you as carpenter for the job. Side with us when you can, and when you can't we'll know you're honest."

This voiced the sentiment of the Citizens' Club, and it was no disparagement to the sincerity of its action that those who directed the club's affairs cherished hopes that the nominee, through his standing, would gain support from other quarters than the radical element and thus be more likely to win. Their hopes were justified. Gordon had a comfortable majority in his district, though it was understood that he had affiliations with so-called socialists and labor reformers.

During the first year of his service as a legislator he made no effort to fix public attention on himself by forensic readiness. He was studying the methods of procedure and familiarizing himself with the personnel of the Assembly. But though his name did not appear conspicuously in the press notices—which was a disappointment to a certain lady constantly on the watch for it—this did not mean that he failed to attract the attention of his associates. On the contrary, his thoroughness, patience, and fairness were soon recognized, and when he rose to speak—which he did more frequently in the later weeks of the session in relation to bills of importance where the vote was likely to be close—the members paid attention as though they were glad to know his reasons. It was perceived that he inclined to the party of progress rather than to the conservatives, but that he did not hesitate to turn a cold shoulder towards or to rebuke mere blatherskite or visionary measures.

A modern legislature has to deal with questions which vitally affect the development of the body politic; the relations of powerful corporations to the public and it to them; the demands of toiling bread-winners for shorter hours of labor and hygienic safeguards, and the newly fermented strife between the right to hold

and the obligation to share the fruits of the earth and the profits of superior ability and industry. These were problems which particularly interested Gordon, and, as one by one they arose for action, he sought to solve each on its merits without prejudice and with an eye to justice. It was understood that he would be a candidate for the next Assembly, and in making their forecast the sophisticated referred to him as a coming leader, one of the men who would control the balance of power by force of his intelligence and independence. The Citizens' Club was content with the part which he had played. Several measures in which it was interested had become law through his advocacy; others, though defeated, had gained ground; two notable bills conferring valuable franchises for next to nothing upon plausible capitalists had been exposed and given their quietus in spite of a persistent lobby; and the candidate had promised during the next session to press the bill for a progressive legacy tax, an amendment to the existing legacy tax law, which would increase the sum levied in progressive ratio with the size of every estate transferred by death. This was a reform which Hall Collins and his intimates had at heart, and they had won Gordon to their side as an enthusiastic supporter of its essential reasonableness. The bill had been killed in committee for the past two years; yet the present year the adverse report had been challenged in the house and had been sustained by a comparatively small majority after strenuous and excited appeals to what was termed the sober, conservative sense of the American people. Gordon's speech in behalf of the measure was listened to with a silence which suggested a desire for enlightenment. After the debate was over there had been prophecies that another year it would stand a good chance of passing.

It was toward the close of Gordon's first session in the Assembly that the harrowing death of Loretta's child occurred, and, owing to the prominence of the parties concerned in the homicide, which was the first automobile accident in Benham, became town talk. The newspaper artists illustrated the tragedy with drawings of the red devil in the act of striking the victim, portraits of everybody concerned, from Tottie to the apothecary into whose shop she had been carried, and camera cuts of

the obsequies. There were appropriate editorials on the iniquity of allowing furious engines to be propelled at a rapid rate through the streets; and sensational conflicting rumors were rife in the news columns as to the amount by which the repentant multi-millionaire had sought to idemnify the mother for his carelessness. Conjecture fixed it at various sums from one thousand to fifty thousand dollars, and one imaginative scribe conjured up the information that Tottie was to be replaced as far as possible by the most beautiful baby which the Howard family could procure by search or advertisement.

In his genuine distress for the irreparable evil he had wrought Paul Howard had gone straightway to Loretta to pour out his contrition and to express a willingness to make such amends as were possible for the catastrophe. He saw her twice; the first time on the day following the accident, when she appeared excited but dazed; the second on the morning after the funeral. Then her condition of mind bordered closely on exaltation as the result of being the temporary focus of public attention. She was surrounded by newspapers, and she insisted on calling Paul's notice to all the reportorial features. With special pride she made him note a cut which showed that the coffin had been piled high with the most exquisite flowers—a joint contribution from Mrs. Wilson and himself. Loretta's own apartment was also a bower of roses from the same sympathizing source, and the young woman was in her best dress—festal mourning—as though she were expecting visitors. Paul found some difficulty in broaching the question of indemnity. He was in the mood to draw his check for any sum in reason which the bereaved mother should declare to be satisfactory compensation for her loss, even though it were excessive, so that he might adjust the matter then and there. He had every intention of being generous; moreover he knew that all this publicity concerning the accident was injuring his canvass for the Congressional nomination, and he hoped to create a reaction in his favor by behaving handsomely. But Loretta, though she obviously understood what he was driving at, evaded the topic, and when, in order to clinch matters, he told her in plain terms

that he wished to make her a present and asked her to name the sum, she looked knowing and suspicious, as much as to say that she knew her rights and had no intention of committing herself.

Paul, who mistook her contrariness for diffidence, was on the point of naming an amount which would have made her open her eyes when she suddenly said with a leer intended to convey the impression of shrewdness:

"I'm going to talk with my lawyer first. People say it was all your fault, and that I ought to get a fortune. I've witnesses for my side."

Paul was taken aback. "*It was* all my fault. I've told you already that I was entirely to blame. And I'm anxious for you to tell me how much I ought to pay as damages. So there won't be any need of a lawyer on either side."

Loretta argued to herself that she was not to be caught by any such smooth words. She tossed her head.

"I don't know about that. I'm going to get one of the smartest attorneys in Benham to attend to my case." She waited a moment, then added triumphantly, believing that her announcement would carry dismay to her crafty visitor, "It's Gordon Perry, Esq., Counsellor at Law."

"Gordon Perry?"

Loretta construed his inflection of astonishment as consternation.

"Yes," she said, "I'm going to consult him this afternoon."

It was on Paul's lips to inform her that Gordon was his lawyer too, but her uncompromising attitude had produced its natural effect, and he felt at liberty to practise a little craft in his turn. If he were to disclose the truth, she would be likely to consult someone else; whereas Gordon and he could come to terms speedily. So he merely responded that he knew Mr. Perry to be an excellent attorney, and that he would be content to abide by his decision.

The final settlement required some diplomacy on Gordon's part on account of the difference in point of view between the contracting parties. Loretta had definitely fixed on ten thousand dollars as the Mecca of her hopes than which, as she declared to Gordon at their first interview, she would not accept a cent less; whereas Paul was disposed to make her comfortable for

life by a donation of twenty-five thousand. He naturally had discussed the subject with his aunt, and this was the sum which had been agreed on between them as fitting. Mrs. Wilson was overwhelmed by the disaster; it haunted her thoughts; and, though she remembered Loretta's original indifference regarding the child, it seemed to her that the only possible expiation would be a princely benefaction, such as would thrill the bereaved recipient. But when she in her turn mentioned the matter to Constance, the latter, who had been mulling over the insinuation uttered by Dr. Dale, informed her what he had said. The effect of this intelligence was to strengthen the purpose which Mrs. Wilson and Paul had already formed to have the gift tied up so that Loretta could use only the income, and thus be protected indefinitely against designing companions and herself. But when Gordon, who had abstained from revealing the extent of Paul's intended liberality, suggested this arrangement, he encountered sour opposition from his client. It was manifest that Loretta had set her heart on being complete mistress of the ten thousand dollars, and that any curtailment of her power to exhibit it and spend it as she saw fit would be a bitter disappointment. Either she did not understand, or declined to understand, what was meant by a trust, and plainly she regarded the proposition as a subterfuge on the part of the donor to keep his clutch on the money. Gordon endeavored to reason with her and to show her the disinterested wisdom of the plan, but she shook her head no less resolutely after he had finished. When her repugnance was stated to Paul, he bade Gordon pay her the ten thousand dollars in cash and say nothing about the remainder. He added good-naturedly:

"I suppose it's natural enough that she should like to finger the money. Let her blow it in as she chooses, and when it's gone I'll settle an annuity on her."

Loretta came to Constance on the following day with glittering eyes and exhibited her treasure-trove—a bank book and a roll of bills.

"It's all there," she said. "My lawyer went with me and he saw me hand it all over except this hundred dollars to the man in the cage. My lawyer made me count it

first. He's smart—Gordon Perry, Esq., Counsellor at Law. I'm rich now."

"But you will go on nursing just the same, won't you, Loretta? It's your profession, you know."

Loretta looked non-committal. "Perhaps. But I'm going to take a rest first and—buy a few things." She spread out proudly the new crisp bank bills like a pack of cards. "I've never been able to buy anything before."

Solicitous as she felt regarding the future, Constance had not the heart to repress sympathy with this radiant mood. Blood money as it was, it would, nevertheless, mean many pleasures and comforts to the pensioner. It was no time for advice or for extracting promises of good behavior. So in a few words she showed the approach to envy which was expected of her.

By way of recompense, or because she had been waiting for congratulations to be paid first, Loretta presently paused, looked knowing, and giving Constance a nudge whispered oracularly, as one whose views were now entitled to respectful consideration, "I sounded him about you, Constance, and it's all right. I could see it is, though I guess he didn't like much my speaking. And what do you suppose I told him? That he mustn't get discouraged, for one had only to look at you to know that you were perfectly miserable without him."

"How dare you tell him such a thing? What right had you to meddle?" cried Constance, beside herself with anger and humiliation. She clenched her hands; she wished that she might throw herself upon this arch, complacent busybody and box her ears. "This is too much! Besides, it is not true—it is not true."

"True? Of course it's true. And why should you mind its being true if you love him? I was trying to help you, Constance, so there's no use in getting mad."

Obviously Loretta on her side was surprised at the reception accorded her good offices, and at a loss to explain such an abnormal outburst on the part of her habitually gentle comrade. Perception of this swiftly checked the current of Constance's wrath, but, as her equanimity returned, the eyes of her mind became

pitilessly fixed on herself. Perfectly miserable! Was not that indeed the real truth? And true not only of her but of him? Of him, who had told her that she was sacrificing the joy of both their lives to a fetich. Loretta's rude, probing had made one thing clear—that it was futile to try longer to persuade herself that she was happy.

Yet her reply was, "I take you at your word, Loretta, that you meant no harm. Please remember, however, hereafter that my relations with Mr. Perry are a subject not to be spoken of to either of us, if you do not wish to be unkind."

Loretta stared, and laughed as though she suspected that this appeal was designed to put her off the scent. But she was too much absorbed in her own altered status to care to bandy words on the matter. Two days later she disappeared from Lincoln Chambers. But the fact of her absence awakened no concern in the mind of Constance for several weeks, inasmuch as she had gathered from Mrs. Harrity that Loretta had gone to another patient. But presently it transpired that she had taken all her belongings with her, and had made the charwoman promise to make no mention of that mysterious fact for the time being. Mrs. Harrity could throw no further light on the lodger's exodus, but admitted that under the spell of one of the crisp new bills she had asked no questions and subsequently held her tongue.

Constance immediately imparted her fears to Mrs. Wilson, who instituted promptly a search through the police authorities. Investigation disclosed that a woman answering to the description of Loretta had been seen at some of the restaurants and entertainment resorts of flashy character in the company of a man with whom there was reason to believe she had left town. It was found also on inquiry at the bank where her funds had been placed that the entire deposit had been withdrawn some three weeks subsequent to the date when the account was opened.

Confronted with this disagreeable intelligence Mrs. Wilson felt aghast. It occasioned her grievous personal distress that her ward should have fallen so signally from grace at the very moment when the spirit of righteousness should have triumphed, and she was displeased

to think that her philanthropic acumen had been at fault. But the elasticity of her spirit presently prevailed, and it was with an exculpating sense of recovery and of illumination which was almost breathless that she said to Constance:

"I fear that we must face the fact that

she is a degenerate; one of those unhappy beings whom the helping hands of society are powerless to uplift because of their inherent preference for evil."

Upon her lips the word "degenerate" had the sound of the ring of fate and of modern scientific sophistication withal.

(To be concluded.)

THE GLACIER

By Florence Wilkinson

I AM the mother of rivers,
And out of my bosom of snow
Restless, tormented, and leaping
My passionate children go.

They spring from the poignant Silence
Of a white and passionless life,
Yet far below from the valleys
Comes a rumor of their strife.

They gnash their teeth in the darkness
Of the dolomitic gorge;
They plunge from the porphyry precipice
Like a thunder-driven forge.

I sit unattainably splendid,
Folded from peak to peak.
Oh, thou last-born of my bosom,
What goest thou forth to seek?

I am white as the whiteness of dawning,
I lift a perpetual brow,
A frozen and pitiless beauty,
Yet once I was driven as thou.

I mounted to crests of anguish,
I sank to the cruel crevasse;
Yet even from this is calmness,
And lo! it has come to pass.

I was sculptured mid-sea of my passion
Millions of ages ago.
My lips are locked; I am speechless;
But I know, my child, I know.

THE METHODS OF EUGÉNIE

By Jessie Knight Hartt

ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. ALLAN GILBERT



HER true and lawful name was Eugénie La Tour Wright, but the girls dubbed her "Jack" as soon as she came to college, and "Jack" she remained until the end of her course. Her sturdy little New England personality showed no slightest inheritance from the French ancestress after whom she had been christened. A firm little figure had Jack, and the tread of her number two-and-a-half shoes was as decided as if she had worn sixes at least. Her cheeks were round and rosy, she gazed at you with serious gray-blue eyes, and her brown hair—the great trial of her tidy existence—curled in baby ringlets about her high forehead. For the rest, she was quick-tempered, uncomfortably honest, and it was a pleasing fiction in her set that she had never spoken two unnecessary words to a man in her life. Her frivolous room-mate, Camille Henderson, used to chant a verse which ran thus:

"There is a young person named Wright;
When she's mad she will scratch and will bite.
It is said she once ran
At the sight of a MAN (!)
And has never got over her fright."

Jack always defended herself hotly against such base insinuations. "I'm not afraid of men; I'm *not!*" she would asseverate, affectionately pummelling the disrespectful Camille with her small fists; "but what's the use of them? Girls are nicer."

Camille, for her part, felt no aversion to the other sex, and many there were who knew it. Young Yale instructors came from afar to worship at the shrine of her slender young beauty, the eyes of fatuous Harvard youths told her the power of her own sparkling glances, and gay "Tech" students sent violets to deck her trimly pretty gowns when the Powers That Were allowed her an occasional *matinée* frolic. It was generally expected that Camille, being notoriously soft-hearted, would succumb early to the wiles of some special

adorer, and would be the Class Bride—if she stayed in college long enough to take her degree. By the time of her Senior Mid-years, the other girls had accepted that degree as a fact practically accomplished, and several friends among the class magnates openly planned laying out what they called "the Class Bride Appropriation" with special reference to Camille's tastes.

Meanwhile, Jack felt greatly troubled in her honest little mind over Camille's prospect of passing the examinations. She pleaded with her not to receive any more callers, not to go to Harvard Vespers, or "Tech" Indoor Meets, until the Mid-years were safely over. Camille saw her own danger; she had to admit that she had been reckless all through the fall term and that much cramming would be necessary to make up for time lost in letter-writing, calls, and foot-ball games.

"Honestly, Jack, I won't accept a single invitation," she promised, to her room-mate's infinite relief. "And I won't ask a single soul to call, either; I've written to put off everyone who has asked if he might come. But when a man appears without warning, as Frank Hazard did last evening—truly it would seem mean, Jack, not to see him. Just think! he'd come all the way out from Cambridge. He didn't understand something in my last letter. What could I do?"

"Well," quoth Jack, standing very firmly on her feet as she toasted a bit of chocolate over the study lamp, "I guess I'd know how to deal with a man who took advantage like that. I'd fix him!" and she popped the chocolate into her mouth so promptly that it burned her tongue. "Ouch!" she added, quite irrelevantly, and darted to the thick-bodied water pitcher for a cooling draught.

Camille giggled, as people often did at Jack's most serious mishaps. They were apt to be caused by some childish precipitancy quite at variance with her reputation as the best mathematician in college and the coolest experimenter in the chemistry department.

As the girls snapped off the electric lights in the study that evening, preparatory to a session of "cramming" in the bedroom (whose transomless condition rendered it safe from prying Faculty), Camille returned for a second to the subject of callers. "I think I'll let you tackle the next unforeseen incident who turns up of an evening," she suggested lightly. "It would be larks to see what you'd do with him."

"You wait!" advised Jack. And then she settled herself cross-legged on her little white bed, pencil in mouth, to perform miracles with logarithms, looking the while like a small girl prepared for the conquest of Wentworth's Primary Arithmetic. When Jack's hair was braided in a little curly-ended pigtail down her back, her most serious expression failed to convince you that she was really more than six. In two minutes she had forgotten all about "those Harvard geese," as she disparagingly termed Camille's strenuous followers.

That was Friday. The next Monday evening she was suddenly reminded of her boasts, and of her room-mate's jesting appeal to her powers of dissuasion. Camille was at the Library, "reading up" several English masterpieces which she was supposed to have perused some weeks before, and Jack sat in the glow of the lamp, glancing over a French exercise until it should be time to "run over" to the Chapel for a concert. She had been to a class dancing party that afternoon, and was arrayed in an unusually becoming gown left over from the summer before—a flowered organdie with crisp lace-edged ruffles and floating ribbons of rose pink. Camille had designed the dress with special reference to Jack's childlike prettiness, and sometimes, under protest, Jack could be induced to wear it. Quite characteristically, no thought of her dainty attire entered her mind when she answered the maid's tap at the door, received the card of "Mr. Forrest for Miss Henderson," and said with swift decision, "I will see Mr. Forrest."

Then she departed, forgetting to put out the lamp; and as she went by way of the stairs, she arrived at the reception-room door ahead of the maid, who had patronized the elevator. While she plodded down the long flights, she tried to recall what Camille had told her of this Mr. Forrest. She seemed to remember that he was a recent

Harvard graduate, and that he had some minor editorial position on a Boston magazine—or was it a newspaper? Half way down the last corridor it struck her that he was not one of those who came oftenest, and perhaps he hardly deserved the curt dismissal she was about to give him on Camille's behalf.

For an instant her sturdy little heart failed her. She really was afraid of young men, and perhaps the demands of friendship would have been met if she had simply sent word by the maid that Miss Henderson was not at home. Then she bethought herself that *no* man had a right to demand a whole evening of a busy girl's time, without first finding out if she could receive him. It was a room-mate's duty to show the presumptuous youth his place, and to make him apologize for his thoughtlessness. So little Jack mentally girded herself for the fray, and passed on.

A second she stood poised on the threshold of the wide reception-room door. Mr. Evan Forrest turned from inspecting a huge framed photograph of "The Ruins of the Roman Forum," to see her little beruffled figure, her rose-pink ribbons, and her baby curls, against the uncompromising, grim background of the brick-arched entrance hall, with its shiny wooden floor and its glare of unshaded electric bulbs. Perhaps something butterfly-like about her rosy gown brought a warm touch of summer into the wintry bareness around him. Perhaps the childlike curves of her cheeks and the bigness of her blue eyes appealed to him. At any rate, when Jack came forward and said, "Mr. Forrest?" in a voice which real shyness had softened, Mr. Forrest smiled as if he liked what he saw.

For himself, he was a clean-cut, well-bred-looking young man, with little to distinguish him from the hundreds of other well-bred, clean-cut youths whom his Alma Mater turns out every June. His eyes and hair were dark; he had a good forehead, firm lips, and a sizable chin. If she had had time to think about it, Jack might have liked his looks very decidedly, in spite of his being a man. But she plunged into her mission at once, seeing out of the corner of her eye that the maid had started to enter the room, but had withdrawn to her little table by the door.

"I am Miss Henderson's room-mate,"



In two minutes she had forgotten all about ' those Harvard geese.'—Page 444.

she began abruptly; "Cam—Miss Henderson can't see you this evening. She's busy at the Library. She——"

"Well," said Mr. Forrest, with a quizzical ruefulness that would have amused Jack if she had been at leisure from herself to notice it, "that's my misfortune—and my fault too, I fear. A fellow oughtn't to come out here, you know, without asking permission beforehand."

Jack's rosy lips parted slightly. It astonished her to hear the very words of her intended rebuke proceeding jauntily from the lips of the culprit. The culprit himself, however, being masculine and young, chose to admire the parted lips as a tribute to his own impressiveness. "What a sweet, gentle little thing it is!" he thought, and deep in his heart he felt that he could like this girl very much if he got a chance.

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Aloud, he went on: "Of course I'm disappointed not to see Miss Henderson—doubly so, as I had presumptuously counted on her kindness to help me find Professor Wilkins. She promised to introduce me to Miss Wilkins some day, and a matter came up in the office this afternoon—I am on the staff of the *Boston Weekly Dial*, you know—which makes it necessary for me to have a talk with Miss Wilkins at once. Henry Fawkes has just died," he added, naming a literary man of some prominence in England.

"Oh!" breathed Jack. As a Freshman, she had been imbued with ardent admiration for Henry Fawkes, who—so the English Department had informed her—was one of the pure white lights of this generation. Jack never had been able to understand much of what he wrote, but she accepted

the dicta of the English Department on all such matters; her specialty was mathematics, which one could admire and understand at the same time. She was very sorry that Henry Fawkes had died. Professor Wilkins would be so distressed. So she said "Oh!" again, and bit her under lip. Evan Forrest decided that she was absolutely adorable.

"Miss Henderson once told me," he said, "that Professor Wilkins has had a good deal of correspondence, at one time and another, with Mr. Fawkes. So my Chief thought—I'm only assistant sub-editor, you know—he thought he'd send me out to ask the Professor if she'd be so kind as to write a short appreciation of Mr. Fawkes's personality for next Saturday's edition. I confess I don't like to beard the lioness all by myself!" he sighed, picking up his highly correct hat from a straight-backed chair, and preparing to draw on his immaculate gloves; "but I suppose—*would* you direct me to Miss Wilkins's house?" he broke off, with a glance of appeal that Jack's really soft heart was ill-framed to resist.

"Come to the door and I'll show you," she said impulsively. "You see," she continued, as they crossed the bare hall and stood under the brick arch of the window by the door, "Professor Wilkins lives in the village, so you'll have quite a walk from here. You take that first path to the right—there, at the end of this driveway, do you see?—by the electric light. Then turn to the left, and that path will bring you out at the college gate. Then turn to— But, oh dear!" she burst out, looking up at him in sudden dismay, "you won't find Miss Wilkins at home this evening. She told me she was going to the concert."

"What is that?" queried Mr. Forrest: "and where is it? Will she bite if I try to pull her out?"

Jack was too deeply absorbed in mental calculations to heed his pleasantries. She glanced at the clock. "I'm going to that concert myself," she said. "It's over at College Hall. It's a short one, so it doesn't begin till eight, and we'll be early enough to catch Miss Wilkins before she gets into the Chapel. If you could wait while I get my coat and rubbers?" Her shyness had vanished at the need for prompt

action. She had almost forgotten that she was dealing with a Man.

The Man felt abundantly grateful, however. "You're a——" he began. Then he reflected that this wee person, however sweet, was really not an old friend. "It's awfully good of you," he amended; "I confess I was heartily scared at the prospect of hunting up a strange lady all by myself. Will your charity extend so far as introducing me after we find her?" he ventured.

"Oh, yes!" Jack smiled a pretty, flickering smile at him; "I think I can be as good as that," she said. "But Miss Wilkins doesn't bite, you know. She's the sweetest thing in the world."

Mr. Forrest's dark eyes showed plainly that he knew better. Jack certainly looked unaccountably pretty to-night—so thought two girls who passed through the hall just then, bundled up in evening wraps, on their way to the concert. Their astonishment matched that of the maid, who sat, outwardly discreet, crocheting under the swinging electric light. Nobody had ever seen



Their victim, after a t

Jack with a young man before. Next day the report began to spread that a long-lost brother had just turned up after a runaway voyage around the world.

Meanwhile Jack herself was happily unconscious of espionage. Bidding Mr. Forrest "wait a moment, please," she trudged off down the dark corridor and climbed three long flights of stairs to her study. There she whisked from the wardrobe a long dark coat and a fuzzy white Tam O'Shanter; but as she herself put it, "those old rubbers turned up missing." She searched every conceivable corner of both

rooms, warned by a noisily-ticking nickel clock on the bookcase that time was passing. "Twenty minutes of eight!" announced the fussy clock-hands. "Fifteen minutes of eight!" "Ten minutes of eight!"—still no rubbers. Jack's Tam was awry, her hair mussed into distracting flyaway ringlets, and her long coat showed quite plainly where she had knelt to stick her inquisitive nose under wardrobes and washstand. Still no rubbers. She darted to the other rooms on the corridor, hoping to find some which, by dint of stuffing newspapers into toes, might be made to serve.





In a pink bathrobe and slippers, placidly drinking chocolate —Page 450

But the rooms were all dark, empty, rubberless. Apparently, everybody who was not at the concert was "cramming for Mid-years" at the Library. Suddenly a brilliant thought seized Jack. She dashed back to her own study, tore down the lid of Camille's writing-desk—the only article of furniture she had not already explored—and there, neatly tucked away in the central pigeon-hole, were her two little missing overshoes. As Jack angrily jerked them out, a slip of paper fell off. On the paper was a sentence from a French exercise over which the room-mates had been giggling that afternoon—"Your shoes have fallen on my table."

"That Camille!" stormed Jack, inwardly, "I'll teach her to learn her French on me!" Mr. Forrest would have been surprised to see what a hot rage could speedily possess the "sweet little thing" whose pretty appealing ways he so admired.

As it was, he marvelled at the length of time he had to sit, apparently deserted, by the reception-room door, with no better

amusement than to twirl his hat and watch groups of laughing girls float down the corridor and out at the big door, on their way to the concert, which he began to fear he should never reach. Had the "sweet little thing" deserted him? Impatient glances at the big impassive clock told him that it was growing late. What on earth detained her? Maybe she had to change her dress? But no, she appeared to be dressed for the evening. What was it she had on, by the way? A sort of shimmery, fluttery, pinky thing—she looked about twelve years old in it. Who was she? he wondered, suddenly bethinking himself that he did not even know her name. She was Camille Henderson's room-mate, of course—but what a different sort of girl! Camille seemed a woman of the world—experienced, tactful, well-poised, despite her youthfulness. This little creature—her name must be Rose, he decided. He began to hum, under his breath,

"Röslein, Röslein, Röslein rot,
Röslein auf der Haide."

The maid at the door looked up sus-

piciously, and he blushed. Then he looked at the clock again. Didn't she say the thing began at eight? Then, where the dickens— Ah, there she was, tumbling eagerly down the corridor, her cheeks flushed with nervousness, her curls flying picturesquely, her white Tam at an angle which her saner moments would never have sanctioned. He rose deferentially, forgetting his impatience. Certainly she looked bewitching, whatever she had been doing to herself all this while.

She was breathless when she came up to him. "Do let's hurry!" she panted, almost dragging him through the door after her, to the further amazement of the discreet maid. "We're late now. I'm *awfully* sorry. I couldn't find my old—my rubbers. Camille had hidden them in her desk."

No coquetry lurked in that succinct explanation, yet it caused Evan Forrest to glance swiftly down at the wee feet pattering along the board walk beside him, under the cold gleam of electric light from a nearby post. In these days of athletic girlhood, men profess not to admire small feet, but is the masculine heart ever truly averse to entertaining a feeling of superiority, physical or mental? Evan Forrest was not a large man, and tall, golf-playing girls had often made him feel short. He liked those little feet. Also he approved of the rakish Tam O'Shanter and the baby curls. Jack in her every-day trigness, her cold shyness, would hardly have attracted a second glance from him. Jack excited, ruffled, childishly appealing—this was the Jack whom girls knew, and whom, probably, no man except her father ever had seen before.

"Would you mind——" he began irrelevantly. "Do you know—I haven't known Miss Henderson very long—Dickie Yorke brought me out here once, and that's all; so I really haven't had much conversation with her, and she—she never told me her room-mate's name!"

Jack was in too great a hurry to wonder at his confusion. "Oh, I'm Eugénie Wright," she said simply, peering ahead into the shadow beyond Music Hall. "Look out for that infant snow-drift!" she added. "They've evidently been driving a pung across here to get at the Lake, and they've buried the walk in snow while they were about it."

"Let me help you over, Miss Wright,"

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ventured Evan; but she jumped it lightly, showing some athletic skill despite the adverse evidence of her small feet.

When they reached College Hall, the palm-embowered "Centre" and the corridors looked coldly deserted, and strains of melody floated toward them from regions above. "Oh, bother!" exclaimed Jack, "the concert's begun. Let's go up to the door of the Faculty gallery, and perhaps we can pull out Miss Wilkins, after all."

But the white-gowned usher at the gallery door barred them out. "I'm awfully sorry," she said, "but the President half expects some special guests later, and I'm not to let anyone in for fear the seats might be taken. And I can't disturb Miss Wilkins either—not till this number is over; you know that new rule. If you'll wait till the end of the concert, though, I'll see that she doesn't get away."

Evan thought they would do well to accept this generous offer. He was in no haste, and an extra hour spent beside the fuzzy white Tam, listening to music, seemed no infliction.

The gallery was sparsely filled as yet. "Look!" whispered Jack, glimpsing past the usher's shoulder, "there's Professor Wilkins in the front row—see, that nice plump one, with the smooth hair. She's adorable—motherly, and roguish, and a million other things in one. When she makes a joke she laughs and crinkles up her eyes, like this!" and Jack imitated—very poorly, for her own eyes were too big to "crinkle up"; but Evan enjoyed the performance. "Now I suppose we'd better go into this other gallery," she continued, leading the way. "We'll just slip into some back seats, and then we'll be ready to catch Miss Wilkins when she comes out."

As they settled themselves on some obscure chairs in the background of the Specials' gallery, they could not see the singers on the platform, but they could hear a clear, sweet tenor and a liquid, melting soprano, weaving in and out a delicious melody, married to words of haunting sweetness—

"And o'er the hills and far away
Beyond their utmost purple rim,
Beyond the night, across the day,
Thro' all the world she followed him."

A crackling burst of applause woke Evan to reality. Jack was bending forward to

look into the Chapel, below them. "The tenor's awfully long and thin," she announced confidentially, "and the soprano is fat. But I think they sing well, don't you?"

"Dear Röslein!" thought Evan, fatuously, "what an unsophisticated little dear she is!" which shows the mental state to which a judicious combination of floating pink ribbons, baby curls, rosy cheeks, and bright eyes may reduce a man in a short time. He helped Jack to pull off her coat, patting it surreptitiously as he draped it over the back of her chair. And when the concert was over, he tucked her into it again, hurriedly; for, as she informed him, they must now make another mad dash for the Professor. This time they succeeded, and their victim, after a twenty minutes' parley in the Browning Room, consented to write just such an article as the *Dial* wanted. She was somewhat surprised at Jack's unconsciously ardent intercession in behalf of the *Dial*.

"I never suspected you were so devoted to the cause of literature," she remarked, tweaking the girl's ear by way of good-night, as the two young people left her, benevolently smiling, in the doorway.

Something in her amused glance startled Jack, with a hint of veiled significance. She suddenly bethought herself that she had spent a whole evening with this engaging youth, who ought by all tokens to be a perfect stranger, but whom she had somehow come to regard as an old friend. What would Camille say when she was told? Jack felt she had acted conscientiously at every step, and yet—what *would* Camille say? The "sweet little thing" began to fear that she had been tricked into being a very silly little thing. It was all the fault of "that horrid man." So she relapsed into a series of cross silences, which Evan was at first too self-absorbed to perceive. When he thanked her for helping him out with Miss Wilkins, she responded in monosyllables. When he made a remark about the concert, she contradicted him sharply. And when he touched on the subject of Miss Wilkins's forthcoming article, she launched into an argument anent one of Henry Fawkes's less-known books.

"The hero of 'Norna' was *not* a dipso-maniac, Mr. Forrest," she declared. "How can you say such a thing? He went crazy

in the end, but drink had nothing at all to do with it. I ought to know, for I read the book only last summer."

He thought he ought to remember, too, for he prided himself on his excellent retentive faculties; so the discussion, by the time they reached Faxon Hall, had grown to the proportions almost of a wrangle. He forgot his conception of her as a little wild rose, and found himself arguing at her as if she were a man. Only, as he knew he was right, it was absurd of her to persist—that was like a woman! They went on, adding incident after incident to prove their separate points, till suddenly they brought up, still quarrelling, at the brick-arched doorway whence they had sallied so amicably only an hour before.

"Now you'd better leave me," announced Jack peremptorily, "and run for your train or you won't catch it. There isn't another for over an hour."

As he bade her good-night, courteously, but with a gleam of irritation in his dark eyes, her heart smote her for her rudeness. She had half a mind to call him back. But no—he ought to catch that train anyway, she told herself, watching his nervous stride and his flapping black overcoat till he vanished around the curve by the rhododendrons. Her courage failed again as she thought of Camille, who had probably got back from the Library by this time, and whom in fact she found waiting upstairs, in a pink bath-robe and slippers, placidly drinking chocolate.

Camille was indeed inclined to be annoyed when Jack began her tale. But as the culprit left discussion of her conscientious motives and passed to the incidents of the lost rubbers, the obdurate usher, and the amazement of Miss Wilkins, her room-mate's face puckered into deeper and deeper amusement. Jack told about the quarrel, of course, as freely and frankly as she had told the rest. And at that, Camille burst into a gale of merriment. "Oh, dear!" she gasped, "I can just *see* you fighting him tooth and nail—you little spitfire! And that highly correct Evan Forrest, too! You, who hate men! And he, such a supremely impeccable youth—oh, oh!" and she giggled afresh.

Jack, quite unaccountably, objected to hearing Mr. Forrest spoken of as "an impeccable youth." There was a note of

disparagement about the description. She felt that Camille was too patronizing. But she merely said, "Anyhow, I was right about that man in 'Norna.'"

"Oh, no, you weren't," said Camille, wiping mirth-drenched eyes; "you were entirely wrong, and Evan Forrest was right—he always is. Dicky Yorke says that's his worst fault. You ought to look it up and apologize to him the next time he comes out. Yes, you ought—" as Jack obstinately shook her head—"you wouldn't treat another *girl* so meanly, you know you wouldn't. And you haven't any right to be rude to a man just because he *is* a man."

Jack declared she had not been rude—not in the least; on the contrary, it was Mr. Forrest who was to blame for the whole incident—greatly to blame. But she surreptitiously re-read "Norna," and during the next week she meditated deeply. Camille looked on with unconcealed amusement. "Jack is so transparent," she confided to another girl in the set; "I can see her brains working, as if her little head were made of glass. Jack will apologize," she concluded sagely. "Next time Mr. Forrest appears in Wellesley—you'll see!"

But, having once made up her mind that an apology was demanded of her, Jack could not restrain her remorse until a convenient season. It followed as a consequence of her earnest meditations, that on the next Monday afternoon Mr. Evan Forrest was startled by the visit of a lady, at his desk in the *Dial* office. He had been restless and fidgety that afternoon, had looked out of the window a great deal, and several times had caught himself humming "Röslein auf der Haide," to the amused delight of the man at the next desk. This man happened to have been a year ahead of Mr. Forrest at Harvard, and to hold a slightly superior position on the *Dial* staff, so he arrogated to himself liberties that sometimes struck his victim as unsuitable. Once, just as the humming ceased, he glanced quizzically from his pile of manuscript.

"Her name is Rose, then?" he murmured.

"Oh, no," said Evan absently, "it's—confound you, Mason, what do you mean?"

"I wouldn't say such things in the presence of ladies," suggested Mason under his breath. Evan looked in the direction

of his gaze, to see Miss Eugénie La Tour Wright standing in the office doorway. Her wind-tossed locks waved distractingly under a broad black hat, her cheeks glowed from a hasty climb of the steep office stairs, her eyes shone bigger than ever as she glanced inquiringly about the great bare, dusty room, with its utilitarian book-shelves, its heaped-up waste-baskets, and the clouds of tobacco smoke rising like incense from behind desks littered with manuscript. Evan hastily laid down his pipe on the type-written "fiction story" over whose commas he had been laboring. He tried to twitch his necktie into position as he hurried forward.

"Oh," said Jack, recognizing him, "the boy told me I'd find you here." Then, without further preliminary—"I came to tell you, Mr. Forrest, that I was wrong about that man in 'Norna.' He *was* a dipsomaniac; you were right. And I'm sorry I was rude to you. Camille says I was, very rude. I beg your pardon."

Evan felt frightfully embarrassed, but apparently she did not. She had decided that the right thing to do was to ask pardon; so she did it. In Jack's little mind the matter was perfectly simple. If she had ever questioned her own motives in wishing to set herself right with this young man, that question was in the dim background just now, and she felt concerned merely with the subject immediately in hand. To Evan, however, with "Röslein auf der Haide" running in his head, this sudden rosy apparition was disconcerting, and when it apologized he scarcely knew what to say. In his experience, girls had not apologized. They had bullied prettily, fibbed tactfully, shown great skill in worming themselves out of untenable positions, but—why, this was like a man! Granted that any man would consider last week's incident big enough for a second thought, just so frankly would he own himself in the wrong. Clearly this small rose-maiden possessed moral courage ("spunk" he called it, in his own mind) and a rather nice sense of honor. What a bewildering little thing it was! No wonder the combination of sweet timidity and serene fearlessness seemed to be threatening his presence of mind. He felt a sudden pang lest he should fall in love. However, he managed to stammer out a few remarks more or less

appropriate to the difficult situation of a person who is being apologized to.

All the while he knew that the abhorred Mason was grinning seraphically over his pile of manuscript, and he was beautifully conscious that on his own return to the post of duty he would be assailed by the quips and cranks which his youthful dignity dreaded. Moreover, he had no wish to discuss "Röslein" with any man, however inconceivably respectful. So when Jack, having briskly dispatched her penitent mission, turned to go, he experienced a sudden inspiration.

"Won't you let me show you how a weekly paper goes together?" he asked. "You know, I was trying to explain some of our schemes to you the other evening, and this would be a splendid chance——"

"Oh—oh no, thank you," said Jack. "I can't stay. I wish I could," she added honestly; "but I've simply *got* to take the four-twenty for Wellesley, and I have just time to catch it now. I've been in town shopping all day."

Then Evan felt another inspiration—urged thereto partly by genuine desire, partly by certain benedictory gestures on the part of Mason, whom fortunately, Jack could not see: "If you'll let me walk along with you," he began—"it's really time for me to be leaving the office anyway; I have an important errand at Newton, and perhaps I could take the same train, if you don't mind."

"No indeed," said Jack; but she was secretly dismayed. She was not used to walking with young men. Suppose they should meet some of the girls at the station or on the train! However, she had no time to realize her position before Evan had flung on his coat and hat and was holding the swing-door open for her. Arrived in the cold air and loud bustle of the street, it was Evan's turn to feel at ease. On the way to the station he was so amusingly talkative and so convenient as a buffer between her small person and the huge, lumbering drays which beset their progress over cross-walks, that Jack forgot she had ever quarrelled with him, and decided that Camille was right after all—men *were* some use.

But alas! he was really "Camille's man"—she must not forget that. She was distressed because, after settling her into a

seat in the train, he immediately began to make plans for seeing her at Wellesley the next week. "And won't you take me to call on Miss Wilkins?" he asked, slyly conscious that the scheme would involve another evening walk under snow-flecked trees and twinkling lights, with those infinitesimal rubbers trudging along beside him again.

Jack, however, tried to damp his fond hopes by saying bluntly what any other girl, however honest, would merely have thought. "But—but you're Camille's man!" she objected.

Evan looked astonished. Then he threw back his head and laughed, in a way that was very upsetting to Jack. She was not aware that she had said anything funny. "Will you please tell me," he asked, gazing at her quizzically, "just what constitutes me 'Camille's man'? Is it that I called on Miss Henderson once, with Dicky Yorke, or merely that she was so kind as to ask me to come again? Pray divulge!"

"Well, anyway," faltered Jack, taking uncomfortable refuge in obvious facts, "anyway—you are!" This was a highly exasperating youth, she reflected. Why couldn't he see the ethics of the case? Clearly, because he wouldn't.

"Please take me to call on Miss Wilkins," he begged, ignoring her objection. "Really I do want to thank her for that splendid article she wrote for us. It was a beauty," he added. And then, seeing that Jack's attention could be diverted from the subject of discussion by judicious praise of her adored Professor, he launched into a lengthy appreciation of Miss Wilkins's wit, her happy philosophy, and her grace of style. Jack began to feel reassured about his morals.

But when the train pulled into the Newton station, he shocked her again. "Till next Monday," he said, bidding her goodbye. "It's awfully good of you to say you'll chaperon me with Miss Wilkins!" Jack was not aware that she had consented. But as he swung off the platform, with a wave of his hat and an ardent look from his keen dark eyes, she felt a guilty sense of having been disloyal to Camille again.

All the next week she was in twenty minds about receiving him when he should come. "Impudent thing!" she thought.



Evan was holding the swing-door open for her —Page 452.

And once, in the middle of a German examination, she suddenly smiled, then frowned, and angrily bit off the point of her stubby lead pencil. Camille lectured her roundly on the duty and privilege of "being nice to men." She herself was appeased by a polite little note from Mr. Forrest, requesting the pleasure of a glimpse of her too, on the following Monday. Inasmuch as she was to entertain a young instructor from Yale on that same evening, it would be pleasant and disciplinary for both men, if she should graciously allow Mr. Forrest, say, ten minutes of her time. In the end, of course, Jack let herself be persuaded to "behave prettily," and she really enjoyed the experience despite Professor Wilkins's evident amusement at the sudden conversion of her little friend to the double cause of Literature and Society.

By spring it became clear that Mr. Evan Forrest intended the work of conversion to be thorough. Certain potent stirrings within him confirmed the humorously sympathetic dictum of his confrère Mason: "Forrest, you're dead in love with that little Rose-girl. Go in and win, old man!"

Meanwhile the girls in Jack's set were greatly exercised when she was seen to come out in several fetching new gowns, and to be enjoying herself in company with a handsome youth who rowed, walked, and went to concerts with her, quite as happily, to all appearance, as if she were not so well known as "the girl who hates men." Astonishment grew when it appeared that this was no long-lost brother, but a former friend of Camille Henderson's. Someone excitedly surmised that he had been a lover of Camille's, and that Jack had "got him



Drawn by C. Allan Gilbert.

On a secluded bench he told her the Great Secret.—Page 455

away." Still, the two girls seemed to be as great friends as ever, so that position grew untenable. Then came the flurry of Commencement, and even Sophomores forgot to gossip.

The evening before Commencement Day Evan posted out to Wellesley with news of such immense importance that he had to draw Jack away from her family and friends, far from the tinkle of the Glee Club Concert, to tell it to her. Down by Tupelo, on a secluded bench where the ripple of the water, the rustle of friendly young leaves, and the faint breeze-borne sounds of singing and laughter all blended into one subdued musical murmur, he told her the Great Secret. His salary had been raised, he himself had been promoted to a position of more importance on the *Dial* staff. He

thought they would better be married at once. Well, yes, he might consent to wait until September, but no longer. And as Jack had by this time grown quite amenable to the demands of what she had at first dubbed "impudence," she snuggled close to him, in her white Commencement gown, and faltered, with love-born meekness. "Yes, Evan."

So Jack Wright—of all people!—became Class Bride. Nobody knew how Camille felt about it, though several girls endeavored valiantly to find out. She made a distractingly pretty bridesmaid, and wrought havoc among the hearts of the ushers. She is Camille Henderson still, however. She says young Eugène Wright Forrest—aged three and a half—is the nicest chap she knows, and she intends to wait for him to grow up.

INSCRIPTIONS

By Sophie Jewett

ILLUSTRATION BY B. R. CAMPBELL

I—IN A BOOK OF OLD SONGS

DEAR, were you in a garden old,
Loved of brave troubadours
Who praised your hair's bewildering gold,
That glimmers and allures;
The greatest, wondering on your face
Between the ilex trees,
Might touch his lute and thrill the place
With sweeter songs than these.

II—IN THE BOOK THAT YOU HAVE READ

I NEED no pencilled margin line;
By subtler emphasis,
Page after page, I can divine
Your thought of that and this.

I know that here your grave lips smiled
The smile that Beauty brings;
And here you listened where some wild
Age-smitten forest sings.



Here your brow wore the world-old pain
No poet may forget;
And here you stayed to read again;
Here, read through lashes wet.

So, leaf by leaf, until, I deem,
Your darkened eyes forsook
One shining page, because your dream
Was lovelier than the book.

GODS OF BRASS

By Beatrice Hanscom

ILLUSTRATIONS BY J. H. GARDNER SOFER



I

THE REVENGE OF HOP LUNG

"THERE is always a Cause: often that Cause is unconscious: occasionally, it is innocent;" but the more remote it is, the more velocity it gathers by the way.

"It's stunningly staged," said Mollie Weston, enthusiastically. "Who did it, Frohman or Belasco?"

"I wish," said Miss Hannah, plaintively, "that you would strive to restrict yourself to facts."

Abner Weston laughed good-naturedly.

They were in Chinatown, and Mollie's eyes rejoiced in its picturesqueness.

Here was a Chinaman whom it was impossible to believe was anything but an extremely well-made automaton; there was one who might have been Harte's famous "Chinee," and the Cherub and One-Two might be behind any doorway.

Miss Hannah did not share her niece's enthusiasm. She thought the place was a heathen abomination.

Theoretically, Mr. Abner Weston had invited and was now escorting his daughter and sister around the world; in point of

fact, Mollie Weston had planned, and was now personally conducting, an indulgent father and a reluctant aunt upon a trip encircling the globe.

Like Columbus in the primary history, "believing the earth to be round," she had started on her way to the famed splendors of Cathay and of Ind; having in further prospect an alluring vision which the great Genoese lacked, a vision of reaching on her homeward way the modern Elysium, where in a street inappropriately called Peace, new creations should be accomplished for her personal adornment and her entire satisfaction.

Abner Weston viewed the world with a quizzical good humor. If Mollie wanted to go, of course she could. Business was prosperous. His partner could get on without him as well as not.

His daughter's ready enthusiasms amused him, and he had the lavish generosity of the self-made man whose own youth had held limited pleasures.

Miss Hannah Weston often said that she didn't see where her brother got his disposition. Not that she looked on it as a great bargain. *Au contraire.*

Miss Hannah believed in always moving on the lines of greatest resistance. She believed that your first natural impulses were bad, and that if a thing was disagreeable,

then it was plainly your duty. It was not for nothing that the two words began with the same letter.

She was a good woman, but she had a way with her. It was not a tactful way. It assumed that the chances of your being saved, even under the most favorable circumstances, were exceedingly remote.

She liked to speak of man in general, and you in particular, as a worm of the dust; then if you appropriately and proverbially turned, she had an idea you were impious.

Miss Hannah was confronted by a problem when the trip was broached. She was her brother's housekeeper. If she had acknowledged to herself that she wanted to go, she would have felt it her duty to stay at home—perhaps to go and stay with her sister in Clarion.

Her Clarion visits were usually short.

Although the two sisters agreed perfectly on the unreasonableness of everyone else, they did not hit it off very well in the same house.

Hannah said Hattie was obstinate; Hattie said Hannah was set; they were both right.

Miss Hannah argued truthfully that her sister didn't need her, that her only brother was going on a long and perilous journey. Doubtless it was her duty to share such perils as he might encounter. And the minister had said that he should expect her to speak before the missionary society when she came back.

Miss Hannah had enough natural depravity to hope secretly that the evils of heathendom had not as yet been depicted in their full depravity, and that her own account would cause the missionary society to feel a creepy sensation down their several backs. That future speech was the goal toward which she was willing to tread martyr-like through the benighted lands.

She pronounced Chinatown emphatically Benighted Land Number One.

The old façades which Mollie found so picturesque, she opined, in many cases correctly, were flaunting Dens of Vice.

You felt the capitalization of all the capital sins in Miss Hannah's tone.

The show restaurant with its teakwood tables, its odd musical instruments hanging on the walls, its elaborately carved screens, its fragile china tea-bowls, and its famous tea, did not soften her mood.

She drank her tea gingerly, while her mind framed a sentence of her future speech: "The moral leprosy of the Chinese is perhaps as contaminating as the physical."

The Joss-House disclosed to her An Idol. Her mental state made Moses's feelings on beholding the Golden Calf seem entirely inadequate.

The pungent odor of sandalwood, in which Mollie revelled, offended Miss Hannah's nostrils; and she narrowly escaped apoplexy at that young person's proposition to offer up a few tapers to propitiate the Pacific into a three-weeks calm.

The Chinese pharmacist's window, with its pleasing prescriptions compounded of star-fish, toads, and similar delicacies, caused Benighted to become as over-capitalized as some of the recent trusts.

As for the theatre, it was an unintelligible blare and confusion to them all; there was something sinister in the closely packed audience. The concentrated stare aslant had the effect of the Evil Eye.

They were glad to be out in the air again. They got here, though, for the first time, that impression which the intuitional traveller learns to treasure, of being themselves the foreign thing.

The opium den, through which the guide conducted them as a matter of course, combined the repulsive features of a mild Inferno, the waters of Lethe, and the bunks of a lumber camp.

It was after all this that they came, as I come to the point of my story, to the wonderful shop of Hop Lung; a shop which displayed its curios with an irresistible lure; a shop where curious bronze and multi-colored cloisonné consorted on the friendliest terms, with certain marvellous embroidered hangings as a fitting background. Who so gracious and smiling as Hop Lung! Who so ready to display his "plitty" wares!

Abner Weston was tired. Mollie was a trifle depressed by the reverse of the medal. Miss Hannah was exhaustedly aghast, and the guide was engaged by the hour.

They went in. They were Hop Lung's prey.

He piled treasures upon treasures in Mollie's lap. His business instinct pointed her out as the vulnerable member of the triumvirate. His English, excellent enough



Drawn by J. H. Gardner Soper.

"Chinese gods, you li-kee?" said Hop Lung persuasively.—Page 460.

with the police, relapsed into the pigeon-eaten variety practicable.

In his way, Hop Lung possessed the artistic temperament. He knew the foreignness of everything was its charm. He laughed when Mollie laughed, and she laughed again at the sight.

He seemed like an innocent and precocious child as he showed her curious fans, wonderful carved sandalwood, and crêpe shawls that could be drawn through a ring. It was hard to realize that guile could lurk in that genial soul.

"You ta-kee this," had more the sound of a gift than a sordid business transaction.

And it appeared that Hop Lung had saved the best for the last. He brought out proudly two bronze jars surmounted by grotesquely squat little gods, seated with a placidity which seemed capable of enduring through the ages.

"Chinese gods, you li-kee?" said Hop Lung persuasively.

"Oo-oh," said the travelling fly with a sigh of delight, as the spider Hop Lung displayed this new lure. "I think I shall *have* to have these, Pater," she said coaxingly.

"My dear girl, you can't begin lugging things as big as that around the world now," remonstrated her father.

He was getting rested and consequently sane.

"Do you think it is right to purchase from a heathen?" inquired Miss Hannah sepulchrally. She had recovered enough to allow her conscience to begin to tick again.

Hop Lung's face preserved its placid smile.

"They would be stunning for Dick's den," mused Miss Weston, stricken with convenient deafness. "We might send them to him for his birthday, and charge him not to open them till then." She elucidated this idea with the air of knowing that it was sure to please.

"Is that a sign of remorse, or have you changed your mind?" queried her father, with lazy raillery.

The color in Mollie's cheeks sent the peach-blow vase out of commission.

She looked at her father reproachfully.

"After his bringing you a box of your pet cigars at the train," she said reproachfully, "I should think you would *want* to make some return."

Abner Weston chuckled genially.

"When a young man who has haunted the house like a conscientious ghost, appears at the station with a huge bunch of violets for the daughter, and cigars for Papa," he said humorously, "Papa suspects naturally that his gratitude is not the prime object that young man is working for. Of course," he continued, "if you're going to give a young man the devil, or a couple of them, I think it is kinder to do it from this distance. If you want to divide the responsibility, you can put in my card."

Hop Lung's expression was as placid as ever, but in the heart of Hop Lung rage smouldered. Strangely enough, he regarded his customers as deserving the appellation of heathen, and cherished a devout loyalty toward his country's gods.

However, "*Les affaires sont les affaires*," as a French dramatist has recently demonstrated, and Hop Lung, assured of this sale, brought out two more vases.

You have seen the electric lights grow sickly greenish-white before the rosy radiance of the dawn; you may, if you are a woman, have felt the *gaucheries* of every seam of your country-made costume intensify suddenly in comparison with a creation conceived a stone's throw from the Colonne Vendome; you may have arisen to an entirely new conception of the simple word fish, when a famous chef has served you with his own hands his celebrated apotheosis of sole; and any one of these experiences will prefigure to you in some slight degree, the effect which this new apparition had upon the rest of the wares of Hop Lung.

The shape of the vases was of extreme simplicity, high and round, but the mind of a true artist had stamped itself indelibly upon them. They had a delicacy almost lace-like; the dainty arabesque design wove itself into intricate convolutions with an elaborate subtlety which carried the conviction that you saw before you a labor of love.

Mollie Weston heaved an enraptured sigh.

"If you will let me have these, Pater," she said solemnly, "I won't buy another thing except those vases for Dick. And I'll tell you why I want them," she went on hastily, seeing his more than dubious expression.

She crossed the little shop and sat down beside him.

"You know when we stopped at Clarion on our way out, Aunt Hattie took us over to that dear little Episcopal Church where Mother went; where she sang in the choir until she married you and went away to live. There was a beautiful cross on the altar, but that was all. I want to send these vases there in memory of Mother." The sweet young soprano voice fell to a lower note involuntarily as she spoke the dear name. Her impulse was none the less strong because of its suddenness. She slipped her hand in her father's.

Abner Weston's eyes clouded with the shadow of an old grief.

The wife who had been hardly more than a child-wife when she had died, leaving him to care for the little daughter who was her replica in miniature, had been the one romance in the practical man's life.

The man of one romance, like the man of one book, has gained power in concentration. And curiously enough, the man of one steadfast, idealistic, tender romance, is more often not your poet, nor artist, nor dreamer, nor the graceful dilettante who prides himself on possessing the temperament, at least, of the artist; he is your plain man of affairs, keenly alive in his everyday life to the importance of single-name paper and the three days of grace.

So Fate gently tips the balance until the scale stands at Due Compensation.

Mollie could not have touched her father more profoundly, yet all he said was: "All right, my girl." And his question to Hop Lung, "What's the price of them?" was merely a desire for information, with no bearing on the question of decision.

Hop Lung made a rapid calculation of the possible profits on everything else which had hung in the balance, and tacked it on to the most he had originally thought of asking for the vases.

The sum he stated was a considerable one—one which made Mollie glance at her father questioningly, but Abner Weston merely nodded approval. The higher the price for what was to serve such a purpose, the more appropriate he felt it was.

Hop Lung realized with a pang that he might have asked more, and it intensified the feeling of dislike with which his customers had inspired him.

On the other hand, the price seemed to Miss Hannah so appallingly large that she

was thunderstruck. And then the principle of the thing!

"Do you think it's right to set a thing of heathen workmanship on the altar of the Lord?" she gasped. "Do you think it's right to do it, Abner?"

Her brother's face wore its usual shrewd smile. "Well, I wouldn't risk setting up those squat little idols on the other pair," he said. "I should expect to see the church struck by lightning. But I think these are perfectly safe."

Miss Hannah turned to Hop Lung. If she could not prevent the sale, perhaps she might prepare the soul of the seller for better things.

"Have you ever been to a Christian church?" she said. "Wouldn't you like to go—to be a Christian instead of clinging to wickedness and idolatry?"

Hop Lung looked cheerfully non-committal.

"My plodner velly good man," he said, imitating Ananias. "He get Clistian maybe."

"Well," said Miss Hannah, with a sigh of relief. "I'm sure I'm glad to hear it."

"Can we trust him to box them?" inquired Abner Weston of the guide. They held a murmured conversation.

Then Mr. Weston walked over to Hop Lung.

"You box these two jars together, and the two vases together in another box, and mark them plainly so we can tell which is which, and bring them over to the Palace Hotel to-night at six o'clock," he said, distinctly and carefully.

Hop Lung nodded cheerfully.

"You li-tee names where you send-ee," he said sweetly; "I put-tee name on box velly plitty."

Mr. Weston wrote on his card the name and address of one Richard Wells, and tucked it carefully in the bronze jars; then on his daughter's card he wrote his sister's name and Clarion address, and thrust it into one of the altar vases.

"At six sharp," he said, as they turned to leave the shop.

"I bling," returned Hop Lung smilingly.

He sat very still when they were gone. And he was very, very wroth. He hated them with a racial hatred intensified by an intense personal dislike. Their conversation, to state the case mildly, had been

unfortunate. A Celestial desire to get even animated the breast of Hop Lung.

Yet, when he rose, it was to go smilingly to work to pack the jars in one neat wooden box, and the vases in another.

And studying each card carefully as he held it in his hand, he inscribed for the benefit of the express company the exact name and address as there written, marking each box with a few extra flourishes which gave it an artistic appearance. There was a serene deliberation of purpose in his every motion which made mistake impossible.

Just as serenely, he wended his way to the Palace Hotel, arriving there on the exact stroke of six; and he listened to their praises of his neat boxing, and of what he alluded to himself as his "plitty li-ting," with the air of one whose joy is in duty well done.

The first express bore the boxes swiftly on their apportioned way, and the next steamer took the Westons over the Pacific.

Their purchases at the shop of Hop Lung were to them a pleasant memory, even Miss Hannah being comforted by the idea of the Christian tendencies of Hop Lung's partner,

"He may convert him if he strives, as doubtless he will," she would murmur, with an entire disregard of the confusion of pronouns, and with a merciful ignorance that one of the persons alluded to was entirely mythical.

To Hop Lung as well, sitting in his shop awaiting other tourists, the thing was a pleasant memory. His smile grew blander yet whenever he thought of it.

For the box addressed to Mr. Richard Wells held the altar vases, and the jars with the squat gods were consigned clearly to Mrs. Edward King of Clarion.

And rejoicing in this, Hop Lung would murmur sweetly: "Velly much-eelighting su'plize Clistians, may-be."

II

THE GIFT OF THE GODS

NOT only the fairy godmothers, but the gods as well, bestow their gifts benign or malevolent; and the gifts of the small gods are sometimes great.

Two gods of the far Orient and the archer-god of Greece once met in this Land of Ours.

The Reverend Robert Winthrop sat in his rectory study pondering many things. They were not things spiritual exactly: they were questions of temporal power and a very human and personal interest.

The Reverend Robert was young; he was tall and broad-shouldered and pleasing to the eye; and he was rector of the parish of St. James the Less.

The Bishop often said that the parish of St. James the Less was the most difficult one to please in all his diocese; and the Bishop, who was wise in varied learning, knew emphatically whereof he spake.

He added that there was a tradition that every rector St. James had ever had, had been asked to resign, save one. He died of pneumonia the week following his installation. Dr. Rogers said it was the damp plaster in his study, but the congregation resented this officious interference of Providence with distinct bitterness. They felt too that this rector had not been quite the man they took him to be. He and Providence had played first, and the vestry found that, like Othello, their occupation was gone.

The Reverend Robert remembered how the Bishop had smiled his humorous, comprehending smile. Then he had put his hand on the Reverend Robert's shoulder.

"In short, my boy," he said, "the parish is not precisely a bed of flowery ease. It's a parish of crises, as country parishes are apt to be; but the city ones are often parishes of Cræsus, which is quite as dangerous. You'll strike all sorts of queer problems which you'll have to work out for yourself, but they'll do you good, though you may not recognize it until afterwards. Remember that it is easier to convert ninety-nine sinners than to convince one of the pig-headedly righteous that prejudices are not principles. Be firm in the great essentials, and yielding in all minor matters. Do not needlessly stir up opposition; and, by the way, the reason Patience is so often seen on a monument is because she dies easily. Good-by! and good luck to you. Write in care of my Dresden bankers if you really need advice."

And with a hearty grasp of the hand, the Bishop had started on his six-months vacation trip abroad.

The Reverend Robert had had excellent congregations from the first, yet it had struck him that the percentage of men was unusually small. The choir threatened to require more seats in the chancel, and the number of young women who joined after the Reverend Robert's first appearance left the choir-boys in a hopeless minority.

I wonder if I have mentioned that the Reverend Robert was unmarried. Moreover, he was the only unmarried clergyman in Clarion. It was quite an argument for the increased efficiency of a celibate clergy.

In four months the Reverend Robert had begun to have the home feeling in Clarion, and he had enlarged his knowledge in several ways. He knew the faults and the prejudices of his congregation far better than they dreamed; and he knew as well their sterling qualities; whereat he strove diligently to make the latter cover the former.

If he sometimes wished fervently for the ninety-nine sinners, he strove tactfully to reconcile the warring elements in the church. The masculine contingent grew larger. Most surprising of all, he won over Dr. Rogers, as crusty an old curmudgeon as ever concealed a good heart.

Dr. Rogers had been the thorn in the side of the congregation because he would go to the communion-rail at the same time as the choir. He had declared that it was all stuff and nonsense to give precedence to a parcel of little snips; that it savored of Popery, and that he shouldn't pay a particle of attention to it.

But after the Reverend Robert had worked with him over the children of the poor, he said gruffly that it was time for old fogies like himself to fall in line.

He got into the habit of stopping in at the rectory on his way home from his evening calls, and smoking a friendly pipe before the study fire.

The Reverend Robert had the knack of making remarkably good coffee in what the Doctor called his "high-brass-and-glass arrangement." It was a splendid bracer after a bothersome case, and the tired Doctor, as he sipped it contentedly, felt something of the old fraternal feeling of his long-past college days.

Much good work could be set down to the Reverend Robert's credit, yet the most important thing he had done was not work at all. It was an involuntary and pleasurable occurrence, which the Reverend Robert held was the natural consequence of being both a sane and a seeing man.

Here, you divine, is where the archer-god comes in. Miss Edith Carter had left the gayeties of her city home to spend a few weeks in Clarion with her aunt, Miss Abigail, who was invalided by a sprained ankle.

Miss Abigail said severely that she had no doubt the little wretch of a Jones boy loosened the board in the walk intentionally, and that she should like to get hold of him. The Reverend Robert thought fondly that it was an interposition of Providence in his behalf, a decision which would have been of immense comfort to the small and guilty Jones, who was expecting momentarily to be arrested and hanged.

The Reverend Robert was wondering as he sat in his rectory study whether, even supposing something which was still catalogued only as a roseate hope, Miss Edith Carter would consider a country parish a hopeless incubus, and life in Clarion unbearable. He considered his slender salary and the slender income beside his salary, and the combined result still seemed unreasonably attenuated. Miss Carter was not the accepted type of minister's wife, but the Reverend Robert thought fervently that she was *his* accepted type of the most adorable girl in the world, which was of more importance to him personally.

The desire for riches came upon him, riches sufficient for all that she could desire; as for what she deserved, that was beyond the kingdoms of this earth.

He thought of his uncle, a power in Wall Street.

If he had entered the brokerage office instead of the ministry!—The Reverend Robert was tempted of the Devil.

With an abrupt gesture he pushed the temptation away from him as if it had been a tangible thing.

"I may not be a rich man, but at least I can be a man, thank God! and not a sneaking cad," he said with grim determination.

And then because he was young, and because he was in love, he fell to smiling unseeingly as he sat before the fire.

Mrs. Higgins opened the door cautiously. Mrs. Higgins was his housekeeper, an elderly woman with Martha's housekeeping ability, and a face furrowed by many years of exercising the same.

"Mrs. Maney," she said. Her tone was disapproving. Mrs. Maney was a widow with a fourteen-year-old daughter. Mrs. Maney stated frequently that she had married as a mere child.

The Reverend Robert smiled at Mrs. Higgins; he recognized the chaperoning instinct. "You might show her in," he said amusedly.

Mrs. Higgins entered with her customary flutter.

"Don't *breathe* what I'm going to tell you," she said, with a look at the Reverend Robert which was supposed to be artless; "but my dear, modest little girl gets pushed aside sometimes, so I want to tell you. I don't think you suspect how fond the child is of you."

Silence is sometimes safety. The Reverend Robert found this one of the times.

"The Girls' Guild have bought a present for you, and they're going to give it to you at the social-to-night; it's to be a perfect surprise, so don't for the world let on that I've dropped a hint of it," she went on volubly. "But Minnie has worked harder for it than anyone else, and in plain, unvarnished justice she should have been the one to present it. I shan't say another word. Thank heaven, it isn't my way to push the child forward, and Minnie often says she thinks the most beautiful line in the Prayer Book is 'He hath put down the mighty from their seat: and hath exalted the humble and meek.' To hear her singing it over to herself would go to your heart."

The Reverend Robert took the mental liberty of doubting the effect, being fairly familiar with the juvenile Minnie's shrill soprano in the choir, but he smiled pleasantly.

"The young ladies are very kind," he said, "and you may be sure, Mrs. Maney, that I shall give no hint of what you have told me. I suppose you are going right over to the chapel now," he continued amiably. "I should offer to go with you, but Mrs. Higgins wants to consult me about some domestic matters before I go."

And so did Mrs. Maney, feeling vaguely that she had been complimented, wend her

way over to the chapel with a complacent sense that she had contributed her share in putting down one of the high-and-mighty and correspondingly exalting one of the humble and meek.

The Reverend Robert heaved a sigh of relief. Then he strode out to the kitchen door. Mrs. Higgins was pouring out hot and deliciously aromatic coffee into a large white china cup whose delicate gold band proclaimed at least two generations of good family. A dainty tray with all the necessities was on the table before her.

"I'll bring it right in the dining-room," she said. "You go and sit down."

"But, Mrs. Higgins," said the Reverend Robert, as he poured in the cream with a practised eye, "the social begins with a supper, you know."

Mrs. Higgins eyed him with an obvious comprehension. "'S though you'd get a chance to eat with all those women cackling!" she said scornfully.

The Reverend Robert's eyes twinkled mischievously. He finished his coffee with an evident appreciation. Then he stood up smilingly. "You spoil me, Mrs. Higgins," he said, smiling at her in his direct, friendly way. "I wonder how you reconcile it with your conscience. That was a particularly good cup of coffee. Good-night."

As she watched him go across the yard to the chapel door with his alert, athletic stride, the furrows in Mrs. Higgins's face smoothed out, until the friendliness of the fire-light suggested how pretty that face must have been in the glamour of its far-away youth.

It was little Miss Silverman who presented to the Reverend Robert, on behalf of the Girls' Guild, a new white stole. Silverman père had attached this string to his generous contribution.

The roomful of people gathered round in a semicircle. It was an occasion of interest.

A little way back of the others stood Miss Edith Carter and Mrs. Edward King.

Miss Carter lingered in the background very properly, as a mere visitor to the parish should; and Mrs. King, because, having a sensation of her own to spring, made her indifferent to the present one.

The Reverend Robert, with the new stole on his arm, made a short and graceful acknowledgment of the gift. Then he sug-



It was little Miss Silverman who presented to the Reverend Robert a new white stole.—Page 464.

gested that the stole should be placed on a table for exhibition.

And *then* he crossed the room to speak to Miss Carter.

She greeted him with a calm that was refreshing after the flutter.

"I've been watching the door for you," he said boyishly, "since you wouldn't let me come for you and bring you down. What an absurd idea that was of yours!"

"Not in the least," said Miss Carter promptly. "You belong to the whole congregation on an occasion like this. It's not the time to play the cavalier."

"Not even on the homeward way?" queried the Reverend Robert.

Miss Carter shook her head.

"The Kings are looking after me, thanks," she said mischievously, "and I have some consideration for the Girls' Guild. No," she went on hurriedly, as the Reverend Robert started to speak, "but I'm going for a walk to-morrow afternoon. You can come and walk with me if you like."

"At what hour?" he asked promptly.

"At four," said Miss Carter. "There are a dozen people waiting to speak to you. Be a good rector and make the rounds. Good-by." But she smiled adorably.

Mrs. King greeted her pastor approvingly.

"I'm glad the girls have done just what they did," she said. "I told them from the first that I liked the idea."

She spoke as though that official sanction had lifted an immense weight of responsibility from the younger women.

"But," said Mrs. King impressively, "I have something for the church which I am sure will please you twice as well. A box came to-day from my niece from San Francisco, and a letter saying she was sending two beautiful bronze vases for our altar, in memory of her mother."

"Why, that *is* fine, Mrs. King," said the Reverend Robert, with a genuine enthusiasm. "The altar looks a trifle bare at present and the vases will be just what we need. Did she want them to be placed there on any particular day, or shall we put them there on Sunday?"

"On Sunday," said Mrs. King decidedly. "I'll bring them down to the church tomorrow afternoon."

"Shall we say at three precisely?" said the Reverend Robert diplomatically.

"A quarter before," said Mrs. King. She preferred to make suggestions herself.

"That is even better," said her pastor cordially. And thinking of the two pleasant things the morrow had in store for him, he spent the evening very happily with his parishioners.

It was only on very carefully scrutinizing his new stole the next morning that his spirits began to fall; but the decline following between 2.45 and 4.00 P. M. had the appearance of a rapid slump such as the stock market favors us with at intervals.

His cheerfulness was almost wiped out under a regular bear raid, and his stoicism, which he drew from the strong-box of his philosophy, did not appear to be sufficient collateral for the emergency.

He strode up the hill to Miss Abigail Carter's broad Colonial house with all his pleasure in the coming walk hopelessly dulled. At least, he thought so.

As he opened the gate, Miss Edith Carter closed the front door behind her, and came down the path toward him all ready for the walk.

"Oh no, you're not late at all," she said, as he suggested such a possibility, glancing at the same instant at his watch to see if that usually reliable chronometer had proved untrustworthy. "You're a bit early

if anything, aren't you? But I happened to be all ready, and thought we would start at once. It's an out-of-doors day, don't you think so?"

"Yes," said the Reverend Robert; but he said it dully. His face was haggard.

Miss Carter looked at him with a sympathetic comprehension.

"I wonder if I know what your trouble is," she said frankly. "Is it the stole? I saw it in a strong light yesterday. But I should think you were taking that too hard."

"The stole is only the least of it, though it's quite bad enough," said the Reverend Robert.

"The dog is rather secular, but couldn't you think of the birds as doves?" asked Miss Carter merrily.

It had seemed to the Reverend Robert that if she joked about it, the last straw would have been piled on; yet now it was a comfort to think she could take it in this way.

"How a house which makes a specialty of clerical furnishings could send out a stole made of brocade in which a white setter is chasing birds industriously at intervals—*Doves!*" he said indignantly, "they're grouse, and it's nothing but a seam that prevents his getting them."

"If you were a sporting curate now," said Miss Carter demurely. But light as her tone was, there was no sting of mockery in it, only a comfortable, comprehending good-fellowship. "And there's only part of him showing in any one place, owing to his size. The worst of it is, that it's out of season. Oh, well," she said practically, "it's really a beautiful piece of brocade, only the man who made it up didn't have any sense of humor. But as far as that goes, neither has St. James the Less. It's been exhibited to every parishioner, and no one has seen anything wrong with it. And if you were to raise the question, the girls, who have really worked very hard to please you, would be dreadfully hurt. Don't you think you might forget about the setter? It can't show decidedly from the chancel anyway, because it's all white. A fox-terrier, now—" Her voice was bubbling over with merriment.

He gave a sigh of relief.

"Of course," he said, "that is the sane and sensible thing to do, and it's no end



Drawn by J. H. Gardner Sofer

"Something a great deal more important than anything else in the world."—Page 469

good of you to talk it over with me. I shall wear it, and try to forget how that ghastly dog is chasing those ghostly birds. I suppose I ought to be glad that they are perennially safe. If that were only all!" he said, and there was genuine trouble in his voice. "You haven't happened to see the new altar vases, have you?"

"No," said Miss Carter; "aren't they all right?"

"They're all wrong," he said. "You'd have to see them to know how wrong they are; and Mrs. King is adamant. The vases go on the altar Sunday or the Kings leave the church. They're the greatest prop and support financially. Of course, it would make a great difference to St. James the Less. Honestly, I don't know what to do about it. I've tried to convince Mrs. King that the vases are impossible, but she can't and won't see it. She says if her niece's memorial to her mother isn't good enough to put on the altar, she doesn't care to sit in the pews. And Mrs. King, you know, is as fixed as the Medes and Persians. If I could only talk it over with the Bishop! but I can't cable the thing to Dresden. He'd think I'd gone stark mad. How that niece of the Kings ever came to select them is more impossible to divine than how the setter got on my stole."

"How did you leave the matter with Mrs. King?" asked the girl quietly.

"I told her I should have to think the matter over, and decide what was best. She said they would come to church Sunday morning to see what that decision was, and she hoped it wouldn't be the last time they came. Then she set those vases on the altar, and I came away and left them there."

"Suppose we go down and take a look at them together," suggested Miss Carter. "You'll have to talk it out to think it out, and it's easier for you to talk things over with an outsider like me, than with a parishioner, isn't it?"

"It's easier to talk with you than anyone else in the whole world," returned the Reverend Robert fervently. "E— Miss Carter, you're an angel of light." Which was an absurd mistake for a man in holy orders to make.

"Nonsense," said Miss Carter, flushing daintily. "I'm a girl, and I'd much rather be, thanks!"

Then she kept the conversation strictly on neutral grounds until they reached the church door.

They walked up the centre aisle together. The Reverend Robert thought with a pang that if it were not for St. James the Less and that attenuated income, he could ask her to walk with him *down* the centre aisle of her home church, while the organ should roll forth a wedding march.

The afternoon sun streamed in through the rose-window in the gallery. It sent shafts of warm red light throughout the church, and gave a glow of color to the white cloth on the altar. A brass cross stood in the centre, and flanking it on either side were two bronze rose-jars topped with those grotesque, squat, seated gods which had once reposed in the shop of Hop Lung. They wore a placid expression, as though altar life was their native element.

"Oh!" said Edith Carter involuntarily. She turned to the young clergyman with a swift movement of sympathy.

"Yes," he said simply. "It's laughably small in some ways, but on this point hangs the destiny of St. James the Less—its power for good. The woman whose memorial this is, was a much-loved girl in the parish. Whom else shall I offend? Yet how can I ask people to worship in the Church Bizarrel! His tone grew bitter.

"They would tell you the church bazaar was an entirely different matter," said Miss Carter evenly; "but this *is* a problem. If they weren't so *hopelessly* heathen! But you couldn't possibly think they were Pre-Raphaelite or Byzantine, or anything except exactly what they are. And yet they look discouragingly meek sitting there looking up at the cross. I wonder what they are thinking of. "Stirring up all this discord would rejoice their pagan hearts, I presume. Yet the expression on their placid little faces is rather inclined to be devout."

They stood silent a moment. Then the Reverend Robert turned swiftly with his face alight.

"You're the most wonderful girl in the world," he said. "You've given me the solution of the whole affair. Heavens, what a blessed relief!" He sighed contentedly.

"I?" said Miss Carter, in honest surprise. "What?"

"I'll tell you Sunday morning," he said mysteriously and buoyantly.

She looked at him in a piqued curiosity that deepened into a dainty mock-disdain. A lazy coquetry crept into her eyes. It finished the Reverend Robert.

"There *is* something I want to tell you now, though," he said, "something a great deal more important than anything else in the world; something I haven't dared tell you before; but I must know if I have any chance."

"I couldn't have you tell me anything with that red light on your face," said Miss Carter laughingly, walking rapidly down the aisle, "because I might not agree with you and it's always dangerous to cross the rubicond, as Stella, my sister, once told a young Englishman, and he spent twenty minutes explaining to her that she'd used the wrong word." It was quite evident that Miss Carter was talking against time.

She had almost reached the front door when the Reverend Robert laid a hand on her arm.

"Edith," he said, and his voice shook a little, "you would be poor, and it's a country parish. You'd have to care, tremendously, to be happy. I've only one great thing to offer you—and that is love. Would it be enough, Edith?"

The girl stood silent while half-a-dozen seconds ticked themselves away into the past. Her face was sweet and serious when she looked at him.

"It's a country parish, and I'm afraid I'm worldly," she said simply, "and—and moderate circumstances, and I'm afraid I'm extravagant."

She moved gently away from him and opened the entrance door. The Reverend Robert stood still quite hopelessly.

"But," said Miss Edith Carter from the shelter of the open doorway, "if the parish were much smaller, and the moderate circumstances were twice as moderate, I think the one great thing, Bobbie"—the Reverend Robert came toward her rapturously—"the one great thing would be quite enough."

She ran swiftly down the steps; and, closing the door exultantly behind him, the Reverend Robert followed her.

"How quickly can we walk to your aunt's?" he demanded.

"How quickly?" said Miss Carter. "In

about ten minutes, I suppose. Why? Are you in a hurry to keep an engagement?"

"Exactly that," said the Reverend Robert significantly, "and I don't mind telling you that it will be the longest ten minutes I have ever spent."

It did not sound like a pretty speech, yet the look she gave him was adorable. A wonderful rose-color crept into her cheeks.

"And when you look like that, it lengthens every step of the way," confided the Reverend Robert.

The Church of St. James the Less was crowded Sunday morning. It seemed as though every parishioner had turned out. Some went to see the Reverend Robert wear his new stole, and some had heard that Mrs. King's niece had sent some vases for the altar. From the time the service began, the eyes of the congregation were fixed upon these latter objects in a puzzled astonishment.

If the setter on the Reverend Robert's stole had succeeded in catching his unseasonable prey, and had walked off the stole and down into the congregation, it could hardly have effected a diversion.

The Reverend Robert went through the service with a serenity which came from the heart itself. He had never looked so handsome as when he began his sermon.

He did not go into the pulpit, but stood, as he often did, at the head of the chancel steps, directly in front of the centre aisle.

He took his text from Zephaniah 2: 11.

"And men shall worship him, every one from his place, even all the isles of the heathen."

He spoke briefly and forcibly of the spreading of the Gospel in heathen lands. St. James the Less thought complacently of its regular offering for foreign missions. He spoke of the young girl who had wished to send back something of rich workmanship to be placed on that altar in memory of her mother. He spoke of what a good church-woman that mother had been, of how she had sung in that choir as a girl. The eyes of many of the older members grew moist.

"And in this gift," he concluded, "I

hope you will see what doubtless that young girl had in mind; that you will see in these vases a sign and a symbol that the heathen have learned that their gods were but gods of brass and stone, gods made and fashioned by the hands of man, and that these heathen nations have come to sit at the foot of the Cross, and to know that the Lord is a king above all gods."


It was unanimously agreed that it was the best sermon the Reverend Robert had ever preached; and if you had sought throughout the length and breadth of the entire United States, you could not have found a parish on that Sunday morning that was prouder of its altar-furnishings and prouder of its pastor than the parish of St. James the Less.

THE SOLDIER OF THE VALLEY

BY NELSON LLOYD

ILLUSTRATIONS BY A. B. FROST

XVII

 TIP PULSIFER leaned on my gate. Crowning the post at his side was his travelling bandanna, into which he had securely clasped by one great knot all his portable possessions. It was very early in the morning, in that half-dark and half-dawn time, when the muffled crowing begins to sound from the village barns and the dogs crawl forth from their barrels and survey the deserted street and yawn. Tip was not usually abroad so early, but in his travelling bandanna and solemn face, as he leaned on his elbows and smoked and smoked, I saw his reason for getting out with the sun. He was taking flight. The annual Pulsifer tragedy had occurred; the head of the house had tied together his few goods, and, vowing never to trouble his wife again, had set his face toward the mountain. But on my part, I had every reason to believe that Tip would show surprise when I hobbled forth from the misty gloom.

Just a few minutes before I had awakened. I had lifted my head from my desk, half-dazed, and gazed around the school-room. I had rubbed my eyes to drive away the veils that hid my scholars from me. I had pounded the floor with a crutch and cried: "It's books." The silence answered me. I had not been napping in school, nor was I dreaming. The long,

miserable night flashed back to me, and I stamped into the misty morning. Weary and dishevelled, I was crawling home, purposeless as ever, now vowing I would break with my brother, now quickening my steps that I might sooner wish him all the joy a brother should. A few dogs greeted me and then Tip, calmly smoking as though it were my usual time to be about of a morning.

"You are going over the mountain, Tip?" said I.

"Yes," he answered, throwing open the gate. "This is the last Six Stars will see of me. I'm done. The missus was a-yammerin' and a-yammerin' all day yesterday. If it wasn't this, it was that she was yammerin' about. Says I, 'I'm done. I'm sorry,' says I, 'but I'm done.' At the first peek of day I starts over the mountain. This is as fur as I've got. You've kep' me waitin'."

"Me—I've kept you waiting?" I cried. "Do you think I'm going over the mountain, too?"

"No," Tip said, with a grim chuckle. "You ain't married. You've nothin' to run from, 'less you've been yammerin' at yourself; then the mountain won't do you no good. I didn't figure on your company, but Tim kep' me."

"Is Tim out at this hour?" I asked.

"At this hour?" Tip retorted. "You'll have to get up earlier to catch him. He's gone—up and gone—he is."

I sat down very abruptly on the doorstep.

"Tim gone?" I said.

"Gone—and he told me to wait and say good-by to you—to tell you he'd set late last night for you, till he fell asleep. He was sleepin' when I come, Mark. I peeped in the window and there he was, in that chair of yours, fast asleep. I rapped on the window and he woke up with a jump. He was off on the early train, he said, and had just time to cover the twelve mile with that three-legged livery horse that brought him out. He was awful put out at not findin' you. He thought you was in bed, but you wasn't, and I told him mebbe you'd gone up to the Warden's to lend a hand with Weston."

For the first time Tip eyed me inquisitively.

"I was up the road," I said, evasively. "But tell me about Tim—did he leave no word?"

"He left me," said Tip, grinning. "He hadn't time to leave nothin' else. We figured he'd just cover that twelve mile and make the train. That's why I am here. As we was hitchin' he told me particular to wait till you come; to tell you good-by; to tell you he'd watched all night—waited and waited till he fell asleep."

"And overslept in the morning so he had no time to drop me even a line—I understand," said I. "And now, Tip, having performed your duty, you are going over the mountain?"

"To Happy Walley," Tip cried, lifting the stick he always carried in these flights and pointing away toward Thunder Knob. "I'm done with Black Log. I'm goin' where there is peace and quiet."

"You lead the life of a hermit?" I suggested.

"A what?" Tip exclaimed.

"You live in a cave in the woods and eat roots and nuts and meditate," I explained.

"You think I'm a squirrel," snapped the fugitive. "No, sir, I live with my cousin John Shadrack's widdler."

"Ah!" I cried. "It's plain now, Tip, you deceiver. So there's the attraction."

"The attraction?" Tip's brow was furrowed.

"Mrs. John Shadrack," I said.

The fugitive broke into a loud guffaw. He leaned over the gate and let his pipe fall on the other side and beat the post violently with his hands.

"I allow you've never seen John Shadrack's widdler," said he.

"I'd like to, Tip. Will you take me with you to Happy Valley?"

The smile left Tip's face, and he gazed at me open-mouthed with astonishment.

"You would go over the mountain?" he said, drawing every word.

Over the mountain there is peace! It is cold and gray there in the early morning, and the hills are bleak and black, but I remember days when from this same spot I've watched the deep, soft blue and green; I've sat here as the hills were glowing in the changing evening lights and our valley grew dark and cold. What a fair country that must be where the sun sets! And we stay here in our dim light, in our dull monotonies, when, to the westward, there's a land all capped with clouds of red and gold. There is Tip's Valley of Peace. John Shadrack's widow may not be a celestial being, but that is my sunset country. In journeying to it, I shall leave myself behind; in the joy of the road, in the changing landscape and skyscape, in the swing of the buggy and the rattle of the wheels, I shall forget myself and Mary and Tim for a time, and when I come back it will be with wound unhealed, but the throbbing pain will have passed, and I can face them with eyes clear and speech unflinching.

"I'll go with you to Happy Valley, Tip," I said, rising and turning to the door. "You hitch the gray colt in the buggy and——"

"We are goin' to ride," cried Tip. He had always made his flights afoot before that, and the prospect of an easy journey caused him to smile.

"Do you think I'll walk?" I growled. "Get the gray colt and I'll give you a lift over the mountain, but I'll bring you back on Monday, too." Tip shook his head sullenly at this threat. "While you hitch, I'll drop a line to Perry Thomas to take the school. Now hurry."

Tip shuffled away to the barn, and I went into the house, and, after making a hasty breakfast and getting together a few clothes, sat down at the table, where Tim had rested his drowsy head all night. I wrote two notes. One was to Perry and was very brief. The other was brief, but it was to Mary. When I took up the pen it was to tell her all I knew and felt. When

at last I sealed the envelope it was on a single sheet of paper, bearing a few formal words, while the scuttle by the fireplace held all my fine sentiments in the torn slips of paper I had tossed there. I told Mary that I knew that she did not care for me and had found herself out. If it was her wish, we would begin again where we were that night when I saw her first, and I would guide myself into the future all alone, half happy anyway in the knowledge that it was best for her and best for Tim. Was I wrong, a single word would bring me back. I was to be away for three days, and when I returned I should look by the door-sill for her answer. If none was there, it was all I had a right to expect. If one was there—I quit writing then—it seemed so hopeless.

Tip and I crossed Thunder Knob at noon. As we turned the crest of the hill and began the descent into the wooded gut, my companion looked back and waved his hand.

"Good-by to Black Log," he cried. "It's the last I'll ever see of you."

He turned to me and tried to smile, but a deep-set frown took possession of his face, and he hung his head in silence, watching the wheels as we jolted on and on.

We wound down the steep way into the gut, following a road that at times seemed to disappear altogether, and leave us to break our way through the underbrush. Then it reappeared in a broken corduroy that bridged a bog for a mile, and lifted itself plainly into view again with a stony back where we began to climb the second mountain. The sun was ahead of us when we reached the crest of that long hill. Behind us, Thunder Knob lifted its rocky head, hiding from us the valley of our troubles. Before us, miles away, all capped with clouds of gold and red was the sunset country, but still beyond the mountains. The gray colt halted to catch his breath, and with the whip I pointed to the west, glowing with the warm evening fires.

"Yonder's Happy Valley, Tip," I said, "miles away still. It will take us another day to reach it."

"It will take you forever to reach it," was the half-growled retort. "I ain't chasin' sunsets. Here's Happy Walley—my Happy Walley, right below us, and the

smoke you see curlin' up th'oo the trees is from the John Shadrack clearin'."

A great wall, hardly a mile away, as the crow flies, the third mountain rose, bare and forbidding. Below us, a narrow strip of evergreen wound away to the south as far as our eyes could reach, and at wide intervals thin columns of smoke sifting through the trees marked the abodes of the dwellers of Tip's Elysium. Peace must be there, if peace dwells in a land where all that breaks the stillness seems the drifting of the smoke through the pine boughs. The mountain's shadow was over it and deepening fast, warning us to hurry before the road was lost in blackness. But away off there in the west, where a half score of peaks lifted their summits above the nearer ranges, all purple and gold and red, a heap of cloud coals glowed warm and beautiful over the sunset land. My heart yearned for that land, but I had to turn from the contemplation of its distant joys to the cold, gloomy reality below me.

The whip fell sharply across the gray colt's back, and he jumped ahead. Down the steep slope, over rocks and ruts we clattered, the buggy swinging to and fro, and Tip holding fast with both hands, muttering warnings. The gray colt broke into a run. All my strength failed to check him. Faster and faster we went, and now Tip was swearing. I prayed for a level stretch or a bit of a hill, for the wagon had run away too, and where the wagon and the horse join in a mad flight there must come a sudden ending to their career. The mountain road offered me no hope. Steeper and steeper it was as we dashed on. Tip became very quiet. Once I glanced from the fleeing horse to him, and I saw that his face was white and set.

"Get out, Tip," I cried. "Jump back, over the seat."

"Not me," said he, grimly. "We come to Happy Walley together, me and you, and together we'll finish the trip."

He lent a hand on the reins, but it was useless, for the wagon and the horse were running away together, and there was nothing to do but to try to guide them.

"Pull closer to the bank at the bend ahead," Tip cried.

Almost before the warning passed his lips we had shot sharply around the projecting rock, where the road had been

cut from the mountain-side. We were almost at our journey's end then, for at the foot of the embankment that sheered down at our left we heard the swish of a mountain stream. The horse went down. There was a cry from Tip—a sound of splintering wood—something seemed to strike me a brutal blow. Then I lay back, careless, fearless, and was rocked to sleep.

XVIII



HE sat smoking.

Had I never heard of her before, had I opened my eyes as I did that day to see her sitting before me, I should have exclaimed,

"It's John Shadrack's widder!"

So, with the crayon, gilt-framed, that hung on the wall behind her, I should have cried, "And that is John Shadrack!"

This crayon "enlargement" presented John with very black skin and spotless white hair. His head was tilted back in a manner that made the great bushy beard seem to stick right out from the frame, and gave the impression that the old man was choking down a fit of uproarious laughter. I knew, of course, that he had been posed that way to better show his collar and cravat. Though Tip had described him to me as a rather gloomy, taciturn person, the impression gained in the long contemplation of his portrait as I lay helpless on the bed never changed. To me he was the ideal citizen of Happy Valley, and the acquaintance I formed then and there with his wife served only to endear him to me.

She sat smoking. I contemplated her a very long while and she gazed calmly back. A score of times I tried to speak, but something failed me, and when I attempted to wave my hand in greeting to her I could not lift it from the bed.

At last strength came.

"This is John Shadrack's house," I said.

"Yes," said she, "and I'm his widder."

She came to my side and stood looking down at me very hard. I saw a woman in the indefinable seasons past fifty. In my vague mental condition, the impression of her came slowly. First it was as though I saw three cubes, one above the other, the largest in the middle. Then these took on

clothing, blue calico with large polka dots, and the topmost one crowned itself with thin wisps of hair, parted in the middle and plastered down at the side. So, little by little, John Shadrack's widow grew on me, till I saw her a square little old woman, with a wrinkled, brown face, a perpetual smile and a pipe that snuffled in a homely, comfortable way.

I smiled. You couldn't help smiling when Mrs. John Shadrack looked down at you.

"It's been such a treat to have you," she cried. "I've been enjoyin' every minute of your visit."

This was puzzling. How long Mrs. John Shadrack had been entertaining me, or I had been entertaining her, I had not the remotest idea. A very long while ago I had seen a spire of smoke curling through the trees in Happy Valley, and I had been told that it was from her hearth. Then we had gone plunging madly down the hill to it, Tip, the gray colt and I. We had turned a sharp bend, we had heard the swish of a mountain stream. There my memory failed me. I had awakened to find myself helpless on a bed, strangely hard, but, oh, so restful! Then she had appeared, sitting there smoking.

"You are the first stranger as has been here since the tax collector last month," she said, beginning to clear away the mystery; "I love strangers."

"How long have I been here?" I asked.

"Since last Wednesday," she answered.

"And this is what?"

"The next Saturday. I've had you three days. You was a bit wrong here sometimes." She tapped her head solemnly. "But I powwowed."

"You powwowed me," I cried with all the spirit I could muster, for such treatment was not to my liking. I never had any faith in charms.

"Of course," she replied. "Does you think I'd let you die? Why, when me and Tip pulled you out of the creek you was a sight, you was, and you was wrong here." Again she tapped her head. "You needn't complain. Ain't you gittin' well agin? Didn't the powwow do it?"

Hardly, I thought. I must have recovered in spite of it. But the old woman spoke with pride of her skill, and if she had not saved me by her occult powers, she had

at least helped to drag me from the creek. For that I was grateful, so I smiled to show my thanks.

"What did you powwow for?" I asked, after a long while.

She had seated herself on the edge of the bed and was contemplating me gravely.

"Everything," she answered. "I never had a case like yours. I never had a patient who was run-away with, and kicked on the head, and drowned. So I says to Tip, I says, 'I'll do everything. I'll treat for asthma, erysipelas and pneumonia, rheumatism and snake-bite, for the yallars and——'"

"Hold on," I pleaded. "I haven't had all that."

"You mought have had any one of 'em," she said firmly. "You should 'a' seen yourself when we found you down there in the creek. Can't you feel that bandage?" She lifted my hand to my head gently. I seemed to have a great turban crowning me. "That's where you was kicked," she went on. "You otter 'a' seen that spot. I used my Modern Miracle Salve there. It's worked wonderful, it has. I was sorry you had no bones broken so I could 'a' tried it for them, too."

"I'm satisfied with what I have," said I quietly. "It was pretty lucky I got off as well as I did after a runaway, and the creek and the kick." Then, to myself, I added, "And the powwowing and the salve."

I tried to lift my head, but could not. At first I thought it was the turban, but a sharp pain told me that there was a spot there that might be well worth seeing. For a long time I lay with my eyes closed, trying not to care, and when I opened them again, John Shadrack's widow was still on the edge of the bed, smoking.

"Feel better now?" she asked calmly.

"Yes," I answered. "The ache has gone some."

"I was powwowin' agin!" she said. "Couldn't you hear me saying Dutch words? Them was the charm."

"I guess I was sleeping," I returned, a bit irritably.

How the store would have smiled could it have seen me there on the bed, in that bare little room in John Shadrack's widow's clutches! Many a night, around the stove, Isaac Bolum, and Henry Holmes, and I had had it tooth and nail over the power of the powwow. In the store there was not

always an outspoken belief in the efficacy of the charm, but there was an undercurrent of sentiment in favor of the supernatural. Against this I had fought. Perhaps it was merely for the joy of the argument that so often I had turned a fire of ridicule on the dearest traditions of the valley. Time and again, when some credulous one had lifted his voice in honest support of a silly superstition, I had jeered him into a grumbled, shamefaced disavowal. Once I sat in the graveyard at midnight, in the full of the moon, just to convince Ira Spoonholler that his grandfather was keeping close to his proper plot. And here I was, prone and helpless, being powvowed not for one ailment, but for all the diseases known in Happy Valley. How I blessed Tip! He should have told me when we started of the powers of our hostess. I would rather have undergone a hundred runaways than one week with that old woman muttering her Dutch over my senseless form. But I liked the good soul. Her intentions were so excellent. She was so cheery. Even now she was offering me a piece of gingerbread.

I ate it ravenously.

Then I asked, "Where is Tip?"

"He's gone down the walley to my brother-in-law, Harmon Shadrack's. He's tryin' to borry a me-yule."

"A what?"

"A me-yule. The colt was dead beside you in the creek. Him and me fixed up the buggy agin, and he's gone to borry Harmon's me-yule so as you uns can git back to Black Log."

"Tip's left Black Log forever," I said firmly.

Then John Shadrack's widow laughed. She laughed so hard that she blew the ashes out of her pipe, and they showered down over my face, and made me wink and sputter.

"There—there," she said solicitously, dusting them away with her hand. "But it tickled me so to hear you say Tip wasn't goin' back. Why, he's been most crazy since you come. He's afraid his wife'll marry agin before he gits back. I've been tellin' him how nice it was to have you both, and that jest makes him roar. He's never been away so long before."

"He thinks maybe Nanny will give him up this time?"

"Exact."

The old woman smoked in silence a long while. Then she said suddenly, "She must be a lovely woman."

"Who?" I asked.

"Tip's wife."

"Who told you?" I demanded.

"Tip."

This was strange in a fugitive husband, one who had fled across the mountains to escape a perpetual yammering.

"Tip!" I said.

"Yes, Tip," she answered. "Him and me was settin' there in the kitchen last night, and you was sleepin' away in here, and he told me all about Black Log. It must be a lovely place—Black Log—so different from Happy Walley. There's no folks here, that's the trouble. There's Harmonses a mile down the walley, and below him there's the Spinks a mile, and up the walley across the run there's my brother, Joe Smith, and his family—but we don't often have strangers here. The tax collector, he was up last month, and then you come. You have been a treat. I ain't enjoyed anything so much for a long time. There's nothing like company."

"Even when it can't talk?" I said.

"But I could powwow," she answered cheerily. "Between fixin' up the buggy, and cookin' and makin' you and Tip comfortable and powwowin' you, I ain't had a minute's time to think—it's lovely."

"What has Tip been doing all this while?"

"Talkin' about his wife. She *must* be nice. Did you ever hear her sing?"

"I should say I had," I answered.

The whining strains of "Jordan's Strand" came wandering out of the past, out of the kitchen, joining with the sizzle of the cooking and the clatter of the pans.

"I should say I had," I said again.

"She must be a splendid singer," John Shadrack's widow exclaimed with much enthusiasm. "Tip says she has one of the best tenor voices they is. He says sometimes he can hear her clean from his clearin' down to your barn."

"Farther," said I. "All the way to the school-house."

"Indeed! Now that's nice. I allow she must be very handsome."

"Handsome?" said I, a bit incredulous.

"Why, Tip says she's the best-lookin' woman in the walley, and that she's a terrible tasty dresser."

"Terrible," I muttered.

"Indeed! Now that's nice. And is she spare or fleshy?"

"Medium," I said. "Just right."

"That's nice. But what'll she run to? It makes a heap of difference to a woman what she runs to. Now I naterally take on."

"I should say Nanny Pulsifer would naturally lose weight," I answered.

"That's nice. It's so much better to run to that—it's easier gittin' around. Tip says she has a be-yutiful figger. There's nothin' like figger. If there's anythin' I hate to see it's a first-class gingham fittin' a woman like it was hung there to air. But about Tip's wife agin—she must have a lovely disposition?"

"Splendid," I said.

"That's what Tip says. He told me that onct in a while when he was kind of low-down she'd git het-up and spited like, but ordinarily, he says, she's jest a-singin' and a-singin' and makin' him comf'table and helpin' the children. And them children! I'm jest longin' to see 'em. They must be lovely."

"From what Tip says," I interjected.

"From what Tip says," she went on. "He was tellin' me about Earl and Alice Eliza, and Pearl and Ceverly and the rest of 'em. He says it's jest a pickter to see 'em all in bed together—a perfect pickter."

"A perfect picture," said I sleepily.

"Tip must have a lovely home. Why, he tells me they have a sewin'-machine."

"Lovely," said I. "And a spring-bed."

"And a double-heater stove," said she.

"And an accordion," said I.

"And a washin'-machine," said she.

"And two hogs."

"And he tells me he's goin' to git her a melodium."

"Indeed," said I. "Why, I thought he was never going back."

"To see a lovely home?" The old woman held up her hands. "He's goin' jest as soon as he gets that me-yule and you're able." She laid her hand on my forehead. "There," she cried. "It's painin' you agin, poor thing—that terrible spot."

It was hurting, despite the Modern Miracle, and I closed my eyes to bear it better. Over me, away off, as if from the heavens, I heard a sonorous rumble of mystery words. I felt a hand softly stroking my brow. But I didn't care. It was only

Dutch, a foolish charm, a heritage of barbarity and ignorance, but I was too weary to protest. It entertained John Shadrack's widow, and I was going to sleep.

Tip was waiting for me to awake.

"I've got the mule," he said, when I opened my eyes, "and I thought you was never goin' to quit sleepin'; I thought the widder was joshin' me when she said you was all right; I thought mebbe she had drumpt it, she sees so much in dreams."

"What day is this?" I asked.

"Sunday," Tip answered. "I'low we'll start at daybreak to-morrow, and by sundown we'll be in Six Stars."

"In Six Stars!" said I. "I thought you'd left Six Stars forever."

"That ain't here nor there," he snapped. "I've got to git you back."

"Then you won't go to-morrow," said I. "Look here—I can just lift my hands to my head—that's all. It'll take a whole week's powwowing to get me to sit up even."

"What did I tell you, Tip?" cried John Shadrack's widow. She handed me a piece of gingerbread just to chew on till she got some breakfast for me, and while I munched it, Tip and I argued it out.

"Nanny'll think I've left her," Tip said.

"You did, Tip," said I. "You ran away forever."

"She'll be gittin' married agin," pleaded Tip.

"Serves you right," said I. Then, to myself, "Not unless the man's an utter stranger."

"She hasn't enough wood chopped to last a week," said Tip.

"She chopped the last wood-pile herself," said I.

"There's Cevery," pleaded Tip. "Cevery never done me no harm, and who'll dandle him?"

"The same good soul that dandled him the day you rode over the mountain," I answered.

"But it's a good half mile from our house to the spring," Tip said; "and who'll carry the water?"

"Earl and Pearl and Alice Eliza," I replied. "They've always done it; why worry now?"

"Well, I don't care nohow," Tip cried, stamping the floor. "I want to go back to Black Log."

"So do I, Tip," I said; "but—there's that bad spot on my head again."

"Now see what you've done with your argyin', Tip Pulsifer," cried the old woman, running to me. "Poor thing—ain't the Miracle workin'?"

"I guess it is, but that's an awful bad spot—that's right, Widow, powwow it."

For ten long days more Mrs. Tip Pulsifer chopped her own wood, Cevery went undandled, and Earl and Pearl and Alice Eliza carried the water that half mile from the spring. For nine long days more John Shadrack's widow entertained the two strangers who had sought a refuge in Happy Valley, and found it. Rare pleasure did John Shadrack's widow have from our visit. There seemed no way she could repay us. It did her old heart good to have some one to whom she could recount the manifold virtues of her John—and a wonderful man John was, I judge. Had I not come, she might have lost the Heaven-given gift of powwowing, for there is no sickness in Happy Valley—the people die without it. It was a pleasure to have Mark settin' around the kitchin'; it was elevatin' to hear Tip tell of his home and his wife and children; and as for cooking, it was no pleasure to cook for just one.

"You must come agin," she cried, on the morning of that ninth day, as she stood in the door-way of her little log-house and waved her apron at us. "It's been a treat to have you."

So we went away, Tip and I, with Harmon Shadrack's mule and the battered buggy. Our backs were turned to the Sunset Land. Our faces were toward the East, and the red glow of the early morning. When we saw Thunder Knob again, Happy Valley was far below us, and only the thin spire of smoke drifting through the pines marked the Shadrack clearing. I kissed my hand in farewell salute to it. Perhaps John's widow saw me—she sees so much in her dreams.

"There ain't no place like Black Log," said Tip, as we turned the crest of Thunder Knob. "Mind how pretty it is—mind the shadders on the ridge yon—and them white barns. Mind the big creek—there, by the kivered bridge—ain't it gleamin' cheerful? There's no place like our walley."

XIX

IT was dark when I reached home. Opening the door, I groped my way across the room till I found the lamp and lighted it. Then I sat down a minute to think. Two weeks is a very short time, but when you have been over the mountains and back, when you have hovered for days close to the banks of the Styx, when you have huddled for days close to the Shadrack stove, listening to the widow's stories of her John and Tip's praise of his wife, then a fortnight seems an age. But everything was as I had left it. Even the pen leaned against the inkwell and the scraps of paper littered the floor where I had tossed them that morning, when Tip and I started over the mountain. Those scraps were part of the letter I did not send to Mary. They flashed to me the thought of the one I had sent, and of the answer I never expected. It was foolish to look, but I had told her to slip her note under the door, if she did send it, and I was taking no chances. Seizing the lamp, I hobbled to the kitchen, and laughing to myself at the whole absurd proceeding, leaned over and swept the floor with the light.

Right on the sill it lay, a small white envelope!

I did not waste time hobbling back to my chair and the table. I sat right down on the floor, and with the lamp at my side, tore open the note and read it.

"Dear Mark. Please come to me."

That was all she said. It was enough.

It was all I wanted in the world.

Once I had been disappointed, but now there was no mistaking it. Upside down, backwards and forwards I read it, right side up and criss-cross, rubbing my eyes a half a hundred times, but there was her

appeal—no question of it. After all, all was well. And when Mary calls I must go, even if I have crossed two mountains and am supperless. All the bitterness had gone. All those days of brooding were forgotten, for I could go again up the road, my white road, to the hill, and the light there would burn for me.

Then Tim came!

I was still sitting on the floor when he came, reading the note over and over, with the lamp beside me.

With Captain and Colonel at his heels, he burst in upon me.

"Well, Mark, you scoundrel," he cried, laughing, as he caught me by the arm and lifted me up. "Where have you been?"

"Travelling," I answered grimly. "And you—what are you doing here?"

"I came to find you," he said. "Do you suppose you can disappear off the face of the earth for two weeks and that I will not be worried? Why, I came from New York to hunt you up—just got here this afternoon and was over at Bolum's when we saw the light. Now give an account of yourself."

"It isn't necessary," said I, smiling complacently. I put the lamp on the table and



Tip Pulsifer leaned on my gate.—Page 470.

picked up my hat. "I'll be back in a while," I said. "I'm going up to see Mary."

"To see Mary?" Tim cried.

"Yes, to see Mary," I answered.

Then, with a little flourish of triumph I handed him her note.

Tim read it. His face became very grave, and he looked from it to me, and then turned and, with an elbow resting on the mantel, stood gazing down into the empty fireplace.

"Well?" I exclaimed, angered by his mood.

"This is two weeks old, Mark," he said, handing me the paper.

"What of it?" I cried querulously, putting on my hat and moving to the door.

My hand was on the knob turning it, when Tim said, "Mary has left the valley."

It did not bother me much when he said that. I was getting so used to being

knocked about that a blow or two more made little difference. The knob was not turned though. It shot back with a click, and I leaned against the door, staring at my brother.

"And when did she go?" I asked, "And where—back to Kansas?"

"To New York," Tim answered, "and with Weston—she has married Weston."

I was glad the door was there, for that trip over the mountain, with the creek, and the powwowing and all that, had left me still a little wobbly. Tim's announcement was not adding to my spirit. Long I gazed at his quiet face; and I knew well enough that he was speaking the truth. And, perhaps, after all, the truth was best. It was all over, anyway, and we were just where we started before she came to the valley. I was just where I was before I found that note lying on the door-sill. I had been foolish, sitting there on the floor



The horse went down.—Page 473.



"And I'm his widdler."—Page 473.

reading that message of hers that she had belied. But that was only for a minute, and I would never be foolish again. Trust me for that.

"She has married Weston," I said. "Well, the little flirt!"

Tim got down on the hearth and began piling paper and kindling and logs in the fireplace. He started the blaze, and when it was going cheerily he looked up to find me in my old chair by the table, with Captain beside me, his head resting on my knee as I stroked it.

"The little flirt!" I said again, bound that he should hear me.

He heard. He took his old chair, and resting his elbows on the table, resting his chin in his hands, a favorite attitude of his, he sat there eying me quietly.

"The little what, Mark?" he said at last.

"Flirt!" I snapped.

It was simply a braggart's way. I knew it. Tim knew it, too. He seemed to look right through me. I was angry with him; I was jealous of him, because she had cared for him. I knew she had. I knew why she had. Tim and I were far apart. But he had made the breach. All the wrong

wrought was his, and yet he sat there calmly eying me, as though he were a righteous judge and I the culprit.

"Why did you say flirt?" he asked quietly.

"She promised to marry me," I said.

"Yes."

"She loved you, Tim."

"Yes—and how did you know it?"

"Perry Thomas saw you that night when you went to stay a minute."

The color left Tim's face and he leaned back in his chair, away from the light into the shadow, and whistled softly.

"You knew it, then," he said, after a long while. "I didn't intend you should, Mark. I didn't intend you ever should."

"Naturally," said I in an icy tone.

"Naturally," said he. His face came into the light again, and he leaned there on the table, watching me as earnestly as ever.

"Naturally," he said again. "I was going away, Mark, never to bother you or her. Did I know then that you loved her? Had you ever told me? Was I to blame for that moment when I knew I loved the girl and that she loved me?"

"No. I never told you—that's true," I said.

"And yet I knew you cared for her, Mark. I could see that. I saw it all those nights when you would leave me to go plodding up the hill. That's why I went away."

"Why did you go away?" I cried. "You went to see the world and make money——"

"I went because I loved the girl and you did, too," said Tim. And looking into those quiet eyes, I knew that he spoke the truth and I had been blind all this time. "Weston knew it," he went on. "He saw it from the first. That's why he helped me."

"You are not at all an egotist," I sneered, trying to bear up against him.

"Entirely so," he said calmly. "I even thought that I might win, Mark. But then I had so much and you so little chance, I went away to forget. Weston knew that. He knew, too, that there was no Edith Parker."

"And what has Edith Parker to do with all this?" I asked more gently, for he was breaking down my barriers.

"She might have done much for you had I not come back when Weston was shot. Couldn't you see, Mark, how angry Mary was with me for forgetting her? But Weston knew it. And that night—that minute—I only wanted to explain to Mary, and she saw it all, Mark, and I saw it all—and we forgot. Then she told me of you."

"She told you rather late," said I.

"But she would have kept her promise. Couldn't you forgive her, Mark, for that one moment of forgetting? It was just one moment, and I left her then forever. We thought you'd never know."

"And thinking that, you came whistling down the road that night," I sneered. "You came whistling like a man mightily pleased with his conquest—or, perhaps you sang so gayly from sheer joy in your own goodness. It seems to me at times like that a man would——"

"A man would whistle a bit for courage," Tim interrupted. "Couldn't he do that, Mark? Couldn't he go away with his head up and face set, or must he totter along and wail simply because he is doing a fair thing that any man would do?"

"Why, in Heaven's name, couldn't you keep her for yourself?" I cried, pounding the floor with my crutch.

Then, in my anger I arose and went

stamping up and down the room, while Tim sat there staring at me blankly. At last I halted by the fireplace and stood there looking down at him very hard. I looked right into his very heart and read it. He winced and turned his face from me. I was the righteous judge now and he the culprit.

"You left her, Tim," I said hotly. "You might have known the girl could never marry me after that minute. You might have known she was not the girl to deceive me—she would have told me; and then, Tim, do you think that I would have kept her to her promise? Why didn't you come to me and tell me?"

"For your sake, Mark, I didn't," Tim answered, looking up.

"And for my sake you left the girl there—you turned your back on her and went away. Then in her perplexity she looked to me again, and I had gone. I didn't know. I went away for her sake, and when she sent for me I had forsaken her, too. That's a shabby way to treat a woman. Do you wonder she turned to Weston?"

"No," Tim said, "for Weston is a man of men, he is—and he cared for her—that's why he stayed in the valley."

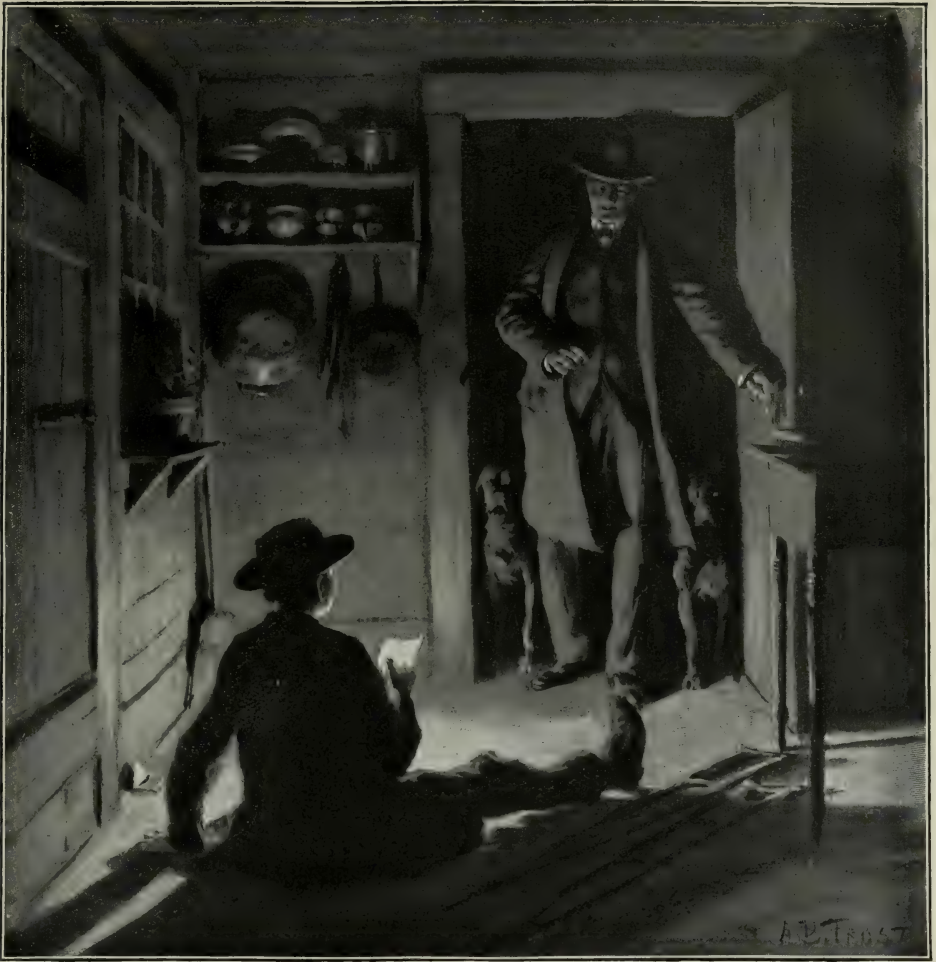
"I knew that," said I, "for I saw it that day when he went away from me to the charcoal clearing."

"Then think of the lonely girl up there on the hill, Mark," Tim said. He joined me at the fireplace, and we stood side by side, as often we had stood in the old days, warming our hands, and watching the crackling flames. "Do you blame her? I had gone, vowing never to come back again till she kept her promise to you; you had fled from her—she wrote, and no word came. And Weston is a wise man and a kind man, and when she turned to him she found comfort. Do you blame her?"

"No," I said, half hesitating.

"After all, it's better, too," Tim went on. "What could you have given her, Mark—or I, compared to what his wealth means to a woman like Mary?"

Wealth was not happiness. Money was not peace. Riches were a delusion. Now she had them. That was what Weston would give her, and I wished her joy. True, he loved the girl. True, he offered her just what I did, and with it he gave



Then Tim came!—Page 477.

those fleeting joys that wealth brings. She should be happy—just as much so as if she had made herself a fellow-prisoner with me here in the little valley. For what had I to offer her? The love of a crippled veteran; the wealth of a petty farmer; the companionship of a crotchety pedagogue. What joy it would give her ambitious soul as the years went on to watch her husband develop; to see him growing in the learning of the store; to have him ranking first among the worthies of the bench; to greet him as he hobbled home at night after a busy day at nothing! It was better as it was—aye—a thousand times.

But there was Tim. What a man Tim was, and how blind I had been and selfish!

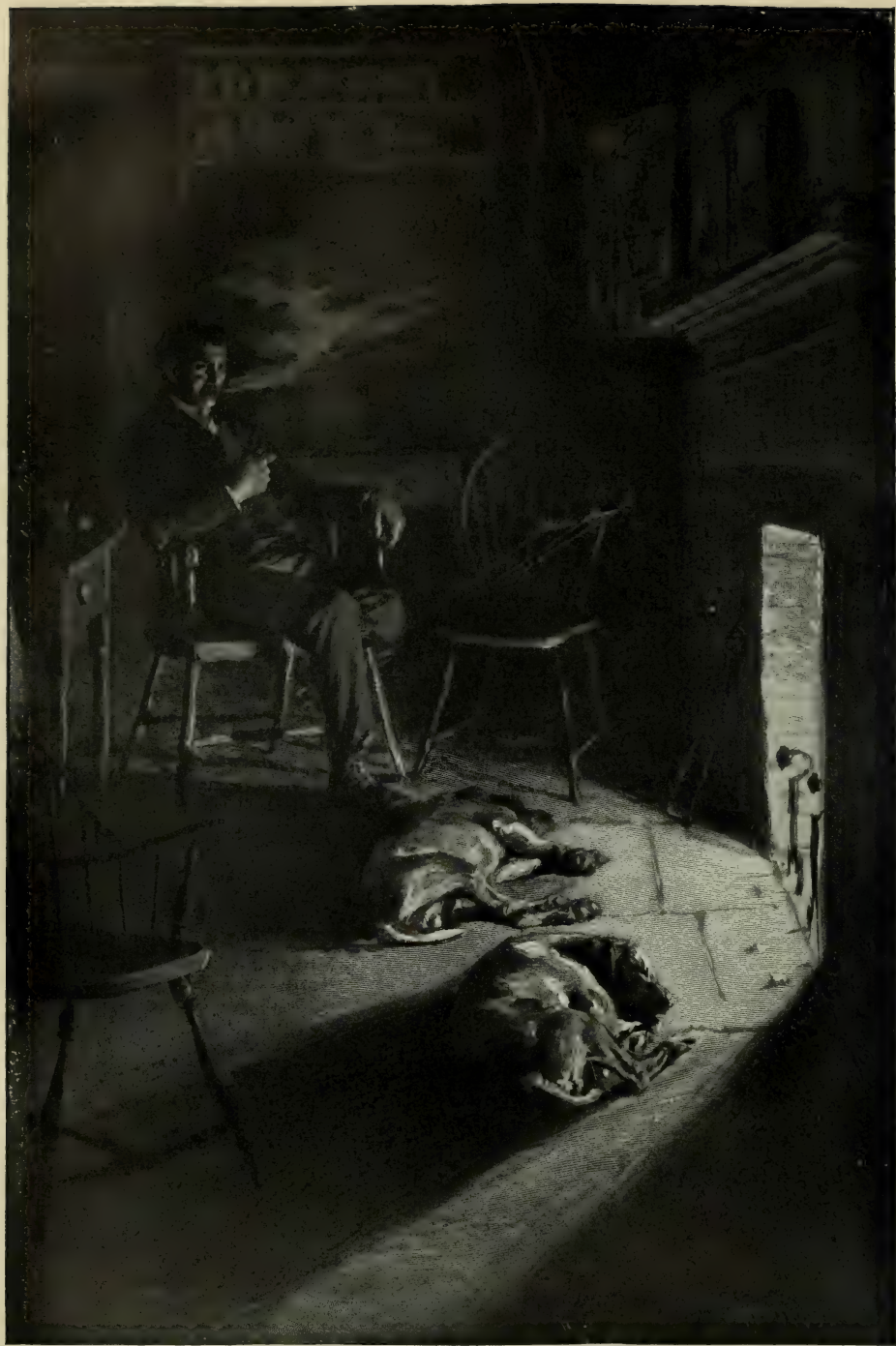
He stood before me tall and strong, watching me with his quiet eyes, and as I looked at him I thought of Weston, the lanky cynic, with his thin, homely face and loose-jointed, shambling walk. Then I wondered at it all. Then I said to myself, "Is it best?"

"What makes you so quiet, Mark?" asked Tim.

"I was wishing, Tim," I answered, laying a hand on each of his broad shoulders, "I was wishing you had kept her when you had her?"

Tim laughed. It was his clear, honest laugh.

"It is best as it is," he said. "It's best for her and best for us, for she'll be happy.



Drawn by A. B. Frost.

When we three sit by the fire.—Page 483.

But supposing one of us had won—would it have been the same—the same as it was before she came—the same as it is now?”

“No,” I answered.

“No,” he cried. “Now for supper—then our pipes—all of us together—you in your chair and I in mine—and Captain and Colonel—just as it used to be.”

XX



LIM has gone back to the city after his first long vacation and here I am alone again. He wants me to be with him and live down there in a brick and mortar gulch where the sun rises from a maze of tall chimneys and sets on oil refineries. I said no. Some day I may, but that day is a long way off. In the fall I am to go for a week and we are to have a fine time, Tim and I, but Captain and Colonel will have to be content to hear about it when I get back. Surely it will give us much to talk of in the winter nights, when we three sit by the fire again—Captain and Colonel and I.

Tim says it is lonely for me here. Lonely? Pshaw! I know the ways of the valley, and there is not a lonely spot in it from the

bald top of Thunder Knob to the tall pine on the Gander's head. I would have Tim stay here with me, but he says no. He wants to win a marble mausoleum. I shall be content to lie beneath a tree. But Tim is ambitious!

Just a few nights ago, we sat smoking in the evening, warming our hearts at the great hearthstone. Thunder Knob was all aglow, and the cloud coals were piled heaven-high above it, burning gold and red. Down in the meadows Captain and Colonel raced from shock to shock on the trail of a rabbit, and a flock of sheep, barnward bound, came bleating along the road.

Tim began to suppose. He was supposing me a great lawyer and himself a great merchant and all that. I lost all patience with him.

Suppose it all, Tim, I said. Suppose that you, the great tea king, and I, the statesman, sat here smoking. Would the cloud coals over there on Thunder Knob blaze up higher in our honor? And the quail, perched on the fence-stake, would she address herself to us or to Mr. Robert White down in the meadow? Would the night-hawk circling in the clouds strike one note to our glory? Could the bleating of the sheep swing in sweeter to the music of the valley as she is rocked to sleep?

THE END.



Old Captain.



Drawn by Henry Rauterdahl.

The capture of the *Chesapeake* by the *Shannon*.—The struggle on the quarterdeck.


THE WAR OF 1812

BY CAPTAIN A. T. MAHAN, U. S. N.

ILLUSTRATION BY HENRY REUTERDAHL

IX

BRITISH OFFENSIVE OPERATIONS ON THE COAST, 1813-14.

HE further treatment of the War of 1812, within the space allotted to these articles, divides naturally under three heads: the offensive operations of the British upon the coast during the years 1813 and 1814; the reply to these operations made by the United States through the only maritime reprisals open to her—that of harassing the enemy's commerce; and, finally, the warfare along the northern frontier and the seacoast during the last twelve months of the war—peace being signed at Ghent, December 24, 1814. It is to the first of these subjects that the present article is devoted.

The accumulation of force under the command of Sir John Warren enabled him, by April, 1813, to establish a satisfactory military blockade of the whole Atlantic coast, and to maintain in technical efficiency, against the trade of neutrals, the commercial blockade proclaimed from Narragansett Bay to the Florida line. Under the former it became practically impossible for the heavier American cruisers, the frigates, to leave port. This was a point upon which the instructions of the British Lords of the Admiralty laid particular stress. They were prepared, by the experience of twenty years of recent maritime war, to recognize the impossibility of wholly closing the seas to the light-armed marauders which preyed upon British commerce. It was to be expected that this should suffer, even heavily, from the operations of well-developed privateering enterprise, pursued by a people of particular maritime aptitudes, debarred from every other form of maritime activity; but the frigates carried with them the further menace, not indeed of serious injury to

the colossal naval power of Great Britain, but of mortifications for defeats which, however reasonably to be accounted for by preponderance of force, were not patiently accepted by a people accustomed to regard themselves as invincible. Few things are more wearing than explaining adverse happenings; and the vexation of their Lordships under the necessity showed itself in their admonition to the commander-in-chief. Expressing themselves as disappointed with the results so far obtained, they wrote, January 9, 1813: "It is of the highest importance to the *character** and interests of the country, that the naval force of the enemy should be quickly and promptly disposed of. Their Lordships, therefore, have thought themselves justified at this moment in withdrawing ships from other important services, for the purpose of placing under your command a force with which you cannot fail to bring the naval war to a conclusion, either by the capture of the American national vessels, or by strictly blockading them in their own waters."

Warren made little serious effort to get at the American ships, even in harbors most inadequately protected; but the large force at his disposal enabled him practically to shut up all the frigates, except during the boisterous months and dark nights of winter. John Rodgers, the most adroit of the American captains in running blockades, got away from Boston on the 30th of April, 1813, with the *President* and *Congress*, and on his return succeeded in entering Narragansett Bay with the *President* September 27th. He could not sail again until December. The *Congress* reached Portsmouth, New Hampshire, December 14th, after which she did not get out during the war. The *Constitution* also remained shut up in Boston from April to December; while the *Constellation* at Norfolk, and the *Adams* in the Potomac, were barred from the sea by the enemy's occupancy of Chesapeake Bay.

Decatur, with the frigates *United States*

*My italics.

and *Macedonian*, and sloop-of-war *Hornet*, after vainly waiting for an opportunity to run out by Sandy Hook, decided to try the route inside of Long Island. On May 24th he passed through Hell Gate, and on the 26th was off Fisher's Island, at the eastern entrance of the Sound. There he waited for definite information concerning the powerful division maintained in the neighborhood by the enemy, among which was known to be a ship-of-the-line. On June 1st the wind was fair, and the only British visible were to leeward, affording apparently a good chance to pass them. The squadron accordingly put out, but upon approaching Block Island, which was close to its course, two other hostile cruisers loomed up. The British groups manœuvred severally to get between the Americans and their ports of refuge—New London in the one quarter, Newport in the other. With this overwhelming force in plain sight, Decatur feared the results of attempting to slip out and beat back to New London. The enemy followed, and having now this division securely housed, instituted a close blockade. The American vessels depended for their safety, in Decatur's opinion, rather upon the difficulty of the channel than upon the defences of the place, which, like those of the coast in general, were in a most neglected condition. He wrote: "Fort Trumbull, the only work here mounted or garrisoned, was in the most unprepared state, and only one or two cannon were to be had in the neighborhood for any temporary work which should be erected. I immediately directed all my exertions to strengthening the defences. I think the place might be made impregnable; but the hostile force on our coast is so great that, were the enemy to exert a large portion of his means in an attack here, I do not feel certain he could be resisted successfully with the present defences." Six months later, in December, he reported that the squadron was moored across the channel, under Groton Heights, which had been fortified; while three gunshot distant, in the mouth of the harbor, was anchored a British division of a ship-of-the-line, a frigate, and two smaller vessels. Two more of the line, with several other cruisers, were under sail beyond. The squadron thus remained bottled up, even through the favorable winter season; but when spring enabled active operations to be resumed

elsewhere, the evident hopelessness of the situation caused the crews to be transferred to other stations. The ships themselves were lightened over a three-fathom bar, and removed fourteen miles up the Thames, where they remained in mortifying security to the end of the war.

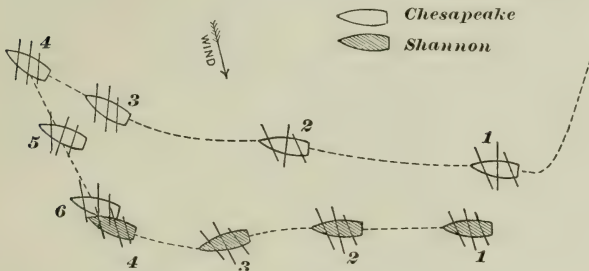
The combined effect of the military and commercial blockade was to destroy American commerce. As this result became increasingly apparent, the fact was used tauntingly by Captain Broke, of the British frigate *Shannon*, to obtain from Captain Lawrence of the *Chesapeake* the single combat between the two ships, to which he wished to provoke him. He lamented to Lawrence that Commodore Rodgers with the *President* and *Congress* "had eluded* us (the *Shannon* and *Tenedos*) by sailing the first chance, after the prevailing easterly winds had obliged us to keep an offing from the coast. He wished, perhaps, for some stronger assurance of a fair meeting," than the verbal messages from time to time sent. Broke then gave a statement of his force, and promise of an undisturbed encounter, in terms of unexceptionable politeness; concluding all with the words, "I doubt not that you will feel convinced that it is only by repeated triumphs in *even combat*† that your little navy can now hope to console *your*‡ country for the loss of that trade it cannot protect." Lawrence needed no challenge; the *Shannon's* running close in to Boston light, showing her colors, and heaving to in defiance, proved provocation enough. Broke's letter never reached him. By whatever means forwarded, it crossed the *Chesapeake* leaving Boston harbor.

The *Chesapeake* had returned to Boston April 9th, from a four months' cruise. Being in excellent condition, she was ordered to fit out at once for sea. Lawrence was appointed to her on May 6th; the sailing orders issued to her former captain, Evans, being transferred to him on that date. He was to go to the mouth of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, there to intercept military store-ships, and transports with troops, destined to Quebec and Upper Canada for the campaign then just opening. "The enemy," wrote the Secretary, "will not in all probability anticipate our taking this ground with our public ships of war, and as his convoys

* My italics. † Broke's italics.

generally separate between Cape Race and Halifax, leaving the trade for the St. Lawrence to proceed without convoy, the chance of captures upon an extensive scale is very flattering." He added the just remark, "It

wind from the westward. The *Shannon* stood out to sea thirty miles, and there, under topsails only, waited her opponent's approach. At 5.30 the *Chesapeake*, being then near, reduced her canvas to the same amount, while the *Shannon*, which till then had been hove-to (stopped), filled her sails to gather headway for manœuvring; her main-topsail, however, was kept so braced as to be shaking in the wind, to reduce her speed more (position 1). In this condition she remained, steering southeast, near the wind, and abandoning to her antagonist the choice of



is impossible to conceive a naval service of a higher order in a national point of view than the destruction of the enemy's vessels with supplies for his army in Canada and his fleets on this station."

The two frigates now about to meet were substantially equal in material force; but there was between them a difference in opportunity for preparation, which should have deterred Lawrence from seeking immediate action. That he did so throws upon him the responsibility for the national humiliation in defeat. He himself joined the ship only eleven days before hurrying into battle. The first lieutenant, upon whom, next to the captain, the efficiency of a vessel depends, was fatally ill in hospital. His successor was as new to the duty as the captain to the ship. The third and fourth lieutenants were midshipmen, just joined and holding acting appointments. The crew, though containing a good proportion of naval seamen, was in great measure newly shipped and imperfectly organized. The *Shannon*, on the contrary, had been seven years continuously under the same captain. Her management that day, and her gunnery, proved her to be in a state of discipline and effectiveness not to be surpassed. To omit the clearest and most express recognition of this would be an injustice to an officer of very unusual merit; but it is equally unjust to Lawrence not to state equally clearly that adverse circumstances had a large share in deciding a combat which he had no justification for seeking.

At noon, June 1, 1813, the *Chesapeake* made sail out of Boston Harbor, with a fair

which side—windward or leeward—he would engage. Lawrence, who was running down with a free wind for the starboard quarter of the British frigate, took the weather—starboard—side; and, discarding all tactical advantages given him by Broke's quiescence, chose a simple artillery duel, broadside to broadside.

Just before she closed, the *Chesapeake* rounded to, taking a parallel course, and backing the main-topsail (position 1) to reduce her speed to that of the enemy. Captain Lawrence in his eagerness had made the serious error of coming up under too great headway. At 5.50, as her bows doubled on the quarter of the *Shannon* (1), at the distance of fifty yards, the British ship opened fire, beginning with the after-gun, and continuing thence forward, as each of her battery in succession bore upon the advancing American frigate. The latter replied after the second British discharge, and the combat at once became furious. From the first gun to the second stage in the action six minutes elapsed. During the first of this period the *Chesapeake* kept moving parallel at fifty yards' distance, but gaining continually, threatening thus to pass wholly ahead, so that her guns would bear no longer. To prevent this, Lawrence luffed closer to the wind to shake her sails, but in vain; the movement increased her distance, but she still ranged ahead so that she finally reached much further than abreast of the enemy. To use the nautical expression, she was on the *Shannon's* weather bow (2). While this was happening her sailing-master was killed, and Lawrence wounded; these being

the two officers chiefly concerned in handling the ship.

Upon this supervened a concurrence of accidents, affecting her manageability, which initiated the second scene in the drama, and called for instantaneous action by the officers injured. The fore-topsail tie being cut by the enemy's fire, the yard dropped on the cap, leaving the sail empty of wind; and at the same time were shot away the jib sheet and the brails of the spanker. The foresail not being set, the first two mishaps practically took all the forward canvas off the *Chesapeake*. Under the combined impulses she at 5.56 came up into the wind (3), lost her way, and, although her mainyard had been braced up, finally gathered sternboard; the upshot being that she lay paralyzed some seventy yards from the *Shannon*, (3, 4, 5), obliquely to the latter's course and slightly ahead of her. The British ship going, or steering, a little off (3), her guns bore fair upon the *Chesapeake*; while the latter, by her involuntary coming into the wind—to such an extent that Broke thought she was attempting to haul off, and himself hauled closer to the wind in consequence (4)—lost in great measure the power of reply, except by musketry. The British shot, entering the stern and quarter of her opponent, swept diagonally along the after parts of the spar and main decks, a half-raking fire.

Under these conditions Lawrence and the first lieutenant were mortally wounded, the former falling by a musket ball through his body; but he had already given orders to have the boarders called, seeing that the ship must drift foul of the enemy (5). The chaplain, who in the boarding behaved courageously, meeting Broke in person with a pistol shot, and receiving a cutlass wound in return, was standing close by the captain at this instant. He afterward testified that as Lawrence said, "Boarders away," the men at the carronades ran forward; which corresponds to Broke's report that, seeing the enemy flinching from their guns, he then gave the order for boarding. This may have been, indeed, merely the instinctive impulse which drives disorganized men to seek escape from a fire which they cannot return; but it may also have been that this quarter-deck division, which had so far stuck to their guns while being raked, now, at the captain's call, ran from them

to get their side arms. At the Court of Inquiry it was in evidence that these men were unarmed, and one of them, a petty officer, stated that he had defended himself with the monkey tail of his gun. Whatever the cause, although there was fighting to prevent the *Shannon* from lashing the *Chesapeake* to herself, no combined resistance was met abaft the mainmast. There the marines made a stand, but were overpowered and driven forward. The negro bugler of the ship, who should have echoed Lawrence's summons, was too frightened to sound a note, and the voices of the aids, who shouted the message to the gundeck, were imperfectly heard; but, above all, leaders were wanting. There was not on the upper deck an officer above the grade of midshipman; captain, first lieutenant, master, marine officer, and even the boatswain, had been mortally wounded before the ships touched. The second lieutenant was in charge of the first gun division, at the far end of the deck below, as yet ignorant of how the fight was going, or that the fate of his superiors had put him in command. Of the remaining lieutenants, also stationed on the gun-deck, the fourth had been mortally wounded by the first broadside; while the third, who had heard the shout for boarders, committed the indiscretion, ruinous to his professional reputation, of assisting those who, at the moment the ships came together, were carrying below the wounded captain.

Before the new commanding officer could get to the spar-deck, the ships were in contact. According to the report of Captain Broke, the mizzen channels of the *Chesapeake* locked in the fore-rigging of the *Shannon*. When the *Chesapeake's* second lieutenant reached the fore-castle, the British were in possession of the after part of the ship, with the principal hatchways by which the boarders of the after divisions could come up. He directed the foresail set, to shoot the ship clear, to prevent thus a reënforcement to the enemy already on board; and he rallied a few men, but was himself soon wounded and thrown below. In brief, the fall of their officers and the position of the ship, in irons and being raked, had thrown the crew into the confusion attendant upon all sudden disaster. From this state only the rallying cry of a well-known voice and example can rescue

men. "The enemy," reported Broke, "made a desperate but disorderly resistance." The desperation of brave men is the temper which at times may retrieve such conditions, but it must be guided and fashioned by a master spirit into something better than disorder, if it is to be effective.

Fifteen minutes elapsed from the discharge of the first gun of the *Shannon* to the *Chesapeake's* colors being hauled down. This was done by the enemy, her own crew having been driven forward. In that brief interval 26 British were killed and 56 wounded; of the Americans, 48 were killed and 99 wounded. In proportion to the number on board each ship when the action began, the *Shannon* lost in men 24 per cent.; the *Chesapeake* 46 per cent., or practically double.

As the responsibility for this mortifying defeat must rest upon Captain Lawrence, who voluntarily took into action a ship's company whom he should have known to be inadequately organized, it is due to his memory to examine closely the attending circumstances. In the preceding narrative, and in the following analysis, I have adopted in essentials the account of the British naval writer James; chiefly because, of all historians having contemporary sources of information, he has been at most pains to insure exactness. As told by him, the engagement divides into three stages: First, the combat side to side; second, the period during which the *Chesapeake* lay in the wind being raked; third, the boarding and taking possession. To these James assigns, as times: for the first, six minutes; for the second, four; for the third, five; this last being again subdivisible into a space of two minutes, during which the *Chesapeake* was being lashed to her opponent, and the actual fighting on her decks, which Broke states did not exceed three.

The brief and disorderly, though desperate, resistance to boarding proves that the *Chesapeake* was already beaten by the cannonade, which lasted, as above, ten minutes. During only six of these, accepting James's times, was she on equal gunnery terms. During four-tenths—nearly one-half—of the gunnery contest she was at a great disadvantage. The necessity of manœuvring, which Lawrence tried to avoid, was forced upon him; and the ship's

company, or her circumstances, proved unequal to meeting it. Nevertheless, though little more than half the time on equal terms of position with her opponent, half her own loss was inflicted upon him. Within ten minutes at the utmost, within six of equal terms, the *Chesapeake*, an 18-pounder frigate, killed and wounded of the *Shannon's* ship's company as many as the *Constitution* with her 24's did of the *Guerrière's* in over twenty; and the *Constitution* not only was a much heavier ship than her opponent, but had been six weeks almost continuously at sea. When her crew had been together four months longer, the loss inflicted by her upon the *Java*, in a contest spread over two hours, did not greatly exceed in proportion that suffered by the *Shannon*. How great was the subsequent disadvantage of the *Chesapeake* is best stated in the words of James, whom no one will accuse of making points in favor of Americans: "At 5.56, having had her jib-sheet and fore-topsail tie shot away, and her helm, probably from the death of the men stationed at it, being at the moment unattended to, the *Chesapeake* came so sharp to the wind as completely to deaden her way." How extreme this deviation from her course is shown by the impression made on Broke. "As the manœuvres of the *Chesapeake* indicated an intention to haul away, Captain Broke ordered the helm to be put a-lee, as the *Shannon* had fallen off a little." The *Chesapeake's* way being deadened, "the ship lay with her stern and quarter exposed to her opponent's broadside. The shot from the *Shannon's* aftermost guns now took a diagonal direction *along** the decks of the *Chesapeake*, beating in her stern ports, and sweeping the men from their quarters. The shot from the *Shannon's* foremost guns, at the same time, entering the *Chesapeake's* ports from the mainmast aft, did considerable execution." This describes a semi-raking fire, which lasted four minutes, from 5.56 to 6 P. M., when the ships came together.

The manner of collision and the injuries received bear out the above account. Under these circumstances it may be claimed that the artillery duel, to which Lawrence sought to confine the battle, was not so

*Not "across"; the distinction is important, being decisive of general raking direction.

entirely a desperate chance as has been inferred. More cannot be claimed for him. He had no right, under the conditions, voluntarily to encounter the odds against him, established by Broke's seven years of faithful and skilful command. Except in material force, the *Chesapeake* was a ship much inferior to the *Shannon*, as a regiment newly enlisted is to one that has seen service; and the moment things went seriously wrong she could not retrieve herself. This her captain should have known, and to the accusation of his country and his service, that he brought upon them a mortification which endures to this day, the only reply is that he died "sword in hand." This covers the error of the dead, but cannot justify the example to the living.

At this period of the war the British, for purposes of their own, had not included Boston among the ports subjected to the commercial blockade. The engagement of the *Chesapeake*, therefore, was incidental purely to the military blockade, and attaches properly to the various active coast-wise operations of the enemy, and to the conditions thence resulting, which affected both the foreign and coasting trade of the United States, with consequent severe reaction upon the comfort and prosperity of the people. A signal instance of this was afforded by the permanent presence of the British division off New London, after Decatur's retreat there made it a very special centre of military blockading. As the commercial blockade by Warren's proclamation began at Black Point, a few miles west of New London, the place itself fell just outside the limits, and probably, but for the presence of the American vessels, would not have drawn any close attention from the blockading squadrons. As it was, they shifted their position from outside, between Montauk and Block Island, to close off New London, inside of Fisher's Island. Here they interfered seriously with the coasting trade between Narragansett Bay and New York, which then had special importance; for Newport, not being under commercial blockade, could receive neutral vessels with foreign supplies, which were thence distributed to the West and South by the Sound route.

The inconveniences entailed were forcibly presented by the Governor of Connecticut in his October message. "The

British force in our waters having occasioned great inquietude along the whole of our maritime frontier, every precaution consistent with due regard to the general safety has been adopted for its protection. In our present state of preparedness, it is believed a descent upon our coast will not be attempted; a well-grounded hope is entertained that it will be attended with little success. Unfortunately, we have not the means of rendering our navigation equally secure. Serious depredations have been committed even in our harbors, and to such an extent that the usual communication through the Sound is almost wholly interrupted. Thus, while anxiously engaged in protecting our public ships (Decatur's), we are doomed to witness the unrestrained capture of our private vessels and the consequent suspension of commercial pursuits." An officer of the Connecticut militia wrote in December: "Our engagements with the enemy have been so frequent, that it would be vain to attempt a particular statement of each."

New York endeavored to mitigate this condition, embarrassing to her own people, by maintaining a squadron of gunboats to operate as convoys. This afforded some protection against the smallest enemy's vessels, and attacks by rowing boats, a species of warfare to which the enemy was in some measure compelled by the coasters hugging the beach in their passages to and fro. Occasional smart skirmishes were fought, and some relief from the enemy's pressure thus obtained; but little effect was produced upon the general constriction of intercourse. The gunboat squadron acted in similar manner outside of Sandy Hook; and its crews, being somewhat amphibious in character, were at times engaged as coast-guardsmen, with muskets and light artillery, to rescue from British boats vessels which had run ashore, or anchored in positions where large ships could not approach them.

Despite these local ameliorations, the situation was one of steadily increasing tension. As summer advanced, the more propitious weather emboldened the blockaders to keep nearer to the ports they watched. The fact of the United States brig *Siren*, from New Orleans, reaching Boston in June, 1813, "without seeing one enemy's cruiser," simply testifies to the

hostile divisions being far inside the line which a vessel making such a run would naturally follow. The grinding efficacy of the British measures at this period is witnessed not only by incidental mentions, but by the ranges of prices.

South of New York, conditions permitted the enemy singular openings for vigorous action. The great estuaries of Delaware and Chesapeake Bays afforded opportunities, not only for penetrating far into the interior, but still more of occupying the highways of commerce, leading to important commercial centres, with a thoroughness and security impossible to the open common of the sea. Within their capes there was shelter from the ordinary dangers of the ocean, especially those incidental to the nearness of land; while on the other hand, from the narrowly limited outline of the water approach, it was possible to extend from end to end, and side to side, a string of watchers which it was extremely difficult to evade. Both bays were occupied, and expeditions in greater or smaller force pushed up them, making landings in various quarters. The attention of the British, however, fixed principally upon the Chesapeake, with its combination of interests in Washington, the national capital, Norfolk, a prominent naval station, and Baltimore an important commercial centre. Its waters were more sheltered than those of the Delaware, their numerous and extensive ramifications afforded wider scope for annoyance, and there, if anywhere, seemed to be an opportunity for vigorous action, directed not only to the blockade, but even to the destruction of two of the American frigates, the *Constellation* at Norfolk and the *Adams* in the Potomac.

Quite early in the year the British squadron, under Warren in person, moved up as high as Baltimore, anchoring off the mouth of the Patapsco, April 16th. From there a detachment of frigates and lighter vessels, several of them captured American schooners, was sent under Rear-Admiral Cockburn to the head waters of the bay, where the main road from Philadelphia to Baltimore crossed, and still crosses. There, where Washington thirty years before had taken ship on his way to Yorktown, the British landed at many places, pushing their way along the small streams that enter from various quarters. Everything that

floated was seized, carried off, or burned. Whatever might contribute to national resistance—as, for instance, a cannon foundry near Havre de Grace, flour, and army equipments—was destroyed. Barring depredations or injury common in such operations, private property was respected, or, if taken, paid for, unless resistance was encountered; where it was, houses were burned in retaliation, the responsibility being attributed to the inhabitants. No effective opposition was anywhere made. “Our small division,” reported Cockburn, “has been during the whole of this day on shore, in the centre of the enemy’s country, and on his high road between Baltimore and Philadelphia.” He returned to the main body after an absence of a week, there being “now neither public property, vessels, nor warlike stores remaining in the neighborhood.” The destruction was as complete, as the immunity of the enemy was discreditable to the national Executive.

In both bays the United States Government, aided by the local authorities, maintained a flotilla of gunboats and rowing barges, which possibly at times exercised some restraining force on foraging parties or smaller expeditions; but the British movements were conducted with caution as well as energy, and little opportunity was afforded for cutting off straggling boats or tenders. A month after Cockburn’s first expedition, Warren received a reinforcement of 2500 troops for service on the coast. With them he made two attempts upon Norfolk and its navy-yard; the first against Craney Island, covering the entrance to the Elizabeth River, the water approach to the place, the other upon the town of Hampton, important to the land line of communications between the upper country and Norfolk. The attack upon Craney Island, concerning which the senior United States naval officer had been most anxious, had been postponed too long, owing to delay in the arrival of the troops. It failed completely, and to some extent discreditably. Hampton was taken, and occupied for a few hours; but, being then abandoned, that enterprise was only technically successful, as permanent occupation was essential to effect the entire isolation of Norfolk, shut off as it was by water from the north, whence came substantially all its military supplies.

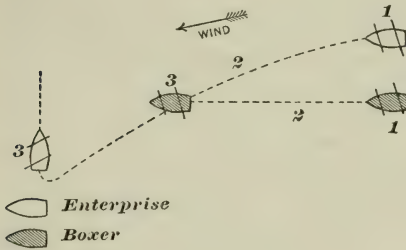
Warren thus failed in getting at the frigate *Constellation* and the naval establishment, upon which his efforts had been directed in accordance with the tenor of the Admiralty's instructions. In the following spring he was relieved from the command, on the ground that the Government had decided again to divide the North American station, as before his coming, into three parts, no one of which was adequate to his rank in the Navy. During the rest of his stay the fleet continued to occupy the Chesapeake, in greater or less force, according to the season and general conditions; moving up and down at will, maintaining continual alarms, and closing all commercial intercourse, except of a collusive character through vessels having British licenses. "I believe," wrote the painstaking editor of Niles' Register, in December, 1814, "that there has not been an arrival in Baltimore from a foreign port for a twelvemonth;" and a memorial from Baltimore merchants, about the same time, complained that "in consequence of the strict blockade of our bays and rivers the private armed service is much diminished."

From the conformation of their shore lines, the regions penetrated by Chesapeake and Delaware Bays, and Long Island Sound—the central section of the coast—were particularly favorable to the operations of a powerful maritime enemy. South of the Chesapeake, the coasts of the two Carolinas and of Georgia had a character of their own, consequent upon an interior communication, behind low coast islands, which favored an internal traffic sheltered from the ocean, and in degree from the enemy. Ships-of-war of moderate size could indeed in some places enter the channels separating the islands; but, when inside, their movements were circumscribed by a very intricate navigation, continually interrupted by shoal spots. The coasters using these passages had therefore to be pursued by armed boats, a measure almost as well executed from outside as from within. To obviate this danger, a flotilla of gunboats was maintained; but it was found that to distribute these along the route was inefficacious. A cruiser outside could run from entrance to entrance much more rapidly than the insiders could proceed. Consequently, if the movement of a group of traders was detected, an enemy's vessel

could get abreast a point they must pass, send in her boats, and capture, before the nearest gunboat detachment could arrive to the rescue. Only a convoy system met the needs of this trade, which depended largely upon the Spanish Amelia Island. Its importance is shown by the report of the United States naval officer of the district, that in four months the goods passing to and fro amounted to \$8,000,000; a very large sum in that day of small transactions, and of intercourse restricted by war. A simple method of annihilating this traffic would have been to station permanently a British ship within one or two of the principal passes, as was done by the United States Navy in the Civil War; but the conditions were novel to British officers, and they did not try this solution. The expedient of seizing one of the islands, however, was entertained as early as 1813, and was carried into effect by Cockburn occupying Cumberland and St. Simons in January, 1815, at the time his superior was engaged against New Orleans.

The New England coast, north of Cape Cod, presented features entirely different from the low sandy beaches of the South, and was of a character much more familiar to British officers. The coasting trade was extensive; for Boston, not being closed to neutral vessels, was a principal receiving and distributing centre—entrepôt—for the whole country. Deprived of a sheltered waterway, the coasting vessels were forced to the methods familiar to their fellows along the rocky shores of France, Spain, and Italy, with which the enemy had been contending for twenty years. Evident precautions were, to make runs under the most favorable circumstances, keeping as close to shore as possible, calculating upon the position of known ports of refuge, and utilizing nights or thick weather, which gave their local knowledge and small size a distinct advantage over the ignorance and heavier draught of their adversaries. In all such navigation the points of exposure are projecting capes and headlands, which compel the coaster to come out into the open, and facilitate the approach of the cruisers, which in the days of sail shrank from embaying themselves when they could get at the chase with less risk. In a well-considered scheme of coast defence such salient positions are crowned with bat-

teries, to create a countervailing danger to the enemy; but it is needless to say that no such vulgar deterrent was practised by a government which went to war with its principal seaport undefended, and after



two years of hostilities saw a squadron of frigates, practically unopposed, ascend one of its principal rivers to the very doors of the national capital. At this moment Portsmouth was so inadequately protected that Captain Hull, commanding the district, was in constant anxiety for the ship-of-the-line building there under his supervision. "There is nothing," he wrote, "to prevent a very small force from entering the harbor."

The conditions of coasting engaged much of Hull's attention, because Portsmouth was a half-way port upon the line of this trade. At Boston, the end of the route and centre of distribution, Bainbridge manifests much less concern, being less affected. "The coasting trade here," writes Hull, "is immense. Not less than fifty sail last night anchored in this harbor, bound to Boston and other points south." He has, however, to chronicle frequent losses, at times of a large number of vessels, and the constant haunting of the coast by British cruisers and privateers. The "Liverpool Packet," of the latter class, "has within six months taken from us property to an immense amount." The brig-of-war *Young Emulous*, lately the United States *Nautilus*, "has been seen off this harbor every week for some time past, and several other enemy's vessels are on the coast every few days." He proposes a convoy system, and to institute it asks for two brigs-of-war. The Department grants him the *Enterprise* and *Siren*; but no sooner do they arrive than the enemy's force is so increased that he fears to risk them outside. "The enemy's cruisers are now so much stronger that we

can hardly promise security to trade, if we undertake to convoy it." The Department recognizes the difficulty, but resolves to keep the brigs there. "The call for protection on that coast has been very loud, and having sent those vessels for that special purpose, I do not incline immediately to remove them." The wrath of the New Englanders boiled over in scoffing allusions to the "New Carrying Trade," by wagon, which was grotesquely caricatured by the application to it of sea terms. "Yesterday a large number of teams arrived from New Bedford with West India produce, and four Pennsylvania wagons, 17 days from Philadelphia." "A brisk business is now carrying on all along the coast between British cruisers and our coasting vessels, in ready money. Friday last, three masters went into Gloucester to procure money to carry to a British frigate to ransom their vessels. Thursday, a Marblehead schooner was ransomed for \$400, and Saturday three coasters and six fishing boats at \$200 each."

Whatever the inability of Hull's brigs to contend with the odds against the coasting trade, the *Enterprise* ministered some balm to the feelings of the country, mortified by the *Chesapeake* defeat. She had left Portsmouth September 1st, on a coasting cruise, under command of Lieutenant William Burrows, and on the 5th, being then off Monhegan Island, on the coast of Maine, sighted a vessel of war, which proved to be the British brig *Boxer*, Commander Samuel Blyth.

The antagonists in the approaching combat were nearly of equal force, the respective armaments being, *Enterprise*, fourteen 18-pounder carronades and two long 9-pounders; the *Boxer*, twelve 18-pounder carronades and two long sixes. The action began side by side, at half pistol shot, the *Enterprise* to the right and to windward (position 1). After fifteen minutes the latter ranged ahead (2). As she did so, one of her 9-pounders, which by the forethought of Captain Burrows had been shifted from its place in the bow to the stern, was used with effect to rake her opponent. She then rounded to on the starboard tack, on the port bow of the enemy—ahead, but well to the left (3)—in position to rake with her carronades, and setting the foresail, sailed slowly across from left to

right. In five minutes the *Boxer's* main-topmast and fore-topsail yard fell. This left the *Enterprise* the mastery of the situation, which she continued to hold until ten minutes later, when the enemy's fire ceased. Her colors could not be hauled down, Blyth having nailed them to the mast. He himself had been killed at the first broadside; and almost at the same instant Burrows, too, fell mortally wounded.

As determined by American measurements, taken four days after the action, the size of the two brigs was the same within twenty tons; the *Boxer* a little the larger. The superiority of the *Enterprise* in broadside force, was eight guns to seven; or, stated in weight of projectiles, 135 pounds to 114. For exact precision it may be added that the American 18-pound shot were found to weigh 17½ pounds, the British 18½; consequently, from the excess of the *Enterprise* a deduction of seven pounds is due, the reduced broadside weights being 131½ and 117½. This superiority, though real, was in no sense decisive, and the execution done by each bore no comparison to the respective armaments. The hull of the *Boxer* was pierced on the starboard side by twelve 18-pound shot, nearly two for each of the *Enterprise's* carronades. The 9-pounder had done even better, scoring five hits. On her port side had entered six of 18 pounds, and four of 9 pounds. By the official report of an inspection, made upon her arrival in Portland, it appears that her upper works and sides forward were torn to pieces. In her mainmast alone were three 18-pound shot. As a set-off to this damage received, she had to show only one 18-pound shot in the hull of the *Enterprise*, one in the foremast, and one in the mainmast.

From these returns, the American loss in killed and wounded, twelve, must have been largely by grape-shot or musketry. The British had twenty-one men hurt. It has been said that this difference in loss is nearly proportionate to the difference in force. This is obviously inexact; for the *Enterprise* was superior in gun power by twelve per cent., while the *Boxer's* loss was greater by seventy-five per cent. Moreover, if the statement of crews be accurate, that the *Enterprise* had 120 and the *Boxer* only 66, it is clear that the latter had double the human target, and scored little more than half the hits. The contest, in brief,

was first an artillery duel, side to side, followed by a raking position obtained by the American. It therefore reproduced in leading features, although on a very small scale, the affair between the *Chesapeake* and *Shannon*; and the exultation of the American populace at this rehabilitation of the credit of their Navy, though exaggerated in impression, was in principle sound. The British Court-Martial found that the defeat was "to be attributed to a superiority of the enemy's force, principally in the number of men, as well as to a greater degree of skill in the direction of her fire, and the destructive effects of her first broadside." This admission as to the enemy's gunnery is substantially identical with the claim made for that of the *Shannon*—notably as to the first broadside. As to the greater numbers, 120 is certainly almost twice 66; but anyone realizing the weight of 18-pounder carronades does not need to be told that if the *Boxer* was under-manned it was by very little, while the *Enterprise*, for whatever reason, had from beginning to end many more than were needed to work the battery, to which alone the fighting was confined. Had it come to boarding, or had the *Boxer's* gunnery been good, disabling her opponent's men, the numbers would have become of consideration. As it was, they told for something, but not for much.

If national credit were at issue in every single-ship action, the balance of the *Chesapeake* and *Shannon*, *Enterprise* and *Boxer*, would incline rather to the American side; for the *Boxer* was not just out of port with new commander, officers, and crew, but had been in commission six months, had in that time crossed the ocean and been employed along the coast. The credit and discredit in both cases is personal, not national. It was the sadder in Blyth's case, because he was an officer of distinguished courage and activity, who had begun his fighting career at the age of eleven, when he was on board a heavily battered ship in Lord Howe's battle of June 1, 1794. At the age of thirty, with little influence, and at a period when promotion had become comparatively sluggish, he had fairly fought his way to the modest preferment in which he died. Under the restricted opportunities of the United States Navy, Burrows had seen service, and his qualities received recognition, in the hostilities with Tripoli.

The unusual circumstance of both captains falling, and so young—Burrows was but twenty-eight—imparted to this tiny combat an unusual pathos, which was somewhat heightened by the fact that Blyth had himself acted as pall-bearer, when Lawrence, three months before, was buried with military honors at Halifax. In Portland, Maine, the two young commanders were borne to their graves together, with all the observance possible in a small coast town; business being everywhere suspended, and the customary tokens of mourning displayed upon buildings and shipping.

Where coasting was so harassed, the danger to vessels approaching from the open sea was indisputable; and it will be recognized that coastwise operations such as described embraced readily, and without further development, the additional measure of commercial blockade, excluding neutrals. From Newport eastward recourse to this was postponed, because it suited the British to supply their provinces and armies with provisions shipped in neutral vessels from the ports thus exempted. The effect upon shipping in general is, nevertheless, indicated by occasional mentions. In Boston, on September 7, 1813, there were lying at the docks, exclusive of coasters, 249 sea-going vessels of all kinds, 91 being of the largest class. The figures show idleness—stagnation of employment. From December 1st to 24th, of 44 vessels which put to sea, only 5 were American. "Our coasts unnavigable to ourselves, though free to the enemy and to the money-making neutral; our harbors blockaded; our shipping destroyed or rotting at the docks; silence and stillness in our cities; the grass growing on the public wharves." This wail, in November, 1813, is that of a bitter Boston Federalist and opponent of the war; but that it embodied substantial truth is proved by many independent and incidental statements.

The central portion of the country, from Chesapeake Bay to New York, was fairly consolidated for mutual supply, because the heads of the great estuaries, where stood the distributing centres—Baltimore, Philadelphia, and New York—were near together; and intercourse between them was favored by roads relatively good, as well as by natural water-ways. Northward and southward distances are greater. It is farther

from New York to Boston than from New York to Baltimore. This central region was also reasonably self-supporting, from the varied occupations of the inhabitants and climatic conditions. Nevertheless, even here the harassment was severely felt. Early in 1814 the Governor of Pennsylvania, in his annual message, congratulated the people on the gratifying state of the commonwealth: a full treasury, abundant yield of agriculture, and progress of manufactures. But he added, "At no period of our history has the immense importance of internal navigation been so strikingly exemplified as since the commencement of hostilities. The transportation of produce, and the intercourse between citizens of the different States, which knit more strongly the bonds of social and political union, are greatly retarded, and through many of their accustomed channels entirely interrupted, by the water craft of the enemy, sinking, burning, and otherwise destroying the property which it cannot appropriate to its own use."

At the extremities of the country conditions were worse, owing to the almost entire dependence upon the coastwise communication thus suppressed. Whatever purely local intercourse might be maintained, neither the far North nor the far South embraced within themselves those balanced conditions of self-sustainment which distinguished the intermediate section. Quotations from Boston sources have been given. The condition of the South was graphically portrayed by a Federalist member of the House, Pearson, of North Carolina, speaking from his seat in February, 1814: "Blocked up as we are by the enemy's squadron upon our coast, corked up by our still more unmerciful embargo and non-importation laws, calculated as it were to fill up the little chasm in the ills which the enemy alone could not inflict; the entire coasting trade destroyed, and even the little pittance of intercourse from one port to the other in the same State prohibited, the planters of the Southern and Middle States, finding no market at home for their products, are driven to the alternative of wagoning them hundreds of miles, in search of a precarious market in the Northern and Eastern States, or permitting them to rot on their hands. Many articles which are, or by habit have become, neces-

sary for comfort, are obtained at extravagant prices from other parts of the Union. The balance of trade, if trade it can be called, from these and other causes being so entirely against the Southern and Middle States, the whole of our specie is rapidly travelling to the North and East. Our bank paper is thrown back upon the institutions from which it issued; and as the war expenditures in the Southern and Middle States, where the loans have been principally obtained, are proportionately considerable, the bills of these banks are daily returning, and their vaults drained of specie, to be locked up in the Eastern and Western States, never to return but with the return of prosperity."

The "unmerciful embargo" alluded to by Pearson was laid in December, 1813, two months before he spoke. It proceeded from two causes: the export trade in provisions, tolerated by the British through the Eastern ports, which they left unblockaded, and the abuse of the coasting trade by the vessels engaged in it. These in numerous instances supplied the blockaders with needed provisions; and information leaked through them to the enemy, even if it was not deliberately conveyed. It was known that the British admiral at Bermuda had contracted for fresh beef to be supplied from American ports, by American dealers, in American vessels, while Halifax teemed with similar transactions, scarcely veiled. Against this unpatriotic collusion, and support of the enemy, a sweeping law of embargo was issued, forbidding all exports, and putting the whole coasting trade under a license system, controlled by the President. The measure was found to be insupportable, affecting the tiny stream of revenue still left to the Treasury, which was rapidly approaching exhaustion. Advantage was therefore taken of the enlarging area of neutral territory in Europe, consequent upon Napoleon's being constantly driven back upon France, to repeal the law in April, 1814, and to permit trade with the neutral countries thus regaining self-government. The object of this step being apparently to increase revenue, Warren's successor, Vice-Admiral Cochrane, replied to it by extending the commercial blockade over the whole New England coast, hitherto spared, but now no longer indispensable to British purposes.

The results of the various British aggressive measures upon the seacoast of the United States is best shown by a few figures. Owing to the operation of the blockade, the exports of the country fell from \$45,000,000 in 1811, to \$25,000,000 in 1813, and to \$7,000,000 in 1814; the several twelve months ending September 30th. The effect upon the coasting trade may be shown by the prices of two great food staples—flour, a domestic product, and sugar, an exotic. In August, 1813, flour in Richmond was \$4 the barrel; in Baltimore, \$6; in Philadelphia, \$7.50; in New York, \$8.50; in Boston, \$11.87. The difference in price between the first two places, in the then centre of the wheat-producing area, and those more distant, was due to the expense and difficulty of land transportation when the coasting trade was impeded. In Boston, open to neutrals because unblockaded, sugar at the same time was quoted at \$18.75 the hundred-weight. In the blockaded ports it ranged: New York, \$21.50; Philadelphia, \$22.50; Baltimore, \$26.50. At Savannah, near the Spanish line, smuggling brought the cost down to \$20. At New Orleans, where sugar was grown, the price was \$9. Yet how grievously Boston was afflicted, by being unable to use her own ships for carriage, is shown by the fact that in 1811 she had imported, and then sent to Europe, foreign products to the amount of \$5,944,121. In 1813 the amount fell to \$302,781. It did not pay neutral vessels to carry sugar and coffee there, merely to take them away.

The movement of American shipping speaks quite as significantly. In the year ending September, 1813, although British action then was lax, out of a total of 674,853 tons of shipping, "registered" for ocean voyages, only 233,439 paid the duties exacted upon each voyage. In September, 1814, a stationary total, 674,632, shows that ship-building had ceased; of this whole, only 58,756—one ton in twelve—paid duty. Coasting vessels were not charged for their several voyages, but took out annual licenses, which they might or might not use. In 1813, of a total of 471,109, 252,440 obtained licenses. In 1814 the total fell to 466,159, of which only 189,662 were licensed. In 1816, after peace, the total rose to 522,165, the licensed to 414,594. The effect of stoppage and

rebound is evident, and explains the scales of prices quoted. The tonnage registered for foreign trade had increased in the same year to 800,760; more than which—865,219—made a voyage.

More striking, perhaps, but not more significant, is the speculative movement of prices shown by the sudden news of peace. The intelligence reached New York Saturday, February 11, 1815, at eight in the evening. "Sugar, which on Saturday had stood at \$26 the hundred-weight, fell on Monday to \$12.50. Tea, from \$2.25 the pound to \$1. Tin from \$80 the box to \$25. Specie from 22 per cent. premium dropped to 2." In the next month, March, there sailed from Boston alone 144 vessels, more than half square-rigged, and all but 26 for United States ports. The bottled-up products of the country—grain, tobacco, cotton, and rice—were being rushed to market. Flour rose in two days from \$7.50 to \$10 the barrel; a testimony that not only foreign export, but home supply to the eastward, was now to be open. The fall in foreign products, due to freedom of import, was naturally accompanied by a rise in domestic produce, to which an open outlet afforded increased demand. In Philadelphia the exchange on Boston reflected these conditions, falling from 25 per cent. to 13. At Charleston, in three weeks of April, there arrived 158 vessels exclusive of coasters. These figures, which could be multiplied, sufficiently dispose of President Madison's doubts expressed concerning the effectiveness of the blockade.

It may then be concluded that there was little exaggeration in the words used by "a distinguished naval officer" of the day, in a letter contributed to Niles' Register: "No sooner had the enemy extended his line of cruisers from Maine to Georgia than both foreign and domestic commerce came at once to be reduced to a deplorable state of stagnation. . . . As most of the money loaned to the Government for the

purposes of the war came from the pockets of merchants, they were rendered incapable of continuing disbursements, in consequence of this interruption to their trade; whence the bankruptcy with which the Government was threatened. . . . It was found necessary to remove all restrictions upon commerce, both foreign and domestic; but the merchant found no alleviation, his vessels being uniformly prevented by a strong blockading force, not only from going out, but from coming into port. The coasting trade was entirely annihilated. The southern and northern sections of the Union were unable to exchange their commodities, except upon a contracted scale through the medium of land carriage, and then at great loss; so that, upon the whole, nothing in a national point of view appeared to be more loudly called for, by men of all parties, than a naval force adequate to the protection of our commerce and the raising of the blockade of our coast."

Such is the forgotten bitter truth concerning a war which has left in the United States a prevalent impression of distinguished success, because of a few brilliant naval actions and the Battle of New Orleans. The lesson to be deduced is not that the country at that time should have sought to maintain a navy approaching equality to the British. What had been possible during the decade preceding the war, had the nation so willed, was to place the Navy on such a footing, in numbers and constitution, as would have made persistence in the course Great Britain was then following impolitic to the verge of madness; because it would have added to her enormous embarrassments the activity of an imposing maritime enemy, at the threshold of her most valuable possessions—the West Indies—three thousand miles away from her own shores and from the seat of her principal and necessary warfare.

(To be continued.)

THE STARBOARD WATCH

By R. A. Stevenson

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. L. JACOBS



HERE was nothing unusual about his appearance. You meet him every morning in Fifth Avenue, roller-skating to school, dangling a hard-handled book or two at the end of a strap. He had a snubbed nose; his Eton collar was rumpled and smudgy, his hair was tousled, but I could plainly see that William Walter Madison, rising thirteen, had something on his mind. He swung his slightly bowed legs from his chair by the window overlooking Wall Street and gazed thoughtfully at the hurrying crowds on the pavement below.

"William has disgraced us," said his father, looking solemnly at me across the shiny office desk. He paused, and slowly tapped the mahogany with his forefinger.

William craned his neck to get a better view of a Panhard that was clacking and sputtering to a circle of messengers and clerks on the opposite curb, but made no comment.

"We tried him at several schools here in the city," his father continued, "but in each case his behavior was such that we were asked to withdraw him. In September last, we placed him in a school in Connecticut. In three weeks—to be exact, in eighteen days—he was returned to me by express. Upon my word, sir, he was delivered to me with an addressed tag in his button-hole by an Irish messenger. The masters wrote that he was incorrigible and that they had returned him by what seemed to them the safest method. I might have felt better had they declared a value on the package."

William looked interested for a moment, twisted his neck to adjust the troublesome collar, and rubbed the calf of his left leg with the toe of his right shoe. I was inclined to ask him to explain his remarkable exit from boarding-school, but his father continued:

"We then tried tutors, unsuccessfully. The last incumbent, after a four days'

trial, suggested that I send him to the George Junior Republic. Naturally I was disappointed, but I tried to impress upon my son the serious consequences of his actions and was succeeding in some measure, I thought, when," he added impressively, "William ran away."

I expressed surprise. William looked at the floor.

"Yes, he was gone for two days. I employed a detective, who found him at Coney Island."

"Bath Beach," interrupted William.

"Silence," commanded his father. "We have felt his actions keenly. He has obstinately refused to tell me where he was or why he ran away. Yesterday he came to me and asked for one more trial. That explains why I asked you to call. I believe that you are interested in boys. Will you consider his case?"

I exchanged glances with William, and while he expressed no emotion at the prospect of a new educational flyer, I could see that he was taking a quick inventory of my possibilities.

"I would like to make a diagnosis," I observed professionally, "before making a decision."

"Very good," said Mr. Madison.

"William," I addressed the artist in crime, "will you walk uptown with me?"

"Surely, sir;" he slid off his chair and we prepared to depart.

As we were about to leave, the telephone buzzed. Mr. Madison took down the receiver, said "Hello, yes, all right," and hung it in its place.

"Mrs. Madison telephones," he said, "that she would be very glad to have you call this afternoon at five-thirty to talk over William. She has a wedding and a committee meeting on hand and cannot be at home sooner. I hope you will find my son interesting." He added at the door, "I confess that as yet I have not been able to solve the problem he presents."

A few uneventful moments later we turned into Broadway for the long walk uptown.

"Billy," I remarked, looking down at his chunky little figure, "I wish ——" I have forgotten how I meant to open the conversation, for suddenly William was not there. He was darting into the street, shouting:

"There goes a hitch!"

He achieved the tail-board of a passing furniture van, settled himself, and grinned.

There were two things for me to choose between. One was to admit right there at the corner of Fulton Street and Broadway that the educational problem of William Walter was too intricate, and take a surface car. The other was to hitch on to the end of that van as quickly as I could.

"I used to like ice wagons better," I remarked when I had seated myself beside him, a bit puffy from the unusual exertion.

"They are all to the good in summer," answered William solemnly, "for you can suck ice. But the scales sometimes whack you. Besides, I always take a hitch when I get one, don't you?"

I confessed inexperience and we rode in silence for several blocks. The tail of a wagon furnishes opportunities for observation, but it is not a dignified view-point for a teacher of youth. I thought of my silk hat and hoped that no one I knew would see me. William, on the other hand, appeared to be enjoying the scenery, and swung his legs with evident joy. His profile showed a line or two of thought, but I was not prepared for his first observation.

"You are game all right," he said at Park Place.

"Thanks," I replied, pleased to know that I had passed my first examination.

"People wouldn't look at you if you didn't have that dip on." He pointed to my hat, and I felt the sympathy in his remark. William probably walked to church on Sunday morning stiffly arrayed in a bob-tailed Eton jacket and baggy grey trousers.

His consideration was helpful, but it did not add to my peace of mind. Men turned to look and I heard a typewriter girl giggle as we passed close to the curb. I felt uneasy and was considering how I could descend with my dignity—and William—and was about to test the persuasive in-

fluence of a soda-water treat when he asked in an off-hand way:

"Did you ever run away?"

I forgot my embarrassment and decided at once to stay aboard.

"I was rubbered awful," he continued sadly.

"So was I;" I drew on my imagination, but the story was hanging in the balance.

"They found me in four hours."

"They didn't find me," said William emphatically. "That is, the detective ran across me after I had quit running away. I was running home then."

"Of course," I answered, "you couldn't have had a very good time. What happened?"

It was dangerous to ask the direct question, but William Walter was wrapped in his own thoughts and apparently did not hear me.

"Did you ever read 'Treasure Island' and 'Wrecked in the South Seas' and 'A Cabin Boy in the Antilles'?" he asked dreamily. And then I knew that if I was patient and the van didn't stop I would hear something interesting.

"Rattling good books," I replied.

"They are simply corking," said William. "All about wrecks and sandal-wood and coral and cocoanuts and yams and things. Uncle Billy gave them to me last Christmas. I often thought I'd like to be a sailor. Did you?"

"About once a month." I was very anxious to hear the story of William's life.

"And when I came home from boarding-school—that was funny—father was very much put out. He told me that ever since his father had come to New York with fifty cents and worked hard and succeeded, there never was a Madison that had disgraced the family the way I was going to do when I got hung or something else that was bad. I felt bad—really I did—and I thought they could get along better without me, so I asked father if I couldn't go out West on a ranch he owns, and he said Nonsense! And mamma asked me what her father would think if he knew his namesake was growing up the way I was, and I didn't know, for he is dead, and she cried. I didn't feel very pert myself, so I skipped one day."

"But you came back."

"Yes, I came back." There was a faint

smile on William's face. "I happened to go down to South Street one afternoon. It's great down there. You ought to go. My tutors used to take me down there when they couldn't think of anything else to do, but they never stayed half long enough. I found the dandiest little schooner you ever saw. She was low and rakish, just like a pirate. There was a bully little cabin with a stove pipe sticking out of the roof and an anchor and coils of rope and everything. Her name was the *Sadie B.* I sat on the dock looking at her, and when a man came out of the cabin I asked him if I couldn't go aboard. He said I could. I didn't think he was much of a sailor, for he wore a derby hat and suspenders. After I had taken a look round I made up my mind that she was a pretty good boat, and I went back to where the sailor was reading a dirty newspaper on the roof of the cabin, and I asked him if he ever sailed to the South Seas.

"What do you want to know for, Sonny?" he said.

"I told him that I was looking for a ship that sailed to the South, because if I got the right one I might like to ship as a cabin boy. The notion had come to me very sudden. Most of my notions do, and when they pop in that way I generally go to work and do something crazy. One of my tutors told me once that it was Satan. Do you believe that?"

"There are those who call it Original Sin," I answered; "but what did the sailor say?"

"Well he grinned and said, 'Gee whiz! this is funny. I have been looking for a cabin boy for two weeks. Just as soon as I get one we are going to set sail for the South.' I asked him if it was for sandal-wood and he said that there was nothing he liked better than to go after sandal-wood, but that it wasn't the season just then. He thought they'd go for coral. Then he told me a lot of stories—spun yarns, I mean—and I saw that I had made a mistake about his not being a sailor, for he was very interesting and had been wrecked a great many times—so many times that he said he was getting used to it. He said that I could ship with him if I wanted to. It was to be a short voyage, and as he was the captain we could fix the whole matter up right then.

"I said I'd go, and I wanted to go and get an oilskin; but the captain gave me one the last cabin boy had before he was promoted. He said, though, that I ought to have some tobacco, so I told him to get some and send the bill to father so that he would get it after we sailed, for I didn't think he would approve of my going. The captain said that I had better pay cash, so I gave him all I had and he clapped me on the back and said that I was open-handed and there was no doubt about it, I would make a good sailor. Then when some more men came aboard he told me that I could go out and be the starboard watch while they got supper.

"That was a great supper. We had ham and fried potatoes with onions in them the way I like them. Mamma will never let the cook serve them that way at home, so I ate a great many. The sailors told me that I had better eat a lot, for I'd probably be sick when we got out to sea and it was a good thing to have something to work on. I'd get better quicker. After supper we sat on the deck and one of the sailors showed me how to tie a half hitch and a bowline. I'll show you some day if you'd like it.

"About dark a tug boat came puffing up and the captain said it was time to get busy. The sailors didn't hitch up their pants and sing out 'Heave Ho, My Hearties,' the way they do in 'Treasure Island,' but they swore all right and I hummed 'Sixteen Men on the Dead Man's Chest, Yo Ho, and a Bottle of Rum.' The first thing I knew we were out in the river and floating past the Battery.

"It was lots better than the way you go to Europe. We were close down by the water and everything looked different. The captain let me hold the other side of the wheel and once he let me hold it all by myself while he went forward to get a chew of tobacco from one of the crew. It was dark when we got to the Statue of Liberty, and the light was lit. The lights down there are all right—specially back in the big buildings. I took a long look at them and the red and green lights of the ferry-boats that crossed from side to side, and I said good-by to my native land.

"I wondered how they were getting along at home; for you know father is a good sport when he has time, and I don't like to hurt his feelings no matter what he

thinks, and mamma can't understand. Now last summer, she hauled me all over London on top of a 'bus, and the other day when I wanted to go out on the 'bus here and have some fun with the man with the megaphone she said it was common. Now isn't that funny?"

"Yes; and the schooner?"

"Well, I was a little lonely and I was glad when the captain said it was time for the starboard watch to go to bed. But I didn't go to sleep right away; the bunk was rather mussy. Perhaps I was a little homesick; it might have been the fried potatoes—anyhow I didn't.

"When I woke up the next morning I thought we would be out of sight of land and I would have to get busy to find my sea legs; but there wasn't any motion and it was as still as anything. I looked out of the window and I saw green piles with barnacles on them. Then I hustled up on the deck to see what the matter was, and there was the *Sadie B.* tied up to a dock. There was a gang-plank down and the crew were wheeling sand from a pile and dumping it in the hold.

"The captain was sitting on the edge of the dock and I asked him what was wrong. He said that the night before when he got outside the Hook, he discovered that he didn't have enough ballast aboard and he had to come back and get some. I thought it was too bad, and he thought so too, for it was such fine sailing weather, and the weather man said it was going to rain the next day.

That reminded me that I wanted to know how the Princeton-Cornell game had come out, so I asked him to let me see the paper he had. He said that it was time for the starboard watch to light the fire for breakfast. I asked him if the port watch couldn't do it, and he said that that was mutiny

and that when he was a boy sailing on the Spanish Main, he would have got whacked on the head with a belaying pin for half that much back talk. Anyhow the port watch was wheeling sand. What



"You are game all right," he said at Park Place.—Page 499.

is a belaying pin anyhow? I didn't see one that whole trip.

"The captain seemed to know his business, so I lit the fire and we had breakfast. I didn't like the potatoes quite so much, and afterwards the captain set me to work cleaning lanterns. I found that the star-

board watch has no cinch. I wanted to go ashore a couple of times, but there was always something for the starboard watch to do. Besides, the captain said that the only way to get your sea legs on was to stay on the sea. There wasn't any sea on, but he said I would gradually get my sea legs, and when there was a sea I would be glad.

for the crew to splice the main brace. I knew what that meant, for King Edward did it once.

"They told me to scrub down the deck, for the ballast was nearly all on board, so I slopped water around the way the men do it on the ferry-boats, and it wasn't bad fun. I was having a pretty good time when a



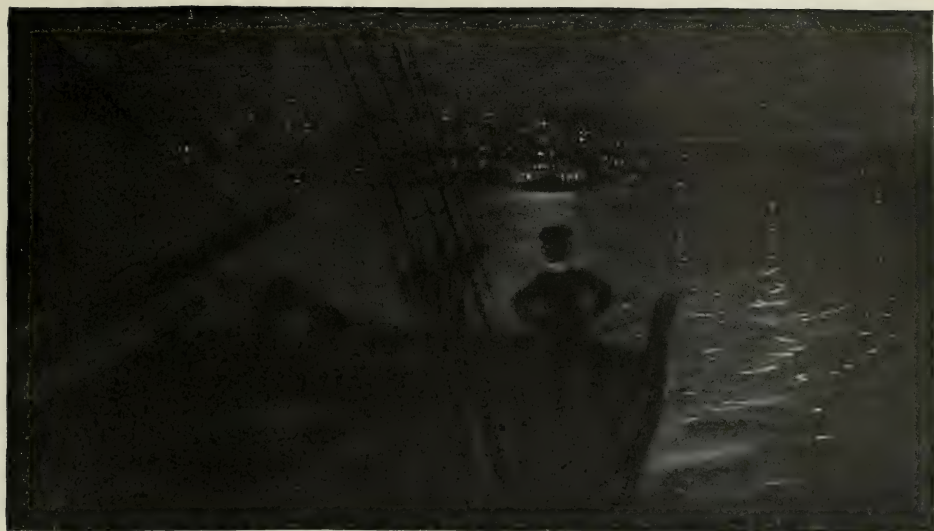
"I might like to ship as a cabin boy."—Page 500.

Sort of like taking your coat off in the house so as not to catch cold when you go out. That captain was a reader. He sent a man for the papers a couple of times, but somehow or other I never got a chance to see them. There was always something for me to do, and I was thinking of asking him to put me on some other watch, when one of the crew went ashore and came back pretty soon with something in a can. The captain winked at me and said it was time

boy came out on the dock. He said 'Hello,' and so did I. We talked a little, and he asked me who I was and how much I got a week—because he made five dollars selling papers. I told him I was the cabin boy, and I supposed I'd get a share of the cargo when we got back.

"Where do you think you're going?" he said.

"I told him we were going to the South Seas, if we had good luck. You ought to



"It was lots better than the way you go to Europe."—Page 500.

have seen that boy laugh. I was getting mad, and I guess I would have punched him if he hadn't said:

"'You're on Bill Ryan's *sand lighter*, and you're going back to New York just as soon as they get loaded up. He comes down here twice a week.'

"Perhaps I didn't feel foolish. It took me just about a minute to see what was up. The captain thought that he would get a reward for me, and that was why he was reading so many papers. But he got left. I made up my mind that the best thing for me to do was to take a quick, rapid sneak. I told the boy that I was going to desert, and I asked him if he would help me. He said he would and I began to feel better right away, for something was doing; and all the boys in the Henty books braced up when they got in a tight hole. I unfolded my plan to the boy after thinking it out, and he said that he thought that it was a good one. I told him to sneak round behind the sand pile, and when I gave the signal he was to untie—I mean cast off—the rope that held the *Sadie B.* behind. Then I scooted along the deck and got a hatchet out of the tool box. That was exciting, for I had to pass the cabin and I could see the crew inside blowing the foam off their main brace. Then I went back, and it was just like being in a real adventure, and it was very exciting. I gave a low whistle, and when I saw the boat

drifting out behind, I jumped up on the dock and I gave the rope that held the *Sadie B.* in front a whack with the hatchet, and cut it through, and then I left. The boy came with me, and I don't know what became of the *Sadie B.* I looked back once and she was drifting down on an oyster boat and the crew were running round on the deck. They looked to me as if they were saying something.

"It would have been more exciting if they had pursued us, but they didn't. I guess they were too busy, and we ran along until we came to a car that was standing on a switch, and it had New York on a board in front. I told the boy that I was going home. That boy was all right, for he helped me when I needed it; so I gave him my rabbit's foot, and made him swear deed and double, cross your heart, hope to die, that he wouldn't tell anyone if they pursued me. Then I got on the car and started home. When the conductor came and asked me for my fare I had to ask him if he wouldn't lend me a nickel, and I told him father would pay him. He asked who my father was and I told him. He looked very much pleased and said it was all right. He said it was just like finding money, and I didn't understand him then. When we got to the car barn he called up a cop and I had to stay there till a man came. He was the detective father had sent out for me. He



"He made five dollars a week selling papers."—Page 502.

wasn't a bad fellow, though, for he told me stories on the way home, and I had a good time, for it was funny to read over the shoulders of men that had papers that I was lost, for I wasn't— Cheese it! cheese it!"

William suddenly scrambled into the recesses of the van.

"Come in here," he whispered excitedly. "There is mother with Mrs. Lexington, and she'd have a fit if she saw you."

We were rumbling past Grace Church. The pavements were crowded with shoppers and the curious that collect when the awnings are out for a wedding. Behind us a carriage was circling into the curb. I looked once; I had not met Mrs. Madison, and I was very glad.

"Billy"—I was terribly in earnest, and I spoke with emphasis—"I'll tell your father how you got rubbered if you don't get off with me at once."

"Suppose I tell mother about our ride." William was a diplomat.

"What kind of soda-water do you like?" I asked.

"Chocolate," answered William, prompt-

ly honoring my flag of truce; and we got off at Eleventh Street.

"Why don't you tell your father about your trip?" I asked, as the fizz was being shot into our drinks.

"Maybe I ought to, and I will some day; but you know I feel foolish, for he had to pay that conductor the reward for giving information where I was, which I would have given for nothing in about an hour. And he would laugh and I would never hear the end of it from Uncle Billy. You know how it is."

"I think I understand," I agreed; "I won't tell."

An hour later he ushered me into his mother's drawing-room, mumbled an incoherent presentation, and retired.

"Haven't I met you before?" asked Mrs. Madison, with a puzzled expression as she held out her hand.

"I wonder where it could have been," I answered weakly.

A faint sputter came from the door. I turned in time to see William's face wreathed in the curtains. He wore a grin, and a forefinger was laid across his lips. I compounded the crime and took William.

MY BED

By Amos R. Wells

It is a narrow inn, shall I confess?
But amply broad enough for weariness.

No lights flare out a greeting; but what cheer,
What flowing sweet tranquillity is here!

All silent is the caravansery,
And no obsequious landlord welcomes me.

A-weary from the ways of toil and sin,
Through one half-open door I stumble in.

Soft on the yielding floor I sink and fall,
The only guest in that mysterious hall.

Unseen, unheard, the servants come and go,
And weave a wierd bewitchment to and fro.

A noiseless butler pours a shadowy wine,
And witless, prone upon my back, I dine.

Smooth hands caress me, reached I know not whence,
And lay a subtle charm on every sense.

Kind porters come a-tiptoe, grave and gray,
And bear my heavy burdens all away.

What passes there I never rightly ken,
So strange the place from all the modes of men.

But whether more or little understood,
I hereby testify the inn is good.

And if, as gossip rumors all agree,
This landlord keeps another hostelry,

Where, at the end of my last journey, I
A little longer while am like to lie,

I'll know the second inn is kind as this,
And greet its narrow doorway with a kiss.



THE POINT OF VIEW

THERE was once a man who objected to the quarter-hour chime of bells added by a generous citizen to the equipment of a neighboring church clock, on the ground that he "hated to be brought face to face with eternity every fifteen minutes." On very similar grounds not a few Americans object to a presidential election every four years. They "hate to be brought face to face" at such short recurrent notice with the duty of definite decision on issues in merit more or less mixed. They accept the dictum of Bagehot that the function of statesmanship under modern conditions "is the recording of the views of a confused nation." Occasionally, as all recognize, a genuine paramount issue

As to Finality
in Politics.

may press for settlement on the predetermined date of a presidential election, thus by a happy chance securing a popular mandate at the psychological moment. But oftener, with no clean-cut issues dividing party from party, conservatism naturally prefers the maintenance of existing policies, with their perfected business adjustments, quite regardless of defects. It deprecates the necessity for reconsideration merely because another period of four years is completed, or the agitation for even a desirable reform on lines of indefinite promise. If conservatism had its way, it would probably seek to substitute some more elastic system by which elections would more closely coincide with an imperative call for popular decision of a dominating issue. Thus, the issue determining the election rather than the election the issue, it might be hoped to secure the tranquillity of a greater comparative finality in politics.

Curiously, however, for such a contention, issues have been known to persist or to settle themselves in ways quite unlooked for, and regardless of the usual and expected work-

ings of any given system. To choose for illustration an incident essentially of our own time, yet one removed by almost forty years from all but academic dispute, the extension in 1867 of the suffrage in England to nearly a million new voters was a marvel of unanticipated finality in politics. "In every respect extraordinary," is Morley's characterization of it in his *Life of Gladstone*. "The great reform," says Morley, "was carried by a Parliament elected to support Lord Palmerston, and Lord Palmerston detested reform. It was carried by a government in a decided minority. It was carried by a minister [Disraeli], and by a leader of the opposition [Gladstone], neither of whom was at the time in the full confidence of his party. Finally it was carried by a House of Commons that the year before had, in effect, rejected a measure for the admission of only 400,000 new voters"—the measure introduced by the ministry of Lord Russell, whose leader in the House of Commons was Gladstone. Thus in a fashion almost un-English, without submission to the electorate, and in response to a popular demand only as expressed in occasional demonstration by mass meeting and procession—a demonstration in which, it is interesting to note in passing, bodies of trade-unionists were as such first conspicuous politically—was wrought out the completion of the work of the great Reform Bill of 1832. In the preceding debate, better remembered, perhaps, than its occasion—a debate noteworthy for adding to the vocabulary of politics John Bright's famous "Cave of Adullam," and Robert Lowe's biting comment on the *finale*, "Now we must at least educate our new masters"—one broad generalization by Gladstone stands forth preëminent. "You cannot," he exclaimed, as he faced the conceded defeat of his own original measure, "you cannot fight

against the future. Time is on our side. The great social forces which move onwards in their might and majesty, and which the tumult of our debates does not for a moment impede or disturb—those great social forces are against you.”

Here Gladstone touched the crux of the question of finality in politics. But unfortunately for his practical conclusiveness, futile as must be any fight against the future, it still remains that the keenest foresight is often at fault to determine the course of the great social forces. It is open to doubt whether Gladstone himself, as he in that impassioned moment predicted “perhaps not an easy, but a certain, and a not distant victory,” did not speak rather with the confidence of impelling enthusiasm than with the warrant of an assured faith. The *dénouement* reads like the familiar story of the idealist forcing the situation for the opportunist, who by the clever intuition of a Disraeli foresees and forestalls the inevitable outcome—perhaps selfishly, perhaps patriotically, and perhaps both selfishly and patriotically. It is in no sense depreciation of the great service of the idealist, in life acknowledged by the world as it affects the “other fellow,” and in death universally honored, to recognize also the practical service of the opportunist, who divines when and how best to reach a working agreement on a disturbing question. To justify some anomalies, even abuses, in order to secure the abolition of others, is doubtless to be counted as politics and not statesmanship. So at least seems to be classed that representative and best-abused of opportunists, Lord Macaulay, who, in the debate on the great Reform Bill of 1832, opposed uniform representation and, through “distrust of all general theories of government,” praised the ministry “for not effacing the old distinction between the towns and the counties.” But in so far as Macaulay thus contributed to the passage of the bill which gave England a partial settlement for thirty-five years, quieting a contention that threatened revolution, he deserved the tribute paid to him of supporting “that party which is just enough in advance of the age to be of service to it.” This is another word for the party of capacity to give the greatest degree of finality in politics—a party, however, whose effective service can only begin when the agitation of the idealists has done its perfect work.

WHEN a few months ago I read a graceful tale, the moral of which turned upon whether a blue ribbon or a white ribbon best became an ochre-yellow cat with turquoise eyes, it seemed to me an omen of promise, a pale forecast of greater attention on the part of novelists and story-tellers to the question of color in dress. The modern heroine of fiction suffers from a limitation of wardrobe hardly less extreme than her sister of Thackeray's day and Trollope's, when a simple white muslin, with now and then a touch

The Color
Line in Dress.

of heavenly blue to emphasize its symbolism, did service upon all sentimental occasions. Who can forget the satiric vision of Rebecca appearing for the first time in the Sedley dining-room in a pure white gown. With this and her white shoulders, Thackeray sadly comments, she was “the picture of youth, unprotected innocence, and humble virgin simplicity.” And it was in white muslin that Amelia won the unsophisticated heart of Dobbin, and even the tall and slender figure enshrining Ethel Newcome's sapient individuality is constantly enveloped in clouds of filmy white with azure ribbons floating over them.

Mr. Henry James, among Thackeray's worthy successors, has followed somewhat slavishly in Thackeray's steps through this one corner of his extended field of observation, and his lack of originality is the more marked that in rooms and gardens and environments determined by the taste of man his color schemes are the most distinguished to be found in modern literature. His effects have the delicately tinted, dim, and tremulous tone of Corot's pictures, save in his less vital works, where they deaden into the flat blues and pinks and creamy whites of the old pastellists. But his first favorite in color for women's dress is that of the conventional masculine author. He riots in the débütante's snowy draperies, and he signalizes the return to the world of his beautiful Madame de Cintré by clothing her in white with a blue cloak hanging to her feet, its silver clasp combining with its hue to suggest vaguely and entrancingly the heavens adorned by the crescent moon. He has, however, his moments of illumination. His Milly Theale in her diaphanous mourning, with her red hair and translucent skin, makes a Whistler portrait of that master's best period, and his “reduced gentlewomen” in sober grays are touching examples of feminine renunciation.

It requires a poetic soul to draw from gray and black æsthetic inspiration, but the loveliest heroine of all modern fiction subdues her loveliness to such a sober setting. I wonder if any one who ten years ago read "Peter Ibbetson" has forgotten the black dress trimmed with gray, the black and gray hat, and the scent of sandal-wood, all vividly associated with the dream-life of Mimsey, the Duchess of Towers? There is an appreciable artistic merit in the contrast between the solemn sentiment of the garb and the tender human passion of the duchess to which readers alert to impressions of pictorial quality immediately assent.

With the same instinct for felicitous association, William Morris insisted that the visionary but somewhat earthly women of his decorative romances should beautifully embroider their gowns with their own hands in the brightest and most heart-enlivening hues. The effect of color upon the spirits was a feature of his artistic creed, and in his "Land of Nowhere," void of unhappiness, the people, men and women alike, walk in shining garments, making of their thoroughfares perpetual rainbows leading to golden dreams.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps is another writer keenly alive to the psychological aspects of the colors affected by her heroines. In "Avis" the red curtain is made to palpitate to the young girl's fervor of emotion, and in "A Singular Life" Helen's purple conveys the same sympathetic suggestion. The properly responsive reader sees in the first the suffering, and in the second the triumph of love.

By fully utilizing the symbolic value still attached to different colors in certain countries a clever novelist might almost define his plot in advance. White for innocence, blue for fidelity, yellow for jealousy, red for cruelty, black for depression of spirits—many a popular novel has been constructed upon no more complicated lines. And the symbolism might be prettily extended by the

adoption of color names, such as abounded in the Middle Ages. I should like to see such lively cognomens as Vyolet, Goldheu, Bluet, Redheud, Gowldie, and Silver upon the pages of our colorless volumes. Stevenson's John Silver certainly is responsible for some of the vitality in "Treasure Island" and stands for his author's love of pictorial words.

But without resorting to these methods of emphasizing color as an element of literature, the charm of fiction unquestionably could be enhanced by a more liberal sense on the part of writers of the place occupied in human satisfaction by rich hues and harmonious tints. No one lives with soul so dead as to acknowledge no favorite color. That ancient, searching catechism that went by the name of the "Mental Autograph Album" is a faded but authentic testimony to the universality of color preferences in the previous generation which took its introspection so seriously, and I am willing to-day to confess that Grizel, the heart-breaking child of Barrie's tenderest imagination, is dearer to me because of the little brown jacket with its brown fur collar. She invariably appears to me in a brume but glowing mist, out of which shines the honest kindness of her pure face; the color of her plain garb bringing to my mind the rich depths of shadow in the hair of Rubens's women, the lucent splendors of Cyprian wine, the dusky half-tones of frosted oak leaves.

Surely if the mediæval illuminators could adorn their saints on missal and triptych with all the pagan coloring of splendid nature, the modern novelist can permit his heroines—seldom extraordinary in saintliness—a wider range of æsthetic dress than the customary white and blue or chastened gray. One sighs for a second Clara Middleton, accomplished in "the art of dressing to suit the season and the sky," and drifting across the summer day in a ravishing concord of red rose and green and silver and ivory.

THE FIELD OF ART

WATTS, A PAINTER OF PORTRAITS

IN pursuance of a custom which obtains on the death of a man conspicuous in the arts, there will doubtless be placed on exhibition, sooner or later, in England, as large a collection as can be got together of the personal output of the late George Frederick Watts. The collection in this case will include imaginative works, many of large size, works in sculpture, and lastly a series of portraits which for personal interest, aside from their artistic merits, will possibly surpass the production of any contemporary painter of portraits that we may call to mind. Not that the confrères of Watts, whose business it has been to paint portraits, may not have numbered among their sitters as many illustrious names as did the painter we are discussing, but it is indeed doubtful if their aggregate work would as inevitably produce the impression of such subtle interpretation of temperament and character as marks these "human documents" left to the nation by Watts. Much has been said and much will be said of the didactic, the literary side of this painter's art,—of his intellectual and moral elevation, of the fact that he was a painter of ideas, that he sought to give expression to thoughts that were more properly the subjects of poetry or prose, a writer's theme treated through the medium of plastic or graphic art. Much in this position may be true criticism and, from certain premises, successfully maintained—but this attitude would require more lines to elucidate, either *pro* or *con*, than these to which the present writer is limited. The question is perhaps more properly, did Watts, with his technical inadequacy, impress?—and in what was he most impressive? Here is a man so handicapped by limitations, both in drawing and painting, from the point of view of the skilled workman, the virtuoso, that he seems to this expert most inadequately equipped for the mere business of painting; for actual painting is a handicraft, a business. Watts had not much of this. Where can we recall technical passages of this painter that can compare with the competent charm of

handling and lovely qualities of paint that, to quote another modern, Manet, frequently offered to the connoisseur? I know of none. But, conceding this, conceding inadequate drawing, conceding painfully labored pigment, let us not forget that Watts was something above technique—he was an artist. His compositions, literary if you will, were conceived and carried out with an appreciation that the human mind instinctively demands *design* in a given space that is to graphically convey an idea; and in drawing, even Watts seemed to possess the essential at times, and produced a sense of power that often moved the spectator. He possessed, too, an instinct for line, and an admirable feeling for quantity in spaces, and balance of light and shade. In color he often left much to be desired, but here also, in his portraits, he was sonorous and tonal to a superb degree. After all, may it not be through his portraits that he will finally make the strongest appeal to the judgment of posterity?

For insight, differentiation of character, noble attitude of mind in the presence of his sitter—a quality most to be desired in a portrait painter—Watts may be rated high—I should say very high. In the notable series of portraits which, in 1884, was placed on exhibition at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, the qualities above mentioned were conspicuous with, in addition, a pervading sense of powerful and harmonious color. This is much. He has left priceless records of men who have made Victorian England illustrious. Happy the nation that possesses such an artist, and happy the nation that has the good judgment to perpetuate her sons through the medium of art while they are still living and producing—an example that other countries might profitably follow. England was proud of Watts, and honored him—a baronetcy he would not accept, but the gift to the nation of practically the work of his lifetime is the legacy of the artist to the country that recognized his greatness and sought in the conventional way to acknowledge it.

FRANK FOWLER.

GEORGE FREDERICK WATTS: AN APPRECIATION

SPEAKING of Watts, "He makes me forget," remarked an artist, "that I am looking at a picture; I find myself inquiring what kind of life I have been living lately. As an artist, I may be at odds with him sometimes upon technical points, but first and foremost I forget that I am an artist, and only know myself a man in presence of illumination and noble intention."

It is a convenient statement with which to preface an appreciation of Watts, because, while it emphasizes the ethical side of his work, as he himself did, it also brings into view the technical, by which, as an artist, he is bound to be estimated. He is known to the world as a painter of ideas, and, while multitudes have been thankful for the fact, others have found in it a two-fold condemnation: the broadly sweeping one that painting is not concerned with ideas but with certain technical problems, and the more personal one that his particular technique is objectionable.

A man's work should be judged from the point of view which he himself deliberately selects, and Watts regarded himself as a painter with a message for humanity. He used to say that if he had had the gift of words, in which, by the way, he was far from being deficient, he would have reached the world through writing; as it was, he could paint, and that gift he cultivated, not for anything in itself that seemed desirable, but as a servant for the conveyance of his message. Then what of the latter?

It is not as fanciful, as it may appear at first sight, to couple Watts with Hogarth. If we except Blake, as being more an illustrator than a painter, these two stand out, with Turner, the most original, quite possibly the only truly original, artists that the English school has produced. Each believed himself to have a mission, and in both cases it was ethical; a product in Hogarth's of the Puritan conscience, in Watts's of that suave austerity that marked the higher agnosticism of the mid-nineteenth century. Think of Hogarth, on the one hand, audaciously tilting at the pseudo-idealism which had survived from the decadence of Italian art with his sharp satirical realism; on the other, publishing, under the respectable indorsement of acts of Parliament, pictorial sermons bristling with dogmatism, the dogmatism of facts of condemnation. Then

think of Watts, belonging to an age in which many of the finest intellects had shaken themselves free of dogma and were openly avowing agnosticism, but agnosticism of that nobler kind, which, while it admitted it did not *know*, was as far as possible from asserting that it did not *care*; was, indeed, in a condition of doubting faith, but also of faithful doubt. To the materialism which accompanied an age of machinery he held up a lofty idealism; to the indifferentism that characterized in commoner minds the loss of fixed beliefs a noble avowal of the essential seriousness of life. Add that the loftiness of his idealism included the manner of representation as well as the quality of the idea, and, knowing his admiration for the great Venetian masters, we may picture him to our comprehension as having much of Tintoretto in his artistic soul, in his man-soul not a little of the spirit of Cato.

For there is nothing of asceticism in Watts's work, neither the Puritan form of it nor the more general Christian kind that appears in the work of the Italian Primitives and reappears in Burne-Jones. Austere he is, but always with a gracious gravity; with something of the opulence of nature, its bigness, its perennialness and magnificent aloofness.

For, as it has been well said, he had adopted, consciously or unconsciously, for his own purpose that splendid paradox of Christianity, "Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth." A man of beautiful humility, he had yet the staunchest belief in himself and in the righteousness of his view of art; and the latter involved not only the general axiom that art should tend to the uplifting of mankind, but the further postulate that his particular art should be of the kind which would appeal to people of all degrees of culture and ignorance and of every age. No man ever worked more deliberately for posthumous and enduring recognition. While most men with more or less consciousness reflect the spirit of their own age, Watts steadily searched out and essayed to represent those truths of life and love and death which are constant and inescapable, and in such a way as to be universally and perpetually intelligible.

Briefly, Watts's eminence in the region of idealistic painting consists in this, that he created new types, based not upon local or temporal accidents, but upon the everlasting relationship of man with nature; and

in this respect he ranks with the German Boecklin as most original among the painters of the nineteenth century. For the same reason he missed that popular success which depends upon the artist jumping exactly with the rhythm of the time. Yet we have a significant indorsement to the reality of his appeal in the testimony of a head of one of the East Side Missions in London, that no exhibition held there ever aroused so much interest among the people as Watts's.

Significant of his point of view as an artist is the fact that to the majority he is perhaps better known as a painter of portraits than of ideal subjects. One may say that by painting these he kept his touch with the facts of life; wherein he differed from such other painters of the ideal in his time as Rossetti and Burne-Jones. While both of these artists projected their minds upon the background of the past, Rossetti being, indeed, a reincarnation of the early Renaissance, Burne-Jones the interpreter of a past that never existed, save in the imagination of poets, Watts lived and thought and painted in the present. Yet while he fronted living facts, he brought to them the vision of the idealist. In his portraits it is not so much the individual that he represents as the type; and with such a concentrated insight that the import of these portraits will be greater to men not personally acquainted with the originals, since in his reverence for the type he occasionally missed the obvious facts of the individual.

Yet in a technical way they will not stand comparison with the work of many of his contemporaries; for example, with the epigrammatic brilliancy of Blanche, the sturdy improvisation of Lucien Simon, the flashing momentariness of expression of Lenbach and Boldini, or the audacious actuality of Sargent. Technically they are less inspired. But, on the other hand, Watts would as soon have looked for inspiration in his butler, if he permitted himself such a luxury, as in his technique. Both were servants engaged for specific duties, but not to regulate the ideals of the master. On the other hand, he did not underrate the manifest, necessary co-operation of his servant.

To reach a rapid conclusion of Watts's technical ability, we may peg out at once a claim for draughtsmanship, and allow that it is somewhat barren of the verdure of painter quality.

He was a self-taught artist. From a few weeks' study in the Academy schools he escaped to the Elgin Room in the British Museum. The Marbles, as he used to say, were the only teachers that he ever had. This would seem to indicate that as a youth he had a temperamental preference for form—for the large and simple, monumental aspects of it. In later life he practised sculpture, and even in his pictures betrays no little of the sculptor's feeling. Thus to mention only one point, a very significant one, he always kept his outlines clear, even while surrounding the figure with vagueness. For although the expression of the figure may be frail, as in the picture of "Hope," the facts of bodily substance are strongly, almost severely, emphasized, and over and over again Watts has proved his delight in robustness of form, in massiveness of bulk, and marble or bronze-like firmness. Indeed, there can be little doubt that what attracted him in the Venetians was not their sensuous qualities of color, but their large, free, ample treatment of form.

His own use of color was regulated by this preference for the large, tempered with asperity. He had an aversion to what he termed the smearing of pigments; laid them on in pure tints, and with sharp edges where they impinged; sometimes employed raw tones and contrasts of color, crudely assertive, but more frequently worked over them until the figures showed through a veil of reflected light. This combination of an almost childish delight in what is raw and crude and gigantesque with austere restraint, expressed too with singularly unfacile brush strokes, often makes the color qualities of his pictures uncouth and uninviting, only acceptable in time, as one becomes inured to them; either discovering their close affinity with the purpose and temper of the artist's mind, or losing sight of them in the superior qualities of line and form. For it is in these latter that the essential grandeur of Watts's craftsmanship is displayed.

Hogarth had his line of beauty, characteristically dogmatic; the beauty of Watts's use of line consists in its freedom and fluency of expression, in its having a mental and moral as well as an æsthetic value. Withal it is severely simple, strictly architectonic. For example, in that masterpiece, "Love and Death," the centre line of the latter figure's back, carried down through the drapery, is the line about which all the composition is

based. It is the key also to the expression of the picture, fixing at once in simplest and directest terms the artist's complex conception of Death, that unites with resistless force a tender and grave compassion; emphasizing also the frantic, ineffectual desperation, expressed in the figure of Love. Again in the full-length group "Orpheus and Eurydice," what a force of despair and helplessness is expressed in the vertical lines of the legs—the man's stiffened with the vehemence of the strain, the others limp and drooping! What a magnificent languor in the lines of the sleeping "Endymion" and rapidity of whirlpool movement in those of the Diana! How infinitely moving the purity and anguish of his Psyche, and tremulously virginal that bud of maidenhood by which he has symbolized Life in the picture presented by the artist to this country! It has aroused some, no doubt, honest indignation on the score of being indecent. Except that there is a dislike in many people's minds of the use of the nude, a confusion, indeed, of nude and naked; and that the majority are quite unable to read and enjoy the language of line, the objection would be inconceivable, for not only is the figure clothed with purity, but its appeal for protection is so piteous as to shame even a libertine. It is treated, indeed, in a way that not only represents, but admonishes to purity.

Corresponding with Watts's eloquence of line are his use and rendering of form. It is used with symbolical intent, but in a way as far removed as possible from the conventionalities of so-called symbolic painting. To paint a woman and put a mirror in her hand, and call her Truth, would have been impossible for him; probably not a single such object to point the meaning occurs in all his pictures; he had a horror of the conventional, the superficial, the accidental. Always it was the fundamental, the abiding, the perennially understandable thing that he sought to express; so that all his pictures arouse at once certain well-felt sensations of emotion,

for his thought has become embodied in flesh. His constant practice of portraiture kept his use of figures very real and human, yet he had a dread of drifting into realism. We have noted that his portraits were strongly tinged with idealism, and he kept his subject pictures idealistic by never painting from the model. Draw from it he did, to discover the secret of some movement or gesture by means of which his imagination had planned to express itself. But the secret once mastered, he put even the drawings aside and let nothing come between the mutual working of his brain and hand. This habit may explain certain passages of indifferent drawing, of which, however, too much has been made by some critics, who overlook on the one hand the examples of beautiful drawing and modelling that abound in his works, and also the still more important facts that these blemishes were incidental to his mode of working, the price that he had to pay, consciously we must believe and regretfully, for what he deemed to be the pearl of great price. And let us not forget that impeccability in art, as in life, is a rather tedious and middle-class virtue; and that daring to be wrong for a greater right is not the least honorable element of genius.

Aloof from the turmoil of contending schools, serenely poised amid the reeling of beliefs, sane and strong in his confidence that human life was fundamentally beautiful, with a hatred of sordidness and sin, and a huge, wholesome sympathy with human efforts and yearnings, for nearly seventy years he lived and worked upon the mountains of Imagination, a signal figure in the world of art. A creator he certainly has been, and of types so fundamentally intelligible, symbols of facts so inseparable from human experience, and wrought with a craftsmanship which, at its best, has such grandeur and impressiveness that it seems more than probable the desire of his life will be achieved.

CHARLES H. CAFFIN.





Drawn by Walter Appleton Clark.

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SUCH STUFF AS DREAMS ARE MADE OF

By John Corbin

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JULES GUÉRIN



GIVE me three boards and a passion," said the elder Dumas, "and I will give you a play!" Until quite lately that saying voiced the theory of the playwright. But it was on some other plan that M. Victorien Sardou proceeded when he made "Dante" for Sir Henry Irving, and Mr. Stephen Phillips when he made "Ulysses" for Mr. Beerbohm Tree. Instead of three canvas-covered frames propped together so as to stand for a room, with doors so flimsy that in opening and shutting, they sent a quiver through the entire apartment, the point of departure of the modern playwright is a mimic presentation of Earth, Heaven, and Hell, with all their beauties and awe-inspiring horrors embodied in solid detail, or suggested in pictorial atmosphere. The last quarter of the nineteenth century has witnessed such a diffusion of artistic taste and the love of luxury as has never been known before in the history of civilization; and nowhere has the change been more thorough and more obvious than on the stage. The scene-painter of old, who was a touch above the sign-painter, has developed into an artist who takes himself quite seriously, and who deserves to be so taken. The scenic aspect of the drama, which Aristotle reckoned the least important, and which Shakespeare, Molière, and their followers largely ignored, has become a factor of prime importance. But what of the passion with which the elder playwright illuminated his three boards? Most of all, what of the resulting play?

I

IN the youth of men who are still in middle life the stock-company system had not yet passed away, and the scene-painting artisan was a member of the staff of most of the theatres of importance in the larger cities, along with the stage carpenter, the "gas-man," and the stock actors. When the great tragedian arrived at the theatre, with at best a leading actor or two to support him, he expected to find there the trappings and the suits of woe. Some weeks before his coming, the local manager received (together with the "parts" to be taken by the local actors) the plans of the requisite settings.

Then began a strenuous life for the scene-painter. If he had luck, the attractions leading up to the visit of the star were what is known as one-week bills, so that after preparing the regular weekly outfit, he could give the rest of his time to the many sets needful for a season of repertory. Morning and afternoon he worked with feverish haste, on the paint-bridge far aloft in the flies. His palette was a long table on wheels, upon which his pigments were heaped in brilliantly variegated mounds, or were dissolved in vessels ranging from a cup to a half-gallon measure. When he had to cover a large surface, such as the blue sky on a back drop, the pigment, mixed with sizing in buckets, was slapped on with brushes nine inches wide. In his gayer moments he called his paint-bridge the bridge of size.

Upon the stage, thirty, forty, even fifty

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feet below him, others were as busy as he. On one side, the chorus of next week's extravaganza might be rehearsing its songs, while on the other, the ballet was going through its steps to the music of a piano in the centre of the stage. In the intervals,

banging on the piano. Poor old ballet girls of our youth! "Salaries" of ten or fifteen dollars a week, with endless, muscle-racking rehearsals, amid the constant dragooning of the stage manager, and the never-ceasing terror of dismissal and destitution.



A paint-bridge—daytime.

the actors would catch a few moments for rehearsing their scenes in a tragedy. Out of the din would rise the sharp, penetrating voice of the stage manager, whose temper was as short as the time at hand for rehearsal. To the chorus he would shout, "Sing out, can't you! You said you could sing when I engaged you." To the ballet his constant cry was, "Keep your legs up! Keep your toes out! If you can't kick, there are plenty of girls waiting for your places who can!" All this with a plentiful mingling of profanity. The shuffle of tired feet would begin again, to the insistent

No wonder only the harridans among them endured the life!

For the racket of rehearsal the old scene-painter had to have deaf ears. Eight o'clock on Monday night often found him working feverishly on the last scene of the play that was just ringing up. And when the final act of "Othello" was off, it might be necessary to transform the drop showing the seashore of Cyprus by daylight into the midnight scene on the platform at Elsinore, for the matinée of "Hamlet" next day. The pigments the scene-painter used are the lightest, but with successive repaintings



Dracon by Jules Guérin.

The scenic artist at work at night.

the wings would crack like hardening mud, and the drops would belly and sag so as to sweep the floor. If, as sometimes happened, there was not time for repainting, the offing of Elsinore would be presented by any old stock scene—a New England orchard or a Wisconsin prairie. It made little difference if the lights were low enough, and the gas-man would see to that! Historical accuracy and atmospheric effect were the last thing the scene-painter thought of. Not long ago an old scene-painter, now an artist of international reputation, was talking of a comrade of his youth, now the head of a great artistic scene-painting studio in the metropolis. "We worked side by side," he said, "for fourteen, sixteen hours at a stretch, but I could always outlast him. He lets things get on his nerves." The great virtue of the old scene-painter was physical endurance.

II

It was the tours of Henry Irving that made us all acquainted with the full possibilities of the scenic side of the drama.* In "The Merchant of Venice," Irving's stage showed now an actual Venetian street, with an actual Venetian bridge crossing the canal; and again, an actual room in the Palace of the Doges, with its wood-work and tapestries in exact reproduction. In "Faust" the architecture was copied from extant mediæval buildings in Nuremberg. In "Coriolanus" the scenes in forum and capitol, domestic interiors and exteriors, camp and market-place, were all designed by no less an artist than Sir L. Alma Tadema, and according to the most careful archaeological researches. A far cry, this, from the nameless, hard-working artist of the old stock companies! In a few years, accuracy and atmosphere were the watch-words of managers and critics alike.

As early as 1867, the local stock company with its frequent change of bill had begun to give way in America before the travelling

"combination." Joseph Jefferson relates in his Autobiography the ways of those who first took their productions with them. What we now know as the road was then oftenest the canal; and when time pressed and the wind was favorable the itinerant star was glad to prop up a wing, while he sat on deck and puffed his content at the extra speed. After the advent of Irving in 1883, the change was rapid and decisive. The local scene-painter faded away, or betook himself to the metropolis, where he found employment on the paint-bridges of Broadway, and, in time, established scenic studios of his own, independent of the play-house.

When a play has been accepted for production, it is sent to the scene-painter, who goes over it carefully, taking note of all details to be reproduced. Then if the subject is difficult, he makes a sketch of it in the flat. If this proves satisfactory to manager, actor, and author, he builds it up in a miniature model, on the scale of half an inch to the foot, as perfect in proportion and exquisite in detail as the finished scene. An old gentleman lately, looking over a collection of models in one of the New York studios, remarked that his granddaughter would be delighted to have them for doll-houses. The proprietor of the studio smiled to himself. The models for a single play cost well up toward a thousand dollars. For an ordinary four-act comedy the models, scenes, properties, and costumes cost, let us say, five or six thousand dollars. The cost of the great scenic productions is never as much as the press agents say, but has been known to exceed one hundred thousand dollars.

When the model is approved, the stage carpenter takes measurements for such framework as may be necessary. The flimsy construction of the old days has given way to the solidest sort of building. Windows slide in their sashes, doors slam shut, and lock. Staircases are solid to the tread. Trees are built up in the round, and columns are turned out of solid wood. But as every show is intended to travel among all the great cities of the continent, the heaviest scene must be made up of pieces short enough to be packed in a freight car.

The scene-painter marks out the pieces of his model in tiny squares, and then hangs

*Edwin Booth, in his splendid theatre on Twenty-third Street, New York, made a series of beautiful and elaborate productions, beginning in 1869, fourteen years before Irving made his first American tour, and two years before he signalized his advent at the Lyceum by appearing in "The Bells." Booth was, moreover, the first English-speaking actor to discard all the corruptions of Shakespeare's text and adhere as far as possible to the original, a fact of which all Americans should be proud. For better or for worse, however, Booth never made his productions of prime importance, and on tour his scenery was often little short of shabby.



Drawn by Jules Guérin.

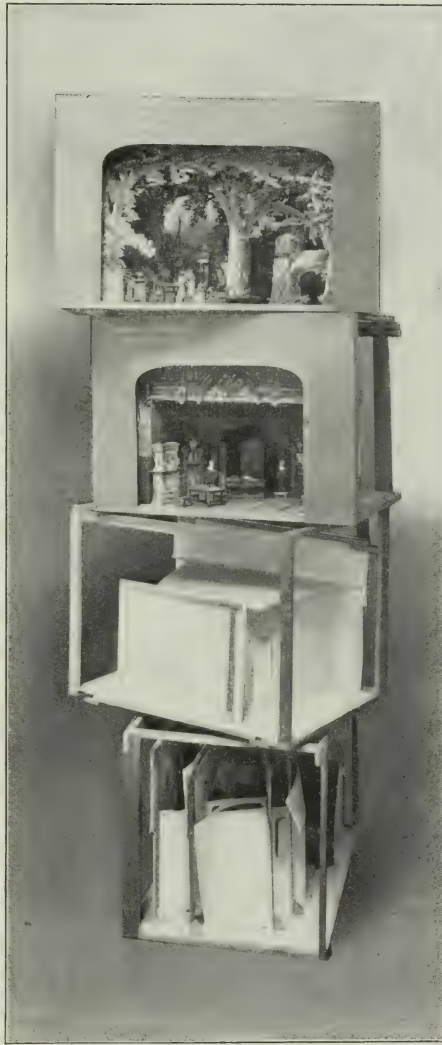
The rehearsal, seen from the fly floor.
The ballet going through its steps to the music of a piano.

a huge canvas beside the paint-bridge with corresponding squares in scale. The draughtsman stands on the bridge with a piece of charcoal on a stick like a billiard cue, and square by square copies the lines of the model, while an assistant raises and lowers the cloth with tackle. Then the body-paint is put on, and the details are added until the cloth is complete. The artist usually works under artificial light; but as the scene is intended to be viewed under the same condition, this is rather an advantage than a disadvantage. More hampering is the fact that he never sees his canvas in perspective until it has been set up in the theatre for rehearsal, when it is too late to revise it. As you look at the result on the paint-bridge, it seems anything but finished—a mere mass of rough lines and daubs. The art of the scene-painter consists in making these rough lines and daubs in the one precise manner which, when seen from the auditorium across the foot-lights, will suggest, with exquisite precision, the very air and light of the author's imagination.

III

IN extravaganza and melodrama, carpenter and scene-painter have quite overtopped the playwright. In their vision The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,

are very far from being baseless fabrics, and the pageants they provide are anything but insubstantial. No marvel of earth, fire, air or water is too vast for their art.



Stage model of scenery, made on the scale of one-half inch to the foot.

Who does not remember the idyll of the poppy field in "The Wizard of Oz"? A chorus of slender and shapely maidens dons vermeil hats like piano lamps and gowns of delicate, leafy shreds—a garden of stately flowers! Soft music is playing, and fantastic lights swim about them. While still the senses are purring with the strange delight, the approach of a storm is heard. A snow flake or two flutter down, then a flock of them scurry among the poppies. Of a sudden, in an interval of darkness, the tall flowers vanish—hidden, as it later appears, beneath a bleak field of snow! Poppies come in July, and snow-storms not until later; so who shall say that the scenic episode is not marvellous!

The leading actor, meantime, is Hamlet without a play. The real protagonist is the hundreds of anonymous

young women who lend flesh and substance—a local habitation, if not a name—to the fine frenzies of the scene-painter. Girls, girls, girls! Nothing but girls—flashing, dashing, entrancing girls! Bright cheeks, glancing eyes, the twinkle of fleshings, the patter of nimble feet, the rush and swirl of march and counter-march, the constant

changing of gorgeous scenery, and the swooning of riotous lights—that is what ravishes the commonest senses, and annihilates common sense. It would be vain to ask for more wit in the lines, more comedy in the story and the characters. In view of what is usually supplied, in fact, it would be not so vain as rash! Democracy rules, and the stage, like everything else, is finding the lowest common denominator of intelligence, which is of course the picture-book. Let us hasten to grant that it is the most beautiful of picture-books! To doubt it is to doubt that the valentine is the highest art—and that way madness lies.

Even in melodrama, where the story is of prime importance, scenery has usurped the place of the spoken word. In "The Great Ruby," the struggle for a priceless gem reaches its crisis in a circus balloon. The tether is cut, and the back drop revolves vertically, making the balloon soar aloft, with the hero inside and the villain clinging desperately to the outer network. The fight in mid-air is long and fierce, but in the end the hero wrests away the jewel and hurls the villain down to earth, now far below. So great is the realism that one feels sick and faint, as if falling too. The balloon, relieved of the villain's weight, leaps suddenly upward; and, as the curtain descends, the triumphant hero, clutching the great ruby, is lost in the flies.

The most famous of all such scenes is the submarine fight in "The White Heather." The plot hinges on papers that have gone down at sea in the cabin of a yacht. It is a race between hero and villain to secure them. On one scene we observe the descent from the surface in a diving-suit, and are acquainted with the life-line and the air-tube supplying breath. Then the boats and the surface of the sea ascend into the loft, while a half transparent front-cloth, called a scrim, appears, through which one sees the hero descending to the wreck. Just as he secures the box containing the papers, the villain, also in a diving-suit, looms up out of the sea. It is a fight to the death, and audiences, long accustomed to the noise and action of such encounters, prepare for the shock. But not a word is heard. There is no rushing together, no sparring for vantage. Of a sudden one realizes why, and feels as if he were fathoms down in the ocean, in helmet and armor,

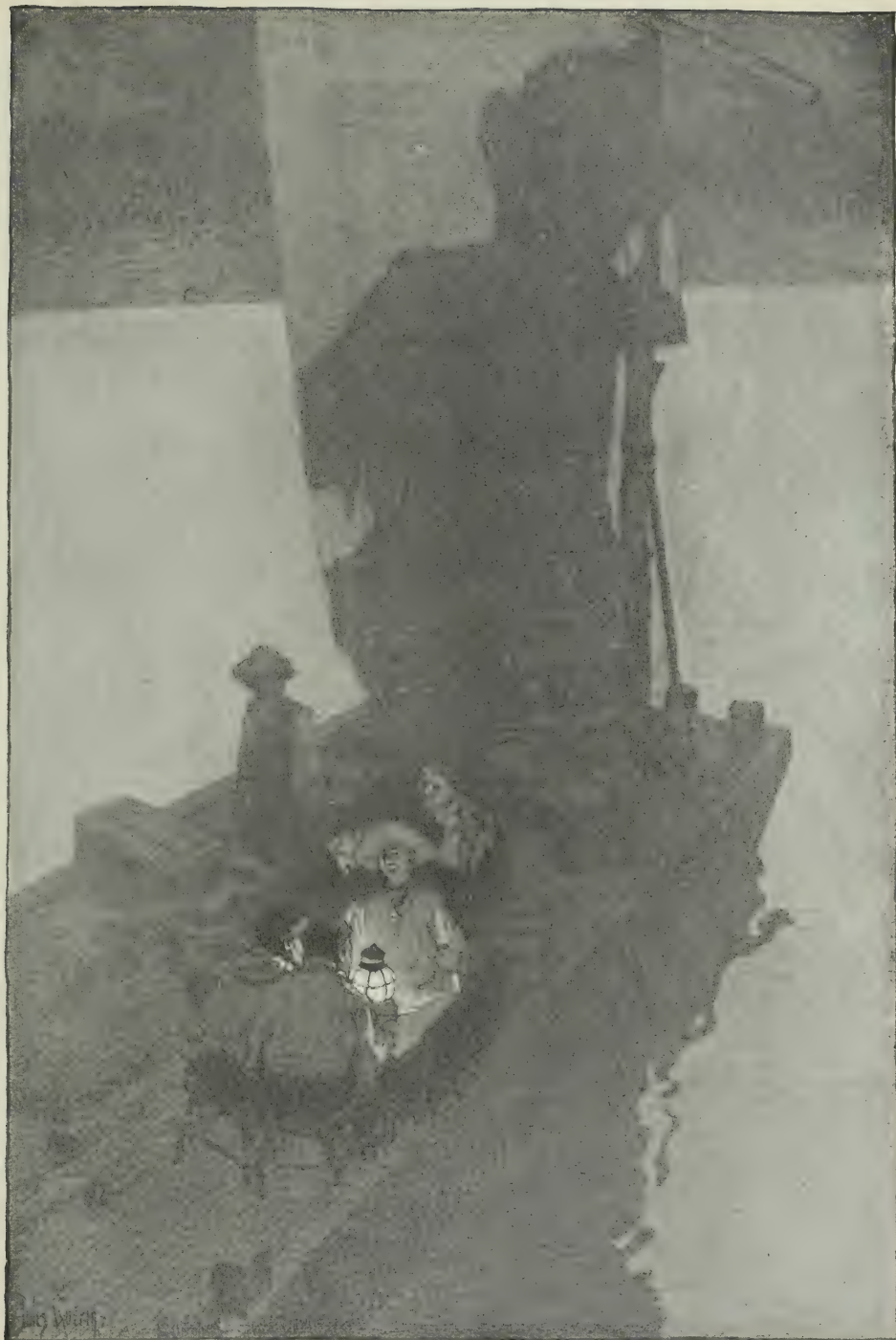
with the pressure of the deep sea heavy on his head and chest. The two men, swaying almost imperceptibly forward, flow toward each other, slowly and silently, but irresistibly, remorselessly. At last they touch and grapple; and their mighty struggles only serve to sway them like seaweed in the slow pulse of the ocean. Presently the villain's knife finds its opening in the joints of the diving-suit. The hero sees the danger, gives the signal on his life-line, and is dragged slowly upward. As he rises he reaches for his opponent's air-tube, and with a slow swirl of his arm, cuts it. The villain's clutches grope toward his ears, his mouth, as if to keep out the rush of brine. But he can only fumble the great globe of his diver's helmet, now filled with water. He gags, chokes, and clutches his throat in agony. Still no sound is heard, no motion is seen but a slow swaying of despair as he sinks on the floor of the sea.

If words are lacking in these scenes, the action is more than illuminated by the pictures. And are not these scenic marvels an improvement on the old cries of "Villain, I have thee!" "Revenge is mine!" and the rest?

IV

IN the field of the so-called legitimate, the change has been as great. When, about 1837, Charles Mathews the younger substituted a real drawing-room for the three boards and two chairs of tradition, he little suspected what the end would be. It was not until the late sixties, a generation afterward, that Robertson, to the joy of some and the horror of others, introduced a solid and consistent realism. He served tea in cups and saucers; and in the scene in the Crimean barracks in "Ours," when the doors were opened and shut, little drifts of snow blew in with a whistle of wind that sent frigid shivers down the spine.

Beside the luxury of the best modern stage managers, the realism of Robertson would look bare enough. In several of Clyde Fitch's interiors, the walls are hung with real silk brocade; the furniture is the best the shops of Fifth Avenue afford, and the whole is faithful in all details to a single style. The effect is richer and more tasteful than in many a millionaire's drawing-room. Mr. Fitch's exteriors are equally well studied. In "Major André," the



Drawn by Jules Guérin.

Using a back-drop as a sail on the Mississippi.
An incident in the Autobiography of Joseph Jefferson.

scenes of the capture represented the underbrush of an autumn forest, with actual yellow, scarlet, and crimson leaves fixed to actual bushes, through which André and his Continental captors rustled as they moved about the stage. In "The Climbers" one set was meant to show a cold, fine snow-storm in the yard of a rustic inn. Mr. Fitch, as the story goes, ordered that the paper snow-flakes be cut in minute squares, and when he found that the employees insisted on the great wet goose feathers of stage tradition, he took the work into his own hands. The result was a scene that made one fairly shiver in the chill of a dry, hard, sifting snow, and admirably reinforced with the scene of blighted emotion which it framed.

The final touch of realism can be given only by the lighting. In the foot-lights, on the borders of the proscenium arch, and at intervals in the flies are rows of incandescent burners, white, red, blue and amber; and at the switch-board stands the electrician, who is able to throw almost any shade of color upon almost any spot. "A little more amber, please," or "Not so fast with the blue," cries the patient manager, bent on showing the small, slow gradations of falling twilight; and the actor is placed on this spot or on that, until the composite rays throw just the requisite glow on his full face, or just the rim of fading gold to give saliency to his profile. Very different this from the days when the Sidney Cartons, as they stood on the guillotine at nightfall, insisted on having the lime-light full in their faces, stamping their features on the eyes of their audiences, perhaps, but quite ruining the atmosphere of the scene. Mr. David Belasco has, perhaps, carried the use of light to the highest point. "The Darling of the Gods" was a riot of deep and splendid aerial effects. But others are not far behind. In Mrs. Fiske's "Mary of Magdala," the scene of the crucifixion, which of course takes place off-stage, is accompanied by a thunder-storm, the atmospheric realism of which is marvellous. The mere mechanics of the stage have never been used more legitimately to reinforce an effect of sublimity.

V

POWERFUL as stage realism may be made, the limits of its usefulness are narrower,

perhaps, than has generally been recognized. In proportion as a play has literary and dramatic quality, its subject-matter is character and emotion, to the creation of which dialogue and the acting are of chief moment; and the mind that is absorbed in a picture tends to ignore what the actor is saying and doing. "For many years," writes Joseph Jefferson, in his Autobiography, "I had remarked a growing disinclination on the part of the general public to listen to dialogue unless it revealed the plot of the play, or abounded in easily understood wit. The question may be asked, Why should this be? Is not the audience of to-day as intelligent as that of a hundred years ago? This may be so, but by degrees it has been accustomed to a supply of entertainments for the eye rather than for the ear, and like a child that has lately been fed upon sugar-plums, it has lost its taste for daintier morsels." No one has ever written more understandingly than Mr. Jefferson of the conditions of the art of acting, and no one has expressed more clearly the necessity for concentrating attention. His repudiation of the often-made proposal that "Rip Van Winkle" be produced as a spectacle play is a masterpiece of quaint and reasonable irony, and he warns the actor even against the use of gesture, or pantomimic action. "Let us take a point where the audience is called upon for rapt attention, where the situation is so subtle that the head bowed slowly down, or a movement of the eye will reveal the meaning. Now, at this critical point, if one of the actors should even remove his hat, or unmeaningly shift his position, he will destroy the effect. . . . The audience cannot look in two places at once." In a similar vein, when Edwin Booth once asked Jefferson to criticise his acting, Jefferson replied that beautiful as Booth's gestures were, he used so many of them that they impaired the more important effect of his facial expression and of his speech; and Booth acknowledged the justice of the criticism. Is there not a hint here for the artistic playwright prone to the use of striking pictorial effects?

In "The Way of the World," Clyde Fitch opened with the leading characters in an automobile running at speed through Central Park, the park being represented by rods of painted canvas unrolling backward



Drawn by Jules Guérin.

The chorus on a stone wall.
How the scene looks from the back.

as the automobile was supposed to go forward. The audience was breathless with surprise at the novelty, and lost itself in following the familiar scenes as they sped past. But what, meantime, became of the dialogue? In "The Stubbornness of Geraldine," Mr. Fitch gave up his first act to depicting the deck of an Atlantic liner, rolling in the trough of a gentle swell, with all the familiar details of sea-sickness, love-sickness and the rest. The act was one of the most amusing ever written by an American playwright, but such was the force of the realism, and the consequent weakness of the story, that when the hero and heroine leaned together over the rail toward the audience, even the serious-minded questioned whether they were love-sick or seasick. Mr. David Belasco has given up the last scene in his latest production, "Sweet Kitty Bellairs," to a flood of real, wet rain. By means of his clever lighting, he has produced so strong an atmospheric effect that at the final curtain many in the audience instinctively grope on the floor for overshoes that are not there, and others, when they reach the foyer, absently lament forgotten umbrellas, though the frost outside is nipping noses and the glacial stars are glittering above. But what of the dramatic climax of the story? It has been drowned out, like a rat in a flooded cellar.

VI

IN such Shakespearian plays as "A Midsummer Night's Dream" and "The Tempest," it is perhaps possible to use lavish appurtenances with effect. Their genre is precisely that of modern musical comedy, lyric numbers alternating with grotesque fooling and pretty sentiment in a land of fairy enchantment. And there is evidence that even Shakespeare gave them a more embellished and masque-like setting than has yet been conceded. But in the purely dramatic plays, our abuse of scenic effects has reached its climax. They were written for a stage that was open to the public on three sides, and of necessity had no proscenium arch, no wings and flies and only such set pieces and properties as could be quickly shifted. The "two hours' traffic on the stage," of which Shakespeare speaks, must have been mainly a matter of action and dialogue. In

modern productions, in order to give time for the various changes, the scenes of the play have to be mercilessly cut; and if this is not enough to dim the character-drawing and halt the narrative, long pauses have to be made for the scene-shifter. And when the scenery is revealed it impairs the effect of the acting. Can an eye that is bent on Venetian tapestries and Roman archæology give full heed to what Shylock or Coriolanus is doing?

Worst of all, the poetry of the lines is killed. When the curtain rings up before Macbeth's castle, one sees a jutting wall which, in spite of all the scene-painter can do, is obviously paint and canvas, and is, furthermore, hopelessly out of proportion to the actors and even the trees. Duncan and Banquo come in, and looking at the mimic castle, Banquo says:

This guest of summer,
The temple-haunting martlet, does approve
By his loved mansionry, that the heaven's breath
Smells wooingly here: no jutting, frieze,
Buttress, nor coign of vantage, but this bird
Has made his pendent bed and procreant cradle.

Could anything be in more beautiful and effective contrast with the dark fate which, as the audience well knows, is awaiting Duncan within? But with the trivial image of the scene-painter stamped on the mind, is it possible to get the visual images Shakespeare intended? Is it possible to feel their full emotional value? Instinctively the eye tallies off the items in the lines with the details in the scenery, and whether or not it sees the martlet's pendent bed and procreant cradle, the effect is equally fatal to a moment of beauty and foreboding. It is so with Horatio's "morn in russet mantle clad," so with the moonlight on Portia's terrace at Belmont, so, in fact, in the case of all the marvellous verbal suggestions with which Shakespeare has been at pains to envelop and reënforce his action. Instead of illustrating them, the redundant splendor kills them.

VII

THE past generation has introduced into the drama a new element of great power for good and evil. It rests with the public, quite as much as with the managers and the critics, to welcome it when it is intelligently used, and to resent it when it is fatal to sound and harmonious art.

THE OLD-TIME NEGRO

By Thomas Nelson Page

I



HAT the "old-time negro" is passing away is one of the common sayings all over the South, where once he was as well known as the cotton plant and the oak tree. Indeed, he has become so rare that even now when a gray and wrinkled survivor is found he is regarded as an exceptional character, and he will soon be as extinct as the dodo. That he will leave a gap which can hardly be filled is as certain as that the old-time cavalier or the foster-father of romance has left his gap.

The "new issue" at which the old-time negro, who had been the servant and the associate of gentlemen, once turned up his nose from his well-secured position, and of which he spoke in terms of scornful reprobation, has, with the passing of time, ousted him from his stool, and he is no longer the "new issue," but the general type that prevails commonly—the negro with his problem; a problem which it may take all the wisdom, all the forbearance, and all the resolution of the white race to solve.

Some of the "Afro-Americans," with the veneer of a so-called education, to judge from recent works written by certain of them, presume to look down somewhat scornfully on this notable development of their race, and assume a fine scorn of the relation which once existed all over the South between the old-time Southerner and the old-time darky, and which still exists where the latter still survives.

They do not consider that large numbers of this class held positions of responsibility and trust, which they discharged with a fidelity and success that is the strongest proof of the potentiality of the race. They do not reckon that warm friendship which existed between master and servant, and which more than any other one thing gives promise of future and abiding friendship between the races when left to settle their relations without outside interference.

One going through the South now—even through those parts where the old-time darky was once the regular and ordinary picture, unless he should happen to drift into some secluded region so far out of the sweep of the current that its life had been caught as in an eddy, would never know what the old life had been, and what the old-time negroes were in that life. Their memory is still cherished in the hearts of those to whom they stood in a relation which cannot be explained and cannot be understood by those who did not know it as a vital part of their home-life. Even these will soon have passed from the stage, and in another decade or two the story of that relation, whose roots were struck deep in the sacreddest relations of life, will be only a tradition kept alive for a generation or two, but gradually fading until it is quite blurred out by time.

Curiously, whatever the Southerners may think of slavery—and there were many who reprobated its existence—whatever they may think of "the negro" of to-day, there is scarcely one who knew the negro in his old relation who does not speak of him with sympathy and think of him with tenderness. The writer has known men begin to talk of new conditions fiercely, and on falling to talking of the past, drift into reminiscences of old servants and turn away to wipe their eyes. And not the least part of the bitterness of the South over the negro question as it has existed grows out of resentment at the alienation of what was once a relation of warm friendship and tender sympathy.

Of slavery it might be said that whatever its merits and demerits, it divided this country into two sections, with opposing interests, and finally plunged it into a vast and terrible war. This is condemnation enough.

One need not be an advocate of slavery because he upsets ideas that have no foundation whatever in truth and sets forth facts that can be substantiated by the experience of thousands who knew them at first hand.

II

It is well known by those who knew the old plantation life that there were marked divisions between the negroes. There were among them what might be termed different orders. These were graded by the various relations in which the individuals stood to the "white folks"—that is, to the master and mistress and their family.

The house-servants represented a class quite distinct from and quite above the "field-hands," of whom they were wont to speak as "cornfield niggers," while among the former were degrees as clearly defined as ever existed in an English gentleman's house, where the housekeeper and the butler held themselves above the rest of the servants, only admitting to occasional fellowship the lady's maid.

Among the first in station were the mammy, the butler, the carriage-driver, the ladies' maids, the cook, and the gardener, with the "boys" who were attached to one or the other position as assistants and were in training for the places when the elders should fail. Among the "field-hands" was, first, the "head man."*

The "head man" was the equal of any other servant—a rank due, perhaps, partly to his authority and partly to the character that brought him this authority. He was the foreman, or assistant superintendent of the plantation. He carried the keys; he called the hands to work; directed them, and was, to some extent, in authority over them. Such a one I knew, mighty in word and act, who towered above the hands he led, a "head man," indeed.

A somewhat inaccurate idea prevails of the Southern plantation life, due, possibly, to the highly colored pictures that have been painted of it in books of a romantic order, in which the romance much outweighed the ha'pennyworth of verisimilitude. The current idea is that a Southern plantation was generally a great estate, teeming with black slaves who groaned under the lash of the drivers and at night were scourged to their dungeons, while their masters revelled in ill-used luxury and steeped themselves in licentiousness, not stopping at times to "traffic in their own flesh and blood."

* The name "driver" was unknown in Virginia, whatever it may have been in the South. And the "driver" of slave-horror novels was as purely the creature of the imagination as Cerberus, or the Chimera.

It may be well to say in the outset that nothing could be further from the truth.

There were great estates, but they were not numerous. There were, possibly, a score of persons in Virginia who owned over three hundred slaves, and ten or a dozen who owned over five hundred. Such estates were kept up in a certain style which almost always accompanies large wealth. But the great majority of the plantations in Virginia, and, so far as my reading and observation have gone, elsewhere, however extensive were the lands, were modest and simple, and the relation between masters and servants was one of close personal acquaintance and friendliness, beginning at the cradle and scarcely ending at the grave.

At the outbreak of the war, while the number of the white population of the Southern States was about thirteen millions, the number of slave-owners and slave-hirers, including those who owned or hired but one slave, was, perhaps, less than a half-million; that is, of the adult whites, men and women, estimating them as one-fifth each of the population, less than one in ten owned or hired slaves.†

Thus, while slavery on the great plantations, where the slaves numbered several hundreds, was liable to such abuses as spring readily from absenteeism, on most of the plantations the slaves and the masters were necessarily brought into fairly close contact, and the result of this contact was the relation of friendship which has

† In Georgia, for example, as shown by the investigation of Professor DuBois, one of the best educated and trained colored men in the South, there were, in 1860, 455,698 negroes and 591,550 whites. Of these, there were 3,500 free negroes and 462,195 slaves owned by 40,773 slave-holders, or about 10½ to each slave-holder.

Of these slave-holders,

16 per cent. of all—6,713 owned	1 slave,
10 " " " —4,353 " "	2 slaves,
8 " " " —3,482 " "	3 " "
2 984 " "	4 " "
2,543 " "	5 " "
2,213 " "	6 " "
1,839 " "	7 " "
1,647 " "	8 " "
1,415 " "	9 " "
4,707 " "	10 or under 15 slaves,
2,523 " "	15 " " 20 "
2,010 " "	20 " " 30 "
1,400 " "	30 " " 40 "
739 " "	40 " " 50 "
720 " "	50 " " 70 "
373 " "	70 " " 100 "
181 " "	100 " " 200 "
23 " "	200 " " 300 "
7 " "	300 " " 500 "
1 " "	500 " " 1000 "

From this table it will be seen that 6,713, or about 16½ per cent., owned only one slave, 10½ per cent. owned only two slaves, and 50 per cent. owned five slaves or fewer, while 66 per cent. (27,191) owned under ten slaves; 1,102 owned between fifty and one hundred, and but 212 owned over one hundred, while only twenty-three owned over two hundred.

been the wonder and the mystification of those who considered slavery the sum of all the villainies.

The chief idea that prevails as to the relation is taken from a work of fiction which, as a political pamphlet written under the stress of deep feeling, whatever truth it had as basis, certainly does not present a true picture.

Work was parceled out among the "hands," the "hands" being divided into sections: plough-hands, drivers, hoe-hands, etc.

Their homes were known as "the quarters." On the larger plantations they were divided by streets.

On the plantation which the writer knew best, there were several double-cabins on the quarter hill and three or four facing on the backyard. In one of the latter was a room which was the joy of his heart, and which, after forty years, is still touched with a light more radiant than many a palace apartment he has seen. It was known as "Unc' Balla's room," and its occupant was so great a man to me that I have never known his superior. "Uncle Balla" was the carriage-driver, and not from Jehu down was ever one who, in the writer's mind, could hold a candle to him. He was the guide, philosopher, and friend of my boyhood. And no better, saner, or more right-minded guide ever lived.

In that room were "chists," which I even now think of with an indrawing of the breath, as I imagine their precious and unexplored contents. Verily, they must have held golden ingots. Then, there was his cobbler's bench, for he was a harness-maker and cobbler—and his cooper's bench, for he made the noggins and piggins and pails for the milkmaids. And when it came to horses! As I have sat and heard the learned at races and horse-shows air their knowledge, I have been filled with a sudden longing wish that Uncle Balla were there to show what real knowledge was.

He lived for thirty years after the war in a little house on the edge of the plantation, and when he began to fail he was brought home, where he could be better looked after. At the end, his funeral services were conducted from the front portico and he was followed to the grave by white and black as his mourners.

Each cabin had, or might have had, its

little yard and garden, and each family had its chicken-house and yard.

On the larger plantations, where the negroes numbered two hundred or more, nearly everything was made by them, so that such an estate was a little world in itself, substantially self-supporting. On our place, while the spinning and weaving and the carpentry-work were done on the place, most of the cloth for clothing and the shoes were bought in town in the spring and autumn, and the tailor and cobbler kept them in order. In purchasing the shoes, each person brought his measure, a stick the exact length of his foot. This stick had certain marks or notches on it, and the negro kept a duplicate, by which to identify his shoes when they arrived.

III

No servants or retainers of any race ever identified themselves more fully with their masters. The relation was rather that of retainers than of slaves. It began in the infancy of both master and servant, grew with their growth and continued through life. Such a relation does not now, so far as I know, exist, except in the isolated instances of old families who have survived all the chances and changes with the old family servants still hanging on. Certainly, I think, it did not exist anywhere, unless, perhaps, on the country estates of the gentry in England and, possibly, in France and parts of Germany.

This relation in the South was not exceptional. It was the general, if not the universal rule. The servants were "my servants" or "my people"; the masters were to the servants, "*my* master and *my* mistress," or, "my white folks." Both pride and affection spoke in that claim.

In fact, the ties of pride were such that it was often remarked that the affection of the slaves was stronger toward the whites than toward their own offspring. This fact, which cannot be disputed, has been referred by Professor Shaler to a survival of a tribal instinct which preponderated over the family instinct. Others may possibly refer it to the fact that the family instinct was, owing to the very nature of the institution of slavery, not allowed to take deep root. Whatever the cause, it does not ap-

pear even now to have taken much root, at least, according to the standard of the Anglo-Saxon, a race whose history is founded upon the family instinct.

The family ties among the negroes appear to be scarcely as strong now as they were under the institution of slavery. Marital fidelity is, if we are to believe those who have had good opportunities of observation, not as common now as it was then. The instances of desertion of husbands, of wives, of parents, or children would possibly offset any division that took place under that institution.

A number of old negroes whom I have known have been abandoned by nearly all of their children, who, when they grow up, leave them with scarcely less unconcern than do any order of the lower animals.

The oldest son of our dining-room servant went off at the time of one of Sheridan's raids and was never heard of again until some twenty years after the war, when it was learned that he was a fisherman on the lower James, and although he lived, and may be living yet, within a hundred miles of his old home, where his father and mother live, he never took the trouble even to communicate with them once. The next son went off to the South after the war, and the only time that he ever wrote home, so far as I know, was when he wrote to ascertain his age, in order that he might qualify to vote. The same may be said of many others.

The mammy was, perhaps, the most important of the servants, as she was also the closest intimate of the family. She was, indeed, an actual member of the household. She was usually selected in her youth to be the companion of the children by reason of her being the child of some favored servant and, as such, likely to possess sense, amiability, judgment, and the qualities which gave promise of character and efficiency. So she grew up in intercourse with the girls of the family, and when she married she became, in turn, the nurse and assistant to the mammy, and then the mammy of her young mistress's children, and, after, of their children.

She has never been adequately described. Chiefly, I fancy, because it was impossible to describe her as she was.

Who may picture a mother? We may dab and dab at it, but when we have done

our best we know that we have stuck on a little paint, and the eternal verity stands forth like the eternal verity of the Holy Mother, outside our conception, only to be apprehended in our highest moments, and never to be truly pictured by pen or pencil.

So, no one can describe what the mammy was, and only those can apprehend her who were rocked on her generous bosom, slept on her bed, fed at her table, were directed and controlled by her, watched by her unsleeping eye, and led by her precept in the way of truth, justice, and humanity.

She was far more than a servant. She was a member of the family in high standing and of unquestioned influence. She was her mistress's coadjutress and her wise adviser, and where the children were concerned, she was next to her in authority.

My father's mammy, old Krenda, was said to have been an African princess, and whether there was any other foundation for the idea than her commanding presence and character, I know not; but these were unquestionable. Her aphorisms have been handed down in the family since her time. Among them was one which has a smack of the old times: "Good manners will cyah you whar money won't."

I remember my mammy well, though she died when I was a child. Her name was Lydia, and she was the daughter of old Betty, who had been my great-grandmother's maid. Betty used to read to her mistress during the latter years of her life, when she was blind. Lydia had been my mother's mammy before she was mine and my brother's, and she had the authority and prestige of having been such.

After forty-five years, I recall with mingled affection and awe my mammy's dignity, force, and kindness; her snowy bed, where I was put to sleep in the little upstairs room, sealed with pictures from the illustrated papers and with fashion-plates, in which her artistic feeling found its vent; and the delicious "biscuit-bread" she made, which I thought better than that of all the cooks and bakers in the world. In one corner stood her tea-table, with her "tea-things," her tea and white sugar.

I remember, too, the exercise of her authority, and recall, at least, two "good whippings" that she gave me.

One curious recollection that I have of her is of a discussion between her and one

of her young mistresses on the subject of slavery, in which the latter fell back on what is, possibly, one of the strongest arguments of the slave-holder, the Bible, and asserted that God had put each of them in their places. It may be left to the reader to say which had the better of the argument. The interest of the matter now is rather academic than practical.

A few days before my mammy's death she made her will, dividing her "things," and such wills were as strictly observed as if they had been admitted to probate. Among her bequests were her feather-bed and pillows to my elder brother. She made my mother bring a pen and write his name on the bed and pillows. And these pillows are now in his rectory in Brooklyn.

It was from our mammies that we learned those delightful stories of "Brer Fox" and "Brer Hyah," which the children of a later generation have learned through the magic pen of "Uncle Remus." It was from them also that we learned many of the lessons of morality and truth.

Next to the mammy in point of dignity was, of right, the butler. He held much the same position that is held in English houses. He was a person in authority, and he looked that every inch. He had his ideas, and they usually prevailed. He was the governor of the young children, the mentor of the young men, and their counsellor even after they had grown up.

Some of my readers may have seen in some hotel a negro head-waiter who was a model of dignity and of grave authority—a field-marshal in ebony—doing the honors of his dining-room like a court chamberlain, and ruling his subordinates with the authority of a despot. Such a one was probably some gentleman's butler, who had risen by his abilities to be the chief of the dining-room.

More than one such character rises before me from the past, and the stories of their authority are a part of the traditional record of every family. The most imposing one that I personally remember was "Uncle Tom," the butler of a cousin, whose stateliness impressed my childhood's fancy in a way which has never been effaced. I have seen monarchs less impressive. His authority was so well recognized that he used to be called to make the children take their physic.

It was said that one of the children, who is now a matron of great dignity and a grandmother, once, in an awed whisper, asked her grandmother, who was the mistress of "Uncle Tom" and of several hundred other servants, "Gran'ma, is you feared o' Unc' Tom?" And her grandmother, who told the story, used to add: "And you know the truth is, I am."

It was a cousin of hers, Mrs. Carter, of Shirley, who used to say that when she invited company she always had to break it to Clarissy, her maid.

In truth, whatever limitation there was on the unstinted hospitality of the South was due to the fact that the servants were always considered in such matters.

This awe of the butler in his grandeur often did not pass away with youth. He both demanded and received his due respect even from grown members of the family. Of one that I knew it is told now by gray-headed men how, on occasion, long after they were grown, he would correct their manners, even at table, by a little rap on the head and a whispered reproof, as he leaned over them to place a dish. And I never knew one who did not retain his position of influence and exercise his right of admonition.

I have known butlers to take upon themselves the responsibility of saying what young gentlemen should be admitted and to whom the ladies should be denied. In fact, every wise young man used to be at pains to make friends with the old servants, for they were a sagacious class and their influence in the household was not inconsiderable. They had an intuitive knowledge, which amounted to an instinct, for "winnowing the grain from the chaff," and they knew a "gent'man" at sight. Their acute and caustic comments have wrecked the chances of many an aspiring young suitor who failed to meet with their approval.

IV

THERE is a universal belief that the negroes under slavery had no education. I have seen it stated a number of times that it was made a crime by law, in every State of the South, to teach one to read. I have not been able to find these laws. Teaching them was not encouraged, generally, and

such laws may have existed in some of the States of the South; but they did not exist in Virginia. Several of our negroes could read, and if it was not the same on most of the plantations, it was at least the same on those of which I had any knowledge. My great-grandmother's maid used, I have heard, to read to her regularly, and in our family the ladies used to teach the girls as much as they would learn. But apart from book-learning, they had, especially the house-servants, the education which comes from daily association with people of culture, and it was an education not to be despised. Some gentlemen carried on a correspondence about home affairs with their butlers during their absence from home. For instance, I recall hearing that when Mr. Abel P. Upshur was Secretary of the Navy, some gentlemen were at his house, and were discussing at table some public matter, when the butler gave them the latest news about it, saying that he had that morning received a letter from his master.

There is an idea that the negroes were in the state of excitement and agonized expectancy of freedom that the Anglo-Saxon race felt it would have been in under similar circumstances. Much is made, at certain kinds of meetings, of the great part which they contributed toward saving the Union. This, too, may be set aside as bordering on the controversial. But it may not be outside of this phase of the matter, and it will throw some light on it to state briefly what was the attitude of the negro slave population toward the quarrel between the North and the South.

The total number of negro enlistments and re-enlistments on the Federal side was between 189,000 and 190,000. When it is considered that this embraced all the soldier element of the negroes in the North and of the refugee element in the South, either by persuasion of bounties or under stress of compulsion, whether of military draft or of "belly-pinching," the number does not appear large. After midsummer, 1863, the North occupied the States of Maryland, Missouri, Kentucky, half of Virginia, of Tennessee, of Louisiana, of Arkansas, of Mississippi, and considerable portions of the Carolinas and Alabamas. That is, she occupied a third, and nearer a half, of the entire slave-holding territory of the South, while the penetration of her raiding

parties into the regions occupied by the Southern troops furnished, at times, opportunity to, possibly, a fourth of the young men of that section to escape from bondage had they been moved by the passion of freedom. It is at once a refutation of the charge of the cruelty of slavery, so commonly accepted, and an evidence of the easy-going amiability and servility of the negro race that, under all the excitement and through all the opportunities and temptations surrounding them, they should not only have remained faithful to their masters, but that the stress of the time should have appeared to weld the bond between them.

That there was a wild and adventurous element among them is well known. It was to be expected, and was an element in whom the instincts of wild life in the jungle and the forests survived. Every large plantation had one or more who had the runaway spirit keenly alive. There were several on our place. They ran away when they were crossed in love or in any other desire of their hearts. They ran away if they were whipped, and, as they were the shirkers and loafers on the plantations, if any one was whipped, it was likely to be one of them. Yet, curiously enough, if a runaway was caught and was whipped, he was very unlikely to run off again until the spirit seized him, when nothing on earth could stop him.*

One other class was likely to furnish the element that went off, and this was the "pampered class." House-servants were more likely to go than field-hands. Their ears were somehow more attuned to the song of the siren.†

Against those who availed themselves of the opportunities offered them to escape from the bondage of domestic slavery may be put the great body of the negro race who, whether from inability to grasp the vastness of the boon of liberty held out to them, or from fear of the ills they knew not of,

* We had three or four such young men on our plantation, and although the plantation lay within two or three miles of the roads down which Sheridan and Stoneman passed, and within twelve or fifteen miles of those along which Grant passed, these were the only negroes from our place who went off during the war. In all, four young men left us.

† If any one wishes to get an insight into this phase of the negro character and at the same time pass a delightful half hour, let him get and read Harry Stillwell Edwards's story of the "Two Runaways."

† That very "Uncle Tom," of whom I have spoken as a stern and terrifying spectacle of grandeur, left his home and went to Philadelphia.

or from sheer content with a life where the toil was not drudgery and the flesh-pots overbalanced the idea of freedom, not only held fast to their masters, but took sides with them with a quickened feeling and a deepened affection. For everyone who fled to freedom, possibly one hundred stood by their masters' wives and children.

Doubtless there were many—possibly, the most of them—who remained from sheer inertia or fear to leave. But a far larger number identified themselves with their masters, and this union was not one of lip-service, but of sentiment, of heart and soul.

In truth, they were infected with the same spirit and ardor that filled the whites, and had the South called for volunteers from the negroes, I question not that they could have gotten half a million men.

A story is told of one of the old negroes who belonged to the family into which General Scott married. He went to the war to take care of one of his young masters. He had no doubt whatever as to the justice of the cause, but General Scott was to his mind the embodiment of war and carnage, and the general had espoused the other side. This disturbed him greatly, and one night he was heard praying down outside the camp. After praying for everyone, he prayed: "And O Lord, please to convert Marse Lieutenan' Gen'l Scott and turn him f'om de urrer o' he ways."

The devotion of slaves to their masters in time of war is no new thing under the sun. The fact that their masters are in arms has always, no doubt, borne its part in the phenomenon. But it does not wholly account for the absolute devotion of the negroes. It is to the eternal credit at once of the whites and of the negroes that, during these four years of war, when the white men of the South were absent in the field they could entrust their homes, their wives, their children, all they possessed, to the guardianship and care of their slaves, with absolute confidence in their fidelity. And this trust was never violated. They were their faithful guardians, their sympathizing friends, and their shrewd advisers, guarding their property, enduring necessary denial with cheerfulness, and identifying themselves with their masters' fortunes with the devotion, not of slaves, but of clansmen.

The devotion of the body-servants to their masters in the field is too well known almost

to need mention, and what is said of them in this paper is owing rather to the feeling that the statement of the fact is a debt due to the class from which these came than to thinking it necessary to enlighten the reader.

When the Southern men went into the field there was always a contest among the negroes as to who should accompany them. Usually, the choice of the young men would be for some of the younger men among the servants, while the choice of the family would be for some of the older and more staid members of the household, who would be prudent, and thus more likely to take better care of their masters. And thus there was much heartburning among the younger negroes, who were almost as eager for adventure as their masters.

Of all the thousands of negroes who went out as servants with their masters, I have never heard of one who deserted to the North, and I have known of many who had abundant opportunity to do so. Some were captured, but escaped, others apparently deserted, but returned laden with spoils.

My father's body-servant, Ralph Woodson, served with him throughout the entire war. While at Petersburg, where the armies were within a mile of each other, he was punished for getting drunk and he ran away. But instead of making for the Union lines, which he could easily have done and surrendered to a Union picket, he started for home, sixty miles away. He was, however, arrested as a straggler or runaway, and my father, hearing of him, sent and brought him back to camp, where he remained to the end.

An even more notable instance which has come to my knowledge was that of Simon, the servant of a friend of mine. He disappeared from camp during the Spottsylvania campaign and just when his master had given him up, he reappeared with a sack full of all sorts of things, useful for the mess, which he declared "dem gent'mens on the other side had gin him." He had borrowed of the Egyptians.

The letters and annals of the time are full of references to the singular, but then well-known fact, that while the people of the South gave their sons joyfully to the cause, they were most unwilling to allow their negroes to go. The reason for this has been much misapprehended. It has been generally supposed outside that it was because

they were afraid to lose their property. Nothing could be more unfounded. They were afraid their servants might be hurt or suffer some harm.

Fathers who wrote their sons to be always at the post of honor, would write them explicit directions how to keep their servants out of danger. The war in some way was concerned with the perpetuation of slavery, and it was felt that it was not just to expose slaves to danger when such was the case.

Something of this same feeling played its part in the decision not to enlist negroes in the army of the Confederacy.

In the field they showed both courage and sagacity, and many are the instances in which, when their masters were wounded and left on the field, they hunted for them. The records of the time are full of such instances.

V

WHEN the war closed and the negroes were set free, the feeling between them and their old masters was never warmer, the bonds of friendship were never more close. The devotion which the negro had shown during the long struggle had created a profound impression on the minds of the Southern whites. Even between the negroes and poorer whites, who had always been rather at enmity, a better feeling had grown up. The close of the war had accomplished what all the Emancipation Proclamations could not effect. The masters universally informed their servants that they were free.

I remember my father's return from Appomattox. For days he had been watched for. Appomattox was less than a hundred miles from our home. The news of the surrender had come to us first through one of the wagon-drivers, who told it weeping. I seem to see the return now—my father on his gray horse, with his body-servant, Ralph, behind him. I remember the way in which, as he slipped from his horse, he put his hand over his face to hide his tears, and his groan, "I never expected to come home so." All were weeping. A few minutes later he came out on the porch. "Ralph, you are free; take the saddles off and turn the horses out."

He had carried a silver half-dollar all through the war, saving it till the last pinch.

This had come when he reached the river on his way home. The ferryman had declined to take Confederate money, and he paid him his half-dollar to ferry him across.

Such was the end of slavery, the institution which had divided this country in twain, and finally had convulsed it and brought on a terrible war. When the end of slavery came there was, doubtless, some heart-burning, but the transition was accomplished without an outbreak, and without, so far as I am informed, one act of harshness or even of rudeness.

If there was jubilation among the negroes on the plantation it was not known to the whites. They were rather mystified. The sudden coming of that for which they had possibly hoped, with the loom of the unknown future, had sobered at least the elders. Their owners, almost without exception, conveyed to them the information of their freedom, which thus had a more comprehensive security than could have been given by the acts of Congress, or the orders of military authorities.

In some cases the old negroes sought and held long conferences with their mistresses or masters in which the whole matter was canvassed.

In every instance the assurance was given them that they should live on the old plantations, if they wished to do so and were still willing to work and would obey orders.

As was natural, the negroes, in the first flush of freedom, left the estates and went off "for themselves," as the phrase ran.* They flocked either to the cities, or to the nearest centre where a garrison of Union troops was posted, and where rations were distributed partly as a measure of necessity and partly from a philanthropic sentiment, which had more or less ground for its existence. But after a time, many of them returned to work. Those of them who had anything shared what they had with their masters. Some of them brought eggs and chickens; others saved a part of the rations given by the Government.

It is no part of my intention in this paper to go generally into the relation of the two races since the emancipation of the negroes. Certain phases of this relation have been dealt with by me elsewhere. While it is easy to see what mistakes have been made

* Prince Kropotkin mentioned in his memoirs that the Russian serfs who wanted to show their emancipation did the same thing.

in dealing with the subject, no one can tell with any assurance how a different system might have worked out. All we can say, with absolute certainty, is that hardly any other system could have been more disastrous than the one which was adopted.

One fact, I think, cannot be soundly controverted—that the estrangement of the negro from the white race in the South is the greatest misfortune that has befallen the former in his history, not excepting his ravishment from his native land.

VI

THE old-time negro has almost quite passed from the earth, as have his old master and his old mistress. A few still remain, like the last leaves on the tree, but in no long time they, too, will have disappeared. But so long as he survives the old family feeling of affection will remain in the hearts of those who knew him. Every week or two the newspapers contain the mention of the passing from the stage of one or more of those whose place in some old family has made them notable in their lives and has caused them to be followed to the grave by as sincere mourners among the whites as among the blacks. But how many of them pass without any other notice than the unfeigned mourning of those whom they loved and served so faithfully!

No Southerner, whatever his feelings of antagonism may be to the negro race, ever meets an old negro man or woman without that feeling rising in his breast which one experiences when he meets some old friend of his youth on whom time has laid his chastening hand.

Nor has the old feeling by any means died out in the breast of the old negro himself. Only as the whites look on the young blacks with some disapproval, the old negro regards the younger generation of whites as inferior to the generation he knew.

Not long since a friend in Richmond told me the following story: He said a friend of his in that city invited him in the shooting season to go down to his father's place to shoot partridges. The house had been burned down, but he said old Robin was still living there, and had told him not long before that there were a good many birds

on the place. Accordingly, the two gentlemen one morning took their guns and dogs and drove down to the old Ball plantation, where they arrived about sunrise. Old Robin was cutting wood in front of his cabin, and my friend began to shout for him: "Oh, Robin! Oh, Robin!" The old fellow stopped, and coming to the brow of the hill above them, called, "Who dat know me so much bettuh den I know him?"

"Come down here!" called his master.

When the old fellow discovered who it was he was delighted.

"Yes, suh," said he; "dyah's plenty of buds down here on de branch. I sees 'em eve'y evenin' most when I comes down atter my cow. You go 'long and kill 'em and I'll take keer of yo horse for yo and tell Mandy to hev some snack for yo 'bout twelve o'clock."

Just as he was leaving, he stopped, and leaning out of the wagon, said: "Marse Gus, don't yo' shoot any ole hyahs down dere. I takes my gun down wid me when I goes down atter my cow. Dem buds flies too fas' for me, but I kin manage to shoot a ole hyah if I ketch one settin' in de baid."

The promise was given and was kept by the huntsmen until they were about to stop for lunch. Just then a fine hare jumped up in front of Marse Gus, and gave him a fair shot. In his ardor he fired at it and knocked it over. At that moment old Robin was heard calling to them to come on up to the house as "snack was ready."

"There," said Gus, as he picked up the hare, "now I've gone and killed this, and that old man will never forgive me."

"Take it and give it to him for his wife," said his friend.

"Oh, no," he said; "you don't know old Robin, he will never forgive me."

"Well, put it down in the bottom of your game-bag; he will never know the difference," said his friend. And this was shamelessly done.

They were greeted by the old man cheerfully, with "You must have got plenty of buds, I heard you shoot so much."

"Oh, yes, we had very good luck," said the huntsmen.

"You didn't shoot any ole hyahs?" he said confidently.

The silence aroused his suspicion, and, turning, he shot a keen glance at his master, which took in the well-filled game-bag.

"What you got in dem game-pockets to make 'em look so big? You certain'y ain' shoot as many buds as dat in dis time?"

Gus, convicted, poked his hand into his bag and drew out the rabbit.

"Here, Uncle Robin," he said in some confusion, "this is the only one I shot. I want you to take it and give it to Mandy."

But the old man declined. "Nor, I don' want it and Mandy don' want it," he said; "you done shoot it and now yo' bettuh keep it."

He stalked on up the hill in silence. Suddenly, stopping, he turned back.

"Well, well," he said, "times certain'y is changed! Marse Gus, yo' pa wouldn't 'a' told me a lie for a mule, let 'lone a' ole hyah."

The character of the old-time negro I can hardly better illustrate than by the case of an old friend of mine, John Dabney, to whom I, in common with nearly all my acquaintances in Richmond, used to be greatly indebted, for he was the best caterer I ever knew. John Dabney was, in his boyhood, a race-rider for a noted Virginia turfman, Major William R. Johnson, but, possibly because of his gifts as a cook, he soon grew too fat for that "lean and hungry" calling, and in time he became a celebrated cook and caterer. He belonged to one of the De Jarnetts of the adjoining county to my native county, and, prior to the war, he bought himself from his mistress, as was not infrequently done by clever negroes. When the war closed, he still owed his mistress several hundred dollars on account of this debt, and as soon as he was able to raise the sum he sent it to her. She promptly returned it, telling him that he was free and would have been free anyhow and that he owed her nothing. On this, John Dabney took the money, went to his old home and insisted on her receiving it, saying that his old master had brought him up to pay his debts, and that this was a just debt which he proposed to pay.

The instances are not rare in which old family servants who have worked under the new conditions more successfully than their former owners have shown the old feeling by rendering them such acts of kindness as could only have sprung from a deep and abiding affection.

Whoever goes to the White House will find at the door of the executive offices an

elderly and very stout negro door-keeper, with perfect manners, a step as soft as the fall of the leaf, and an aplomb which nothing can disturb. His name is Arthur Simmons, and, until toward the close of the war, he was a gentleman's servant in North Carolina; then he came North. He is, possibly, the oldest employee in the White House, having been appointed by General Grant during his first term, and having held his position, with the exception of a single term—that of General Harrison—to the present time. It is said that Mr. Cleveland's first appointment after his return to office was that of Arthur Simmons to his old post. Possibly, Mr. Cleveland had heard this story of him: Once, Arthur, having learned that his old mistress had expressed a desire to see the President of the United States, invited her to Washington, met her at the station, saw to her comfort while in the city, arranged an interview with the President for her, and then escorted her back to take her train home.

On a part of the old plantation which I have attempted to describe has lived for the past thirty years, free of rent, the leading negro politician in the upper end of Hanover County. His wife was Hannah, my mother's old maid, who, from within a year or two after the war, served us with a fidelity and zeal of which I can give no conception. It may, however, illustrate it to state that, although she lived a mile and a quarter from the house and had to cross a creek, through which, in times of high water, she occasionally had to wade almost to her waist, she for thirty years did not miss being at her post in the morning more than a half-score times.

Hannah has gone to her long home, and it may throw some light on the old relation between mistress and servant to say that on the occasion of the golden wedding of my mother and father, as Hannah was at that time too ill to leave her home, they took all the presents in the carriage and carried them over to show them to her. Indeed, Hannah's last thought was of her old mistress. She died suddenly one morning, and just before her death she said to her husband, "Open the do', it's Miss ——." The door was opened, but the mistress was not there, except to Hannah's dying gaze. To her, she was standing by her bedside, and her last words were addressed to her.

It is a continual cause of surprise among those who do not know the South intimately that Southerners should be so fond of the old negroes and yet should be so intolerant of things which Northerners would regard with indifference. It is a matter which can hardly be explained, but if anyone goes and lives at the South, he will quickly find himself falling into Southern ways. Let one go on the plantations where the politician is absent and the "bloody-shirt" newspaper is unknown, and he will find something of the old relation still existing.

I have seen a young man (who happened to be a lieutenant in a volunteer company) kiss his old mammy on the parade ground in sight of the whole regiment.

Some years ago, while General Fitzhugh Lee was Governor of Virginia, a wedding took place in the executive mansion at Richmond. At the last moment, when the company were assembled and all had taken their places, waiting for the bride to appear, it was discovered that mammy Celia, the bride's mammy, had not come in, and no less a person than General Lee, the

Governor of Virginia, went and fetched her in on his arm to take her place beside the mother of the bride.

VII

UNHAPPILY, whatever the future may produce, the teachings of doctrinaires and injudicious friends have lost the negroes of the present generation their manners and cost them much of the friendship of the whites.

None of us knows what relation the future may produce between the two races in the South, but possibly when the self-righteous shall be fewer than they are now and the teachings which have estranged the races shall become more sane the great Anglo-Saxon race, which is dominant, and the negro race, which is amiable, if not subservient, will adjust their differences more in accordance with the laws which must eventually prevail, and the old feeling of kindness, which seems, under the stress of antagonism, to be dying away, will once more reassert itself.

SAINT ROSE

By Frank Dempster Sherman

ILLUSTRATION (FRONTISPIECE) BY WALTER APPLETON CLARK

DEAR Rose, what volumes it would need to hold
 The songs that poets have been fain to sing
 In praise of you,—the ruby in June's ring,—
 Jewel of fragrance set in summer's gold!
 What tender words of worship, since of old
 In Eden Love first found you blossoming,
 Have blest your beauty, hoping so to bring
 A touch of warmth unto a bosom cold!

Poets and Lovers there shall ever be
 So long as there are gardens where the vine
 Builds a green temple of felicity
 Within whose leaves is found your fragrant shrine.
 O sweet Saint Rose! Dear flower of melody,—
 A lover's token,—take this song of mine!



AN EXTRA BLANKET

By F. Hopkinson Smith

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHARLOTTE WEBER-DITZLER

SAM was mad. You could see that from the way he strode up and down the platform of the covered railroad station, talking to himself in staccato explosives, like an automobile getting under way. He had lost his trunk, and a drummer without his trunk is as helpless—well, as an elephant in a similar scrape.

Outside a snowstorm was working itself up into a blizzard; cuts level with the fences, short curves choked with drifts, flat stretches bare of a flake. Inside a panting locomotive crawled ahead of two Pullmans and a baggage—a special from Detroit to Kalamazoo, six hours late, loaded with comic-opera people, their baggage, properties—and Sam's lost trunk.

When the train pulled up opposite to where Sam stood, the engine looked as if it had struck an avalanche on the way up and had brought most of it along.

Sam moved down to the step of the first Pullman, his absorbing eye taking in the train, the fragments of the glaciers, and the noses of the chorus girls pressed flat against

the frosted panes. The conductor was now on the platform, crunching a tissue telegram which the station-master had just handed him. He had stopped for orders and for a wider breathing space, where he could get out into the open and stretch his arms, and become personal and perhaps profane without wounding the feelings of his passengers.

Sam stepped up beside him and showed him an open telegram.

"Yes, it's aboard all right," replied the conductor, "but I couldn't find it in a week. A lot of scenery and ladders and trunks all piled in. I am sorry, but I wouldn't——"

"What you 'wouldn't,' my sweet Aleck, don't interest me," exploded Sam. "You get a couple of porters and go through that stuff, or I'll wire the main office that——"

"See here, young feller. Don't get gay. Hit that gourd of yours another crack and maybe you'll knock some sense into it. We're six hours late, ain't we? We got three hours to make Kalamazoo in, ain't we? This show's got to get there on time,

or there'll be H to pay and no pitch pot. Now go outside and stand in a door somewhere and let the wind blow through you. I'll wire you in the morning, or you can take the 5.40 and pick it up at Kalamazoo. Let her go, Johnny"—this to the engine-driver. "All aboard!"

Sam jerked a cigar from his waistcoat pocket, bit off the end, and said, with a bite-in-ten-penny-nailexpression about his lips:

"You're 'it.' I'll git the trunk at Kalamazoo."

Then he crossed the platform, made his way to the street entrance, and stepped into the omnibus of the only hotel in the town.

When its swinging sign, blurred in the whirl of the storm, hove in sight, Sam's face was still knotted in wrinkles. He had a customer in this town good for two hundred dozen table cutlery, and but for "this gang of cross-tie steppers," he said to himself he would—here the hind heels of the 'bus hit the curb, cutting short Sam's anathema.

The drummer picked up his grip and made his way to the desk.

"What's the matter, Sammy?" asked Larry, the clerk. "You look sour."

"Sour? I am a green pickle, Larry, that's what I am, a green pickle. Been waiting five hours for my trunk in that Oriental Palm Garden of yours you call a station. It was aboard a Special loaded with chorus girls and props. Conductor wouldn't dump it, and now it's gone on to Kalamazoo and——"

"Oh, but you'll get it all right. All you've got to do, Sam, is to——"

"Get it! Yes, when the daisies are blooming over us. I want it *now*. Larry, whenever I run up against anything solid it's always one of these fly-by-nights. What do you think of going upstairs in the dark and hauling out a red silk hat and a pair of gilt slippers, instead of a sample card of carvers? Well, that's what a guy did for me last fall down at Logansport. Sent me two burial caskets full of chorus girl props instead of my trunk. Oh, yes, I'll *get* it. Get it in the neck. Here, send this grip to my room."

The clerk pursed his lips and looked over his key-rack. He knew that he'd no room,—none that would suit Sam Makin—had known it when he saw him entering the

door, the snow covering his hat and shoulders, his grip in his hands.

"Going to stay all night with us, Sammy?" Larry asked.

"Sure! What do you think I'm here for? Blowing and snowing outside fit to beat the band. What do you want me to do—bunk in the station?"

"H'm, h'm," muttered the clerk, studying the key-rack and name-board as if they were plans of an enemy's country.

Sam looked up. When a clerk began to say "H'm," Sam knew something was wrong.

"Full?"

"Well, not exactly full, Sam, but—h'm—we've got the Joe Gridley Combination with us overnight, and about everything——"

"Go on—go on—what'd I tell you. Up again these fly-by-nights as usual," blurted out Sam.

The clerk raised his hand deprecatingly.

"Sorry, old man. Put you on the top floor with some of the troupe—good rooms, of course, but not what I like to give you. Leading lady's got your room, and the manager's got the one you sometimes have over the extension. It'll only be for to-night. They're going away in the morning, and I——"

"Cut it out—cut it out—and forget it," interrupted Sam. "So am I going away in the morning. Got to take the 5.40 and hunt up that trunk. Can't do a thing without it. Only waltzed in here to get something to eat and a bed. Be back later. Put me anywhere. This week's hoodooed and these show guys are doing it. You want a guardian, Samuel; a gentle, mild-eyed little guardian. That's what you want."

The clerk rang a gong that sounded like a fire-alarm, and the porter came in on a run.

"Take Mr. Makin's grip and show him up to Number 11."

On the way upstairs Sam's quick eye caught the flare of a play-bill tacked to one wall.

"What is it?" he asked of the porter, pointing to the poster—"an 'East Lynne' or a 'Mother's Curse'?"

"No—one o' them mix-ups, I guess. Song and dance stunts. Number 11, did Larry say? There ye are—key's in the lock." And the porter pushed open the door



"You're 'it.' I'll git the trunk at Kalamazoo."—Page 534.

of the room with his foot, dropped Sam's bag on the pine table, turned up the gas—the twilight was coming on—asked if there was "anything more?"—found there wasn't—not even a dime—and left Sam in possession.

"'Bout as big as a coffin, and as cold," grumbled Sam, looking around the room. "No steam-heat—one pillow and"—here he punched the bed—"one blanket, and thin at that—the bed hard as a— Well, if this don't take the cake! If this Burg don't get a hotel soon I'll cut it out of my territory."

Sam washed his hands; wiped them on a 14x20 towel; hung it flat, that it might dry and be useful in the morning, gave his hair a slick with his comb, scooped up a dozen cigars from a paper box, stuffed them in his outside pocket, relocked his grip, and retraced his steps downstairs.

When he reached the play-bill again, he stopped for particulars. Condensed and pruned of inflammatory adjectives the gay-colored document conveyed the information that the "Joe Gridley Combination" would play for this one night, performance

beginning at 8 P.M., sharp. Molly Martin and Jessie Hannibal would dance, Jerry Gobo, the clown, would dislocate the ribs of the audience by his mirth-provoking sallies, and Miss Pearl Rogers of International, etc., etc., would charm them by her up-to-date delineations of genteel society. Then followed a list of the lesser lights, including chorus girls, clog dancers and acrobats.

The porter was now shaking the red-hot stove with a cast-iron crank the size and shape of a burglar's jimmy, the ashes falling on a square of zinc protecting the uncarpeted floor. Sam recognized the noise, and looking down over the hand-rail called out, pointing to the poster.

"How far's this shebang?"

"'Bout a block."

"That settles it," said Sam to himself in the only contented tone of voice he had used since he entered the hotel. "I'll take this in." And continuing on downstairs, he dropped into a chair, completing the circle around the dispenser of comfort.

The business of the hotel went on. Trains arrived and were met by the lumbering stage, the passengers landing in the snow on the sidewalk; some for supper, one or two for rooms.

Supper was announced by a tight-laced blonde in white muslin, all hips and shoulders, throwing open the dining-room and mounting guard at the entrance, her face illumined by that knock-a-chip-off-my-shoulder expression common to her class.

Instantly, and with a simultaneous scraping of chair legs, the segments of the circle around the stove flung themselves into the narrow passageway.

Soon the racks were spotted with hats, their owners being drawn up in fours around the several tables—Sam one of them—the waiter-ladies serving with a sweetness of smile and elegance of manner found nowhere outside of a royal court, accompanied by a dignity of pose made all the more distinguished by a certain inward scoop of the back and instantaneous outward bulge below the waist line seen only in wax figures flanking a cloak counter.

Sam had a steak, liver and bacon, apple pie, a cup of coffee, and a toothpick—all in ten minutes. Then he resumed his place

by the stove, lit a cigar, and kept his eye on the clock.

Three hours later Sam was again in his chair by the stove. He had been to the show and had sat through two hours of the performance. If his expression had savored of vinegar over the loss of his sample trunks, it was now double-proof vitriol!

"Thought you was goin' to the show," grunted the porter between his jerks at the handle. He was again at the stove, the thermometer marking zero outside.

"Been. Regular frost; buncoed out of fifty cents! That show is the limit! A couple of skinny-legged girls doing a clog stunt; a bag of bones in a low-necked dress playing Mrs. Langtry; and a wall-eyed clown that looked like a grave-digger—rotten—worst I ever saw!"

"Full house?"

"Full of empties. 'Bout fifty people, I guess, counting deadheads—and ME."

Sam accentuated this last word as if his fifty cents had been the only real income of the house.

The outer door now opened, letting in a section of the north pole and a cough.

Sam twisted around in his chair and recognized Jerry Gobo, the clown. His grease paint was gone, but his haggard features and the graveyard hack settled his identity.

Jerry loosened the collar of his frayed, almost threadbare coat, approached the stove slowly, and stretching out one blue, emaciated hand, warmed it for an instant at its open door—in an apologetic way—as if the warming of one hand was all that he was entitled to.

Sam absorbed him at a glance. He saw that his neck was thin, especially behind the ears, the cords of the throat showing; his cheeks sunken; the sad, kindly eyes peering out at him furtively from under bushy eyebrows, bright and glassy; his knees too, seemed unsteady. As he stood warming his chilled fingers, his hand and arm extended toward the heat, his body drawn back, Sam got the impression of a boy reaching out for an apple, and ready to cut and run at the first alarm.

"Kind o' chilly," the clown ventured, in a voice that came from somewhere below his collar button.

"Yes," said Sam gruffly. He didn't



Supper was announced by a tight-laced blonde.—Page 536.

intend to start any conversation. He knew these fellows. One had done him out of eleven dollars in a ten-cent game up at Logansport the winter before. That particular galoot didn't have a cough, but he would have had if he could have doubled his winnings by it.

Jerry, rebuffed by Sam's curt reply, brought up the other hand, toasted it for an instant at the kindly blaze, rubbed the two sets of bony knuckles together and remarking—this time to himself—that he "guessed he'd turn in," walked slowly to the foot of the stairs and began ascending the long flight, his progress up one wall and half around the next marked by his fingers sliding along the handrail. Sam noticed that the bunched knuckles stopped at the first landing (it was all that he could see from where he sat), and after a spell of coughing slid slowly on around the court.

The drummer bit off the end of a fresh cigar; scraped a match on the under side of his chair seat; lit the domestic and said with his first puff of smoke—his mind still on the emaciated form of the clown:

"Kindlin' wood for a new crematory."
Again the outer door swung open.

This time the Walking Lady entered, accompanied by the Business Agent. She wore a long brown cloak that came to her feet and a stringy fur tippet; her head and face covered by a hat concealed in a thick blue veil. This last she unwound inside the hall, and seeing Sam monopolizing the stove, began the ascent of the stairs, one step at a time, as if she was tired out.

Sam turned his face away. The bag of bones looked worse than ever. "'Bout fifty in the shade, I should think," he said to himself. "Ought to be taking in washing and ironing." Meantime Mathews, the Business Agent, was occupied with the clerk—Larry had presented him with a bill. The rates, the agent pleaded, were to be a dollar sixty. Larry insisted on two dollars. Sam pricked up his ears; this interested him. If Larry wanted any backing as to the price he was within call. This information he conveyed to Larry by lifting his chin and slowly closing his left eye.

The outer door continued its vibrations with the rapidity of its green-baize namesake leading from the dining-room to the kitchen, ushering in some member of the troupe with every swing, including an

elderly woman who had played the Duchess in the first act and a fishwife in the second; some young men with their hats over their noses; and four or five chorus girls. The men looked around for the index hand showing the location of the bar, and the girls, after a fit of giggling, began the ascent of the stairs to their rooms. Sam noticed that two of them continued on to the third floor, where Jerry Gobo, the clown, had gone, and where he himself was to sleep. One of the girls looked down at him as she turned the corner of the stairs and nudged her companion—all of which was lost on the drummer. They had probably recognized him in the audience.

Nothing, however, in their present make-up could have recalled them to Sam's memory. Molly Martin had exchanged her green silk tights and gauze wings for a red flannel shirt waist, a black leather belt, blue skirt, and cat-skin jacket. And Jessie Hannibal had shed her frou-frou frills and was buttoned to her red ears in a long gray ulster that reached down to her active little feet, now muffled in a pair of galoshes.

The dispute over the bill at an end, the Business Agent fished up a roll from one pocket and a handful of silver and copper coins from the other, counted out the exact amount, waited until the clerk marked a cross against his room number, calling him at seven o'clock A.M., tucked the receipt in his inside pocket, and began the weary ascent.

Sam shook himself free from the chair. This was about his hour. Rising to his legs, he elongated one side of his round body with his pudgy arm, and then the other, yawned sleepily, tipped his hat farther over his eyebrows, called to Larry to be sure and put him down for the 5.40, and mounted the stairs to his room. If he had had any doubts as to the fraudulent character of the whole "shooting match," his chance inspection of the caste had removed them.

On entering his room Sam made several discoveries, no one of which relieved his gloom or sweetened the acidity of his mind.

First, that the temperature was so far below that of a Pullman that the water-pitcher was skimmed with ice and the towel frozen as stiff as a dried codfish. Second, that Jerry, the clown, occupied the room to the right, and the two coryphées the room to the left. Third, that the par-

titions were thin as paper, or, as Sam expressed it, "thin enough to hear a feller change his mind."

With the turning-off of the gas and the tucking of Sam's fat round face and head under the single blanket and quilt, the sheet gripped about his chin—there came a harsh, rasping cough from the room on his right. Jerry had opened. Sam ducked his head and covered his ears. The clown would stop in a minute, and then Mr. Makin would drop off to sleep.

Another sound now struck his ear—a woman's voice this time, with a note of sympathy in it. Sam raised his head and listened.

"Say, Jess! ain't that awful? I knew Jerry'd get it on that long jump we made. I ain't heard him cough like that since we left T'ronto."

"Oh, dreadful! And, Molly, he don't say a word 'bout how sick he is. Billy had to help him off with his—oh, just hear Jerry!"

The talk ceased and Sam snuggled his head again. He wasn't interested in Jerry, nor Molly, nor Jessie. What he wanted was six hours sleep, a call at 4.45, and his sample trunk.

Another paroxysm of coughing resounded through the partition, and again Sam freed his ear.

"Jerry ain't got but one little girl left, and she's only five years old. She's up to the Sacred Heart in Montreal. He sends her money every week—he told me so. He showed me her picture onct. Say! give me some of the cover; it's awful cold, ain't it?"

Sam heard a rustling and tumbling of the bed-clothes as the girls nestled the closer. Molly's voice now broke the short silence.

"Say, Jess, I'm dreadful worried 'bout Jerry. I bet he ain't got no more cover 'n we have. He's right next to us, and 'tain't no warmer where he is than it is here. I'd think he'd tear himself all to pieces with that cough. I hope nothin' 'll happen to him. He ain't like Mathews. Nobody ever heard a cross word out of Jerry, and he'd cut his heart out for ye and——"

Sam covered his head again and shut his eyes. Through the coarse cotton sheet he caught, as he dozed off to sleep—(Jerry's cough had now become a familiar sound, and therefore no longer an incentive to



Drawn by Charlotte Weber-Ditzler.

Some young men .

and four or five chorus girls.—Page 538.

insomnia)—additional details of Jerry's life, fortunes and misfortunes, in such broken sentences as—

"She never cared for him, so Billy told me. She went off with—— Why, sure, didn't you know he got burnt out—lost his trick ponies when he was with Forepaugh——It'll be awful if we have to leave him behind, and—I'm goin' to see a doctor just as soon as we get to——"

Here Sam fell into oblivion.

Ten minutes later he was startled by the opening of his door. In the dim glow of the hall gas-jet showing through the crack and the transom, his eyes caught the outline of a girl in her night-dress, her hair in a braid down her back. She was stepping noiselessly and approaching his bed. In her hand she carried a quilt. Bending above him—Sam lying in the shadow—she spread the covering gently over his body, tucked the end softly about his throat, and as gently tiptoed out of the room. Then there came a voice from the other side of the partition:

"He ain't coughin' any more, he's asleep. I got it over him. Now get all your clo'es, Molly, and pile 'em on top. We can get along."

Sam lay still. His first impulse was to cry out that they had made a mistake, that Jerry was next door. His next was to slip into Jerry's room and pile the quilt on him. Then he checked himself—the first would alarm and mortify the girls, and the second would be like robbing them of the credit of their generous act. Jerry might wake and the girls would hear, and explanations follow and all the pleasure of their sacrifice be spoiled. No, he'd hand it back to the girls and say he was much obliged; that he didn't need it. Again he stopped—this time with a sudden pull-up. Going into a chorus girl's room, under any pretense whatever, in a hotel at night! No, sir-ee, Bob! Not for Samuel! He had been there; none of that in his!

All this time the quilt was choking him—his breath getting shorter every minute, as if he was being slowly smothered. A peculiar hotness began to creep over the skin of his throat and a small lump to rise near his Adam's apple, followed by a slight moistening of the eyes—all new symptoms to Sam—new since his boyhood.

Suddenly there flashed into his mind the picture of a low-roofed garret room, sheltering a trundle-bed tucked away under the slant of the shingles. In the dim light where he lay, he caught the square of the small window, the gaunt limbs of the butter-nut beyond, and could hear as he listened the creak of its branches bending in the storm. All about were old-fashioned things—a bureau with brass handles; a spinning-wheel; ropes of onions; a shelf of apples; an old saddle; and a rocking-chair with one arm gone and the bottom half out. A soft tread was heard upon the stairs, a white figure stole in, and a warm hand nestling close to his cheeks tucked the border of a quilt under his chin. Then came a voice. "I thought you might be cold, son."

With a bound Sam sprang from the bed.

For an instant he sat on the edge of the hard mattress, his eyes on the floor, as if in deep thought.

"Those two girls lying there freezing, and all to get that feller warm!" he muttered. "You're a dog, Sam—that's what you are—a yellow dog!"

Reaching out noiselessly for his shoes and socks, he drew them toward him, slipped in his feet, dragged on his trousers and shirt, threw his coat around his shoulders—he was beginning to shiver now—opened the door of his room cautiously, letting in more of the glow of the gas-jet, and stole down the corridor to the staircase. Here he looked into a black gulf. The only lights were the one by the clerk's desk and the glow of the stove. Quickening his steps, he descended the stairs to the lower floor. The porter would be up, he said to himself, or the night watchman, or perhaps the clerk; somebody, anyway, would be around. He looked over the counter, expecting to find Larry in his chair, passed out to the porter's room and studied the trunks and boot stand; peered behind the door, and finding no one, made a tour of the floor, opening and shutting doors. No one was awake.

Then a new thought struck him. This came with a thumping of one fist in the palm of the other hand, his face breaking out into a satisfied smile at his discovery. He remounted the stairs—the first flight two steps at a time, the second flight one step at a time, the last few levels on his toes. If he had intended to burglarize one



His eyes caught the outline of a girl.—Page 540.

of the rooms he could not have been more careful about making a noise. Entering his own apartment, he picked up the quilt the girls had spread over him, folded it carefully and laid it on the floor. Then he stripped off his own blanket and quilt and placed them beside it. These two packages he tucked under his arm and with the tread of a cat crept down the corridor to the stairway. Once there he wheeled and with both heels striking the bare floor came tramping toward the girls' room.

Next came a rap like a five-o'clock call—low, so as not to wake the more fortunate in the adjoining rooms, but sure and positive. Sam knew how it sounded.

"Who's there?" cried Molly in a voice that showed that Sam's knuckles had brought her to consciousness. "'Tain't time to get up, is it?"

"No, I'm the night watchman; some of the folks is complaining of the cold and saying there warn't covering enough, and so I thought you ladies might want some

more bed clothes," and Sam squeezed the quilt in through the crack of the door.

"Oh, thank you," began Molly; "we were sort o'——"

"Don't mention it," answered Sam, closing the door tight and shutting off any further remark.

The heels were lifted now and Sam crept to Jerry's door on his toes. For an instant he listened intently until he caught the sound of the labored breathing of the sleeping man, opened the door gently, laid the blanket and quilt he had taken from his own bed over Jerry's emaciated shoulders, and crept out again, dodging into his own room with the same sort of relief in his heart that a sneak thief feels after a successful raid. Here he finished dressing.

Catching up his grip, he moved back his

door, peered out to be sure he was not being watched, and tiptoed along the corridor and so on to the floor below.

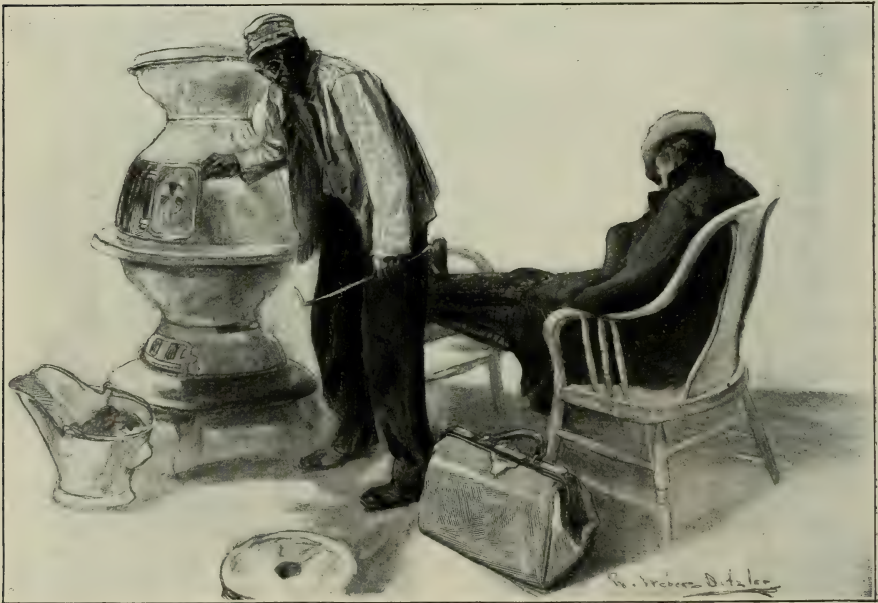
An hour later the porter, aroused by his alarm clock to get ready for the 5.40, found Sam by the stove. He had dragged up another chair and lay stretched out on the two, his head lost in the upturned collar of his coat, his slouch hat pulled down over his eyes.

"Why, I thought you'd turned in," yawned the porter, dumping a shovelful of coal into the stove.

"Yes, I did, but I couldn't sleep." There was a note in Sam's voice that made the porter raise his eyes.

"Ain't sick, are ye?"

"No—kind o' nervous—get that way sometimes. Not in your way, am I?"





Liao-Yang, the Russian field base.—View in the Russian town.

CONDITIONS IN THE RUSSIAN ARMY

BY THOMAS F. MILLARD

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM THE AUTHOR'S PHOTOGRAPHS

THE rapid crumbling of Russian political and military power in the Far East during the last few months, under the assault of what has been usually estimated by Westerners a second-class nation, is undoubtedly a great surprise to many who considered themselves well informed. Many reasons for the fiasco have been given, most of which may be summed up in the word "unpreparedness." This explanation was first advanced by the Russians themselves, as soon as it began to dawn upon them that explanations and excuses were in order, and has been persistently repeated by their friends and apologists throughout the world. There is no doubt that their explanation is as true as it is comprehensive. Russia certainly was unprepared to fight a war with a respectable opponent in this part of the world. Her present naïve admission of this fact is quite unnecessary in view of recent events, which have conclusively demonstrated it; and it will probably strike most people as a very lame excuse, since the war was caused, even invited, by a policy whose conse-

quences even a novice in diplomacy might have foreseen. But it is with no intention to rehash Russia's blunders in this matter that I here refer to them. That a nation which maintains the largest standing army in the world, and a navy of respectable size and presumably formidable, is brought to cry, "I wasn't ready," is a somewhat queer commentary upon the arguments generally advanced in support of such armaments, and brings forward, inevitably, the question: Was Russia prepared to fight a great war anywhere?

This question involves much. Clearly, the object of the maintenance of great armaments in time of peace is that a nation may be prepared for any war which its own diplomacy, or that of another nation, may lead it into or force upon it. Failing in that, it fails in its primary object, and becomes the concern of its own nationals and a matter of acute interest to other powers. The real reasons for Russia's failure so far in the present war must be sought beyond the simple statement that when it began she had not enough troops available



General Kuropatkin at the station.—Liao-Yang.

at the scene of hostilities, and has up to now been unable to supply the deficiency. It lies deep among the foundations of her political and military systems, so interwoven as to be almost identical. To enter with any detail into such a subject hardly lies within the scope of such correspondence as mine; but many manifestations, particularly those affecting the situation in Manchuria, constantly come before my eyes as the drama of the war progresses, and some of the impressions so gained may throw light upon the Great Bear among the powers, and especially upon the instrument which alone promulgates and upholds its authority, the Russian army.

It is perhaps first necessary to say something about the organization and personnel of that army. Of organization it is enough to state that, while presenting certain technical peculiarities which need not be discussed here, it is on the whole much the same as other European armies, being designed—theoretically at least—to accomplish the same ends by practically the same methods. As to personnel, military service in the Russian Empire is based upon a law by which the whole male population, without regard to rank or position, except the inhabitants of certain conquered and outlying countries, must serve "with the colors" for five years, after which a period of thirteen years is spent in the first reserve. It seems that the intention of this law is to compel all able-bodied males to serve in the army, which should thus be composed of Russia's best of brains, blood,

and brawn. However, certain conditions tend to modify the actual operation of the system. The young men who every year reach the age for military service greatly exceed the number required, which means that actually not more than half ever serve. Large as the Russian standing army is, it cannot, on a basis of five years' active service, provide places for its entire male population. This means that young men who are able to exert a certain influence manage to evade service. The great majority of these evasions naturally come from the middle class, which really represents most of what is best in the population of the empire. It thus follows that the army is practically composed of "mujiks," as the Russian peasants are called, who, having no means to escape the service, are caught in the conscription. Notwithstanding feeble stimulation, such as a reduction of their term of service in the case of men who attain certain standards of education, the percentage of illiteracy in the Russian army is estimated at 98 per cent. among privates.

To officer this immense army the Government is compelled to seek material wherever it can find it, and the result is a body of men of the most varying degrees of education and social standing. The war colleges, of which there are several, do not turn out one-fourth the number required. The remainder are recruited, as far as possible, from the Junker schools; but so backward is Russia in educational matters that probably half the army officers have not what would be considered in America a



Russian Infantry.

common-school training. To secure and maintain a high standard of intelligence and efficiency under such circumstances is impossible, although it is attempted. It is possible, for purpose of classification, to divide the Russian officers into three classes—"staff," "dandy" and "line." The staff is the brains of the army. It is composed entirely of officers from the military colleges, an education usually supplemented by instruction in special courses. As a rule, officers of the staff are competent for the work they are called upon to do. They are the pick of the army, and represent its best of intelligence and information. There is no doubt that the general staff contains many very able and brilliant officers, who would be considered entirely competent in any army in the world. For many years the Russian general staff has been considered by military students to be the best in Europe, but while I concede its ability, I think such an estimate is an exaggeration. It is true that in weighing the efficiency of any staff in the light of results the qualities of the machine which it directs must be taken into consideration. The finest engineer cannot make a poor machine do first-class work. But is not the engineer, to a certain extent, responsible for the condition of his machine? From what I have seen during the last few months I am convinced that the Russian general staff has most conspicuously failed to create the best possible military machine out of the material at its command, which, notwithstanding its obvious defects, has many admirable qualities.

The second class of officers—the dandy—is, of course, purely fanciful, but it is a fancy wrapped about a pretty solid fact. It is composed of men who regard the army more as an occupation than a profession, and, while the aristocratic element predominates, they come from all grades of society above the peasant class. This officer usually has an income outside of his pay (which in the Russian army is very small), and his ambition is to get through life with as much enjoyment and as little fatigue as possible. He is present in all armies, but not in such an extraordinary proportion as one finds him here. One has met him on the Riviera, in London during the season, on the boulevards of Paris, and in the drawing-rooms of Washington and New York. He is almost invariably of good appearance and excellent manner, and is of the type which has given the Russians the reputation of being the most facile linguists in the world. If he is of aristocratic birth entrance into the army is at once natural and easy, while if he springs from well-to-do plebeian stock, the army affords the desired opportunity to get into good society, and to live a life of idleness and ease, generally among pleasant surroundings. As a rule these officers are dissipated, not to say dissolute. Notwithstanding the apparent polish of manner, which marks this type of Russian, and a remarkable mastery of languages, the "dandy" officer is nearly always poorly educated and badly informed, particularly about his own profession. Is it not astonishing how easily proficiency in a

number of languages enables a person to pass as an educated man? This faculty has created a wide-spread impression among people meeting Russian officers abroad that they are a highly educated class of men. Nothing could be further from the truth. On the whole, the Russian officer is probably the most poorly educated in the world, and this lingual fluency is confined to comparatively few. Many officers who, in a casual conversation on ordinary light topics, might create a most favorable impression, would be found to possess but little educational foundation, and a purely superficial knowledge of matters about which they were supposed, from the nature of their profession, to be best informed. In this war the "dandy" is much in evidence, although already his presence in Manchuria is less prominent than two months ago. There is no doubt that, whatever may have been the sentiments of the higher and better informed officials in the Government, when the war began it was regarded in court circles largely as a joke, and the complete defeat of the Japanese was thought to be a matter of only a few months. The absolute ignorance of the Russians about the real situation in this part of the world at the time hostilities commenced must remain, considering what the empire had at stake, a cause of intense astonishment, but the fact is not to be doubted. The war was welcomed by the *dilettantes* of the Russian army as an opportunity to earn easily a little cheap glory, and they eagerly volunteered for the front, a detail which they were influential enough, in many cases, to secure.

There remains the third class—the ordinary line and its associated corps and departments—and it includes the great ranking fighting force of the army. After all, no matter how well or poorly a campaign may be directed, it is upon the line that the real work of beating the enemy falls. In the last analysis, the standard of efficiency of the line is the measure of an army. The best direction cannot, in the long run, make a poor army successful; nor can even the worst management always defeat a first-class army. And the efficiency or inefficiency of the line largely depends upon the line officers. So the third class of officer comes pretty near fixing the standard of the Russian army, and viewed in this

light he deserves some consideration. To put my conclusion first, I consider that the average standard of the Russian line officer is extremely low, compared to armies supposed to be somewhere on the plane of modern military efficiency. Comparison with the American officer, with whose characteristics we are most familiar, is hardly fair, since it is difficult to compare two extremes. Many things combine to make the American officer the best in the world. In the first place, there is a large and intelligent population to draw upon, an advantage, it is universally admitted, not equally enjoyed by any other great nation. Again, owing to the smallness of our army, the number of officers to be supplied, in proportion to the total population, makes possible a care in selection and education impracticable elsewhere. Consider how a great majority of officers in the United States army are obtained. Appointments to West Point are secured, as a rule, only after a competitive examination, in which a number of young men of good ability and character take part. The man thus selected goes to West Point, where he must pass a rigid physical examination before he is admitted. Then, owing to the exacting nature of the curriculum and the severity of the discipline, a large percentage of the candidates fail to complete the four years' course. Those who do complete it and obtain commissions must have attained a standard which other nations find it impossible, for a variety of reasons, to exact. That, even under our system, we have incompetent officers simply proves that perfection has by no means been reached, and does not alter the fact that our army is better officered than any in the world.

But take Russia, with her vast standing army of a million and a quarter men, exclusive of supplementary reserve organizations of even greater magnitude, a country where the masses of the people have almost no educational advantages, where the level of intelligence is undoubtedly lower than in any other great nation, and how is she to supply her army with competent officers, in our acceptance of the word? She simply cannot. The United States Government would find it equally impossible, with all our undisputed advantages, to equip an army of a million men with officers of the standard of those who now command our

little army. So in saying that the Russian officer falls below a desirable standard I am only stating a fact of which Russian statesmen must be distinctly conscious. This is one of the many disabilities imposed by the Russian system upon itself, and its effect is being distinctly felt in the conflict now waging.

In Russia the paths of opportunity are few, and it is natural that thousands of young men who have managed to obtain a little education should enter the army, where, after a few years, they settle into a rut and vegetate. Promotion, except to men who display unusual ability, is very slow. The Russian army is one of old captains and young generals. A great majority of the line officers have not the ability to rise above a certain grade, which is oftenest that of captain. There they stick, and as ambition leaves them become resigned and grow fat contentedly. The tendency to corpulency among Russian officers is very noticeable, and is due to high living and lack of exercise. Except upon rare occasions, an officer does not drill his men. This he leaves to the non-commissioned officers. Except for a position on the staff, or a general's rank, there is no examination for promotion. So the army is filled with officers whose knowledge of their profession is limited to company or battalion drill tactics, and an officer who keeps abreast with the progress of military science is an exception in the line. Of course there are many of these exceptions. All the line officers are not backward, nor is the ability of the Russian army confined to the staff. There are thousands of officers who will compare favorably with the best anywhere. But these form but a small proportion of the whole, and are utterly unable to quicken the inertia of the mass. Their energy and ambition usually is confined to getting themselves advanced or to securing positions on the staff, and it is from this material that the general staff is recruited. Out of this better material, also, the general officers are made. Russian general officers, on the whole, impress me rather favorably. Many of them are young men, and thoroughly up to date in matters pertaining to their profession. If the entire army measured up to the standard of the general officers it would be equal to any in Europe. But the best of generals cannot make an army fight better

than it knows how, and in this war the Russians find themselves opposed to an enemy whose army is on a high plane of efficiency from commanding general to private.

It is with great reluctance that I discuss here certain other characteristics of the Russian officer. As a rule, it is most unfair to any army to brand it with the doings of an element from which none is entirely free. But it is impossible, in this instance, to ignore the tendency to dissipation among the officers of the Russian army, for it undoubtedly has a material effect upon the efficiency of the organization and the conduct of the war. I have seen something of many armies, both in peace and war, but I never before saw one wherein the trait of conviviality, to put it mildly, struck such a predominating note. I know comparatively nothing about conditions of army life in European Russia, but anyone who has seen Port Arthur, Vladivostok, or Harbin will hardly wonder at the scenes to be witnessed now in Manchuria. When General Kuropatkin visited the Far East two years ago on a tour of inspection, his report is said to have been unusually frank and drastic on this and kindred subjects, and is thought to have been the first schism of the breach between him and Admiral Aliexieff.

Harbin is the place where this evil is most in evidence. This is the real Russian base in the present war, being situated in the centre of Manchuria and at the junction of the Manchurian and Siberian railways. Here are the flour-mills and packing-houses which are expected to supply the army with much of its food, and all troops and supplies destined for either Vladivostok or Manchuria must pass this way. Naturally, the town is filled with troops, and particularly with officers on their way to various localities in the theatre of operations. The town is filled with wine gardens and *café chantants*, many of which never close their doors except when the police are called to suppress an incipient riot among the revellers. The passion for gambling, always so pronounced among Russians, here runs higher than ever, the reckless spirit invariably fostered by war spurring it to unusual excesses. The man who is to stake his life to-morrow is not apt to consider the value of his rubles to-night.

Conditions at Harbin are duplicated, with restrictions, at Moukden and Liao-



Russian troops resting.

Yang; less at Moukden because there have been comparatively few troops stationed here. Liao-Yang has been the base of the active field army, which means that it is a very busy place. This is one of the oldest cities in Manchuria, and has always been a place of importance. Its position on the main trade-route between Peking and Seoul, in the heart of the vast and fertile valley drained by the Liao River and its tributaries, brought it into prominence early in the history of the country. When the Manchurian Railway was built, Liao-Yang was selected by the Russians as the principal construction base, partly because of its midway position between the terminals, and partly because the railway there crossed the road by which lumber and timber came from the Yalu country. A Russian town was laid out near the railway station, just outside the ancient city wall, which has now grown to be the largest foreign settlement between Harbin and Port Arthur. When General Kuropatkin arrived on the scene he at once selected Liao-Yang as the proper place for his headquarters, and there it has remained up to this writing. It was naturally the point where troops and supplies destined for the Yalu

region left the railway, and soon after the war began it took on all the aspects of a great army base. Extra sidings were laid to the number of over thirty. Long platforms were ranged alongside many of these sidings, permitting the easy detraining of animals, artillery, and wheel transport. Extra houses for locomotives were built, and arrangements to handle the immense traffic were made. Even a newspaper was published, to keep the army informed, or more often misinformed, about current events. As time passed and thousands of troops and supplies passed through the city, much material began to be collected in the vicinity of the station, and vast piles of wooden or burlap-covered cases strewed the grounds for hundreds of yards, while great camps sprang up for miles around. Almost before the army had begun to arrive came its inevitable attendants, the sutlers and supply contractors. With the Russians this business is almost entirely in the hands of Greeks, Armenians, and natives of the Caucasus and transcasian provinces—picturesque fellows, most of them, but with faces that do not inspire unlimited trust. Here, too, quickly sprang into existence brothels and dives of the usual type to cater

to the animal wants of rank and file, as well as resorts of a more respectable character. The compound of the Great White Pagoda, one of the finest examples of its kind in China in spite of the ravages of time, was speedily transformed by an enterprising Greek gentleman into a summer garden, where refreshments of all kinds were served upon tables set under the trees. Attached to the place was a small open-air theatre, where in the evenings a vaudeville performance went on. A bowling-alley, sundry Chinese panoramas, and our old acquaintance, the man with the cane rack, made bids for patronage. One saw occasionally posted about the station and on the city walls placards announcing that an exhibition of moving pictures, or some such entertainment, would be given at the pagoda garden for the benefit, perhaps, of the widows and orphans of those who perished in the Petropavlovsk disaster. A military band played almost every evening, and altogether the pagoda garden was quite a lively place. It might be that the soldiers at the front, as was often the case, lacked necessary comforts, but there was never any shortage of beer or wine apparent at the cafés which the officers frequented. It was not until several serious altercations between drunken officers occurred in these places that an order was issued closing them at midnight. One would scarcely have believed, did he not know it to be a fact, that only a few miles away Port Arthur was beleaguered by a never-sleeping enemy, and that in two directions, still nearer and drawing closer day by day, the Russian forces were being slowly but surely beaten back. There were practically no indications of uneasiness or depression among the officers who constantly thronged the cafés. The war might have been going swimmingly for all one could see to the contrary. This way of "saving face" may impress the Chinese, which is probably what it was designed to do, but to people of our way of thinking it savors of the pathetic, and its empty, though unspoken bravado carries no conviction of any ability to redeem past errors and reverses.

For some months the large buffet at the railway station in Liao-Yang was thronged night and day with officers, many of whom were passing through on trains, or who had quarters near by; but finally a curb was put

upon this habit by General Kuropatkin himself, who arrived unexpectedly about two o'clock one morning from the south and found the buffet a blaze of light, filled with the shouts and laughter of its convivial occupants. Immediately after his visit a notice was posted in the railway buffet that no officers who had not actual business at the station must be seen there. But General Kuropatkin cannot be everywhere at once, and this evil lies too strongly entrenched in disposition and habit to be eradicated by orders.

It is astonishing that, however much the conduct of some classes of its officers affects the efficiency of the Russian army, it seems to affect its morale but little. One would look for its effects upon the men who fill the ranks, but, beyond the conviction that all demoralization is communicative to a certain degree, the ear-marks are not obvious. The unusual temperament and mentality of the Russian soldier affords the reason. Discipline in this army is based upon blind, unquestioning obedience. And probably the "mujik" is entirely unconscious of the defects of his officers; at any rate, he never thinks of questioning or criticising them. Perhaps a little incident may illustrate this. A regiment of infantry was being marched from Liao-Yang on the Seoul road to reinforce General Keller in front of the Moting pass some weeks ago, and the utmost urgency was required, as the situation of that part of the army was very critical. It had been raining for days, and the road was in terrible condition, reducing the troops, under stress of forced marching orders, to the last extremity of fatigue. A halt was made for the night near one of the many *étapes* which are distributed along the highway, and thither a number of the officers repaired at once, leaving the troops to make their sodden camp as best they might. A hot dinner, served by the Greek proprietor, was followed by a carouse, in which about a dozen officers participated. At one stage of the proceedings, after a great deal of liquor had been consumed, a soldier entered. He had evidently ridden long and hard. His clothing was soaked by the rain and plastered with mud, and as he wore only the thin cotton blouse used by the Russian troops in summer, he was chilled through. It seems that he bore a message, which he was anxious to deliver to

one of the officers present. Several times he deferentially intruded himself upon the notice of his superiors, only to be received with curses and be ordered out of the place. When, after several rebuffs, he reëntered the *étape* and again tried to gain the attention of the officer, he was struck in the face by a heavy glass thrown at him. It was near dawn before he managed to deliver his message, and it broke up the carouse, for it was an order to march forward without a moment's delay. A few hours later those troops, after a wearying march through the rain and mud, went into action. The officer in question was wounded, and it is said that the soldier whom he abused the previous night was killed in attempting to carry his superior off the field. Things like this would totally destroy discipline in an American army, but they seem to have no effect upon the Russian soldier, who is accustomed to take a blow from his officers without a murmur. I do not wish to give the impression that Russian officers are habitually cruel to their soldiers. Quite the contrary is true, for the officers are usually exceedingly kind to their men, and do not hesitate upon occasion to share uncomplainingly their severest hardships. The striking thing in this incident is that the soldier probably never thought of resenting the conduct of the officer, and it never entered his mind to report it to headquarters. Had he done this the officer would undoubtedly have been severely punished, not for abusing the soldier, but for negligence of duty in the presence of the enemy, although he was equally culpable in both instances.

Other miscarriages of and bungling of orders, of a less important nature, are of daily occurrence. A friend of mine travelled out from Moscow in a train filled with officers bound for the front. He made the acquaintance of a number of them, and became quite friendly with several. Among these were three who supposed they were bound for Liao-Yang, although they expected more definite orders at Harbin. The day after their arrival in Harbin my friend met all three of these officers at different times. One found that he must return to Irkutsk, through which place he had passed a week before; another must back-track nearly as far to Chita; while the third found that his coming to Manchuria was all a mis-

take, and he must return at once to Moscow. This out of an acquaintance formed among the occupants of a single carriage. And this is, to a certain extent, characteristic of Russian military administration in this war.

It is a relief to turn from the Russian officer to the Russian soldier. Ivan, poor fellow, with all his ignorance and stupidity, is a man to love. His simple, kindly nature, unswerving loyalty to Czar and country, who have done so little for him, unquestioning obedience to officers who take such little care for his welfare, never-failing patience under reverses, unflinching courage in the presence of the enemy, generally uncomplaining attitude in misfortune, and quiet endurance of poor food and excessive fatigue make him an almost heroic figure. Unaccustomed to what he would consider ordinary comforts, he does not miss them; knowing nothing better, he is contented with his lot. Perhaps it is his deeply religious nature that enables him to bear so well the hardships put upon him. He would rather enter battle without food than without the blessing of the regimental priest, whose picturesque flowing gown and long, uncombed hair are to be met even on the firing line. Many priests wear the St. George cross, given only for gallantry under fire.

As a soldier, Ivan is fairly well drilled in ordinary marching evolutions and the manual of arms, for which he must thank his non-commissioned officers; but he apparently gets very little instruction in modern fighting tactics. Entirely destitute of personal initiative, he is apt to become practically helpless if he loses his officers. He has a fairly good weapon, though inferior to the rifle used by the Japanese, but has been given little instruction in how to use it. Target practice is expensive, and in an army the size of Russia's the men get the minimum. In this war it has been noticeable that such infantry-fire control as is displayed by the Russians is directed almost entirely by the non-commissioned officers, and its efficiency falls far below that of the Japanese.

The Russian soldier, too, is poorly supplied and clothed in comparison to those of most armies. His rations depend largely upon his foraging ability. When the war began his clothing was unsuitable for the requirements of modern conflict, but as time has gone by efforts are being made to remedy

this. The summer blouses issued to the men are of neutral colors, usually a shade of drab, which is a fair substitute for khaki. However, many regiments are still wearing the old white blouses, and they pay for it in increased casualties. I find that Russian officers are abandoning the theory that it is useless to put men into khaki, on the assumption that the more conspicuous they are the more apt they are to take cover, and thus the average of men struck will remain about the same. The officers are themselves abandoning their traditional white blouses in favor of the more inconspicuous shades.

Ivan knows nothing about what he is fighting for, and cares little. He accepts unquestioningly any statements about the cause and progress of the war that are handed out to him by his superiors. "His not to question why"; he takes the war as a matter of course. It is typical of the Russian soldier that he does not expect to survive the war, and is resigned to the sacrifice. If he should survive he will regard it as a specially gracious act of Providence; and like his enemy, the Japanese, he fully expects to give his life to his country. But however low his standard of intelligence, however poorly he may be equipped and instructed, Ivan has qualities which compel admiration and respect, and force the belief upon one that this is a wonderful soldier badly handled. But the material is here, and one day there will be a government in Russia able to make the most of it.

A favorite argument, among various excuses for the Russian lack of success, is that the troops which have been doing the fighting are Transbaikalian and Siberian regiments, which are presumed to be greatly inferior to the battalions of the regular European army. There is a superficial plausibility in this excuse, and it is not astonishing that it should have been widely accepted even by those whose sympathies are with the Japanese. Probably a great majority of the Russian officers believe it themselves; and, at any rate, a certain consolation is to be derived by them from this theory. But is it well founded? In America, where the entire army is on exactly the same grade as to material, organization, and equipment, aside from the variations necessary in the different arms of the service, it is hard for people to differentiate between the "Imperial

Guards," "Cossacks," "line," "railway guards," "frontier guards," "rifles," and so forth, which make up the Russian army. But we are familiar with the custom so long practised in Europe of setting aside certain regiments and corps made up, presumably, of picked officers and men, which are usually designated "guards." There is no doubt that the "Old Guard" of Napoleon deserved its high reputation, and in many wars the guards of other armies have done good work; but in recent times the troops upon which this title is usually bestowed, while theoretically "crack" regiments, are apt to really fall below the fighting efficiency of the "line." The "swell" officer is usually to be found in the guards, and in modern armies the term "swell" is apt to be synonymous with incompetent. So when the Russians talk about the "Imperial Guards" coming out, and what they will do when they get here, no great expectations need be based thereon. On the other hand, there are good reasons to think that the troops which have been doing the bulk of the fighting so far are equal, and possibly superior, to any in the Russian army. A large number of these troops are designated as "railway" and "frontier" guards, all of which were recruited from specially selected men. Especially is this true of the railway guards, who include many mechanics and skilled workmen. Then many of the officers are men selected on account of special knowledge and fitness. Furthermore, many of these troops (for, although called, for political purposes, railway or frontier guards, they are nothing but regular soldiers, organized and equipped as such) have seen service in the Boxer trouble and against the fierce tribes of central Asia. They are tolerably familiar with the country, its people and customs, and had seen more or less campaigning before the present war. And now they can class as veterans, having met the enemy on a number of hard-fought fields. Is there any good reason to think that troops now arriving or to arrive from Russia are superior to those already here? I can see none. The European troops have exactly the same weapons and equipment, they are practically all raw conscripts who have never seen war, and their preparation for the grim game they are now called upon to play in earnest is confined to what the routine and drill of

garrison life has given them. I do not contend that as the war progresses there will be no improvement on the part of the Russians. They certainly will profit by experience, as armies always improve as a war goes on. But such improvement, which is to be anticipated, will not be due, in my opinion, to the introduction of a better class of troops.

It is possible that the British army may hold the palm for variety of nationalities wearing its uniform, but the Russian army will push it hard for supremacy in this respect. It fills one with wonder to watch the scene on the large station platform at Liao-Yang. Hundreds of officers and men of twenty different nationalities, all wearing the Russian uniform, are bustling about or taking refreshments in the buffet. Swarthy Turkomans and Bokharans from Transcaspia, picturesque Kalmuks, Buriats, and Mongols from the wild steppes of central Asia mingle with the various types which make up the population of Siberia and European Russia; while, as hangers-on of one kind or another, Greeks, Armenians, Arabs, and representatives of every nationality the mongrel Levant can boast. It is the policy of the Russian Government when it includes conquered peoples in its army to permit them, as far as possible, to retain their national characteristics of dress, and it seems at first that half a dozen armies are represented. But it is all Russian, and reveals at a glance the vast extent and diversified ethnology of the empire. But what of real patriotism, of mutual sympathy and unity of purpose does this conglomerate horde contain? This portentous question rises, inevitably, in one's mind as one watches the muddle of physical types and listens to the babel of tongues.

No correspondence designed to depict the situation of the Russian army in Manchuria would be complete without some mention of its feeder, the great Siberian Railroad. The war is now nearly six months old, and the operation of the railroad, so indispensable to the Russians, is no longer a matter of conjecture. I have lived, comparatively speaking, beside this railway for several months now, observing its operation and management under actual war conditions, and I think I have a pretty good idea of what it has done and what it will be able to do. It may be well to at once

correct certain widely held impressions about the construction of this road. It is not a flimsily built affair, as is often asserted. While not up to the standard of the best American and European roads, it is not exaggerating to say that its general construction may be termed first-class. The road-bed is excellent, the rails of good quality and weight, and all the important bridges are of the best modern steel construction and design. The rolling stock is in many respects better than that of the average railway in Europe, being heavier and of more substantial build. Many of the locomotives were made in America, while the remainder are of the usual type. As was anticipated, the vast increase of traffic occasioned by the war compelled the Government to withdraw many locomotives and a great deal of rolling stock from its European lines for use on the Siberian Railway. There has, therefore, been no shortage of rolling stock. By this I do not mean that all the rolling stock that might possibly have been used has actually been employed, but as the Russians have managed they would not have been able to make use of more.

Still, while predictions, so freely indulged by many, that the road would speedily break down under the strain have not been fulfilled, I am certain that it has not met Russian expectations. The facts have been somewhat difficult to get at, for every attempt has been made by the military authorities to conceal the real state of affairs; but there is no doubt that statements given out about the arrival of reinforcements have been greatly and purposely exaggerated. I have managed to accumulate considerable data on this subject, which I think to be reasonably reliable, although it is, of course, impossible for me to give my sources of information aside from personal observation. For the first five months of the war, or up to July 10, the daily average of the arrival of reinforcements to points south of Moukden, and including those detained there, was about 480, together with their impedimenta and equipment. This must be a great disappointment to the Russian military authorities, since it falls below what was conceded probable by all except the most perverse critics. The importance of these figures cannot be overestimated, since they have the most vital bearing upon the war;

in short, the bringing of reënforcements and supplies is the meat in the Russian cocoon. The highest rate attained was in the bringing out of the Tenth Army Corps, which was the first to arrive from Europe. From the time the first troops belonging to this corps reached Liao-Yang until the last arrived thirty-four days elapsed, or an average, assuming the corps to be within 10 per cent. of its paper strength, of a little less than 1,100 men daily. This included, of course, the horses for a division of cavalry and sixteen batteries of artillery of eight guns each, and the entire corps field transport, amounting theoretically to 16,965 animals and 3,717 vehicles. I do not know whether the whole number of guns and vehicles were brought, but the corps must be assumed to have been complete on a war footing.

This, I am inclined to think, will be the high-water mark of troop transportation in this war, and in my opinion computations based on any higher rate will be unreliable and visionary. In fact, I doubt if it can be maintained. The reasons for this may be briefly summed up. In the early stages of the war the reënforcements were required to be brought comparatively short distances, from eastern and central Siberia. But the advantage of the shorter haul was largely offset by the comparatively small amount of rolling stock then available, and consequently it came along rather slowly. Then many of the regiments were not at once prepared to start, causing further delay. Given all the rolling stock the line could carry, once the European troops were mobilized, they could be sent forward in a steady stream and with something like systematic regularity. This accounts for the comparatively slow rate of arrival early in the war, which pulled down the grand average to such a low figure. By the time the first European troops were ready to start the additional rolling stock had been distributed and the handling of the war traffic reduced into a system. With a continuance of conditions as they existed in the month of June the average attained in bringing out the Tenth Corps might be kept up. But the situation is continually shifting, and as it shifts conditions change also. In the first place, good fortune attended the transport of the Tenth Corps. The time of year was favorable, and there were no accidents or

serious interruptions of traffic along the line. As the number of troops in Manchuria becomes larger and larger, a greater number of trains must be given over to the transport of supplies for the army. For instance, there is a great difference between the amount of supplies and war material required by an army of 50,000 men and one of 200,000. Furthermore, when the war began the country contained a vast amount of war material in the shape of food products, mules and horses, and supplies of all kinds. The Russians have already pretty well drained the country of this material, and by the loss of so much ground they not only lose what is left in those sections, but are deprived of the use of the crops which will be produced this year. Then there is wastage. Nothing perishes more rapidly than war material. The loss of animals so far has been, for instance, enormous. Along the Seoul highway the road is lined with carcasses, and I counted a hundred without changing position. As the army grows, its consumption of material is not only greater, but the wastage of the human element, through battle casualties and disease, while not necessarily increasing in proportion, swells greatly in volume; and here, again, a certain amount of transport is required to repair the gaps. So it will be seen that not every man, horse, and gun hauled out from Russia means another man, horse, or gun added to the army in Manchuria, and the greater the army the greater the wastage. Tens of thousands of animals die and break down, and every westward bound train is filled with invalided men. Even should the Russians be able to keep the railway at its present state of efficiency, or increase it, there must come a time sooner or later when the amount of reënforcements and supplies that can be hauled will strike a balance with the wastage of men and material, and that point will mark the highest numerical strength of the army which can be brought to bear upon the Japanese in this war.

In order to maintain a rate of one thousand men a day it will be necessary, when the constant altering of conditions is considered, to greatly improve the present hauling capacity of the railway. Can this be done? I see no reason to believe that it will. In speculating upon the hauling capacity of the Siberian Railway, many per-

sons in America, where railway construction and operation has reached the highest standard in the world, are misled by the assumption that this road can carry as much as a single-track road does in the United States. There is no doubt that the Siberian Railway *ought*, under thoroughly competent management, to carry two or three thousand men a day, and discharge them in a continuous stream at the eastern terminus. An American railway, under American management, would have no difficulty in doing it. But a railway under Russian management is a different proposition. Handling of railway traffic is a science, and Russia does not seem to possess the talent and knowledge to deal with the present crisis. It would pay the Government, in view of what it has at stake here, to employ a large number of American traffic managers, yard-masters, and train despatchers, even at enormous salaries, to operate this road during the war. But pride and suspicion stand in the way of such a sensible policy; and even if it was adopted the chances are that it would be as it was with the British engineers brought to Port Arthur to float and repair the damaged Russian battle-ships, who were so hampered with official interference that, after getting several of the vessels afloat, and partially repaired, they resigned their positions in disgust, and could not be induced to remain.

So the Russians run their road in their own way, and a pretty poor job they make of it. The last time I travelled between Liao-Yang and Moukden, a distance of thirty-five miles, the journey took thirty-two hours, and I have never done it in better than eight hours. They will doubtless make some improvement as the war progresses, but there are deteriorating influences at work which more than preserve the balance. Chief among these is the wear upon the rolling stock and road-bed. I am not among those who think that the railway will eventually break down entirely under the strain, but it undoubtedly is already beginning to tell. The line from Harbin south is admitted to be the best piece of road on the whole line, and since the war began it has naturally, owing to its location, suffered heavier usage. It has stood the wear fairly well, but many little repairs are already becoming necessary, and as the roadbed deteriorates the time

schedule, at best ridiculously slow, grows worse.

Few things are so futile as prediction about events in course of development, yet the impulse to indulge in an estimation of certain probabilities in connection with the military situation in Manchuria is almost irresistible. From what I see about me here, such conclusions as I am able to draw incline me to the belief that Russia will not be able to assemble and supply in this locality, within a reasonable time, an army of greater strength than 250,000 men of all arms, or double the number she has now. Miscalculations about this, made early in the war, were due to greatly overestimating the troops here when hostilities began. Will such an army be equal to the task of expelling the Japanese from Manchuria and Korea, assuming that Japan is able to retain her present control of the sea? I think not, if the Japanese generals pursue a careful and conservative policy. As the Russians fall back to the north they damage the railroad as much as possible before abandoning it, and draw off all the rolling stock that can be utilized. But, owing to the necessity for themselves using the road up to the last moment, the damage they can do in the time at their disposal is comparatively slight. When with the Boers during their retreat through the Orange Free State I had some opportunity to observe such operations. The long halt made by Lord Roberts at Bloemfontein gave the Boers plenty of time to prepare to destroy the railroad, and they, well knowing that they would be compelled to retreat, made their preparations with great care and deliberation. All the bridges and principal culverts were mined, so they could be blown up at a moment's notice, and as the army fell back all that was necessary was to explode the mines. What the Boers did then is about all that can be done under similar circumstances, yet the British were running trains over the greater part of the road within a few days after it came into their possession, making temporary bridges to replace those destroyed. The Japanese, however, although their engineering corps is well equipped, will not be able to here duplicate this feat of the British. In Russia all railroads, for military reasons, are built on a gauge differing from the standard gauge used in most countries. This will

compel the Japanese, before they can use the railroad themselves, to relay the track entirely, as they have no rolling stock to fit the present gauge. Even when the track is relaid, the rolling stock must be brought from Japan, a not impossible task, but one requiring time and labor. The Japanese know what they have to meet, and are already making the necessary alterations in that portion of the road now in their possession, so that within a few months they will be able to use it to supply their army in the interior, and if they do not attempt to follow the retiring Russians too far, they should be able to reënforce and supply much more rapidly and with less expense than their opponents. After the fall of Port Arthur—and I now can see nothing to prevent the capture of that place, although it is impossible to fix a date for this significant event—the Japanese army investing that fortress will be free to join the armies now operating against General Kuropatkin, which will mean, unless an attack is made upon Vladivostok, that the entire Japanese army can be employed to hold the territory it has gained. Under the circumstances, it is easy to see that should the Russian Government persist in attempting to expel the Japanese from the continent, it has before it a gigantic task, and one which may be beyond its ability. Only those of Russia's countless legions that can be brought within rifle shot of the Japanese will be of any use in this war, and the assembling in Manchuria of an army com-

petent for the task might well overtax the resources of any nation. How the Russians will ever be able to gain the necessary preponderance in numbers I do not now see, for I think that few people will dispute that a decided preponderance will be required. It seems to me that Moukden is a prudent limit for the Japanese northward advance, for beyond here many of the advantages which have aided them so far will disappear. Once he has shaken Kuroki's army from his flank and rear, and, by the abandonment of a large region, been able to concentrate his constantly growing army, General Kuropatkin will be in a position to dispute every mile of ground on comparatively equal terms. The Japanese generals should be too wise to repeat the blunder of Napoleon.

So, if the Japanese suffer no serious reverses on the sea, which would completely alter the whole situation, we may in time see the war in Manchuria come to a sort of military stalemate, the Japanese not daring to attempt to push the Russians farther, and the Russians not able to gather strength enough to drive the Japanese out. Thus the war may drag along indefinitely, until both governments grow weary of paying the bills and suffering the manifold detriments of a state of war. Then intervention may be welcomed, and a compromise reached which will throw open this beautiful part of China to the commerce of the whole world.

MOUKDEN, August 1.



THE ROYAL ACADEMY

By Fred. A. Eaton

Secretary R. A.

SECOND PAPER



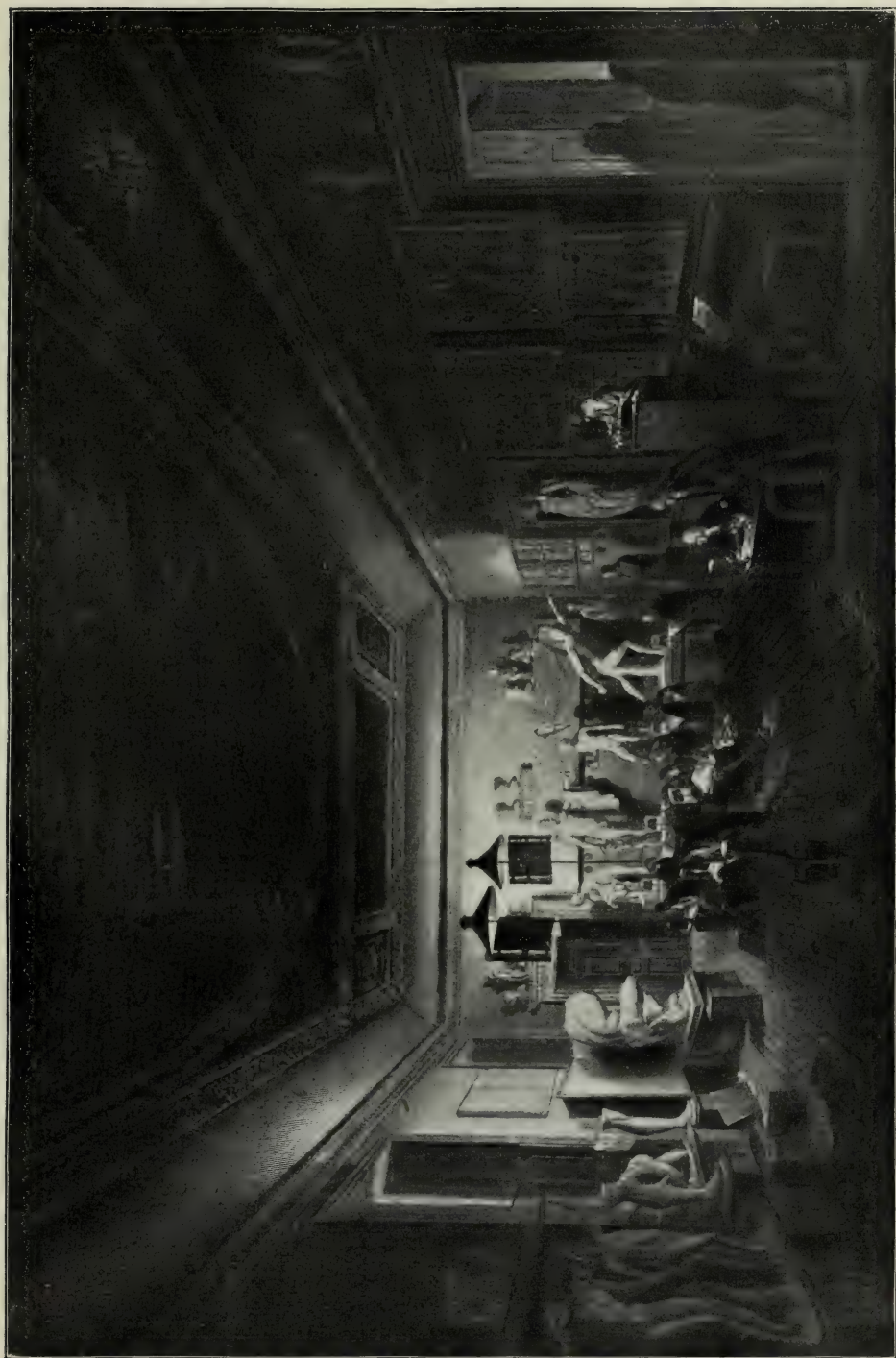
AS has been already stated in the previous article on the Royal Academy, its founders had two main objects in view, a "School or Academy of Design for the Use of Students in the Arts" and an "Annual Exhibition open to all artists of distinguished merit." Little time was lost in giving effect to the first-named object, and in less than a month from the date of the foundation an "antique" or "plaister academy" and an "academy of living models" as they were called, were opened in Pall Mall. The instruction in the former was given by the keeper; in the latter by the visitors, members of the Academy elected annually to serve for one month in rotation. The general superintendence of the teaching and discipline was in the hands of the keeper.

It was not by any means the first attempt that had been made to establish an art school, the first effort in this direction dating back to the reign of Charles I; but all had failed for one reason or another, chiefly for lack of means. Of the schools started in the earlier part of the eighteenth century, those of Sir James Thornhill and his son-in-law, William Hogarth, were the most noteworthy. Hogarth opened his in St. Martin's Lane in 1734; it was supported by annual subscription and continued to flourish as a school for the study of the nude figure for thirty years.

No fewer than seventy-seven students entered the Academy schools during the first year. Among them are to be found the names of John Bacon, Thomas Banks, Richard Cosway, Francis Wheatley, John Yenn, John Flaxman, and many others, destined to become artists of repute and full members of the institution which had been their artistic *alma mater*. George Moser was the first keeper, and G. B. Cipriani, Nathaniel Dance, Francis Hayman, Benjamin West, and Richard Wilson among the first elected visitors. The first Pro-

fessors of Painting, Architecture, and Anatomy were Edward Penny, Thomas Sandby, and Dr. William Hunter. The Professorship of Sculpture was not founded till 1810, with Flaxman as the first holder, and that of Chemistry not till 1871.

It is not intended here to give a history of the Academy schools, but a few salient points may not be without interest. First and foremost is the fact that the instruction has always been gratuitous; no fees have ever been charged. The expenses of every kind, including the scholarships and prizes, have been paid for out of the profits of the exhibition. These expenses, which at the outset were under £1,000, have long since reached and exceeded £6,000. Over 5,000 students have passed through the schools since their foundation, and among them are to be found the names of most of the artists of the British Isles who have attained eminence in their profession. Exclusive of the thirty-six academicians originally nominated by George III there have been 197 elected, of whom 117 received their art education in these schools. It may be appropriate here to quote the words of one of the most—if not the most—illustrious of them. Speaking from the chair at the Academy dinner of 1895, in the absence, through illness, of Lord Leighton—alas, that neither of them lived to fill that chair again!—Sir John Millais, in replying to the toast of the Royal Academy proposed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, said: "Before I thank you I must tell you briefly of my connection with this Academy. I entered the antique school as a probationer when I was eleven years of age, then became a student in the life school, and I have risen from stage to stage until I reached the position I now hold of Royal Academician; so that, man and boy, I have been intimately connected with this Academy for more than half a century. I have received here a free education as an artist—an advantage any lad can enjoy who can pass a qualifying ex-



The Antique School of the Royal Academy at Somerset House.
From the painting by Johann Zoffany, R. A.

amination—and I owe the Academy a debt of gratitude I can never repay. I can, however, make this return—I can give it my love. I love everything belonging to it—the casts I have drawn from as a boy, the books I have consulted in our library, the very benches I have sat on, not forgetting my dear good brother members who surround me at this table.”

Millais entered the schools just after the Academy had removed from Somerset House to Trafalgar Square, but there are still three members alive—J. C. Hook, W. P. Frith, and H. Le Jeune—who began

out to be a lady. The authorities, it is said somewhat unwillingly, accepted the situation, and women students have been very much to the fore ever since.

During the time that the Academy was at Somerset House and Trafalgar Square the work of the schools was much hampered for want of room, the apartments in which it was carried on being required every year for the annual exhibition. On its removal, however, to its present quarters in Burlington House the Academy was able to house the schools in a more fitting manner, and the students can now pursue



Leaves from Benjamin West's sketch-book.

their studentship at the former place and who can remember when the hour for which the living model sat without a rest was regulated not by the clock, but by a large hour-glass which is still in existence. No female student then disturbed the serenity of the workers; not that there was any law against their admission, but simply none had ever presented themselves; a somewhat singular fact when one remembers that two of the originally nominated Academicians were ladies, Angelica Kauffman and Mary Moser. However, in 1860 the spell was broken, more or less by a fluke; a successful candidate who had merely given initials instead of the full Christian name on the form submitted with the drawings turning

their studies uninterruptedly in class-rooms specially adapted for the purpose.

Many changes have in the course of years been made in the curriculum. The qualification for entrance has frequently been altered, but always in the direction of greater proficiency. The term of studentship, which at first was for a period of six years, was increased to ten, then reduced to seven, six, and now to five years, divided into two periods of three and two years, the latter only granted on condition of passing a strict examination at the end of the first period.

The year 1903 has seen very great changes. All preliminary teaching has been abolished and the standard of admission considerably raised, it being thought that, now that



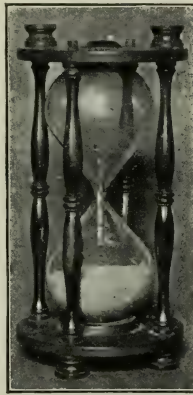
The Life School of the Royal Academy at Somerset House.
From the picture by Johann Zoffany, R. A.

there were art schools all over the kingdom in which the preliminary training of the art student was satisfactorily carried out, the Academy should—to quote from a recent article in the *Nineteenth Century*—“concentrate its efforts on developing the higher branches of art education, for which it had unrivalled advantages, inasmuch as it was the one school where, by the system of visitors, the art student was put in direct relation with the most eminent members of the profession for the purpose of the completion of his studies.” That, in fact, the schools of the Royal Academy should be the University of Art. *Ainsi soit il!*

The second of the two main objects which the memorialists had in their minds when they solicited George III’s “gracious assistance, patronage, and protection” in “establishing a society for promoting the arts of design” was “an annual exhibition open to all artists of distinguished merit, where they may offer their performances to public inspection, and acquire that degree of reputation and encouragement which they shall be deemed to deserve,” and they went on to state that they thought the profits arising from the exhibition would fully answer all the expenses of the schools, and indeed that there would be something left for distribution in charity. Nor were their expectations destined to be unfulfilled. The first twelve years indeed showed a deficit which was met by contributions from his Majesty’s privy purse, but from 1781 onward no such aid has been required. As has been already stated, the first exhibition, in 1769, in Pall Mall, contained 136 works, of which eighty-seven were by Academicians and only forty-nine by outsiders. The first exhibition at Somerset House, in 1780, contained 489 works, of which 124 only were by members of the Academy, showing how the outside element had increased; and the last, in 1836, 1,154 works, of which 149 were by members. A slight increase in the numbers took place on the removal to Trafalgar Square, but the average remained much the same. It was thought that when the new galleries at Burlington House were built many more works would be exhibited,

but that proved in the first instance not to be the case, though further additions have brought the numbers up on one or two occasions to over 2,000, and the average is now about 1,800. But if the number of exhibited works has not shown any very extraordinary increase—whether owing to space being limited or merit wanting it boots not to inquire—the number sent has mounted up by leaps and bounds. The catalogue of 1837, in which there were 1,289 entries, contained the following notice: “It may be proper to observe that, in consequence of the great number of works sent for exhibition this year it has been found

impossible to assign places to many of those which had been accepted.” No record exists of how many were sent in that year, but in 1862 we know that 2,565 were submitted, of which 988 found acceptance, the remaining 154 that were exhibited being by members. These numbers gradually increased, and in 1869, the first year in the new galleries at Burlington House, reached 4,526. There was a setback, however, of nearly 1,000 in the following year, but recovery soon followed, and in 1874, the first year in which the present writer had experience of the exhibition, the number was 4,481. From this period the in-



Hour-glass.

Formerly used in the schools for timing the model.

crease was steady and continuous, and in 1901 reached the high figure of 14,353. There could not naturally be any proportionate increase in the number of works exhibited, for the galleries, though such extension as was possible was carried out, were not capable of holding more than on an average 1,800 to 2,000 works of all kinds, ten per cent. of which came from members.

What a difference between this state of things and the early days at Somerset House, when it was often found difficult to fill the rooms, and members were invited by the hanging committee to send more works in order to cover the walls! Reynolds exhibited forty-two works in three years, 1785 to 1787, and John Russell, R. A., had twenty-two works in one year, 1790. The increasing number of artists, however, soon began to produce its effect, and in 1799 it was proposed that no one should be al-



The Life School at Hogarth's Academy in Peter's Court, St. Martin's Lane.
From a painting by Hogarth.

lowed to send more than six pictures. The number was ultimately fixed at eight for members and non-members alike, and there it remained until this year, when after much deliberation and after receiving a petition signed by a very large number of the principal exhibitors that the number allowed to be sent by non-members should be reduced to two or three, it was decided to limit them to three, and to reduce the number sent by members to six. The result for this year has been a diminution of about 2,500 works—not so many as might have been expected, did one not bear in mind that the average number of works sent by each artist seldom exceeded two and a half; more artists being in the habit of sending one, two, or three works than any larger number.

In the old days the council used often to have difficulties over pictures sent to the exhibition, especially with members of the Academy. The most famous instance is the quarrel with Gainsborough in 1784 over the hanging of the portraits of the royal princesses. It began in 1783, when Gainsborough presented his compliments to "the Committee of Gentlemen appointed to hang the pictures of the Royal Exhibition" and "begged leave to *hint* to them that if the Royal Family which he has sent for this exhibition (being smaller than three-quarters), are hung above the line along with full-lengths, he never more, while he breathes, will send another picture to the Exhibition. This he swears by God." A sketch of how the pictures were to be hung and a friendly letter to Newton, the secretary, accompanied this imperious epistle. No official cognizance appears to have been taken of the letter, and the pictures were hung as he desired. Next year, however,

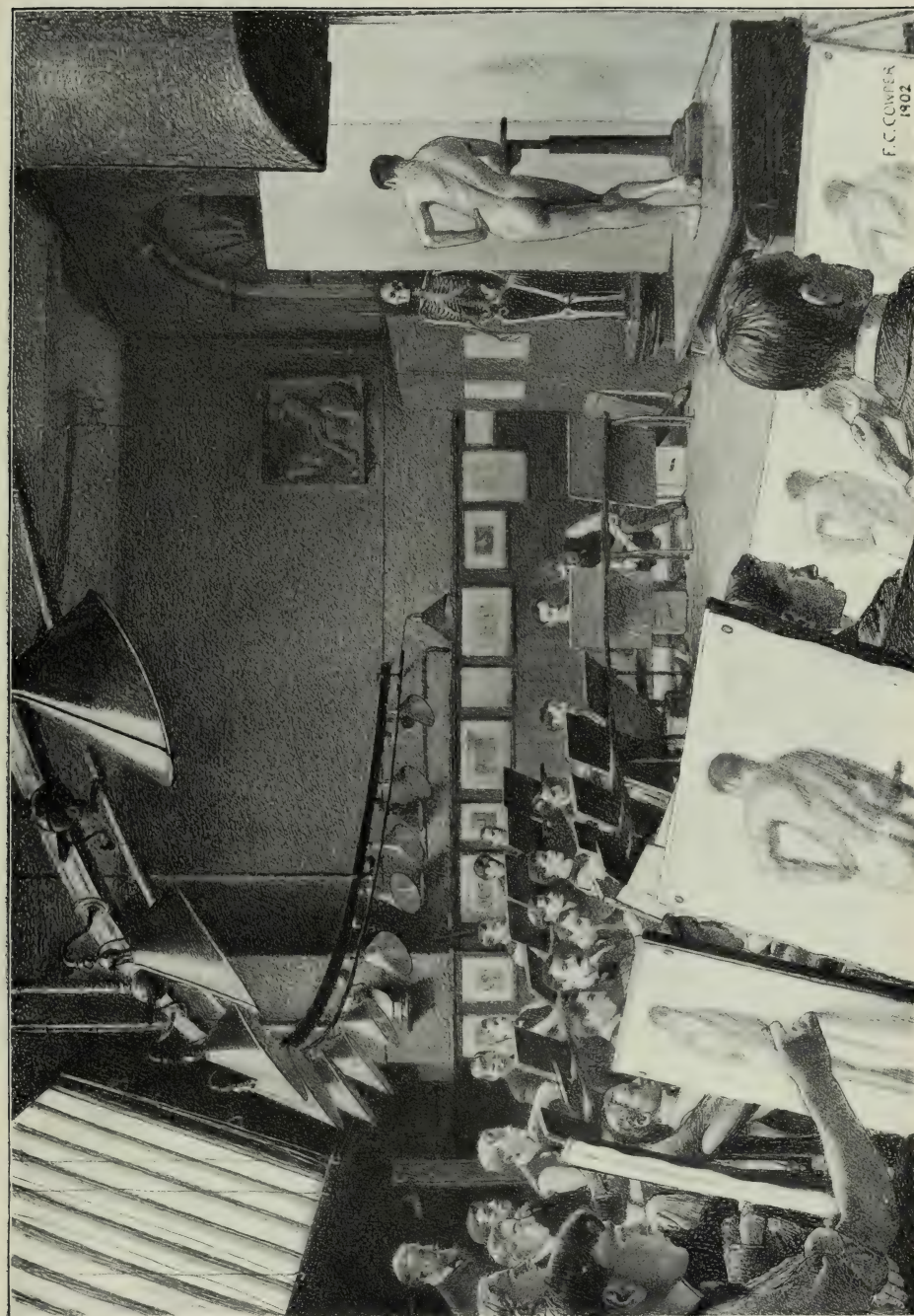
brought a similar letter, not so forcibly worded, it is true, but equally decided in its demands, in which, begging pardon for giving so much trouble, he says that "as he has painted the picture of the Princesses [the three eldest daughters of George III] in so tender a light that, notwithstanding he approves of the established line for strong effects he cannot possibly consent to have it placed higher than five feet and a half, because the likeness and work of the picture will not be seen any higher; therefore at a word, he will not trouble the gentlemen against their inclination, but will beg the rest of his pictures back again." This seems to have been too much for the council, who decided that his pictures should be taken down and delivered to his order. Under the circumstances their action is hardly to be wondered at. Nor is it perhaps a matter for surprise that Gainsborough never sent a picture again. There appears, however, to have been some sort of reconciliation between him and the authorities, as an entry in the council minutes for 1787



Corridor—Royal Academy schools.

states that "Mr. Gainsborough has promised to paint a picture for the chimney in the council-room," a promise which, owing to his illness and death in the following year, could not be fulfilled.

It was during this last illness that the pathetic incident occurred of what has been called the reconciliation of Reynolds and Gainsborough. How far the relations between them justify the application of such a term it is not easy to determine. That they were *antipatici* there can be no doubt. The one was impulsive, enthusiastic, and genial, but entirely without any sense of duty or responsibility; whereas order, method, and duty had been the watchwords of the other.



Drawn by F. C. Couper.

Present-day Life Class of the Royal Academy.

Apart from any jealousy of one another as portrait painters, it is obvious that the different view they took of life must have prevented any cordial intercourse between them. That such was the case is evident from the following letter which not long ago came into possession of the Royal Academy; it is indorsed on the back in Sir Joshua's handwriting "Gainsborough when dying."

DEAR SIR JOSHUA:

I am just to write what I fear you will not read—after lying in a dying state for 6 months. The extreme affection which I am informed of by a Friend which Sir Joshua has expresd induces me to beg a last favor, which is to come once under my Roof and look at my things, my woodman you never saw, if what I ask now is not disagreeable to your feeling that I may have the honor to speak to you. I can from a sincere Heart say that I always admired and sincerely loved Sir Joshua Reynolds.

THO GAINSBOROUGH

The picture Gainsborough speaks of as "my woodman" is probably the one catalogued in the list of the pictures in his possession at his decease as "The Woodman and his Dog in a Storm," which afterwards belonged to Lord Gainsborough and was destroyed by fire at Exton Park.

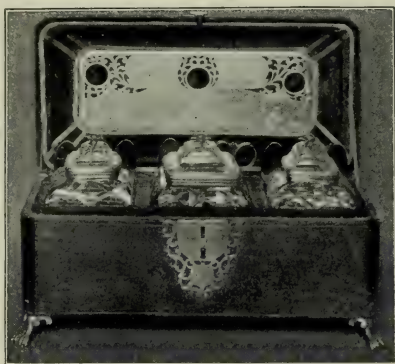
The selection of works for the exhibition is an arduous and fatiguing task, and to a tender, sensitive mind often a very painful one. It takes from seven to eight days to accomplish, and is performed by the council for the year, consisting of ten Academicians with the president as chairman. They begin at 10 A. M., and continue to 6 P. M., with a break of an hour from 1 to 2 for luncheon and a quarter of an hour—4 to 4.15—for tea. During that time some 1,500 to 2,000 works pass before them. No doubt to many this may seem a very large number to be dealt with in the time, but if the truth be told a large proportion of them are so bad that the very carpenters could have sat in judgment on them without much fear of making a mistake. Sir John Millais used to tell a story of how when the Royal Aquarium, which has just disap-

peared, was started with a great flourish of trumpets, a royal duke as president, and the prospect of the letters F.R.A. being as valuable after a name as those of F.R.S., an annual exhibition of pictures formed part of the programme, and he and one or two other artists were invited to join some distinguished amateurs and dilettanti as a committee of selection. They duly met, and the quickness with which the artists with their expert knowledge decided on the merit or demerit of each work completely flabbergasted the other members of the selection committee, who wanted to discuss the question of its goodness or badness at

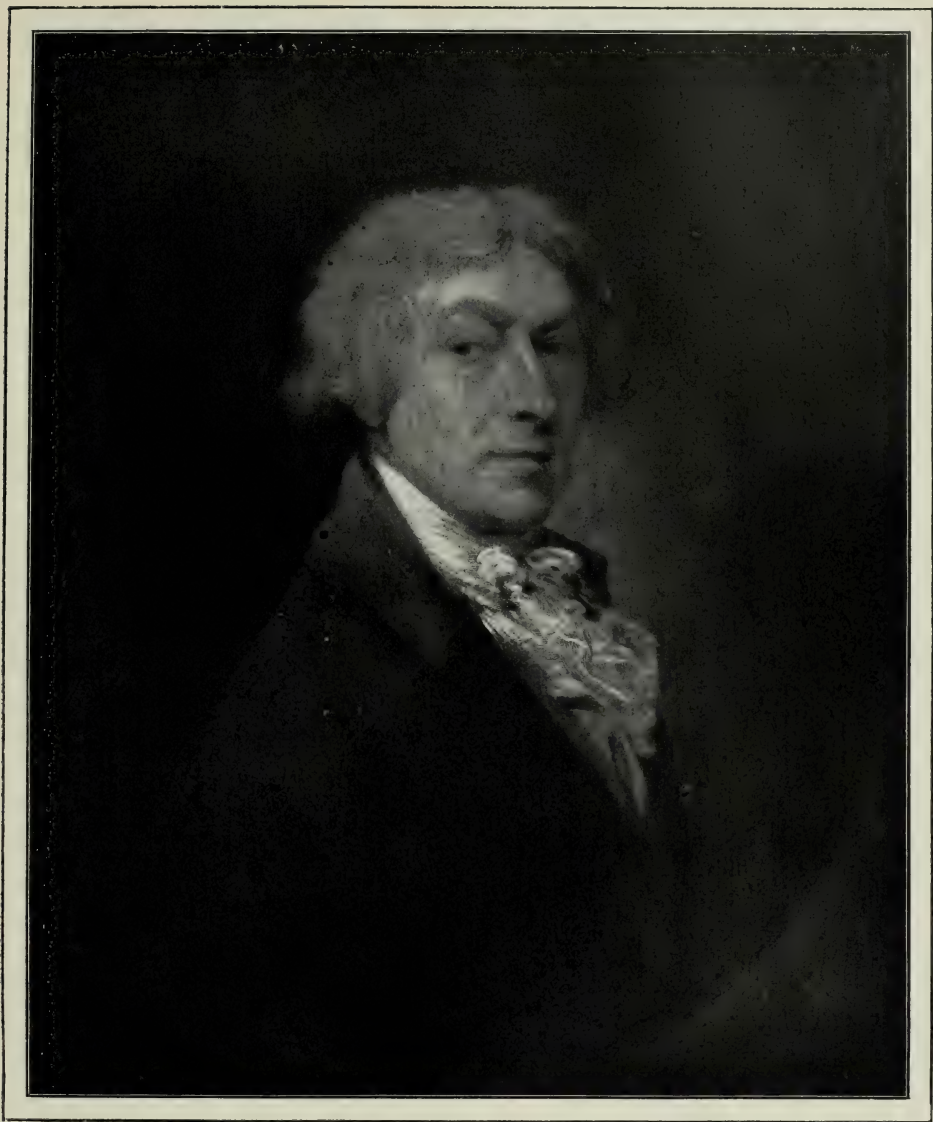
great length, till at last Sir John exclaimed, "Well, gentlemen, if we go on like this we shall be here till next year," and finally left them to their devices. Of course there are some pictures which provoke great difference of opinion, and then a vote has to be taken, the result being as a rule on the lenient side, *i.e.*, in favor of making the work doubtful rather than of rejecting it altogether.

In a case of this kind Lord Leighton used always to urge the necessity of looking for what there might be of good in the work. "The faults," he would say, "are obvious, but if there is anything good let it outweigh them in your minds." "And above all," he would add, "don't be biassed by your likes and dislikes; you may dislike a picture very much, but at the same time there may be something good in it."

The picture by C. W. Cope, R.A., shows the council selecting the works for exhibition in the great Gallery No. 3. It is not a council that ever actually existed—that is to say, the members depicted never all served on the council together—but it forms a very representative group of some of the principal members of the Academy at the time it was painted, in 1875, and most of the likenesses are excellent. Especially good is that of the president, Sir Francis Grant, holding in his hand the ivory hammer which from the time of Sir Joshua has been used to



Sir Joshua Reynolds's tea-caddy.



Portrait of Gainsborough, by himself.

summon too talkative members to attend to the business before them. Lying on the table, though hidden in the picture by the burly form of Millais, are three emblems, an A. an X. and a D., cut out of tin and mounted each on a short ebony handle. They are used by the president to indicate to the foreman carpenter, who stands ready with the chalk, the verdict of either "accepted," "crossed," or "doubtful," thereby allowing the president, if he is so minded,

to save his voice the continual calling out of those words. It was characteristic of Leighton that he hardly ever availed himself of these trouble-saving appliances, but almost invariably pronounced the verdict *viva voce*. Indeed, his conduct of the business during the period of selection was a wonderful *tour de force*. No work that came up, however small and insignificant, ever escaped his notice, or passed without his uttering some criticism upon it, while

all the time he kept up a running commentary, now serious, now jocose, on what was going on, never allowing anyone's attention for one instant to flag, and himself setting the very best possible example to that end. Nor was his restless energy satisfied with this sufficiently exhausting labor during the working hours of the day. The other members as a rule thought the luncheon hour none too long a rest after the three hours' morning work, but Leighton, eating rapidly and talking all the time, would get up from the table at half past one or five and twenty minutes to two, and with an "Excuse me, gentlemen," would rush off to the Athenæum Club in a cab, write some letters, rush back again, resume his seat at the table, swallow a cup of coffee, and

punctually at two be in the presidential chair and rapping on the table with the hammer to summon his lagging colleagues. Be it remembered, too, that before coming to the Academy he had been at work in his studio for a couple of hours, and that when he left his day was by no means over.

In accordance with the judgment passed upon them by the council, the works submitted are divided into those which are accepted and must be hung, those which are rejected or "crossed" and are not to be hung, and those which are made doubtful, *i.e.*, left for the hanging committee to choose from for filling up the exhibition after the members' and accepted works have been placed. This hanging committee consists of five painters, one sculptor, and one

Gainsborough presents his Compliments
to the Gentlemen appointed to hang the Pictures
at the Royal Academy; and begs leave
to hint to them, that if the Royal Family,
which he has sent for this Exhibition (being
smaller than three quarters) are hung above
the line ~~to~~ along with full lengths, he
never more, whilst he breaths, will
send another Picture to the Exhibition -
This he swears by God
Saturday Morn

Wolfgang



Committee Selecting Pictures for the Royal Academy. — Page 564.
By C. W. Cope, R. A. Presented to the Academy by George Moore.

formed of the faults in the picture, so that they may avoid them in the future. Others there are of quite a different type, of which the following may be taken as a specimen:

I must express my annoyance and astonishment at having an exhibit of mine refused that in fair competition would have been unhesitatingly accepted. Nor would I have you look upon me in the light of a disappointed exhibitor, for I do not resent honorable defeat and have put up with my returned pictures year after year, reflecting that it is possible that an extreme "finish" is preferred to

anything in danger of being original, although I have known them to be better than many of the exhibited ones. I myself, although I am no expert yet am no fool, and not more biased than your committee. But this bit of statuary, which would even show well in a Continental Salon, has a slur cast upon it, and its return is a flagrant bit of insolence that says in plain English that unless bolstered, a work will not be accepted at any price, except, perhaps, as a stop-gap. You will undoubtedly deny this, but on what grounds in the face of the action I cannot think, for I have been assured by experts that with fair play this would have been accepted as a

work in no measured terms, and ended by bringing down a heavy stick upon his head with a force which, but for a stiff hat he was wearing, might have ended his days there and then. Fortunately, no such experience has come my way.

Mention has already been made in a previous article of the diploma works. These were never properly arranged and seen till the Academy was settled at Burlington House, where they now occupy two out of the four galleries built by the Academy on the top of the old building. Of the other two galleries, one is filled with the works in marble and plaster which were in John Gibson's studio at Rome when he died. He bequeathed them all to the Academy with a sum of money more than sufficient to erect a gallery in which to display them. His object in doing this was to emulate on a small scale the example of his master Thorwaldsen at Copenhagen, but it is to be feared that in neither case has posterity shown that appreciation of the gift which the donor from the fame he acquired in his lifetime had every expectation of its receiving.

The remaining gallery contains works which have either been presented to the Academy or acquired by purchase. Chief among these are the cartoon of the Virgin and St. Anne, by Leonardo da Vinci; Marco d'Oggione's full-sized contemporary copy of the same artist's "Last Supper," at Milan; and an unfinished marble bas-relief of the Virgin and Child by Michael Angelo, this last the gift of Sir George Beaumont in 1830. Here also is that most interesting relic, Sir Joshua Reynolds's "Sitter's Chair." A tablet attached to it bears the following commemorative inscription written by the late J. E. Hodgson, R.A.:

This Chair was occupied in turns by the most illustrious statesmen and warriors, by the most eminent lawyers, poets, philosophers, actors, and wits of the eighteenth century. The loveliest and most intellectual women of that time have sat in it. The majestic Siddons leaned her arms upon it as "The Tragic Muse." Kitty Fisher lounged in it as "Cleopatra."

It passed by purchase into the possession of each succeeding president of the Royal Academy, until Sir Frederick Leighton in 1878 presented it to that body, and it has now found a permanent resting-place in this gallery.

The Academy also possesses Sir Thomas Lawrence's Sitter's Chair, which is kept in the general assembly room.

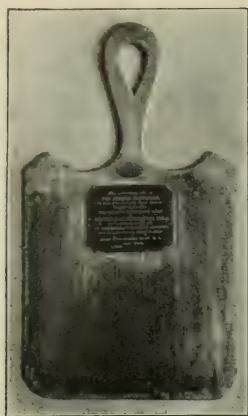


Key to Cope's painting.

worthy competitor. The numerous criticisms on a body of judges who should be the supreme critics would appear to prove your experts either fools or rascals and never to gain entrance would I appeal to any personal influence from such an unfair council.

I hope you will not take this as any personal reflection, and indeed I think you must sympathize with me, believing me to be yours truly.

It is reported of my predecessor, Mr. J. P. Knight, R.A., that he was called out one day during the hanging, and on reaching the entrance hall was accosted by an infuriated individual who began abusing him

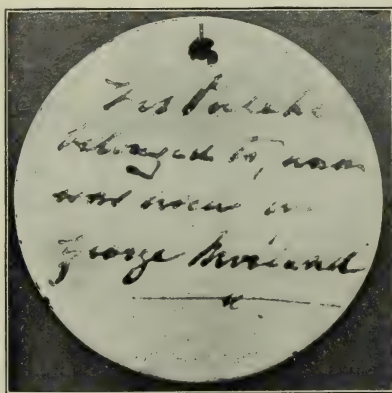


Sir Joshua Reynolds's palette.

and all his various other engagements. Seven of them, unfortunately, are missing, but the remainder constitute a most valuable and interesting record. There is also the manuscript of one of his discourses and a note-book. His tea-caddy came into the possession of the Academy quite recently. It was given to him by Mary Beattie, wife of James Beattie, author of the "Essay on Truth," which created a great sensation at the time of its publication in 1772. Reynolds painted its author in his Doctor of Civil Laws robes, with his essay under his arm and a female figure of Truth driving away three demons, one of whom was intended to personify Voltaire. Reynolds left the caddy to his sister, Miss Frances Reynolds, from whose possession it passed to a cousin, Mr. James Reynolds; it was many years subsequently found in a sale-room, and after passing through two or three hands was finally purchased in 1898 by the president, council, and secretary, and given to the Academy.

Of Reynolds's palettes there are three presented at different times; these are all of the same shape, square, with a handle in which is a hole for the thumb, and are entirely different from those in use at the pres-

ent day, but they closely resemble those of an earlier date, like the one belonging to Hogarth given to the Academy by J. M. W. Turner, R. A. At a later date palettes were shaped like a shell, and as colors increased in number and variety they became larger and larger, the biggest of which the Academy possesses a specimen being one of Lord Leighton's, which has attached to it a small tin cup for holding the medium. Contrast with this gigantic instrument, 2 feet long by 15 inches broad, the tiny circular earthenware palette, $3\frac{1}{8}$ inches in diameter, which George Morland used to put in his pocket with a few colors when he went into the country to carouse at village public and pay for his score by painting a sign-board.



George Morland's vest-pocket palette.

In the private rooms of the Academy already referred to there are many other objects of interest, including portraits of most of its distinguished members, while the library contains a very complete collection of the best works on art, to which additions both by gift and purchase are constantly being made. Most interesting too are some of the note and sketch books which have been presented. Of Reynolds's I have already spoken; among others are those of West, Dance, Beech-

ey, Stothard, John Gilbert, Street the archi-

tect, and Leighton.

It has often occurred to me that a not unamusing collection might be compiled of letters that are received on various subjects. Here are two as a sample:

THE MANAGER,
ROYAL ACADEMY,
LONDON.

Dear Sir: Will you please send to the following address an illustrated



Hogarth's palette.



One of the treasures of the Royal Academy—The Holy Family.

Cartoon by Leonardo da Vinci.

colored catalogue of your firm per return mail and oblige? Could you as well forward some specimen copies of pictures as to give an idea of the finish and touch of the oil paintings executed in your establishment?

Yours filly,

——.

THE SUPERINTENDENT, ROYAL ACADEMY, LONDON.

Sir: Would you kindly send me a list of names of *deaf and dumb* artists and the pictures they exhibit *just now*? yrs. —.

The following should perhaps have been



One of the art treasures of the Royal Academy.
Unfinished marble bas-relief of the Virgin and Child, by Michael Angelo.

sent to a different address. It can be passed on now.

TO THE DIRECTORY OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY
PAINTING.

Gentlemen: I beg your kind pardon for my troubling you by this card. You would oblige me very much by sending me the present address of the American Mæcenas, Pierpoint Morgan. Being in want of money, I intend selling a picture to that rich gentleman, hearing that he pays most liberally. My best thanks in advance for your kindness.

Yours respectfully.

These notes—desultory ones, I am afraid—on the Royal Academy should not close without some reference to the hope expressed in the memorial to George III that the profits to be derived from the exhibition would not only pay all the expenses of the Institution, including the schools, but leave something over for charity. This

hope has been amply fulfilled, and from the first donations have been annually given to distressed artists and their families. The sum so distributed has for some time past amounted to from £1,000 to £1,500 a year. In addition to these charities from its general funds the Academy also administers for the benefit of artists, not members of the Academy, certain other funds which have been bequeathed to it for charitable purposes by some of its own members and others. The members themselves and their widows are, if in need, entitled to pensions under certain strict conditions and limitations; but, it may be added, with the exception of these pensions and of salaries and fees for official services, no member of the Academy derives any pecuniary benefit from the funds of the institution.

SOME FAMILY LETTERS OF THOMAS JEFFERSON

Now in Possession of His Great-great-grandson, Francis Eppes Shine, M.D.

THE FAMILY OF JOHN W. EPPES*



THE family of Eppes had enjoyed prominence in Virginia from a very early period. The immigrant ancestor, Colonel Francis Eppes, who was a member of the House of Burgesses in 1625, obtained a grant for the transportation of himself, his three sons, and some thirty servants into the Colony, and in 1635 settled them on the south shore of James River near the mouth of the Appomattox. This latter river formed the boundary between the southern halves of the counties of Henrico and Charles City, which then lay on both sides of the James; and, as Colonel Eppes subsequently acquired very extensive estates in both counties, he was returned to the House of Burgesses indifferently from either. Sometime previous to his death, which occurred in 1655, he became a member of the Colonial Council. Four of his descendants in lineal succession, each bearing the name of Francis—three of them distinguished by the title of Colonel, and all prominent as county officials and members of the House of Burgesses,—enjoyed in tail-male the large landed estates the first Francis had secured in that part of the county of Henrico which was subsequently erected into Chesterfield. The fifth Francis Eppes, dying unmarried, was succeeded by his next brother, Richard (1715-1765), who married Martha, daughter of Robert Bolling of Prince George County, and after filling the almost hereditary shire offices, and serving some dozen terms in the house, he handed down to his son and heir, Francis Eppes VI., of "Eppington" (1747-1808), brother-in-law of Jefferson, the entailed family estates largely expanded by his own acquisitions.

Richard's sister Martha (1712-1748),

who in 1743 was left a childless widow by Lewellyn Eppes, became in 1746 the second wife of John Wayles, Esq. (1715-1773), a distinguished and wealthy lawyer of Charles City County. This gentleman by a previous marriage was the father of two daughters—Elizabeth, who married (1770) Francis Eppes VI., of Chesterfield County, and Tabitha, wife (1773) of Henry Skipwith, of Cumberland County. Mr. Wayles, by his second wife, had an only child, Martha (1748-1782), who married, in 1772, Thomas Jefferson and left him two surviving children, the elder of whom, Martha (1772-1836), married, in 1790, her cousin, Thomas Mann Randolph, subsequently Member of Congress and Governor of Virginia; the younger, Maria (1778-1804), married, in 1797, her first cousin, John Wayles Eppes (1773-1823), who was the only son of Francis and Elizabeth (Wayles) Eppes of Eppington.

The Hon. John W. Eppes, favorite son-in-law of Jefferson, and recipient of the letters here first published, was a Member of Congress, 1803 to 1811, 1813 to 1815, and U. S. Senator 1817 to 1819. Losing his first wife in 1804, he remarried, in 1809, Martha, daughter of Hon. Willie Jones, M. C. from North Carolina, who bore him two sons. By Maria Jefferson his only surviving child was Francis Eppes, born in 1801, who married a Randolph cousin, Mary Elizabeth Cleland, daughter of Thomas Eston Randolph, of Dungeness, and settled in Florida. Having been practically adopted by his grandfather he furnishes the topic for many of these epistles. By his first marriage in 1822 there were six children. In 1837 he married Mrs. Susan Ware Couch, daughter of Senator Nicholas Ware of Georgia, and by her had seven children, one of whom, Maria Jefferson Eppes, married Dr. William F. Shine of Tallahassee, Fla., and left an only son, Dr. Francis Eppes Shine, of New York, in whose possession these family letters now are.

* This and the following notes furnished by Wilson Miles Cary, of Baltimore.

PHILADELPHIA Feb. 7. 99.

DEAR SIR

Yours of Jan. 20. & 24. are duly received in the former you mention the receipt of £40. for me, and Maria, of the next day says that mr. Eppes * expected to receive £30. more for me at the ensuing Cumberland court. not having heard from Mr. Randolph † on the subject of the hire of your negroes, I was in the moment of receiving your letter, just about to inclose you a draught on George Jefferson ‡ for £100. on account, instead of this I have now written to him to answer your draught for one or two hundred dollars which with the £40. you have, & either with or without the £30. as the case may be, will make you up the hundred pounds. whatever this may be less than the valuation shall be paid up on my return. I shall offer your lands to my correspondent at £6000. They ought not to sell for less, and I have hopes you will get it. a bill is passing the Senate for an *eventual* army of 30,000 men (instead of the *provisional* one of 10,000, which had not been raised) and in addition to the *existing* army of 5000, the *additional* one of 9000, & the *volunteer* one, of we do not know how many. 2 millions of dollars more are to be borrowed to carry the act into execution. a bill is also brought into the Senate to retaliate on any French citizens who are or may fall into our hands, if the French should put to death or imprison any of ours impressed on board the vessels of their enemies & which may be taken by them. no trial of any kind is provided. the President alone is to judge & execute. Though the measures of the government are still measures of provocation, yet a depression of spirits in that party is evident. they are much less insolent and abusive than at the last session. the public mind is evidently & rapidly turning against them, & they are sensible of it. —I inclose you a copy of mr. Nicholas's § pamphlet. let mr. Eppes have the reading of it.

Adieu.

Yours affectionately

TH. JEFFERSON.

J. W. EPPES.

* His brother-in-law.

† His son-in-law, Thomas Mann Randolph.

‡ His cousin and factor in Richmond.

§ A very able and vigorous paper written by George

WASHINGTON, Feb. 21, 1803.

DEAR SIR

Your's of the 10th was received on the 16th. I shall leave this about the 6th of March, unless unexpected business, bad roads or bad weather should delay it a little. I am happy to learn that I shall meet Maria & yourself at Monticello. my stay there will be of two or three weeks, the visit being for the purpose of planting trees, in order that they may be growing during my absence. as Lilly hired 15 hands for me this winter, I am not without hopes he will be able to accomplish my canal, and perhaps your levelling both. but as the latter must be postponed to the former, it will of course be autumn before the levelling will be begun, which will throw the building into the next year. I am in hopes Maria's visit in March is intended to continue till the sickly season of the autumn is over. In your letter of Nov. 27. you mentioned that the receipt of the 400 D. in March would be quite sufficient, or even later if it should be inconvenient to me. I am not yet certain how that will be; but either then, if I have it not in hand, or at any other moment when your calls require it, I can get it from the bank here; but that being in the hands of federalists, I am not fond of asking favors of them. however I have done it once or twice when my own resources have failed, and can do it at all times. the approach of my meeting with yourself and Maria makes me look with impatience to the 6th of March. present her my tenderest affections. make short journeys as you travel that you may never be out in the night; and accept my affectionate salutations and sincere esteem.

TH. JEFFERSON.

J. W. EPPES.

WASHINGTON May 27. 05.

DEAR SIR

Not understanding the conveyance to you by post beyond Richmond, I have thought it safest to remit the 100D for you to Gibson & Jefferson,|| subject to

Nicholas, of Kentucky, against the Alien and Sedition laws, which was considered by Jefferson a very strong political weapon, as he disseminated copies of it by the dozen among his lieutenants, while at the same time cautioning them not to let his name be connected with the matter. (See Jefferson to Monroe, February 11, 1799.)

|| George Jefferson, of this firm, who were Mr. Jefferson's commission merchants in Richmond, was a near relative

your order, which is done this day. I was never better pleased with a riding horse than with Jacobin. it is now really a luxury to me to ride. The early prevalence of sickness here this season will probably drive us hence earlier than usual, perhaps by the middle of July. I shall proceed almost directly to Bedford, and will there take to my assistance Mr. Clay and Mr. Clark and lay off at the East end of the tract so much as shall, taking quality and quantity into consideration, be equal to the average value of 1000 a. of the whole tract generally. the tenderest considerations ensure a conscientious performance of this duty and to be governed by the judgment of those who knowing the tract well will have no motive but to do what is right. I shall hope on my return from Bedford to find you at Monticello with the beloved children, objects of my tenderest sollicitudes. I shall not be without a hope of seeing Mr. & Mrs. Eppes* also at Monticello. tho I cannot now repay their visits, if they will trust me 4 years, I will overgo the measure. you will see in the papers an extra letter of Elliott's of extraordinary aspect. it contains some absolute untruths. but what is most remarkable is that expressions are so put together as to be literally true when strictly considered & analysed, & yet to convey to 99 readers out of 100. the most absolute & mischievous falsehoods. it is a most insidious attempt to cover his own opinions & passions under the mantle of the executive, and to fill with inquietude the republicans who have not the means of good information. present me to Mr & Mrs Eppes & family & accept my affectionate salutations.

TH. JEFFERSON.

MR. EPPES.

[James Elliot (1770-1839), referred to in the above letter, was a member of

of the President, being a grandson of his uncle, Field Jefferson. His brother, John Garland Jefferson, a very intelligent and estimable young lawyer, the charges for whose education had been defrayed by Mr. Jefferson, and who had studied under his eye at Monticello for the bar, was the occasion of the President's famous letter of 1801 on political nepotism. This was written to their father, the playmate of his boyhood, Mr. George Jefferson, Sr., and is a model for the observance of all republican officials. Mr. George Jefferson, Jr., however, was subsequently appointed Consul at Liverpool by Mr. Madison, a position for which his business training and ability eminently fitted him. He died there unmarried in 1812. His brother married a niece of Governor William B. Giles of Virginia, and left descendants.

* His brother and sister-in-law.

Congress from Vermont (1803-1809), who, refusing to obey the party lash, published a series of eleven circular letters to his constituents in vindication of his course. These letters appeared in the *Vermont Journal* in the months of April, May, and June, 1805. The *United States Gazette*, which republished them, as issued, announced to its readers that they were "upon the subject of the extraordinary and daring proceedings of the revolutionary faction in Congress during the last session; and, as Mr. Elliot is himself a democrat, we presume that no attempt will be made to discredit his statements under the denomination of 'Federal Misrepresentations.'" To a correspondent Elliot writes: "The destruction of the Constitution of the United States has been determined on in a private caucus of the *junto* I have alluded to. A Member of Congress, who, to say the least, is friendly to this party, made the following declarations in January last at Washington: That he felt no attachment to the Constitution, but what his oath of office required; that he considered three-fourths of its framers as fools and knaves; that it was made for the benefit of speculators and merchants, and not for the public good; that the Senate is an hospital of incurables, and two-thirds at least of its political existence must be destroyed; that the judges ought to be dependent upon Congress; that he wished a committee could be appointed to sit during the whole recess of Congress to digest alterations of the Constitution, etc. These declarations were made in the presence of myself and Mr. Ellery, a republican Senator from R. I., and Mr. Jackson, a republican representative from Virginia, and appeared to strike those gentlemen with great astonishment. It is to guard the people, not against themselves, but against the "*junto*" of revolutionists, and at the same time to vindicate my own conduct, that I have written my letters to my constituents. The facts which I have stated are true and my constituents believe them." In closing his last letter he sums up the main features of his political creed. ". . . I believe that Jefferson is a man of great abilities, and a sincere friend to a republican form of government, and I shall support his ad-

ministration, etc., etc., so far as in my conscience I shall deem their measures calculated to preserve the Constitution and rights of the people. . . . I believe we ought to have no political idols. . . . I believe that the doctrines preached by certain republicans of distinction, that men should adhere to their party in defiance of their God, and that no regard should be paid to the private characters of candidates for office, are equally immoral and anti-republican, and sooner than embrace such detestable dogmas, I will abandon society and wander in the darkest wilds of solitude."']

DEAR SIR

MONTICELLO June 4. 08

In revising my philosophical apparatus I find I have some articles to spare which will be of use to Francis when he comes to that part of his education, and may in the meantime amuse yourself. these are Martin's portable air-pump & apparatus by Dollond.

an Hydrostatic balance by Dollond.

a Solar microscope in brass, with Wilson's pocket apparatus by Dollond.

a best barometer.

a camera obscura, for drawing.

these instruments are perfect, and of the best kind, having been bought by myself in London, when I was there. they cost there about 140 or 150 D. and could not be bought here for less than double that sum. I mention their value to shew that the getting them safely from Richmond to Eppington may be worth some extra attention. they are packed in 3 boxes, which are again packed in a single one about 5 f. long, and 2 f. wide & high. I had the box carried by 4 men by hand to Milton from whence they will go by water to Richmond. if they could go thence on a carriage body having springs, they are so well packed that they would go safely. to guard the glass vessels better from breaking, they are stuffed with rumpled paper which cannot be drawn out dry without breaking them. water must be pured in till the paper is well soaked and rotten in which state it can be taken out with safety.

I am compleatly satisfied with my horse from Major Eggleston.* a better one in

harness I never drove. he brought me in my single phaeton from Washington, without ever appearing fatigued, altho the roads were bad, & and the weather rainy. he is fine tempered and manageable, tho' high spirited. tho' the price was about 50 D too much from appearances, yet I would give that advance in the purchase of a horse, to know that he was what I wished. Castor, & Fitzpartner are both left here at nurse, and I shall have them sold. consequently my stable will be reduced to Diomede & St. Louis, a match for Diomede, as good as he is, would make it up what will suffice for me as a private citizen. I will thank you to be on the enquiry, for such an one, and to give me notice of price & properties. but it will be essential that he match Diomede tolerably, and be well broke to the carriage & no baulker. I trouble you with these commissions because you are in the only part of the country where a fine horse can be got. I leave this for Washington the day after tomorrow. I have received no foreign news of consequence since I saw you. present me with all possible affection to the family, and be assured of my constant attachment & respect.

TH. JEFFERSON.

MONTICELLO May 10. 10.

DEAR SIR

Mr. Thweatt's [a brother-in-law of J. W. Eppes] letter with your P. S. came to hand late last night, and I shall dispatch Francis tomorrow morning in the care of one of the most trusty servants I have. it will take to-day to have Francis's affairs ready for the road, & he will be obliged to make but two days of the journey to arrive at Eppington on the eve of your departure for Carolina. considering the shortness of the time you will be with him I was almost tempted to keep him till your return from Carolina, but I thought it better by a prompt compliance with your wish to merit the recieving him in deposit again during your next winter's visit to Washington. you will recieve him in good health & his reading & writing have been well attended to.

In the present unexampled state of the

* Major Joseph Eggleston, of Amelia County, Va., a Revolutionary officer. Served eight years in Congress and

died in 1811. From him Joseph Eggleston Johnston, the famous Confederate general, derived his name.

world, the difficulty of deciding what is best to be done for us, has produced a general disposition to acquiesce in whatever our public councils shall decide. between the convoy system (which is war) & that which has been adopted, the opposite considerations appear so equally balanced, that the decision in favor of those which continue the state of peace will probably be approved. the republican papers of this winter have not at all been in unison with the public sentiment as far as I could judge of it from the limited specimen under my observation. I think when peace shall be restored that the examples of the present mad epoch will be so far from being appealed to as precedents of right, that they will be considered as *prima facie* proofs of whatever is wrong & condemnable among mankind. I have learnt with great concern the very ill state of your health during the winter. have you tried the daily use of the warm bath? from it's effect on rheumatism in one instance within my knolege, it is worthy of trial. present me affectionately to both mrs. Eppes & be assured yourself of my constant attachment & respect.

TH. JEFFERSON.

J. W. EPPES.

P. S. I send you by Francis a female puppy of the Shepherd' dog breed. the next year I can give you a male. the most careful intelligent dogs in the world. excellent for the house or plantation.

MONTICELLO June 6. 17

DEAR SIR

By a letter from mr Wood* recieved a few days ago, I learned with great regret that he was obliged to suspend his school for four months (till the last of September) in order to compleat the public survey he had undertaken. regret being unavailing, the question is how Francis may best employ those 4. months. I observe he has made no progress in Arithmetic, and think therefore he could not do better than lay his shoulder to that during this vacation. if an instructor is necessary, I presume you have them in your neighborhood, who be-

sides the 4. elementary rules, including the rule of three, can teach the extraction of the roots, vulgar and decimal fractions, Progressions & even the use of Logarithms. but with Berout (which you possess) I do not think he will need the aid of an instructor. that author is so remarkably plain that any one may teach himself by his aid. nothing could give me more pleasure than to have him here, and to give him any little aid to the understanding of that author which he might need, should it be agreeable to yourself and him. I say this merely to express my own dispositions, without urging your's or his. he should give one half the day to Arithmetic, & the other to his Latin and Greek; and in the course of the 4. months he may have a sufficient foundation to begin the study of mathematics. mr. Wood writes me very encouragingly both as to his capacity and dispositions, which cannot but add to our natural excitements to his improvement. my anxiety on this occasion will, I am sure, be an apology to you for my troubling you on a subject where your own will must be supreme. mrs. Randolph† and the girls join me in affectionate respects to mrs. Eppes‡ and yourself, to which I add my particular salutations.

TH. JEFFERSON.

J. W. EPPES ESQ.

MONTICELLO Oct. 26. 17.

DEAR SIR

I have procured from Leschot for Mrs Eppes a very elegant watch and of the very best construction being of the kind called a cylindre horizontal, the only inconvenience of which is that they require being touched with oil a little oftener than the others. he had no watch of the common construction which was proper for a lady. he required 40D. boot, allowing only 30.D. for the gold of the old watch, the works being entirely past use. I hope you will never put her into any hands but his when she wants anything. I know that the Richmond watchmakers are as absolute murderers of a watch as your neigh-

ton. He subsequently resided in Richmond, Va., where he taught school and was employed in making county maps, and there he died in 1822.

† His daughter Martha, wife of Thomas Mann Randolph, who had then four unmarried daughters between fourteen and twenty-one years old.

‡ The second wife of Mr. Eppes was Martha, daughter of Hon. Willie Jones, of N. C., whom he married in 1809.

*John Wood (1775-1822), a native of Scotland and Master of Edinburgh Academy for Improvement of the Arts, who emigrated to the United States about 1830 and became a partisan political writer, publishing, among other things, a History of the Administration of John Adams with biographies of Hamilton and Jefferson. Burr's Trial and Acquittal. In 1806 he edited a paper in Kentucky called *The Western World* and later the *Atlantic World* in Washing-

bor watchmaker. I pass Major Flood's 8 times a year, & you can see him every Buckingham court, so that through him you can send and receive your watches with little delay; and even long delay is better than to have a watch spoiled.

You ask if nothing can be done to place our militia on an effectual footing? I know nothing more supremely wise than the plan prepared by Monroe and reported to Congress by him. this classified the militia, and in time of war assessed on them by certain divisions to keep a man constantly in the field, and it is in time of peace that such a law should be passed. then their minds would have been long prepared for it when occasion should arise to put it in execution. but I fear this army & navy fever, & especially the latter is a disease which must take it's course & wear itself out. I doubt the possibility of resisting it. yet I had thought the difficulty of getting money last war would have taught us to avoid extravagance in peace, pay our debts and clear our revenues of interest that they might be free to the expenses of war. however, dear Sir, I retire from all meddling, & leave cheerfully the public management to those who are to live under it, & I have no doubt it will be as wise under the present as the last generation; and I salute Mrs Eppes & yourself with affectionate friendship and respect.

TH. JEFFERSON.

J. W. EPPES.

MONTICELLO Mar. 13, 18.

DEAR SIR

Your's & Francis's of Feb. 14. were received in due time. You have seen by the newspapers what our legislature has done on the subject of an University. the centrality & salubrity of Charlottesville excite strong expectations that the site of the Central College will be adopted for that. but this cannot be known until the next session of the legislature. in the mean while we shall go on with our college on our own bottom. whether our grammar school can be opened July 1. or not till winter is to depend on Dr. Cooper, and will not be known for a month or two to come. for the *present* I know no grammar school preferable to that of N. London*

* A village about ten miles from Lynchburg in Campbell County on the borders of Bedford, and not far distant from Mr. Jefferson's estate of Poplar Forest in the latter county.

now under Mr. Dasheel, a most respectable man. if you know none better and are disposed to let Francis be there until our college opens, I will take care to get him admission, and get him also into a good boarding house convenient. I shall set out for that place the 2d week of April, and return the 1st of May. Francis can either come to Monticello & go in the carriage with me, or join me at P. Forest soon after I get there. the former would be most pleasing to me, but your convenience must decide. Patsy presented me with a 6th grandson † three days ago. both are doing well. Your's with sincere affection & respect.

TH. JEFFERSON.

J. W. EPPES ESQ.

POPLAR FOREST, May 3. 18.

DEAR SIR

I set out from this place for Monticello tomorrow morning and shall leave this letter at Flood's. I have engaged Francis's board with mr Dashiell himself, who takes only three others. Francis will be much pleased with the family, which is a very genteel one, and they live well as I saw by going in upon them at their dinner unexpectedly. he is an excellent teacher as I judged, at his examination, by the progress and correctness of three boys particularly who had begun with him at Christmas. he desired me to give him what directions I pleased as to Francis and he would exactly observe them; but not knowing what progress he had made this last winter in Greek particularly, I could only desire him provisionally that if Francis had done with the Greek testament, to put him into the cyropedia of Zenophon rather than Lucian. if he has not one, mr Yancey will get it for him at Cottom's bookstore in Lynchburg as I leave directions for his being furnished there with any books he will have occasion for. he should bring his Berout with him, as mr Dashiell is a good mathematician, and will teach him every branch of Arithmetic, Algebra, & Geometry as far as he chuses. an Euclid also if he has one. Dashiell is a strict, but rational disciplinarian. at his examination I observed a medal given as

† This was General George Wythe Randolph, subsequently Secretary of War of the Confederate States, who died April 3, 1867, and is buried at Monticello at the foot of his grandfather's grave.

a premium to a youth who had excelled *in the observation of order, decorous conduct, & respect to his teacher.* this premium I am in hopes to see Francis obtain at the next examination. he is to find his own bed & bedding. as I have nothing of that kind here but the strict necessary, he will have to bring a mattras & bed clothes. I direct mr Yancey to have a trussel bedstead made, as that would be heavy to bring, and to let it be only 3. feet wide that he may not have to take in a bedfellow which is so apt to render the propagation of the itch so general at schools. I hear nothing of it here, but at Dr. Carr's school it is the pest of the neighborhood, and we are kept in eternal dread of it at Monticello. his whole school lodges in one room.

I have not yet recieved the subscription paper I sent you yet it is very essential we should know what our funds are. but I inclose you another paper equally essential, which is an authority, to be signed by every subscriber to the College, enabling the visitors and Proctor to transfer the whole property of the College to the President and directors of the literary fund, on the condition that the University is fixed at the Central College. this in fact is only authorising them to recieve from the public a subscription of 15,000 D. a year to the same institution to which they have subscribed. I must request your active attention, dear Sir, to this paper as it's early return to me is very important; & to send me also the subscription paper. the general inattention to the return of these has already thrown us back a year for a 3.d professorship, as we could not engage for building until we were sure of the funds. there is a possibility of opening our grammar school in July, but perhaps not till winter. the uncertainty as to the incorporation of the University with our college checks our operations much. I forgot to mention that mr Dashiell's school is now in vacation till the 1.st of June, by which day Francis should be here. He had better go on his arrival to mr Yancey's who will do whatever is necessary for him. I shall be here myself within 3. weeks from that time. if Francis is not better employed at home during this month, we should be happy to see him at Monticello, where learning his progress I could better

advise mr Dashiell as to his course. ever & affect.ly yours.

TH. JEFFERSON

MR. EPPES.

BUCKINGHAM NEAR RAINES TAVERN

June 12.th 1820.

DEAR SIR

Since my visit to Monticello I have written to you frequently and although I do not know it I presume of course some of my letters have been received. My anxiety about Francis induces me again to write to you—He is now advancing to an age when the only controul which either of us can exercise over him must depend on his own feelings. From every thing I hear I conclude with certainty that the University will not be in operation in time for him *—The question often presents itself to my mind where shall we send him after the present year?—If it was possible for him to complete his Education within the limits of Virginia I should greatly prefer it.

The sentiments I entertain on this subject are perhaps illiberal and many of them founded on prejudice. I have however a decided preference for the Virginia character and principles. all the science in the world would not to me as a parent compensate the loss of that open, manly, character, which Virginians possess and in which the most liberal and enlightened of the Eastern people are deplorably deficient. I have known many of their conspicuous men intimately, and I have never yet seen one who could march directly to his object. Some view at home or at the seat of Government entered all their projects & subjected them continually to the commission of acts which would tinge with shame the face of a Virginian. So far too as my observation has extended many of those who have been educated at Yale have imbibed enough of the Eastern leaven to destroy the confidence which under other circumstances would be justly due to their Talents. Your means of information are superior to mine.—Perhaps (on this subject) to those of any other man in the United States. Will you be so good as to turn your attention in due time to this subject and inform me to what place I had better send Francis the next year—

I have heard whether correctly or not

* The University was not opened till March, 1825.

that you have been unfortunate with Colo : Nicholas * and will probably have to dispose of Negroes for the purpose of meeting his debt—It has occurred to me if such should be the fact that it would probably be in my power to propose to you an arrangement which might be acceptable to yourself & at the same time an accomodation to me—I have at this place a very large body of woodland to open and it would suit me very well to exchange United States bank stock for Negroe men—Say 12. for which I would either give their valuation in stock or such price as we might agree on—I would employ them here a couple of years and afterwards send them to Bedford to Francis's land there—The stock I expect would be as acceptable to the United States Bank as the cash. at any rate it can be converted into cash—The Negroes if drawn from Bedford would in fact only be in the same situation as if hired to me for a couple of years after which they would be returned to their connections in Bedford together with such as I can add to them. It was my intention as soon as an opportunity offered to exchange the Bank Stock for labouring men. as I intend the Negroes for Francis, I thought if the information I had received was correct, it would be more agreeable to you to dispose of them in this way than to sell them to strangers, and much more for Francis's interest thus to acquire them—If you have no intention of selling you will I know pardon the liberty I have taken, and consider it as originating solely in the idea that the arrangement I have proposed might be a mutual accomodation to us and ultimately be advantageous to Francis—In the event of exchange it would suit my arrangements to take the Negroes at the end of the year & the stock if you find it can be employed in the mode I have suggested will be immediately at your service.

Francis in his last letter mentions having left Laporte with your approbation—I have stated to him in reply that any arrangement which meets your approbation will not be objected to by me. I enclosed him also a draft on Richmond to meet the expenses attendant on his change of situa-

tion and to pay a small balance for 15. days board due Laporte.

With sincere affection & respect

I am yours.

JNO. W. EPPES

THOMAS JEFFERSON ESQ.

MONTICELLO June 30. 20

DEAR SIR

I am become quite delinquent in epistolary correspondence. my right wrist from an antient dislocation, grows now so stiff, as to render writing a slow and painful operation, and has produced an aversion to the pen almost insuperable. I go therefore to the writing table under the spur of necessity alone. The delay in the opening of our seminary in this neighborhood has proceeded entirely from it's conversion into a general and public University, instead of a local & private college. the latter would have been ready and opened two years ago. the general institution requires more extensive preparation. the legislature, at their last session authorised us to borrow 60,000.D. on the pledge of our own funds, that is, of the annual public donation of 15,000. D. we have accordingly done so, and have so made our contracts as to ensure the completion of the whole of our buildings for the accomodation of Professors & students by autumn 12-month. this secures ultimately, and independently of all change of opinion an institution on a full scale embracing the whole circle of sciences ; and we consider a compleat, tho' later institution, as preferable to an earlier, but defective one. if the legislature leaves us to repay our loan from our own funds they will be tied up for this object for 5 years to come : and so long all the buildings will remain empty and idle, & a standing mark of regret and reproach to those whose fault it will be. but we believe it impossible that this will be permitted either by the nation or it's representatives. and we have no doubt that this state of things being reported to them, as it will be at their next session, they will remit the loan, and the more readily as it is from the literary fund we have obtained it, a fund ready raised, appropriated by law to the purpose of education, and therefore legitimately applied to the establishment of an University. in this

* By the failure in 1819 of the extensive business schemes of his friend, Wilson Cary Nicholas, former Governor of the State, for whom he had endorsed to the extent of \$20,000, Mr. Jefferson's financial ruin was rendered inevitable.

event our funds will be liberated on the 1st day of Jan. next ; and we shall then immediately take measures to procure our professors, which can certainly be done by autumn 12 month (1821) and the institution then be opened. if this takes place, which will be known early in the next session, then what I have thought best with respect to the object of our mutual care, Francis, is that he shall employ the intervening time in compleating himself in the antient languages with Stack, and the mathematics with Ragland,* an associate with Stack, & adequate to this object : and he already possesses the modern languages. with these acquisitions, he will enter the University fall 12 month for Astronomy, Natural Philosophy, Chemistry, natural history & Rhetoric, & finish them by the close of 22. this will be as compleat a course of education as the circumstances of our country call for, adding to it after he leaves the University, ethics, history (and Law, if you please,) which can as well be acquired in his closet, as at an University. this is a view of one branch of our dilemma, that which supposes a remission of our debt by the legislature. let us now view the second possibility, that the University is to be locked up until our loan is redeemed by our own funds, which would remove the opening the University until beyond Francis's time. After getting antient languages from Stack, and Mathematics from Ragland, he will want Astronomy, Natural Philosophy, chemistry, nat'l history and Rhetoric. Where must he go for them ? on the subject of Eastern seminaries and Eastern character, I concur entirely with you. Francis's honorable mind, his fine disposition and high promise ought not to be exposed to infection from the fanaticism, the hypocrisy, the selfish morals, and crooked politics of the East. nor would the half way science of that quarter be equal to what he can get from a single

character who happens to be in the South. for Nat'l philosophy, chemistry, nat'l history, no man in the US. is equal to Cooper,† now professor of the College of Columbia S.C. he has more science in his single head than all the Colleges of New England New Jersey, and I may add Virginia put together. and I doubt not there are other professors there, as adequate as elsewhere to astronomy and Rhetoric, which would not be within Cooper's line. Columbia you know is in the center of S.C. a hilly & healthy country ; and the state of society and morals there very much as our own, and much indeed of the society is of our own emigrated countrymen. should therefore the legislature leave our own establishment at a stand, I know no place so worthy of recommendation as Columbia. But there is a 3d possibility which must be thought of also. it is very possible that Stack's school may dissolve itself, by losing it's younger boys, and some even of the larger, who need more discipline than he has nerve to enforce, and who may therefore be withdrawn by their parents. in that case Columbia I think should be our immediate choice. these are my views on the subject of your enquiry, which I submit for your consideration. I will write to Cooper immediately to know the state of the sciences in that college (not within his line) and the terms of tuition & board.

My commitment for Mr. Nicholas is still of uncertain issue. if a compromise, now in negociation, succeeds, of which it is said there is a good prospect, I shall be saved by the time it provides for the disposal of his estate as well as for the preference of bona fide creditors. 3 or 4 of the shavers only have held off, and it is believed they are now disposed to concur. This will be known in a few days. if this compromise fails it is very possible

* *Thomas Ragland*, a native of Hanover County, Va., was a young man of much intellectual promise, who had been a cadet at West Point, where he distinguished himself in his studies, more especially in mathematics ; but unfortunately, being a youth of high mettle, he had sent a challenge to a fellow-student, and for this he was court-martialed and expelled in 1819. Being a favorite with his classmates, they memorialized Congress in his behalf, but in vain. Coming at this juncture under the notice of Mr. Jefferson, who entertained a high opinion of his abilities, he was induced to associate himself with Mr. Stack, to conduct the department of mathematics in the new academy at Charlottesville. He died there a few years afterward of smallpox.

† *Dr. Thomas Cooper* (1750-1840). Born in London. A man of great genius and learning and an alumnus of Oxford, who afterward studied law, devoting at the same time considerable attention to medicine and the natural sciences. Upon being admitted to the bar, he took an active part in politics. He afterward studied chemistry in France, and in 1795 followed his friend Dr. Joseph Priestly to America, where he practised law in Pennsylvania, and becoming a strong democrat attacked the administration of Adams in 1799. This led to his being tried under the Alien and Sedition Act, and he was sentenced to six months imprisonment with a fine of \$400. He held the chair of Chemistry in Dickinson College, 1811 to 1814, and the same in the University of Pennsylvania 1816 to 1819. From 1819 to 1840 he was professor in the College of South Carolina, of which he was president from 1820 to 1834, and on his retirement the revision of the statutes of the State was confided to him.

I may have to advance the money, and not certain that I shall be ever reimbursed. besides this I have considerable debts of my own, which the fall of produce, likely to be permanent, forbids me to count on paying from annual crops. I had therefore proposed to begin to prepare for these cases by selling some lands ; having scruples about selling negroes but for delinquency, or on their own request. but your proposition gets me over these scruples as it is in fact to keep them in the family. and on that ground it will be acceptable, and indeed desirable, with some necessary modification. for the negroes here being under engagement for 3 or 4 years to come, the sale must be from those in Bedford only. but there I could not part with 10 men without breaking up my plantations. I would spare 20 negroes in all from those plantations, men, women and children in the usual proportions : and I should think it really more advantageous for Francis than all men. I know no error more consuming to an estate than that of stocking farms with men almost exclusively. I consider a woman who brings a child every two years a more profitable than the best man of the farm. What she produces is an addition to the capital, while his labors disappear in mere consumption. the agreement you propose therefore, with this modification would be really acceptable to me, and more salutary for my affairs than to sell land only. the selection of the individuals should be made with a fair and favorable eye to the interests of Francis, the valuation left to any good and unconnected judges.

With respect to the lands in Bedford,* those designated on a former occasion to you at the South end of the tract, are not of the quality I expected. I had never at that time seen them, and was guided in their allotment by information from others, and the consideration that those given to Mr. Randolph being in the North, it would be better to hold in the middle of the tract those reserved for future appropriation. but having repeated opportunities afterwards of examining the lands I found the quality not what I had supposed. I determined therefore to substi-

tute a better portion ; and on that I have built a house exactly on the plan once thought of for Pantops,† and intended from the beginning for Francis : and I have always purposed, as soon as he should come of age, to put him into possession of the house and a portion of land including it, of which there is a sufficiency of open fields in good heart, and a large body of woodlands adjacent of the best quality and lying well ; for some of which two years ago, I was assured I might have 100. D. an acre if I would part with it. this disposition therefore you may consider as fixed, and may accomodate to it the provisions for him you may propose yourself. the beauty and healthiness of that country, his familiarity with it and it's society will I am sure make it an agreeable residence to him. If you should conclude to accede to my proposition, let me hear from you as soon as convenient, and immediately after the meeting of our visitors on the 2d of October, I shall be happy to meet you at Poplar Forest and carry the arrangement into execution.

In your letter of Feb. 6 you were so kind as to propose that we shd remove to Poplar Forest the harpsicord of Millbrook, where you observed it was not in use. it would certainly be a relief to the heavy hours of that place to Martha and the girls. this offer therefore is thankfully accepted on the supposition it is not used where it is, and on the condition that we hold and leave it in it's new position in the hands of Francis, subject to your orders. on this ground I will take some occasion of sending a waggon for it's transportation. In the meantime is it impossible that Mrs Eppes yourself and family should pay a visit to Monticello where we could not be made happier than by seeing you. it is a little over a day's journey whether by New Canton or Buckingham C.H. the former being the best road. and our University is now so far advanced as to be worth seeing. it exhibits already the appearance of a beautiful Academical village, of the finest models of building and of classical architecture, in the U. S. it begins to be much visited by strangers and admired by all,

* "Poplar Forest," Jefferson's estate in Bedford, contained 4,627 acres, 1,000 of which he had conveyed to his son-in-law, Thomas Mann Randolph.

† An estate of 820 acres, on a commanding eminence, across the Rivanna, opposite Monticello.

for the beauty, originality and convenience of the plans. by autumn 3 ranges of buildings will be erected 600 f. long, with colonnades and arcades of the same length in front for communication below, and terrasses of the same extent for communication above : and by the fall of the next year, a 4th range will be done, which compleats the whole (the Library excepted) and will form an establishment of 10. Pavilions for professors, 6. hotels or boarding houses, and 100 Dormitories. these will have cost in the whole about 130,000 D. there will remain then nothing to be added at present but a building for the Library of about 40,000. D. cost. all this is surely worth a journey of 50. miles, and requires no effort but to think you can do it, and it is done. think so then, and give that gratification to the sincere affection with which I salute you.

TH. JEFFERSON.

JOHN W. EPPES, ESQ.

[The two following letters passed between Mr. Jefferson and Wilson J. Cary* with reference to the Mr. Stack mentioned in the above letter :

MONTICELLO. May 4. 1819

DEAR SIR :

Doctr. Cooper, himself probably the best classical scholar in the U. S., had from the first proposition of our college, recommended a *Mr. Stack* as the best classical teacher in America, and worthy of our professorship. It having been found that the University could not be opened for some time yet, I thought it desirable to get a classical school opened immediately in Charlottesville, as a nursery to prepare subjects to be ready to enter into the University, as soon as it commences, and invited Mr. Stack to come on and undertake such an establishment. He is arrived and will open his school immediately (say this week) which will be overflowing. I think there were 20 offered yesterday at our court in the space of a few hours, as it became known in the court-yard. His tuition fees are 30 D. a year, and board may probably be had in Charlottesville at about 120 D. One vacation only in the year, from the middle of December to the end of January. As I believe it impossi-

ble to place *Wilson* so advantageously in the U. S, I wished to give you notice of it, & not to lose a day in bringing him on, as his school will be filled at once. I salute Mrs. Cary & yourself with sincere affection

TH: JEFFERSON.

MR. CARY.

Letter of Wilson Jefferson Cary to Mr. Jefferson.

CARYSBROOK May 7. 1819

DEAR SIR :

I am just informed by General Cocke that *Mr. Stack*, a gentleman from Philadelphia, has been induced to come on to Charlottesville to establish a grammar-school in that place. Being anxious to obtain for my son *Wilson Miles*, the advantage of a teacher, who comes so highly recommended, I lose no time in requesting the favor of you to enter him as a scholar, and to engage board for him, if possible, with *Mr. Laporte*, in whose family, he will, I hope, have an opportunity of acquiring the French language, while he is carrying on his classical education. I should be highly obliged by a line from you, stating the terms of board and tuition,—whether Mr. Stack proposes to add any other branches of education (such as geography and arithmetic) to his classical course,—and particularly when the school will commence.

I am dear Sir

With the highest respect & regard

WILSON J: CARY.]

MONTICELLO July 29. 20

DEAR SIR

In my letter of June 30. I informed you I would write to Dr. Cooper for information as to the state and expences of education at Columbia, S. C. I will quote his answer in his own words. "I am not fully prepared to answer your queries as to the expence of education at the S. Carolina college, but I have always understood it was very cheap, not exceeding 250.D. for the session of nine months. the particulars I do not know. boarding in college is I believe 3 1/2 D per week paid in advance. There is a tutor in Rhetoric and Metaphysics, one in logic, & ethics, a classical tutor, a teacher of

* A great-nephew.

mathematics, natural philosophy & astronomy, who I believe will be Mr Nulty, and a teacher of Chemistry. the principal, Dr. Maxey is dead and I am in hopes Mr Stephen Elliott of Charleston will succeed him. if they send for a person from New England, as the fashion is, I shall be strongly inclined to resign. I greatly dislike this combination of character which promises little better than a mixture of cunning, sciolism, canting and bigotry? so far Dr. Cooper. [See also Jefferson to Cooper, August 14, 1820.] Mr. Correa, who is now here, informs me that Mr. Elliott* (1771-1830) is the first character in the U. S. for botany & Natural history; and I have the best information that Nulty is next to Bowditch as a mathematician. here then is exactly what we want for Francis. Cooper for chemistry & geology, Nulty for nat. philos. astronomy, mathematics, Elliott for Botany & Nat. history, and a school of Rhetoric. there can be nothing equal to this in the U. S. It is believed that Stack will quit in October, and the Columbia session commences I believe in that month. and within a 12 month from that time our university will open, if the legislature does what is expected. the society at Columbia is said to be not numerous, but polite, liberal and good; a mixture of Virginians and S. Carolinians. there is a teacher of languages, mathematics Etc. come to this neighborhood and established half a dozen miles from here. he is from Edinburgh, but as yet I know nothing of him. but Genl. Cocke† has established a Seminary at his house opposite New Canton. there he has a professor of classics, Richardson, said to be a good one, a teacher of Mathematics and a 3d. of Modern languages. there can be no doubt it will be correctly conducted under the General's controul, and I think it is probably the best and safest for young pupils, now in the state. it would probably be a desirable one for your younger sons.‡

One of the propositions in your letter of the 8th. inst. is so exactly suited to my

situation and feelings on the subject of the negroes for Francis, that I cannot hesitate a moment to accede to it. it is that which proposes to loan me the stock you mean to lay out in this way, to be paid for two years hence in negroes, without having moved them at all from their present settlements. in this way they will continue undisturbed where they have always been, without separation from their families, and pass with the ground they stand on, without being sensible of the transition from one master to another. the benefit of the intermediate loan too will be a present and great relief to me, from the pressure of debts which 2. or 3. years of short crops & short prices have accumulated and for which the distress of the time occasions those to whom they are due to be very importunate. I accept it therefore willingly, and undertake that any sum (as 6000 D. for instance) with it's interest, shall be paid for two years hence in negroes from my Bedford estate, to be fairly chosen and valued by disinterested persons, of men, women & children in the usual proportions, excluding superannuation. I think this much better too for Francis, for were they all to be present laborers, without young ones to come on in succession, he would be apt, as most of us would to look on that as his regular sum of labor and income, and fix his habitual expences by that standard, without considering that his standard would be lessening by the progressing ages and deaths of his laborers, leaving no successors to supply their places. and I have observed that young negroes from 12. or 13. years of age, and women also, are of real value in the farm, where there is abundance to be done of what they can do, and which otherwise would employ men. this arrangement has the further advantage that by two years hence property will have settled down to the value it is to hold hereafter; whereas value at this time is totally unsettled, and so much a matter of guess-work, that no two judgments fix in the same notch, and not often in sight of one another.

I will add an assurance that I shall carry into the execution of this transaction all the disinterested affection and anxiety for Francis, which you could yourself. your answer therefore may close

* Of the distinguished South Carolina family of that name—a graduate of Yale and father of Stephen Elliott, first Bishop of Georgia.

† General John Hartwell Cocke (1780-1866), of "Bremo" on the James in Fluvanna—a very wealthy planter, General in the War of 1812 in command of forces in defence of Richmond, and one of the Board of Visitors of the University of Virginia.

‡ Willie Jones and John Wayles Eppes.

this agreement finally on your part, as this letter is meant to do on mine; and if it is given immediately, it will reach me here before my departure for Bedford, which will be within a fortnight or a little over, and in that case I may probably take Millbrook in my way. Francis is here and in perfect health; Wayles is here also just relieved from a fever of some days. we all join in salutations to Mrs. Eppes and family and in affectionate respects to yourself.

TH. JEFFERSON

P. S. Since writing this Francis tells me his brothers are but 6. or 8. years old. The Bremono Seminary receives none under ten.

J. W. EPPES.

MONTICELLO Jan. 1822.

DEAR SIR

I send a small cart and box for the books, state papers etc you were so kind as to lend me. I possess the journals of the old Congress; and I have no need of the public accounts mentioned in your list. the information I need is generally from 1789 to 1809. and nothing at all after 1809. I will specify at the end of my letter the particular titles of what I wish to receive as they are expressed in your list; and whatever I receive shall be carefully kept separate from my own and faithfully returned. but altho' I am proposing to myself to enter on this business,* I have not much confidence that I shall be permitted to go through with it. age is an obstacle, but not the most formidable one. it is the oppressive correspondence with which I am so cruelly burdened, a correspondence in no wise concerning myself, or of any interest to me. I had the curiosity a few days ago to count the number of letters I receive in a year, taking one at random. the number was 1267, nearly all requiring answers, and a great part of them elaborate answers & of much research. judge then what time these will allow me for what I propose, and that too in broken scraps, the mere offal of my time. still I try to do what these will admit.

Your proposition, dear Sir, of an exchange of territories is beyond the powers of my mind or body. it would be an en-

terprise too bold and gigantic for one near the entrance of his 80th year. to break up plantations move all hands, bag & baggage, stock and all, to a new & distant settlement, would be like beginning the world anew to one who is just going out of it. I should never live to see things under way again: and in the mean time crops would be lost which I could ill spare. I am without a fear, in the 1st place that you will not live long enough to see your family of age to take care of themselves; & even should Francis's care be necessary for them, the communication between Bedford and Millbrook is so short & good as to make it quite easy. it is not more than 13. or 14. hours drive, say of a day & a piece of a morning or evening, I have conveyed too 1000 a. of my land there in trust to the bank of the US. as a security for my unfortunate engagement for Colo. Nicholas; and altho' I have pretty well founded expectations of being cleared of that, the liability of the land must continue until the actual discharge of the debt.—I shall not be able to pay you your interest, now due, of the 1st year until I get my tobo. down from Bedford which will not be until April. it shall then be paid by an order on Richmond.

I send Mrs Eppes 2. trees of the most beautiful kinds known. the tallest is the *silk tree* from Asia. it will require housing about 2 years more & will then bear the open air safely. the mother tree growing here, about 15. years old and 25. f. high & still growing vigorously has stood winters which have killed my Azederacs & mulberries. the other is the celebrated *Bow wood* of Louisiana which may be planted in the spring where it is to stand as it bears our climate perfectly. it bears a fruit of the size and appearance of an orange, but not eatable.

Jan. 17. this letter has been written so far, many days, but the severe weather we have had has prevented my sending off the cart until now. with my respects to Mrs Eppes accept my affectionate attachment and respect.

TH. JEFFERSON

Journals of the Senate & H. of R. of the 8th. 9th. & 10th Congress

Public papers laid before the 8th. 9th. & 10th Congress

* Writing his "Biographical Memoir."

American State papers 1789-1809.

Documents on the subject of Foreign relations.

American Senator. Debates of 98, 99.

Any newspapers you may have from 1789 to 1809.

JOHN W. EPPES.

MONTICELLO July 28. 22

DEAR SIR

I learn with sincere regret the continuance of your ill health,* placing at the same time much reliance on the *vis vitæ* at your time of life, which is quite sufficient to promise a restoration of order to the system. the benefit you received from the springs the last year encourages confidence in a repetition of the experiment. I think with you that it has been unlucky that Francis so early adopted views of marriage.† the European period of full age at 25. years is certainly more conformable with the natural maturity of the body and mind of man than ours of 21. The interruption of studies and filling our houses with children are the consequences of our habits of early marriage. yet, being a case not under the jurisdiction of reason, we must acquiesce and make the best of it. he could at no period have chosen a more amiable companion, or one better educated and he gives me strong assurances that it shall occasion but little interruption to his studies. he will be accomodated, when-

* *Mr. J. W. Eppes* died September 15, 1823.

† *Francis Eppes* married, November 28, 1822, his cousin, Mary Elizabeth Cleland Randolph, daughter of Thomas Eston Randolph, who was a nephew of Mr. Jefferson's mother.

ever he pleases with the house at Poplar Forest and a plantation around it sufficient for the force he may have; stating to him at the same time that I must make no deed of any part of my property, while my commitment for Mr. Nicholas is hanging over my head; as the indulgence of the bank would probably be withdrawn were their security in the extent of my possessions to be brought into suspicion. the land which I formerly proposed to you, with which I was not then acquainted, I found on subsequent examination was very inferior. a little of it was good but the main body of it run down into the barrens of the water-llick. that now destined for him is a part of the old Forest, and every part of it good. indeed the house itself is worth more than the whole of the other land. I have thought it a matter for consideration with Francis, whether he had not better divide his time among his friends for the first twelve month, in order to get a year before hand to have a crop, stock and provisions etc. before he incurs the expences of housekeeping, assuring him that the greater share he gives us of his time, the greater will be our gratification. yet all this must be left to the inclinations of the young people themselves, and our affections will of course bend us to their gratification. with my respects to Mrs. Eppes, and sincere prayers for the restoration of your health, be assured of my constant & affectionate attachment.

TH. JEFFERSON

JOHN W. EPPES, ESQ.



THE UNDERCURRENT

BY ROBERT GRANT

ILLUSTRATION BY F. C. YOHN

XXVI



YEAR later, in the early days of spring and the closing weeks of the next State Assembly, Carleton Howard and his son Paul sat conversing in Mrs. Wilson's study. They had been dining with her, and on rising from table she had invited them to keep her company in her private apartment while she busied herself with matters incident to the entertainment she was to give in a little more than a week to the members of the American Society for the Discussion of Social Problems, as the crowning festivity to its four days' meeting in Benham.

Mrs. Wilson was elated over the opportunity to mingle the thoughtful people of the country—some of whom, as seen at annual meetings of the society elsewhere, appeared to her to have cultivated intellectual aptness at the expense of the graces of life—and Benham's fashionable coterie. She reasoned that the experience would be stimulating for both, and with her secretary at her elbow she was absorbed in planning various features to give distinction to the event. Her hospitality, from one point of view, would not be the first of its kind in the annals of the society, for at each of the last two meetings—the one in Chicago, the other in St. Louis—there had been an attempt to entertain the members more lavishly than hitherto. So in a sense she felt herself on her mettle to set before her visitors the best which Benham afforded, and so effectively as to eclipse the past and at the same time bring a little nearer that appropriate blending between beauty and wisdom to which she looked forward as an ultimate social aim.

She had been of many minds as to what form her entertainment should take, and had finally settled on this programme: Dinner was to be served at her house to

the seventy-five visiting and resident members and a sprinkling of Benham's most socially gifted spirits, at little tables holding six or eight. A reception was to follow, to which the rest of her acquaintance was invited to meet the investigators of social problems. At this there was to be a vaudeville performance by artists from New York, after which, before supper, six of Benham's prettiest and most fashionable girls were to pass around, as keepsakes for the visitors, silver ornaments reminiscent of Benham in their shape or design. Mrs. Wilson was not wholly satisfied with this programme; she was conscious that it lacked complete novelty and was not aesthetically so convincing as some of her previous efforts; but considering the numbers to be fed—and she was determined that these thoughtful pilgrims should taste delicious food faultlessly served for once in their lives—she could think of no more subtle form of hospitality which would give them the opportunity to realize the artistic significance of her establishment.

There were so many things to be attended to, a portion of which occurred to her on the spur of the moment, that Mrs. Wilson had requested her secretary to make long working hours, and occasionally, as on this day, to protract them through the evening. Constance was at her desk in the room appropriated to her use, which led out of Mrs. Wilson's study. The door was open, and where she sat it was easy to distinguish the conversation which went on there. When Mrs. Wilson needed her she touched a silver bell far more melodious in its tone than the squeak of electric communication. Constance had already exchanged greetings with her employer's brother and nephew, whose random dialogue, broken by the digestive pauses which are apt to occur after a good dinner, provided a cosey stimulus to Mrs. Wilson's musings. Mrs. Wilson enjoyed the feeling that she was in the bosom of her

family, and that, at the same time, absorbed in her cogitations, she need give no more than a careless ear to the talk of railroad earnings and other purely masculine concerns. She was pleased too by the knowledge that Lucille was coming in a few days to pay her a visit, bringing her granddaughter and the new Nicholson baby, a boy. Her new son-in-law also was coming, and she could not help feeling elated at the prospect of letting Benham see that the marriage which ought to have been a failure had turned out surprisingly well, and that her daughter was a reputable and somewhat elegant figure in society—not exactly the woman she had meant her to be, but immeasurably superior to what she had at one time feared. She was aware in her heart that logically, according to her standards, Lucille was not a person to be made much of socially, and yet she intended her and her husband to be a feature of her entertainment, and she felt sure that her acquaintances would regard them as such. Though the inconsistency troubled her, inducing, if she stopped to think, spiritual qualms, maternal instinct jealously stifled reflection, and, furthermore, pursuing its natural bent, was rejoicing in the opportunity. Once, when interrogated sharply by conscience, in the watches of the night, she had satisfied her intelligence by answering back that her behavior was ostrich-like but human. Since the rest of her world failed to turn a cold shoulder on Lucille, was it for her to withhold the welcome befitting an only child?

Paul Howard was now a Congressman-elect. His canvass for the nomination the previous autumn had been successful, and the rumors in circulation as to the sum which he had paid over to his manager to accomplish this result by methods more or less savoring of bribery were still rife. These had reached Paul's ears, and he was unable to deny that the most sensational figures were far in excess of the actual truth. Concerning the rest of the indictment, he could say literally that he knew nothing definite. He had drawn checks and asked no questions. But in his secret soul he had no doubts as to its substantial accuracy, and after the first flush of victory was over the edge of his self-satisfaction had been dulled by regret at the moral price which he had been obliged to pay in order to become

a Congressman. Yet he had comforted himself with the thought that otherwise he could not have won the nomination, and that he intended to become an exemplary and useful member. So by this time he had ceased to dwell on the irretrievable and was enjoying the consciousness that he was to go to Washington, where he hoped to make his mark. Who could tell? With his means and popularity he might eventually become a United States Senator, or secure some desirable diplomatic appointment.

Paul had been spending a few days in New York, and personal business matters formed at first the topic of conversation between the two men. When presently the younger inquired if anything of general interest had happened in Benham during his absence, his father frowned and said:

"That man Perry is pressing his socialistic legacy tax bill."

Paul looked interested. He understood the allusion, for shortly previous to his departure for New York, in consequence of his father's animadversions, he had taken occasion to see Gordon and to discuss the question with him.

"I object to the principle; it's an entering wedge," continued Mr. Howard. "When you say that because I leave a larger estate than you, my estate shall pay a larger proportionate tax than yours, you confiscate property. It is only another step to make the ratio of increase such that after a certain sum all will be appropriated by the state. It would be a blow at individual enterprise, and so at the stability of the family. If you deprive men of the right to accumulate and to leave to their children the full fruits of their industry and brains, you take away the great incentive to surmount obstacles and to excel."

The banker in broaching the subject had uttered Gordon's name with denunciatory clearness, so that Constance heard it distinctly. Her spirit rose in protest at the condemning tone, and she paused in her occupation to listen. As Mr. Howard proceeded she recognized the character of his grievance. In the last letter Gordon had written her, now more than a month previous, he had mentioned the fact that he was interested in the success of what he termed the progressive legacy tax bill, and she had closely followed its course in the legislature. She knew that the committee

to which it was referred had reported in its favor by a majority of one; she had also gathered, from what she read in the newspapers, that it was regarded as the most important public measure of the session, and was to be hotly debated. While she sought to smother her personal feelings, so that she might give due consideration to Mr Howard's argument, he paused, and Paul's voice retorted:

"I mentioned the one hundred per cent. argument to Gordon Perry, and he smiled at it. He said that so unreasonable and oppressive an extreme was out of the question, and a mere bogey."

"Will he guarantee it?" demanded the banker sternly. "He cannot; he can answer only for the legislative body of which he is a member. If the present bill passes, why may not an Assembly twenty-five years hence declare that the public good—meaning the necessary tax levy for the expenses of an extravagant socialistic republic—demands that all which any man dies possessed of in excess of half a million dollars should, by the operation of a sliding scale of percentage, be confiscated by the state?"

"But on the other hand is it really unjust to tax the estate of one who dies possessed of a fortune larger than is sufficient to satisfy every craving of his heirs, considerably more in proportion than that of the citizen of moderate means whose children need every dollar? That is what Don Perry would answer. Moreover, this bill is tolerably easy on the children of the rich, is rather more severe on brothers and sisters than on lineal descendants, and so on through the family tree. The people who inherit millions from a cousin are scarcely to be pitied if the state steps in and takes a respectable slice."

"To hear you talk one would imagine you were a supporter of the measure," said his father haughtily, recognizing Paul's proclivity to take the opposite side of an argument, but evidently regarding the subject as too serious for economic philandering.

Paul laughed. "I suppose I should vote against it on general principles—meaning that it's best to hold on to what one has as long as possible. But it's one of the sanest attempts to get at the surplus accumulations of the prosperous for the benefit of everybody else which has thus far been devised. Indeed, we're not pioneers in this—in fact, rather behind the

times as a democratic nation. It has been introduced already with success, for instance, in the republic of Switzerland, and in Australia and New Zealand."

Mr. Howard made a gesture of impatience. "Very likely. The two last named countries are the hot-bed of socialistic experiments. Will you tell me," he added with slow emphasis, "what society is to gain by disintegrating large fortunes acquired by energy and thrift? I myself have given away three million dollars for hospitals, libraries, and educational endowments in the last ten years. Will the state make a better use of the surplus, as you call it?"

"The trouble is, father, that some multimillionaires are less generous than you. Evidently the state is of the opinion that the returns would foot up larger under a compulsory law than under the present voluntary system."

"Up to this time personal individuality has been the distinguishing trait of the American people. I believe that the nation has too much sense to sacrifice the rights of the individual to——"

He paused, seeking the fit phrase to express his meaning, and was glibly anticipated by Paul.

"To the envious demands of the mob. That is one way of putting it. Gordon Perry's statement would be that society has reached the point where the so-called vested rights of the individual must now and again be sacrificed on the altar of the common good, and that a moderate bill like this is the modern scientific method of rehabilitating the meaning of the word justice."

Unable to see the disputants, but listening with all her ears, Constance recognized the argument. The common good! Here was the same issue between the individual on one side and the community on the other; and this time Gordon was the champion of the state against the individual. Clearly he acknowledged the obligation—the soundness of the principle provided that the sacrifice would redound to the benefit of civilization. Yet the same mind which demanded a progressive legacy tax bill in the name of human justice rejected an inflexible mandate against remarriage as a cruel infringement on the rights of two souls as against the world. There could be only one explanation of the inconsistency: namely, that he

believed profoundly that such a mandate was not for the common good. She knew this already, yet somehow its presentation in this parallel form struck her imagination. While thus she mused Constance heard Mr. Howard say in response to Paul's last sally:

"I request that you will not entrust to that young man any more of the firm's business. I prefer an attorney with less speculative ambitions."

Paul laughed again. "As you will, father. Gordon Perry has all the practice he can attend to without ours. He is hopelessly on his feet so far as our disapproval—or even a boycott—is concerned."

"And his bill will not pass," said the banker with the concise assurance of one who knows whereof he is speaking, and is conscious of reserve power. "I have sent for the chairman of our State Committee."

"If the party is against it, you know I am a good party man, father."

"It isn't a question of party. It goes deeper than that; it's fundamental. I've arranged for a conference——"

At this point Mr. Howard saw fit to lower his voice. It was evident to Constance that he was imparting secrets, and revealing the machinations by which he expected to defeat or side-track the obnoxious measure. If only she could hear and warn Gordon! But what they said was no longer audible. The men's talk had dropped to an inarticulate murmur, which continued for a few moments, and then was interrupted by Mrs. Wilson's dulcet tones. The change of key had attracted her attention, which already in subconsciousness had followed the thread of the dialogue, though her deliberate thoughts were far away.

"I have been listening to you two people," she said aloud, "and it is an interesting theme. I agree with you, my dear Paul, academically; as an eventual sociological development the surplus should be appropriated for the public good. But I wonder if we are quite ready for it yet. In other words, can the community—the state—the mass be trusted to administer the revenues thus acquired so as to produce more wholesome and beneficent results for the general weal than are now being fostered by the wealthy and enlightened humanitarian few under the existing laws? In the present stage of our civilization might not the standards of efficiency be

lowered by such a policy, and the true development of art and beauty be arrested? There is my doubt."

Her brother's response had the ring of an epigram. "To the end of time, Miriam, human affairs must be managed by the capable few, or the many will suffer. If you deprive able men of the power of accumulation, the price of bread will soon be dearer."

"And what the many hope for sooner or later is free champagne," remarked Paul.

Neither of his elders replied to this quizzical utterance, and there was a brief silence. Then Mrs. Wilson stepped to the doorway of the anteroom and told Constance that she did not require her services further that evening. She had suddenly remembered the former intimacy between her secretary and the protagonist of the bill.

For the next week Constance diligently studied the newspapers for information in regard to the mooted measure. The entire community seemed suddenly aroused to the significance of the issue, and the daily press teemed with reading matter in relation thereto. The debate on the occasion of the second reading of the bill was the most protracted and earnest of the session. As Mr. Howard had intimated, it was not strictly a party measure; that is, it found advocates and opponents among the members of each of the two great political parties; only the so-called socialistic contingent gave it undivided support. But developments soon revealed that nearly all the conservative, eminently respectable members of the party to which Mr. Carleton Howard belonged, were lining up in opposition to the bill on one plea or another. It was denounced by some as dangerous, by others as unconstitutional; numerous amendments were offered in order to kill it by exaggerating its radical features or to render it innocuous. Constance imagined that she could discern the master hand of the banker in the fluctuations of sentiment, in some of the editorials, and in the solemn resolutions of certain commercial bodies.

It was at the third reading of the bill that Gordon made his great speech—great from the point of view of the friends of the measure, because it set forth without undue excitement and superfluous oratory the essential soundness and justice of their cause. A packed house listened in absorbed

silence to the forceful, concise presentation. On the morrow the rival merits of the controversy were still more eagerly bruited throughout the State. Constance could restrain herself no longer. Her lover was being stigmatized by the lips of many as an enemy of established society, yet she must not go to him and show her admiration and her faith. But she would write—just a line to let him know that she understood what he was attempting, and that she was on his side in the struggle for the common good against individualism and the pride of wealth. By way of answer there came next day merely a bunch of forget-me-nots addressed to her in his handwriting. She pressed the dainty yet humble flowers to her lips, then placed them in her breast. They seemed to express better than the pomp of roses his steadfast allegiance to her and to humanity.

The days of the debate were those just preceding the coming of the pilgrims belonging to the Society for the Discussion of Social Problems. Constance's most formal duties in connection therewith had already been performed, but Mrs. Wilson kept her constantly at hand lest new ideas should occur to her or emergencies arise. Besides there were numerous minor details relating to the august entertainment on the final evening which demanded supervision. Constance was very busy, but in her heart the query was ever rising, Will he win? She had learned that the bill had been put over for three days, and that the vote on its passage was to be taken on the date of Mrs. Wilson's festivity, probably in the late afternoon, as there was certain to be further discussion before the roll was called.

The four days' exercises of the Society consisted of the reading of papers on current national problems, one series in the morning, another in the evening, with opportunities for general comment. The afternoons were devoted to recreation and the visiting of points of local interest, such as the oil yards, pork factories, and other commercial plants across the Nye to which Benham owed its growth and vitality; to Wetmore College, the institution of learning for the higher education of women; and to the new public library and Silas S. Parsons free hospital. Mrs. Wilson was an absorbed and prominent figure at all the meetings. She had no paper of her

own to read, but on two occasions she made a few remarks on the topic before the society when the moment for discussion arrived. On the third day, moreover, at the end of the paper on "The Development of Art in the United States," the president rose and made the announcement of a gift of five hundred thousand dollars from Mrs. Randolph Wilson and her brother for the erection of a Free Art Museum for Benham on the land already bonded by the city. Constance had the satisfaction of hearing the applause which greeted the declaration of this splendid endowment. Mrs. Wilson had made it possible for her to attend several of the meetings as educational opportunities, but she had received no inkling of this interesting secret.

Late in the afternoon of the next day, that fixed for the entertainment and for the ballot on Gordon's bill, Constance was informed by the butler that there was a woman below who desired to see her. The man's manner prompted her to make some inquiry, and she learned that the visitor was Loretta Davis; that she had asked first for Mrs. Wilson, and on being told that she was out had asked for herself. The servant volunteered the further information that she appeared to be in a disorderly condition, and that, but for his mistress's special interest in her, he would not have admitted her to the house.

Constance went down stairs excited that the wanderer had returned, yet reflecting that she had chosen a most untimely date for her reappearance. She said to herself that she would take a cab, bundle Loretta off to Lincoln Chambers, and conceal the fact of her presence in Benham from Mrs. Wilson until the following day. As she entered the small reception room, she was shocked by Loretta's appearance. She looked as though she had lived ten years in one. Her cheeks were sunken, her eyes unnaturally bright, and her face wore the aspect of degenerate dissipation. She was more conspicuously dressed than her circumstances warranted, and her clothes appeared crumpled. But her air was jaunty, and she met Constance's solicitous greeting with an appalling gaiety.

"Well, I'm back again. I hear you've been hunting for me. I suppose you'll want to know all about it, so I might as

well tell you my money's gone. Some of it I lent to my friend—him I went back to—and the rest is spent. We've been in Chicago and New York, and—and I've had the time of my life."

She evidently hoped to shock Constance by this bravado; but distressed as the latter was by the painful levity, she took for granted that Loretta was not herself, and that though her speech was fluent she was under the influence of some stimulant, presumably the drug which Dr. Dale had specified. While she was wondering how to deal with the situation and what could be the object of Loretta's visit, the latter supplied the solution to her second quandary.

"I've seen all about the big party she's giving to-night. That's why I've come." She paused a moment, then continued in a cunning whisper, as though she were afraid of unfriendly ears: "I want to get a chance to see it—the folk, I mean, and the smart dresses. Lord sake," she added, noticing doubtless the consternation in her hearer's face, "I do believe you thought I was asking to come as one of the four hundred myself. Thanks, but I've left my new ball dress at home. They can tuck me in somewhere behind a curtain; I'd be quiet; or I'd dress as a maid. Manage it for me, Constance, like a decent woman." Her voice cracked a little, and her eyes filled with tears, suggesting a tipsy person. Then suddenly her manner changed; she squared her shoulders and said malevolently, "I'm going to see it anyway. It's a small thing to ask of her who helped to kill my only child."

It was a small thing to ask certainly, absurd as the request seemed. Constance reflected that, inopportune as the application was, the decision, as Loretta had intimated, did not rest with her.

"I will ask Mrs. Wilson, Loretta," she said, to gain time to think. "She will be home before long."

At that moment the lady named entered the room. The butler had told her who her visitor was, and she had not avoided the interview. She had just come from an afternoon tea given in honor of the visiting pilgrims, and was attired in her most elegant costume. Loretta's eyes, as they took in the exquisite details of her appearance, dilated with the interest of fascination, yet their gleam was envious

rather than friendly. Beholding the two women face to face, Constance, struck by the contrast, realized that they represented the two poles of the social system; that the one embodied aspiration, the graces of Christian civilization and glittering success, the other self-indulgence, moral decay, and hideous failure. Such were the prizes of deference to, and the penalties of revolt against, the mandates of society! Yet even as she thus reasoned her heart was wrung with intense pity, and it was she who offered herself as a spokesman and laid Loretta's petition before Mrs. Wilson. That lady's face was a study during the brief recital. Bewilderment, horrified repugnance, toleration, and finally hesitating acquiescence succeeded one another as she listened to the strange request and to her secretary's willingness to take charge of her discreditable ward if the permission to remain were granted. Obnoxious as the idea of having such a person in the house at this time of all others appeared to her at first blush, Mrs. Wilson's philanthropic instincts speedily responded to the demand upon them in spite of its obvious and vulgar sensationalism. She, like Constance, found herself asking why she need refuse such a small favor to this unfortunate creature merely because the supplication was so distasteful to her. If Constance were ready to see that she did not make a spectacle of herself, and would keep an eye on her, why, after all, should she not remain? Might not the sight of the brilliant, refined spectacle even serve to reinspire her with respect for the decencies of life? Mrs. Wilson's imagination snatched at the hope. Consent could not possibly do harm to anyone and it might be a means of reclaiming this erring creature.

Constance perceived how her employer's mind was working, and she made the course of acquiescence smooth by saying:

"We will sit together, Mrs. Wilson, where we can see and no one can see us. And in return for your consideration," she added meaningly, "Loretta agrees to conduct herself as a lady—in such a manner as not to offend anyone by her behavior so long as she is in this house."

"Very well," said Mrs. Wilson. "I am very glad to give my permission. You know what Constance means, Loretta?"

Loretta nodded feverishly. "I shall be all right," she said. She understood that they referred to her habits, and she was willing enough to guarantee good behavior, for she knew that she had the assurance of it in her own pocket—a small hypodermic syringe, the use of which would steady her nerves for the time being. It was with an exultant intention of enjoying herself to the uttermost, and of fooling her hostess to the top of her bent, that after Constance had shown her to a room that she might put herself to rights, Loretta jabbed herself with the needle again and again in pursuit of forbidden transport.

An hour later when Loretta was asleep under the eye of a maid, Constance found time to consider how she could ascertain the result of the ballot, the haunting suspense as to which had kept her heart in her mouth all day. She lay in wait for the evening newspaper, but she ransacked its columns in vain, as she had feared would be the case. Evidently the vote had been taken too late for publication. While she stood in the hall trying to muster courage to call up one of the newspaper offices on the telephone and ask the question—which would assuredly be a piece of impertinence on the part of an unimportant person like herself—she heard the ring of the front door bell. When the butler answered it the commanding figure of Mr. Carleton Howard appeared in the vestibule and from the shadow of the staircase she heard him say with jubilant distinctness, "You will tell Mrs. Wilson, James, that the progressive legacy tax bill was killed this afternoon by a majority of three votes. Reconsideration was asked for and refused; consequently the measure is dead for this session."

Constance experienced that sinking feeling which a great and sudden disappointment is apt to bring. She had taken for granted that Gordon would win; that he would get the better of his opponents in the end, despite their endeavors, and gain a glorious victory for humanity and himself. Instead he had been crushed by his enemies, and was tasting the bitterness of defeat. He would bear it bravely, she did not question that, but how depressing to see the cause in behalf of which all his energies had been enlisted, defeated by the narrowest margin on the very verge of success.

She remained for some moments as though rooted to the spot. As poor Loretta had once said, it is love which makes the world go round, and the world had suddenly stopped for her. She ascended the stairs like one in a trance and closed the door of her room. What would her sympathy profit him? How would it help him to know that her heart bled for him? Such condolence would be only tantalization. What he desired was herself—to possess and cherish in the soul and in the flesh—as the partner of his joys and sorrows, his helpmate and his companion. From where she sat she could behold herself in her mirror the comely embodiment of a woman in her prime, alive with energy and health. He sighed to hold her in his arms, and she would fain kiss away the disappointment of his defeat. Anything short of this would be mockery for him—yes, for her. They were natural mates, for they loved each other with the enthusiasm of mature sympathy. Yet they must go their ways apart, because the Church forbade in the name of Christ for the so-called common good. How could it be for the common good to resist nature, when she knew in her heart that in obeying the law of her being she would feel no sense of shame or blame? On the one side was the fiat of the Church, and on the other the sanction of the people—of human society struggling for light and liberty against superstition and authority. That was Gordon's claim; yet he was no demagogue, no irreverent materialist. What would her own father have said—the country doctor whose sympathy with humanity was so profound? She felt sure that he would have swept aside the Church's argument in such a case as this as untenable. What was it held her back? The taunt that in obeying the law of her being she would be letting go her hold on the highest spiritual life, that most precious ambition of her soul, and forsaking the Christ whose followers had comforted her and lifted her up.

As thus she mused she heard Loretta stirring. She had arranged as a precaution that they should occupy chambers which opened into each other, and it behooved her now to pay attention to her,—to see that she was suitably attired and to supervise her movements. When they were dressed she exhibited to her the large

dining-room set with little tables, and afforded her a peep at the guests as they swept in. Later Loretta and she looked down from a small balcony filled with plants on the splendid company assembling in the music-room. Her charge was completely absorbed by the pageant, asking at first eager questions which Constance answered with mechanical scrupulousness, for to her in spite of the brilliant scene the world seemed far away, and she still dwelt as in a trance. As soon as Loretta recognized Lucille, who in the most stunning of Parisian gowns was assisting her mother to receive, she became nervously agitated, and after surveying her for a few moments she nudged her companion and said, "What did I tell you? Hasn't her marriage turned out all right, and isn't everybody at her feet? You might be down there with the rest of them to-night, if you'd only taken my advice."

The words brought Constance back to her immediate surroundings, but as she became aware that Loretta was thrusting in her face the fact of Lucille's triumphant presence, she realized that it had already been a significant item in her nebulous consciousness. But she laid her hand gently on the offender's arm and said, "Sh! No matter about that now. Remember your promise." Loretta grunted. She paid heed to the extent of changing her tone to a whisper, but murmured by way of having the last word, "It's unjust that you shouldn't be there; it's unjust." Then she became silent; but every little while during the evening she repeated under her breath the same phrase as though it were a formula.

Constance remembered subsequently that as the evening advanced, Loretta ceased to ask questions and grew strangely silent, seeming to follow with her eyes every movement of Mrs. Wilson, who in a costume of maroon-colored velvet set off by superb jewels and a tiara of large diamonds, swept with easy grace hither and thither in her endeavor as hostess to make the blending between the pilgrims and Benham's social leaders an agreeable experience for all.

It was in truth a notable entertainment; the guests appeared pleased and appreciative; there were no hitches; the music evoked enthusiasm, the supper was delicious, and the closing distribution of

trinkets by Benham's fairest daughters came as a delightful surprise to the departing seekers after truth. But all save the consciousness that she was facing a gay scene and was fulfilling her responsibilities was lost on Constance. She did not know until the next day that the entertainment had been a great success, for, oblivious to the music, the lights, and the brilliantly dressed assembly, her soul was wrestling once more with the problem which she had supposed solved forever. It was nearly one o'clock when the murmur of voices died away, and she conducted Loretta to their mutual apartment. She was glad that her charge showed no disposition to talk over the events of the evening, but on the contrary undressed in silence, busy with her own reflections. Having seen her safely in bed, Constance straightway sat down at her desk and wrote. It was a short, hasty note, for she was bent on posting it that night before the lights in the house were extinguished. Throwing a cloak about her, she glided down stairs, and, with a word of warning to the butler that he might not lock her out, sought the letter-box which was less than a hundred yards distant. She had not chosen to trust her epistle to any other hands. As she lifted the iron shutter she paused for a moment, then with a joyful little sigh she dropped it in and let go. Fifteen minutes later, like a happy, tired child, and wondering what the morrow would bring, she escaped from reality into the waiting arms of sleep.

But Mrs. Randolph Wilson was in no haste to go to bed. She was in a complacent mood. Everything had gone off as she intended, and it suited her to dwell in retrospect on the incidents of the festivity, and to muse fancy free. Lucille had kissed her good-night and had retired. She had let her maid loosen her dress and had dismissed her for the night. She was inclined to dally; she liked the silence and the sense of calm after the activities of the day.

Seated at her toilet table and looking into her mirror with her cheeks resting upon her hands, she gazed introspectively at herself and destiny. Her tiara of diamonds still crested her forehead. Somehow it pleased her to leave it undisturbed until she was ready to let down her hair. She was con-

sconscious that she had reached the age when she preferred to see herself at her best rather than in the garb of nature's disorder. It had been one of the eventful evenings of her life; she felt that by her efforts mind and matter had been drawn closer together without detriment to either. And everybody had been extremely civil to Lucille, at which she could not help rejoicing. Certainly, too, Lucille was acquiring more social charm and was more anxious to please people of cultivation. Then, too, her brother had appeared in his most engaging mood as a consequence of the defeat of the legacy tax bill. No reason for doubting her conclusion that the passage of the measure would have been premature under existing conditions had occurred to her; so it seemed that society had been saved from a mistake. Altogether the immediate present was marred by no unpleasant memory but one. As to that, she felt that she had acted indulgently, and that on the morrow she would make one last effort to rescue the unhappy degenerate. As she surveyed herself in the glass she appreciated that she was well preserved and that her grizzled hair was becoming, but that the romance of life was over. She would never marry again; she was unequivocally middle-aged. Ideas were what she had left; but for this great interest she had many years of strength and activity ahead of her.

Ideas! How absorbing they were, and yet how little the most disinterested individual could accomplish! Truth looked so near, and yet ever seemed to recede as one approached it. Men and women came and went, generations lived and died, but progress, like the march of the glaciers, was to be measured by the centuries. The inequalities of life—how hideous were they still; how far from rectification, in spite of priests and charity! What was the key to the riddle? Where was the open sesame to the social truth which should be universal beauty? She was seeking it with all her soul, but she would never find it. Deep in the womb of time it lay, a magnet yet inscrutable. Who would unearth it? Would it baffle mankind forever? or would centuries hence some searcher—perhaps a woman like herself—discern and reveal it?

Pensive with her speculation, she turned her eyes, wistful with their yearning to

pierce the mysteries of time, full upon the mirror, and started. An apparition, a woman's face, cunning, resentful, demon-like, was there beside her own; a woman's figure crouching, stealthy, about to spring was stealing toward her. Was it a vision, an uncanny creature of the brain? Instinctively she turned, and as she did so a large pair of hands gleamed in her face and reached for her neck. Springing up with a cry of horror, she recoiled from the threatening fingers, but in another instant she was bent backward so that her head pressed against the glass and she felt a powerful clutch upon her throat which took away the power to scream, and made her eyes feel as though they were bursting from their sockets. A voice, exultant, cruel, yet like a revivalist's chant, rang in her ears.

"I've come for you. We'll go together, down to eternity. There you will scrub dirty marble floors for ever and ever."

In the face in the mirror Mrs. Wilson had recognized Loretta, and she divined, as the wild figure threw itself upon her and the strong hands gripped her windpipe, that she was contending with a mad-woman. The import of the strange, accusing words was unmistakable; it was a struggle for life. Powerless to give the alarm save by inarticulate gasps, she realized that only her own strength could avail her and that this must fail owing to the superior hold which her assailant had established. She strove with all her might to wrench herself free, but in vain. The long hands squeezed like a vise, and she was choking. She felt her senses swim, and that she was about to faint. Then with a rush a third figure intervened; someone else's hands were battling on her side, and in an instant she was free.

Awaking suddenly, as one who is sleeping on guard often will, Constance had felt an instinct that something was wrong. The turning on of the electric light revealed that Loretta's bed was empty. Where had she gone? It seemed improbable that she had sought to escape from the house at that hour. Puzzled! she stepped into the hall and half-way down the staircase. There as she paused the light shining from under Mrs. Wilson's apartment on the landing below caught her eye. The next moment she heard a muffled scream.

It had required all her strength and weight to tear Loretta from her victim. Having succeeded in separating them, Constance hastily put herself on the defensive, expecting a fresh attack; but Loretta, panting from her exertions, stood facing them for a moment, then burst into a strident, gleeful laugh.

"You've saved her," she cried. "I'm crazy—stark crazy, I guess. What was it I said? I was going to take her where she'd have to scrub dirty marble floors forever and ever. I'd like to save her soul, she tried so hard to save mine. But it was time thrown away from the start. I was born bad—a moral pervert, as the doctor calls it. Christianity was wasted on me."

She shook her head, and looked from one to the other. They, horrified but spell-bound, waited, uncertain what course to pursue. Mrs. Wilson, now that she had partially recovered her poise, felt the impulse to elucidate this horrifying mystery. But though she wished to speak, the proper language did not suggest itself. How could one discuss causes with a mad woman? She raised her hands to put in place the tiara which had been crushed down on her brow.

"Look at her," cried Loretta, commandingly, addressing Constance and pointing. "Isn't she beautiful? She's civilization." She made a low obeisance. "I was in love with her once; I love her still. You saved her."

She frowned and passed her hand across her forehead as though to clear her brain. Then she laughed again; she had recovered her clew.

"You were the sort she could help, Constance Stuart; you were good. But how has she—her church—paid you back? Cheated you with a gold brick. Ha! Made you believe that it was your Christian duty to let Gordon Perry, Esq., Counsellor at Law, go. That's the way the aristocrats still try to fool the common people. But isn't she beautiful? My compliments to both of you."

She swept a low courtesy in exaggeration of those she had witnessed a few hours earlier. "It is pitiful—pitiful and perplexing," murmured Mrs. Wilson in agonized dismay.

For a moment Loretta stood irresolute, then of a sudden she began to shiver like

one seized with an ague. She regarded them distractedly with staring eyes, and throwing up her hands, fell forward on her face in convulsive delirium. Constance rushed to her side; the two women raised her and laid her on the bed. Mrs. Wilson's maid was aroused, and a physician communicated with by telephone. He came within an hour and prescribed the necessary treatment. He said that the patient's system was saturated with cocaine, but intimated that she would probably recover from this attack.

After the doctor had gone and Loretta had been removed to her own room, Mrs. Wilson and Constance watched by the side of the sufferer, whose low moaning was the sole disturber of the stillness of the breaking dawn. Each was lost in her own secret thoughts. The cruel finger-marks on Mrs. Wilson's neck burned painfully, but the words of her mad critic had seared her soul. For the moment social truth seemed sadly remote. She reflected mournfully but humbly that ever and anon proud man and his systems are held up to derision by the silent forces of nature. When the darkness had faded so that they could discern each other's faces, she arose, and sitting down beside Constance on the sofa drew her toward her and kissed her. Was it in acknowledgment that she had saved her life, or as a symbol of a broader faith?

"Kiss me too, Constance," she whispered.

The embrace was fondly returned, and at this loosening of the tension of their strained spirits they wept gently in each other's arms. Then Mrs. Wilson added, "Come, let us go where we can talk. We could do nothing at present which my maid cannot do."

She led the way to her boudoir. The idea of seeking sleep had never occurred to either of them. Although Mrs. Wilson had felt the need of speech, it was some minutes after they had established themselves before she broke the silence. When she did so she spoke suddenly and with emotion, like one beset by a repugnant conviction yet loath to acknowledge it.

"Can I have deserved this, Constance?" The vivid protest in her companion's face made clear that Constance did not penetrate her subtler meaning, and she hastened to answer her own question.



Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

"I have surrendered."—Page 599.

"Not to be strangled by a violent lunatic," she said, raising a hand involuntarily to her neck. "But her words were a judgment—a lacerating judgment. How I should loathe it—to scrub dirty marble floors forever and ever. It is just that—the dirt, the disorder, the common reek, which I shrink from and shun in spite of myself. How did she ever find out? I love too much the lusciousness of life.

'It is the little rift within the lute
That by and by will make the music mute,
And ever widening slowly silence all.'

Do you not see, Constance?"

Leaning forward with clasped hands and speaking with melodious pathos while the morning light rested on her tired but interesting face, her confession had the effect of a monologue save for its final question. And Constance, listening, understood. In truth this cry of the soul at bay came as a quickener to her own surging emotions, and she realized that the walls of the temple of beauty had fallen like those of Jericho at the trumpets of Israel. Yet though she understood and saw starkly revealed the limit of the gospel of the splendor of things, with all the purging of perplexities which that meant for her, the claims of gratitude and of unabated admiration no less than pity caused her to shrink from immediate acquiescence in her patron's self-censure. And as she hesitated for the proper antidote, Mrs. Wilson pursued her confession relentlessly—pursued it, however, as one who recites the weakness of a cause to which she is hopelessly committed.

"One is spurred to refine and refine and refine. Does not even religion—my religion—so teach us? the spirit ostensibly, and, in order to reach the spirit, the body; and in this age of things and of great possessions one reaches greedily after the quintessence of comfort until—until one needs some shock like this to perceive that one might become—perhaps is, an intellectual sybarite. Nay, more; though we crave almost by instinct individual lustre and personal safety, reaching out for luxury that we may grow superfine, must not we—*we American women with ideals*—mistrust the social beauty of a universe which still produces the masses and all the horrors of life? Can it fundamentally avail that a few should be exquisite and have radiant

thoughts, if the rest are condemned to a coarse, unlovely heritage?"

Not only did gratitude reassert itself as Constance listened to this speculative plaint, but protesting common sense as well, which recognized the morbidity of the thought without ignoring its cogency.

"Ah, you exaggerate; you are unjust to yourself," she exclaimed fervidly. "You must not overlook what your influence and example have been to me and many others. I owe you so much! more than I can ever repay. It was you who opened the garden of life to me."

Mrs. Wilson started at the tense, spontaneous apostrophe, and the color mounted to her cheeks. Never had so grateful a tribute been laid at her feet as this in the hour of tribulation. And as she gazed she felt that she had a right to be proud of the noble-looking, the sophisticated woman who held out to her these refreshing laurels.

"And it is not that I do not comprehend—that I do not share your qualms," Constance continued, ignoring the gracious look that she might express herself completely in this crucial hour. The time had come to utter her own secret, which she felt to be the most eloquent of revolts against the mystic superfineness she had just heard deprecated. "Within the last twelve hours the scales have fallen from my eyes also, and what seemed to me truth is no longer truth. There is something I wish to tell you, Mrs. Wilson. Yesterday afternoon I heard that the legacy tax bill had been defeated; last night before I went to bed I posted a letter to Gordon Perry informing him that I would be his wife. I have asked him to come to see me at Lincoln Chambers this morning."

Mrs. Wilson's lip trembled. Genuine as was her probing of self, this flank attack from one who just now had brought balm to her wounds and cheer to her soul was a fresh and vivid shock. To feel that this other ward, whom she had deemed so safe, was about to slip from her fingers was more than she could bear. Then instinctively Constance went to her and put her arm around her. "I am sorry to hurt you," she said tenderly, "but this is a time to speak plainly. I love him, and I feel that I have been trifling with love. I am

sure at last of this: that it is better for the world that two people like him and me should be happy than live apart out of deference to a bond which is a mere husk. I prefer to be natural and free rather than exquisite and artificial. As Gordon said, the ban of the Church when the law gives one freedom is nothing but a fetich. I cannot follow the Church in this. To do so would be to starve my soul for the sake of a false ideal—a false beauty cultivated for the few alone, as you have intimated, at the expense of the great heart of humanity. I can no longer be a party to such an injustice; I must not sacrifice to it the man I love."

There was a brief silence. Mrs. Wilson, as her question presently showed, was trying to piece together cause and effect.

"You wrote to him last night, Constance? Then this—horror had nothing to do with your decision?"

"Nothing; I had been on the verge of it for some time: I can see that now. And when the news of his defeat came, I felt that I must go to him if he would let me."

"He will let you, Constance."

"I think so," she answered with a happy thrill.

Mrs. Wilson looked up at her, and observing the serenity of her countenance, knew that the issue was settled beyond peradventure. Yet she was in the mood to be generous as well as humble; moreover, her inquiring mind had not failed to notice the plea for humanity and to feel its force.

She sighed gently, then patted the hand that held hers, and said:

"Perhaps, dear, you are right. At all events, go now and get some sleep. You must look your own sweet self when he comes to you."

A few hours later Constance, refreshed by slumber, was on her way to Lincoln Chambers. She walked as though on wings, for she knew in her heart that her lover would not fail her. Arriving a little before the appointed time, she dismissed the children to school, and, smiling at fate, waited for what was to be. At the stroke of the trysting hour she heard his knock. She bade him enter, and as their eyes met he folded her in his arms.

"Gordon!"

"Constance!"

"I have surrendered." She looked up into his face, bewitching in her happiness.

"Thank God for that!"

"But I come to you conscience free, Gordon," she said, drawing back her radiant face so that he must hear her avowal before his title was complete. "I would not have you think that I have compromised or juggled with myself. If I believed that I should be a whit less pure and spiritual a woman by becoming your wife, I would never have sent for you, dearly as I love you."

"And I would not have had you, darling. The love which is conscious of a stain is a menace to the world."

THE END.





Drawn by Henry Rensdahl.

The burning of a privateer prize.

THE WAR OF 1812

BY CAPTAIN A. T. MAHAN, U. S. N.

X*

MARITIME OPERATIONS EXTERNAL TO UNITED STATES WATERS



IN broad generalization, based upon analysis of conditions, it has been said that the seacoast of the United States was in 1812 a defensive frontier, from which, as from all defensive lines, there should be, and was, opportunity for offensive returns; for action planned to relieve the shore line, and the general military situation, by inflicting elsewhere upon the opponent injury, harassment, and perplexity. The last article dealt with the warfare depending upon the seaboard chiefly from the defensive point of view; to illustrate the difficulties and sufferings to which the country was exposed, owing to inability to force the enemy away from the coast. The pressure was universal, inexorable, and irresistible.

It remains still to consider the employment and effects of the one offensive maritime measure left open by the exigencies of the war: the cruises directed against the enemy's commerce. In these were engaged both the national ships-of-war and those equipped by the enterprise of the mercantile community; but the operations were more consonant to the proper purpose of privateers, and the far larger number of these caused them to play a part much greater in effect, though less fruitful in conspicuous action. Fighting, when avoidable, is to the privateer a misdirection of energy. His object is profit, by depredation upon the enemy's commerce; not the preservation of that of his own people. To the ship-of-war, on the other hand, protection of the national shipping is the primary concern; and for that reason it becomes her to shun no encounter by which she may hope to remove from the seas a hostile cruiser.

The limited success of the frigates in their attempts against commerce has been attributed to the general fact that their

cruises were confined to the more open sea, upon the highways of trade. These were now travelled by British ships under strict laws of convoy; the effect of which was not merely to protect the several flocks concentrated under their particular watchdogs, but to strip the sea of those isolated vessels that in time of peace rise in frequent succession above the horizon, covering the face of the deep with a network of tracks. These solitary wayfarers were now to be found only as rare exceptions until the port of destination was approached. There the homing impulse, or confidence in the immemorial security of British waters, overbore the bonds of regulation, and convoys tended to the conduct noted by Nelson as a captain, "behaving as all convoys that ever I saw did, shamefully ill, parting company every day." The waters surrounding the British Islands themselves were the field where commerce destruction could be most decisively effected.

The first United States ship to emphasize this fact was the brig *Argus*, Captain William H. Allen, which sailed from New York June 18, 1813, having on board a newly appointed minister to France, Mr. William H. Crawford. On July 11th she reached L'Orient, having in the twenty-three days of passage made but one prize. Three days later she proceeded to cruise in the chops of the English Channel, and against the local trade between Ireland and England, continuing thus until August 14th, thirty-one days, during which she captured nineteen vessels, extending her activities well up into St. George's Channel. The contrast of results, between her voyage across and her occupancy of British waters, illustrates the comparative advantages of the two scenes of operations, regarded in their relation to British commerce.

On August 12th the British brig *Pelican*, Captain Maples, anchored at Cork from the West Indies. Before her sails were furled, she received orders to go in search of the American ship whose depredations had been reported. Two hours later she was again at sea. The following evening, at 7.30, a burning vessel gave direction to

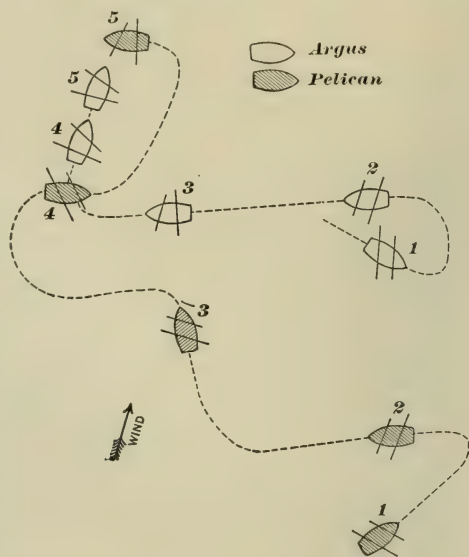
* A map showing the place of the naval actions mentioned in this article is to be found in the March number of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, page 343.

her course; and at daybreak, August 14th, she sighted a brig-of-war in the northeast, just quitting another prize, which had also been fired. The wind, being south, gave the windward position to the *Pelican*, which stood in pursuit; the *Argus* steering east, near the wind, but under moderate sail to enable her opponent to close. (Positions 1.) The advantage in force was on this occasion on the British side; the *Pelican* being twenty per cent. larger, and her broadside seventeen per cent. heavier.

At 5.55 A. M., St. David's Head on the coast of Wales bearing east, distant about fifteen miles, the *Argus* wore, standing now to the westward, with the wind on the port side (2). The *Pelican* did the same, and the battle opened at 6; the vessels running side by side, within range of grape-shot and musketry. (2). Five minutes later Captain Allen received a wound which cost him his leg, and in the end his life. He at first refused to be taken below, but loss of blood soon so weakened him that he could no longer give orders. Ten minutes later the first lieutenant was stunned by a grape-shot grazing his head, and command devolved on the second. By this time the rigging of the *Argus* was much cut, and the *Pelican* bore up (3) to pass under her stern; but the American brig, luffing close to the wind and backing her main-topsail (3), balked the attempt, throwing herself across the enemy's path, and giving a raking broadside, the poor aim of which seems to have lost her the effect that should have resulted from this ready manœuvre. The main braces of the *Argus* had already been shot away; and at 6.18 the preventer (duplicate) braces, which formed part of the preparation for battle, were also severed. The vessel became unmanageable, falling off before the wind (4), and the *Pelican* was enabled to work round her at will. This she did, placing herself first under the stern (4), and then on the bow (5) of her antagonist, where the only reply to her broadside was with musketry.

In this helpless situation the *Argus* surrendered, after an engagement of a little over three-quarters of an hour. The British loss was 2 killed and 5 wounded; the American, 6 killed and 17 wounded, of whom 5 died. Among these was Captain Allen, who survived only four days, and was buried with military honors at Plymouth, whither Captain Maples sent his prize.

After every allowance for disparity of force, the injury done by the American fire was not satisfactory, and suggests the consideration whether the voyage to France under pressure of a diplomatic mission, and the



preoccupation of making, manning, and firing prizes, during the month of Channel cruising, may not have interfered unduly with the more important requirements of fighting efficiency. The surviving officer in command mentions in explanation, "the superior size and metal of our opponent, and the fatigue which the crew of the *Argus* underwent from a very rapid succession of prizes."

From the broad outlook of the universal maritime situation, this rapid succession of captures is a matter of more significance than the loss of a single brig-of-war. It showed the vulnerable point of British trade and local intercommunication; and the career of the *Argus*, though prematurely cut short, tended to fix attention upon facts sufficiently well known, but perhaps not fully appreciated. From this time the opportunities offered by the English Channel and adjacent waters, long familiar to French corsairs, were better understood by Americans; as was also the difficulty of adequately policing them against a number of swift cruisers, preying upon merchant vessels comparatively slow and undermanned. The subsequent career of the United States ship *Wasp*, and the audacious exploits of several privateers, re-

call the impunity of Paul Jones, a generation before, and form a sequel to the brief prelude, in which the *Argus* played a leading, though ultimately disastrous, part.

While the cruise of the *Argus* stood by no means alone at this time, the incidental circumstances made it conspicuous among several others of a like nature, on the same scene or close by; and it therefore may be taken as indicative of the changing character of the war, owing to change of conditions in Europe. In summary, the result was to transfer an additional weight of British naval operations to the American side of the Atlantic, which in turn compelled American cruisers, national and private, to get away from their own shores, and to seek comparative security, as well as richer prey, in distant waters. To this contributed also the increasing stringency of British convoy regulation, enforced with special rigor in the Caribbean Sea and over the Western Atlantic. It was impossible to impose the same strict prescription upon the coastwise trade, by which chiefly the indispensable intercourse between the several parts of the United Kingdom was maintained. Before the introduction of steam this had a consequence quite exceeding the interior traffic by land; and its development, combined with the feeling of greater security as the British Islands were approached, occasioned in the narrow seas, and on the coasts of Europe, a dispersion of vessels not to be seen elsewhere. This favored the depredations of the swift and handy cruisers that alone are capable of profiting by such an opportunity, through their power to evade the scattered ships-of-war, which under these conditions must patrol the sea, like a watchman on beat, as the best substitute for the more formal and regularized convoy protection, when that ceases to apply.

From September 30, 1813, when this tendency to distant enterprise had become predominant, to the corresponding date in 1814, there were captured by American cruisers 639 British vessels, chiefly merchantmen; a number which had increased to over a thousand when the war ended in the following winter. An intelligent account of such multitudinous activities can be framed only by selecting amid the mass some illustrative particulars, accompanied by a general estimate of the conditions they indicate, and the results they exemplify.

Thus it may be stated, with fair approach to precision, that, of the 639, 424 were taken in seas which may be called remote from the United States. From that time to the end of the war, about six months, the total captures were 414, of which those distant were 293. These figures, larger actually than they are relatively to the total of British shipping, represent the offensive maritime action of the United States during the period in question; but it must be remembered that such results were possible only because the sea was kept open to British commerce by the paramount power of the British Navy. This could not prevent all mishaps; but it reduced them, by the annihilation of hostile navies, to such a small percentage of the whole shipping movement, that the British mercantile community found steady profit both in foreign and coasting trade, of which the United States at the same time were totally deprived.

The numerous, but beggarly, array of American bay craft and oyster boats, which were paraded to swell British prize lists, till there seemed to be a numerical set-off to their own losses, show indeed, that in point of size and value of vessels taken, there was no real comparison; but this was due to the fact that there were but few American merchant vessels to be caught, because only the few to whom exceptional speed gave a chance of immunity dared go to sea. In the period under consideration, despite the great falling off of trade noted in the returns, over thirty American merchant ships and letters of marque were captured. Privateering, risky though it was, offered more profitable employment, with less danger, because the ship was not fettered in her sailing by the carriage of a heavy cargo. While the enemy was losing a certain small proportion of vessels, the United States suffered practically an entire deprivation of external commerce; and her coasting trade was almost wholly suppressed at the time that her cruisers, national and private, were causing exaggerated anxiety concerning the intercourse between Great Britain and Ireland, which, though certainly molested, was not seriously interrupted.

Further evidence of the control exerted by the British Navy, and of the consequent difficulty under which offensive action was maintained by the United States, is to be

found in the practice, from this time largely followed, of destroying prizes, after removing from them packages of little weight compared to their price. The prospect of a captured vessel reaching an American port was very doubtful, for the same reason that prevented the movement of American commerce; and while the risk was sometimes run, it usually was with cargoes which were at once costly and bulky, such as West India goods—sugars and coffees. Even then specie, and light, costly articles were first removed to the cruiser, whose chances for escape were decidedly better.

Examination of the records shows that, although individual American vessels sometimes made numerous seizures in rapid succession, they seldom, if ever, effected the capture or destruction of a convoy at a single blow. In 1813 two privateers, the *Scourge* of New York, and *Rattlesnake* of Philadelphia, passed the summer in the North Sea, and there made a number of prizes—twenty-two; which, being reported together, gave the impression of a lucky single stroke. On their return, however, their logs showed that these captures were spread over a period of two months, and almost all made severally. The *Scourge* appears to have been singularly fortunate, for on her homeward trip she sent in, or destroyed, ten more enemy's vessels; and in an absence extending a little over a year had taken 420 prisoners—more than the crew of a 38-gun frigate.

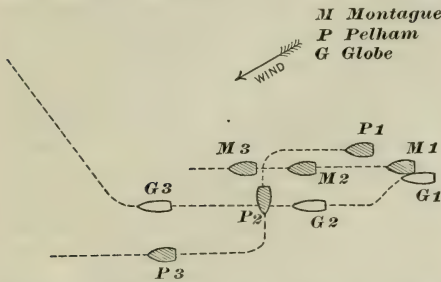
At the same time the privateer schooner *Leo*, of Baltimore, was similarly successful on the coast of Spain and Portugal. By an odd coincidence, another of the same class, bearing the nearly identical name, *Lion*, was operating at the same time in the same waters, and with like results; which may account for a statement in a London paper, that an American off the Tagus had taken thirty-two British vessels. The *Leo* destroyed thirteen, and took four; while the *Lion* destroyed fifteen, having removed from them cargo to the amount of \$400,000, which she carried safely into France. A curious circumstance, incidental to the presence of privateers off Cape Finisterre, is that Wellington's troops, which had now passed the Pyrenees and were in Southern France, had long to wait for their great-coats, that had been stored in Lisbon for the summer, and could not be ventured by sea until convoy was furnished to protect the

transports. Money to pay the troops and for the commissariat was similarly detained. Niles' Register, which carefully followed the news of maritime capture, announced in November, 1813, that eighty British vessels had been taken within a few months in European seas by the *President*, *Argus*, and five privateers. Compared with the continuous harassment and loss, to which the enemy had become hardened during twenty years of war with France, this result, viewed singly, was not remarkable; but coming in addition to other sufferings of British trade, and associated with similar injuries in the West Indies, and disquiet about the British seas themselves, the cumulative effect was undeniable, and found voice in public meetings and addresses to the Government.

Although the United States was not in formal alliance with France, the common hostility made the ports of either nation a base of operations to the other, facilitating the activities of American cruisers. One of the most successful, the *True Blooded Yankee*, was originally equipped at Brest, under American ownership. On her first cruise her captures are reported at twenty-seven. She remained out thirty-seven days, chiefly off the coast of Ireland. Afterward she burned several vessels in a Scotch harbor. Her procedure illustrates the methods of privateering in more respects than one. Thus, two large ships, one from Smyrna and one from Buenos Ayres, were thought sufficiently valuable to attempt sending into a French port, although the enemy watched the French coast as rigorously as the American. Eight others were destroyed; and, when the privateer returned to port, she carried in her own hold a miscellaneous cargo of light prize goods, too costly to risk in a less nimble bottom. The *True Blooded Yankee* apparently continued to prefer European waters, for toward the end of 1814 she was captured there, and sent into Gibraltar.

While there were certain well-known districts in which from causes constant in operation there was always abundant material for the occupation of the commerce destroyer, it was not to them alone that American cruisers went. There were other smaller lucrative fields, into which occasional irruption proved profitable. Such were the gold coast of Western Africa, and the island groups of Madeira, the Canaries,

and Cape Verde, which geographically appertain to that continent. The privateer *Yankee*, of Bristol, had here a notable success. When she returned to Narragansett Bay in the spring of 1813, after a five



months' absence, she reported having scoured the whole west coast of Africa, making prize of eight vessels, which carried in the aggregate 62 guns, 196 men, and property to the amount of \$296,000. In accordance with the practice already noticed, of distributing the spoil in order better to insure its arrival, she brought back in her own hold the light but costly items of six tons of ivory, thirty-two bales of fine goods, and \$40,000 in gold dust. This vessel was out again several times, and when the war closed was said to have been the most successful of all American cruisers. Her prizes numbered forty; of which thirty-four were of the larger classes of merchantmen then used. The estimated value of themselves and cargoes, \$3,000,000, is to be received with reserve.

In this neighborhood the privateer schooner *Globe*, of Baltimore, mounting eight 9-pounder carronades and one long gun, met with an adventure illustrative of the fighting incidental to the business. To this privateersmen as a class were in no wise loath, where there was a fair prospect of the gain for which they were sent to look. Being off Funchal, in the island of Madeira, November 1, 1813, two brigs, which proved to be English packets, the *Montague* and *Pelham*, were seen "backing and filling;" that is, keeping position in the open roadstead which constitutes the harbor, under sail, but not anchored. Packets, being in Government service, were well armed for their size, and as mail carriers were necessarily chosen for speed; they therefore frequently carried specie. It does not appear that the *Globe* at first recognized the character of these particular vessels; but she lay by during the night, watching for their

quitting the shelter of neutral waters. This they did at 9 P. M., when the privateer pursued, but lost sight of them in a squall. The next morning they were seen in the southwest, and again chased. At 10.15 A. M. the *Montague* began firing her stern guns. The schooner replied, but kept on to board, knowing her superiority in men, and at 12.30 ran alongside (1). The attack being smartly met, and the vessels separating almost immediately, the attempt failed disastrously; there being left on board the packet the two lieutenants of the *Globe* and three or four seamen. Immediately upon this repulse, the *Pelham* crossed the privateer's bow and raked her (P. 2), dealing such destruction to sails and rigging as to leave her unmanageable. The *Montague* and *Globe* now lay broadside to broadside (2), engaging; and ten minutes later, the *Montague*, by her own report, was completely disabled (M. 3). Captain Moon claimed that she struck; and this was probably the case, if his further incidental mention, that the mail bags were seen to be thrown overboard, is not a mistake. The action then continued with the *Pelham*, within pistol shot (3), for an hour or so, when the schooner, being found in a sinking condition, was compelled to haul off; "having seven shot between wind and water, the greater part of our standing and running rigging shot away, and not a sail but was perfectly riddled and almost useless." After separating, the several combatants all steered with the trade winds for the Canaries; the British going to Teneriffe, and the American to the Grand Canary.

That this was, for the armaments of the vessels, a very severe as well as determined engagement, is apparent from the injuries received, and from the loss; that of the British being 6 killed and 12 wounded, the American 5 killed and 13 wounded, beside the prisoners lost in boarding. All three captains were severely hurt; that of the *Montague* being killed.

Near this time, in the same neighborhood, the privateer schooner, *Governor Tompkins*, of New York, captured in rapid succession three British merchant vessels which had belonged to a convoy from England to Buenos Ayres, but after its dispersal in a gale were pursuing their route singly. Two of these reached an American port, their bulky ladings of dry goods and hardware not permitting transfer. The sale of

one cargo realized \$270,000. At about the same moment came in a brig of like value, not improbably another wanderer from the same group, captured by the *America*, of Salem, near Madeira. This vicinity, from the island, to the equator, between 20° and 30° west longitude, belongs essentially to a crowded highway and cross-roads of commerce. Hereabout passed vessels both to and from the East Indies and South America. The bad luck of several frigates, and the rough handling of the *Globe*, illustrate one side of the fortune of war, as the good hap of the *America* and *Governor Tompkins* shows the other.

It is, however, the beginnings and endings of commercial routes, rather than the intermediate stretch, which most favor enterprises against an enemy's trade. In the thronging of vessels, the Caribbean Sea, with its rich archipelago, was second only, if second, to the waters surrounding the United Kingdom. England was one extremity, and the West India Islands the other, of a traffic then one of the richest in the world; while the tropical articles of this exchange, if not absolute necessities of life, had become by long indulgence indispensable to great part of the civilized world. Here, therefore, the numbers, the efforts, and the successes, of American privateers most nearly rivalled the achievements of their fellows in the Narrow Seas and the approaches to Great Britain and Ireland. The two regions resembled each other in another respect. Not only was there for both an external trade, mainly with one another, but in each there was also a local traffic of distribution and collection of goods, from and to central ports, in which was concentrated the movement of import and export. This local intercourse, to be efficient, could not be regulated to the same extent as the over-sea transportation. A certain amount of freedom was essential, and the risk attendant upon separate action must be compensated by diminishing the size of the vessels engaged; a resource particularly applicable to the moderate weather of the tropics.

Both the exposure of trade under such relaxed conditions, and the relative security obtained by the convoy system, rigidly applied, are shown by a few facts. From September 1, 1813, to March 1, 1814, the number of American prizes reported, exclusive of those taken on the Lakes, was

270. Of these, nearly one-third—86—were to, from, or within the West Indies. Since in many reports neither the place of capture, nor any data sufficient to fix it, is given, it is probable that quite one-third belonged to this trade. This evidences the activity, both of the commerce and of its pursuers, justifying a contemporary statement that "the West Indies swarm with American privateers." On the other hand, the stringency with which the local officials enforced the Convoy Act was proved, generally, by the experience of the United States naval vessels, the records of which, unlike those of most privateers, have been preserved by filing or publication; and, specifically, by a number of papers found in a prize by the United States frigate *Constitution*, while making a round of these waters in the first three months of 1814. Among other documents was a petition, signed by many merchants of Demerara, praying convoy for 51 vessels which were collected and waiting for many weary weeks, as often had to be done. In one letter occurs the following: "With respect to procuring a licence for the *Fanny* to run it, in case any other ships should be about to do so, we do not believe that, out of forty vessels ready to sail, any application has been made for such licence, though out of the number are several out-port vessels well armed and manned. Indeed, we are aware application would be perfectly useless, as the present Governor, when at Berbice, would not permit a vessel from that colony to this (adjoining) without convoy. If we could obtain a licence, we could not justify ourselves to shippers, who have ordered insurance with convoy."

The loss incident to such detentions is far-reaching, and is as properly chargeable as are captures to the credit of the cruisers, by the activity of which they are occasioned. The *Constitution* could report only four prizes as the result of a three months' absence; but she had driven an enemy's brig-of-war into Surinam, chased a packet off Barbados, and a frigate in the Mona Passage, and the report of these occurrences, wherever received, imposed additional precaution, delay, and expense.

While making prizes was the primary concern of privateers, their cruises in the West Indies, as elsewhere, gave rise to a certain amount of hard fighting. One of the most noted combats, that of the schooner-

er *Decatur*, of Charleston, with the man-of-war schooner *Dominica*, can hardly be claimed for the United States; for, though fought under her flag, the captain, Diron, was French, as were most of the crew. The *Dominica* was in company with a King's packet, which she was to convoy part way to England from St. Thomas. On August 5, 1813, the *Decatur* met the two, three hundred miles north of the island. The British vessel was superior in armament, having fifteen guns; all carronades except two long sixes. The *Decatur's* battery was six carronades and one long 18-pounder. The latter exceeded in range and penetration anything carried by the *Dominica*; but the American captain, knowing himself to have most men, sought to board, and the artillery combat was therefore mainly at close quarters, within carronade distance. It began at 2 P. M. At 2.30 the schooners were within half gunshot; the *Dominica* in the position of being chased, because of the necessity of avoiding the evident intention of the *Decatur* to grapple. Twice the latter tried to run alongside, and twice was foiled by watchful steering, accompanied in each case by a broadside which damaged her rigging and sails, beside killing two of her crew. The third attempt was successful, the *Decatur's* bow coming against the quarter of the *Dominica*. The crew of the privateer clambered on board, and there followed an obstinate hand-to-hand fight. The British captain, Lieutenant Barrett, a young man of twenty-five, who had already proved his coolness and skill in the management of the action, fell at the head of his men, of whom 60 out of a total of 88 were killed or wounded before their colors were struck. The assailants, who numbered 103, lost 19. The packet took no part in the fight, and when it was over effected her escape. The *Decatur*, with her prize, reached Charleston safely, August 20th, bringing also a captured merchantman. The moment of arrival was most opportune; two enemy's brigs, which for some time had been blockading the harbor, having left only the day before.

The *Saucy Jack*, of Charleston, cruising in the West Indies, encountered one of those rude deceptions which privateers often experienced. She had made already eight prizes, when, on October 31, 1814, about 1 A. M., being then off the west end of Hayti, she sighted two vessels standing to the

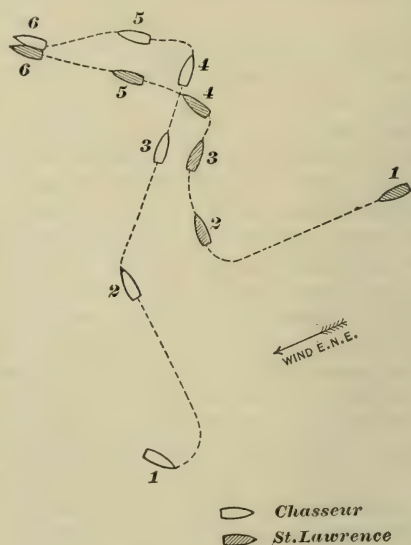
westward. Chase was made, and an hour later the privateer opened her fire. The strangers replied, at the same time shortening sail, which looked ominous; but the *Saucy Jack*, willing to justify her name, kept on to close. At 6 A. M., having arrived within a few hundred yards, the enemy were seen to be well armed, but appeared not to be well manned. At 7 the *Saucy Jack* began an engagement with the nearer, and ten minutes later ran alongside, when she was found to be full of soldiers. The privateer sheered off at once, and took to her heels, followed by an incessant fire of grape and musketry from those whom she had recently pursued. This awkward position, which carried the chance of a disabling shot and consequent capture, lasted till 8, when the speed of the schooner took her out of range, having had 8 men killed and 15 wounded, two round shot in the hull, and spars and rigging much cut up. The enemy was the *Volcano* bombship, convoying the transport *Golden Fleece*, on board which were 250 troops from Chesapeake Bay for Jamaica. The *Volcano* lost 1 officer and 2 men killed and 2 wounded; proving that under somewhat awkward circumstances the *Saucy Jack* could give as well as take.

A little later in this season, the privateer *Kemp*, of Baltimore, encountered off the coast of North Carolina a group of nine sail, from the West Indies for Europe. Excluded from return to the port where she belonged, the *Kemp* had been in Wilmington, which she left November 29, 1814; the strangers being sighted at 8 A. M. December 1st. One was a convoying frigate, which drove the *Kemp* off that afternoon. The privateer outran her pursuer, and during the night gave her the slip; thereupon steering for the position where she judged she might again fall in with the merchant vessels. At daylight she discovered them, to the number of eight—three ships, three brigs, and two schooners. At 11 A. M. one ship was overtaken, but proving to be Spanish, from Havana to Hamburg, was allowed to proceed, while the *Kemp* again followed the others. At noon they were five miles to windward, drawn up in a line to fight; for in those days of war and piracy most merchant ships carried at least a few guns for defence, and in this case their numbers in mutual support might effect a successful resistance. At 2 they took the initiative, bearing down together and at-

tacking. The *Kemp* engaged them all, and in half an hour the untrained squadron was naturally in confusion. One after the other, six of the seven were boarded, or struck their colors as the schooner drew up, without waiting to be attacked; but while four of them were being taken into possession, the other two seized the opportunity and made off. Two ships and two brigs remained in the hands of the captor. All were laden with sugar and coffee, especially valuable in the then destitute condition of the United States. After this unusual, if not wholly unique, experience, the *Kemp* returned to port, having been absent only six days. Her prisoners amounted to seventy-one, her own crew being fifty-three. The separation of the escort from the convoy, the subsequent judicious search for the latter, and the completeness of the result, constitute this a very remarkable instance of good management accompanied by good fortune; success deserved and achieved.

The privateer brig *Chasseur*, of Baltimore, Captain Thomas Boyle, was one of the renowned cruisers of the time. She carried sixteen 12-pounder carronades, and in the course of the war thirty prizes are credited to her. In the late summer of 1814 she cruised off Great Britain and Ireland, returning at the end of October; having made eighteen captures during an absence of three months. After refitting she went to the West Indies for a winter cruise, which extended from the Windward Islands to Havana. Here she signaled the approaching end of her career by an action, fought after peace not only had been concluded at Ghent, but already was known in the United States. On February 26, 1815, at 11 A. M., being then twenty miles east of Havana and six miles from the Cuban coast, a schooner was seen in the northeast (1), running down before the northeast trade wind. Sail was made to intercept her (2). The chase steered more to the northward (2), bringing the wind on her starboard side, apparently wishing to avoid a meeting. The *Chasseur* followed, and when within about three miles the stranger's foretop-mast went over the side, showing the press of sail she was carrying. After clearing the wreck she hauled close on the wind, heading northerly. At 1 P. M. she showed British colors and began to fire her stern gun; but only three ports were visible on her port side—toward the *Chasseur*.

Believing from appearances that he had before him a weakly armed vessel making a passage, and seeing but few men on her deck, Captain Boyle pressed forward without much preparation, under all sail. At



1.26 P. M. the *Chasseur* had come within pistol shot (3), when the enemy showed ten ports and opened his broadside, with round shot, grape, and musket balls. The American schooner, having much way on, shot ahead, and as she was to leeward in doing so, the British vessel kept off quickly (4) to run under her stern and rake. This was avoided by imitating the movement (4), and the two were again side by side, but with the *Chasseur* now to the right (5). The action continued thus for ten minutes, when Boyle, finding his opponent's battery too heavy for him, ran alongside (6). In the act of boarding, the enemy struck. She proved to be the British schooner *St. Lawrence*, of the Royal Navy; formerly a Philadelphia privateer, the *Atlas*. Her battery, one long 9-pounder and fourteen 12-pounder carronades, would have been no very unequal match for the sixteen of her antagonist; but the *Chasseur* had been obliged recently to throw overboard ten of these, while hard chased by the *Barrosa* frigate, and had replaced them from a prize with some 9-pounders, for which she had no proper projectiles. The complement allowed the *St. Lawrence* was 75, though it is not certain that all were on board; and she was carrying also some soldiers, marines,

and naval officers, bound to New Orleans. The *Chasseur* had 89 men besides several boys. The British loss reported by her captain was 6 killed and 17 wounded; the American, 5 killed and 8 wounded.

This action was very creditably fought on both sides, but to the American captain belongs the meed of having not only won success, but deserved it. His sole mistake was over-confidence in what he could see, which made him a victim to the very proper ruse practised by his antagonist in concealing his force. His manœuvring was prompt, ready, and accurate. That of the British vessel was likewise good, but greater injury should have resulted from her heavier battery. In reporting the affair to his owners, Captain Boyle said, apologetically, "I should not willingly, perhaps, have sought a contest with a King's vessel, knowing that is not our object; but my expectations at first were a valuable vessel, and a valuable cargo also. When I found myself deceived, the honor of the flag intrusted to my care was not to be disgraced by flight." The feeling expressed was modest as well as spirited, and Captain Boyle's handsome conduct merits the mention that the day after the action, when the captured schooner was released as a cartel to Havana, in compassion to her wounded, the commander of the *St. Lawrence* gave him a letter, testifying to his "obliging attention and watchful solicitude to preserve our effects, and render us comfortable during the short time we were in his possession"; in which, he added, the captain "was carefully seconded by all his officers."

These instances, occurring either in the West Indies, or, in the case of the *Kemp*, affecting vessels which had just loaded there, are sufficient, when taken in connection with those before cited from other quarters of the globe, to illustrate the varied activities and fortunes of privateering. The general subject need not further be pursued. It will be observed that in each case the cruiser acts on the offensive; being careful to avoid armed ships, the capture of which seems unlikely to yield profit adequate to the risk. The gallantry and skill of Captain Boyle of the *Chasseur* made particularly permissible to him the avowal, that only mistake of judgment excused an encounter which held out no such promise; and it may be believed that the equally

capable Captain Diron, if free to do as he pleased, would have chosen the packet, and not her escort, the *Dominica*, as the object of his pursuit. This the vessel-of-war, of course, could not permit. It was necessary, therefore, first to fight her; and, although she was beaten, the result of the action was to insure the escape of the ship under her charge. These examples define exactly the spirit and aim of privateering, and distinguish it from the motives inspiring the ship-of-war. The object of the privateer is profit; to which fighting is always incidental, and, where avoidable, blameworthy. The mission of the ship-of-war is primarily military; and, while custom permitted the captor a share in the proceeds, the taking of prizes was in conception not for direct gain, personal or national, but for injury to the enemy.

The different motives in which the two pursuits originated probably account for the fact, not appreciated, if indeed known, that, having regard to the respective numbers engaged, the naval vessels were in effectiveness as commerce destroyers superior to the privateers, in the proportion of over three to one. As before remarked, privateering was a matter of business enterprise, not of military duty; and, like all business pursuits, it had a large and preponderant record of unsuccess, due to inadequate preparation or inefficient management. Of a grand total of 526 privateers sent out from the United States during the war, only 207 caught anything.

Contemporary with the career of the *Argus*, the advantage of a sudden inroad, like hers, upon a region deemed safe by the enemy, was receiving confirmation in the Pacific by the frigate *Essex*. This vessel, which had formed part of Commodore Bainbridge's squadron at the close of 1812, was last mentioned as keeping Christmas off Cape Frio, on the coast of Brazil, awaiting the consorts whom she never succeeded in joining. Captain Porter remained there until January 12, 1813, when a variety of considerations, including the news of the action between the *Constitution* and *Java*, determined him to carry the *Essex* around Cape Horn and attack British whaling interests. These centred about the Galapagos Islands, a group just below the equator, five hundred miles west of the South American mainland. Here he continued from April

17th to October 3d, during which time twelve enemy's whalers were captured, with the consequence of driving all others to cover. Then, hearing that a British squadron, consisting of the 36-gun frigate *Phæbe*, Captain James Hillyar, and the sloops-of-war *Cherub* and *Raccoon*, had been sent in pursuit of the *Essex*, he decided to go to the Marquesas Islands, there thoroughly to refit the ship and rest the crew, before hazarding a meeting. This accomplished, he returned to the continent, reaching Valparaiso February 3d. There accompanied him one of the prizes, which had been fitted as a light ship-of-war and named the *Essex Junior*. On the 8th the *Phæbe* and *Cherub* came in; the *Raccoon* having gone on to the North Pacific.

The antagonists now lay near one another, under the restraint of a neutral port, for several days, during which some social intercourse took place between the officers; the two captains renewing an acquaintance made years before in the Mediterranean. After a period of refit, the British vessels left the bay and cruised off the port. The *Essex* and *Essex Junior* remained at anchor, imprisoned by a force too superior to encounter without some modifying circumstances of advantage. Porter found opportunity for contrasting the speed of the two frigates, and convinced himself that the *Essex* was the faster; but the respective armaments introduced tactical considerations which might, and in the result did, prove decisive. The *Essex's* battery now was forty 32-pounder carronades and six long twelves. That of the *Phæbe* was twenty-six long eighteens, fourteen 32-pounder carronades, and four long nines; while the *Cherub* had a carronade battery of eighteen thirty-twos and six eighteens, with two long sixes. Within carronade range the broadside of the *Essex* considerably outweighed that of the *Phæbe* alone, but was much less than that of the two British ships combined; the light-built and armed *Essex Junior* not being of account to either side. There remained always the serious chance that, even with the *Phæbe* alone, some accident of wind might prevent the *Essex* reaching carronade distance before being disabled by her long guns. Hillyar, moreover, was an old disciple of Nelson, fully convinced that achievement of success, not the glory of fighting, must dictate action;

and, having a well-established reputation for courage and conduct, he did not intend to leave anything to the chances incident to engagement between equals. He would accept no provocation to fight apart from the *Cherub*.

Forced to accept this condition, Porter turned his attention to escape. Valparaiso Bay is an open roadstead, facing north. The high ground above the anchorage provides shelter from the south-southeast wind, which prevails along this coast throughout the year with very rare intermissions. At times it blows furiously in gusts. The British vessels kept their station close to the extreme western point of the bay, to prevent the *Essex* from passing south of them, and so gaining the advantage of the wind, which might entail a prolonged chase and enable her, if not to distance pursuit, at least to draw the *Phæbe* out of support by the *Cherub*. Porter's object, of course, was to seize an opportunity when by neglect, or unavoidably, a practicable opening was left between them and the point. In the end his hand was forced by an accident.

On March 28th the south wind blew with unusual violence, and the *Essex* parted one cable. The other anchor failed to hold, and the ship began to drag. The cable was cut and sail made at once; for Porter, in the emergency thus suddenly thrust upon him, thought he saw a prospect of passing to windward. The *Essex* was hauled close to the wind under single-reefed topsails, heading westward; but just as she came under the point of the bay a heavy squall carried away the main-topmast. This loss hopelessly crippled her, and made it impossible even to regain the anchorage left. She therefore put about, and ran eastward until within pistol shot of the coast, three miles north of the city. Here she anchored well within neutral waters; Hillyar's report stating that she was "so near shore as to preclude the possibility of passing ahead of her without risk to His Majesty's ships." He nevertheless decided to attack.

The wind remaining southerly, the *Essex* rode head to it; the two hostile vessels approaching with the intention of running north of her, close under her stern. The wind, however, forced them off as they drew near; and their first fire, beginning about 4 P. M. and lasting ten minutes, produced no visible effect, according to Hill-

par's report. Porter states that considerable injury was done to the *Essex*; and in particular the spring which he was trying to get on the cable was thrice shot away, thus preventing the bringing of her broadside to bear. The *Phæbe* and *Cherub* then wore, and stood out again to sea. During this cannonade the *Essex*, with three 12-pounders run out of her stern ports, had deprived the *Phæbe* of "the use of her mainsail, jib and mainstay." On standing in again Hillyar prepared to anchor the *Phæbe*, but ordered the *Cherub* to keep under way, choosing a position whence she could best annoy their opponent.

At 5.35 P. M., by Hillyar's report, the attack was renewed; the British ships placing themselves on the starboard—seaward—quarter of the *Essex*. Before the *Phæbe* reached the position in which she was to anchor, the *Essex* was seen to be under way. Hillyar supposed that her cable had been severed by a shot; but Porter states that under the galling fire to which she was subjected, without power to reply, he cut the cable, hoping, as the enemy were to leeward, he might bring the ship into close action, and perhaps even board the *Phæbe*. The decision was right, but under the conditions a counsel of desperation; for sheets, tacks, and halyards being shot away, movement depended upon sails hanging loose. He was able for a short time to near the enemy, and both accounts agree that hereupon ensued the heat of the combat; "a serious conflict," to use Hillyar's words, to which correspond Porter's statement that "the firing on both sides was now tremendous." The *Phæbe*, however, was handled, very properly, to utilize fully her tactical advantage in the greater range of her guns, and in power of manœuvring. She maintained from her opponent a distance at which his guns were useless and her own effective.

Seeing success out of the question, and suffering great loss of men, Porter next sought to destroy his vessel and to save the crew from captivity. The *Essex* was pointed for shore; but when within two hundred yards of the beach, the wind, which had so far favored her, shifted ahead. Still clinging to every chance, a kedge with a hawser was let go, to hold her where she was; perhaps the enemy might drift unwittingly out of range. But the hawser

parted, and with it the frigate's last grasp upon the country which she had honored by an heroic defence. Porter then authorized those who might so wish, to swim ashore; the colors being kept flying to warrant a proceeding which after striking them would be a breach of faith. At 6.20 the flag was lowered. Out of 255 men, with which she sailed in the morning, 58 were killed, or died of their wounds, and 65 were wounded. The missing were reported at 31. By agreement between Hillyar and Porter, the *Essex Junior* was disarmed and neutralized, to convey to the United States, as paroled prisoners of war, the survivors who remained on board at the moment of surrender. These numbered 132. It is an interesting particular, linking those early days of the United States Navy to a long subsequent period of renown, and worthy therefore to be recalled, that among the combatants of the *Essex* was Midshipman David G. Farragut, then thirteen years old. His name figures among the wounded.

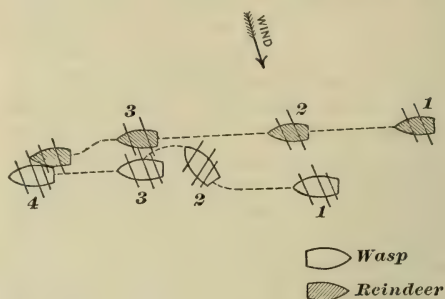
The disaster to the *Essex* is connected by a tragical link with the fate of an American cruiser of like enterprise, in seas far distant from the Pacific. After the defeat at Valparaiso, Lieutenant McKnight and Midshipman Lyman of the United States frigate were exchanged as prisoners of war against a certain number of men belonging to one of the *Essex's* prizes; thus having undergone no change of belligerent relation by the capture of her captor. When the *Essex Junior* sailed, these officers, by amicable arrangement, remained behind to go in the *Phæbe* to Rio Janeiro, there to give certain evidence needed in connection with the prize claims of the British frigate; which done, they would return to their own country. The first convenient opportunity offering from Rio was by a Swedish brig for Falmouth, England, in which they sailed August 23, 1814. On October 9th the brig fell in with the United States sloop-of-war *Wasp*, in mid-ocean, three hundred miles west of the Cape Verde Islands. The two passengers transferred themselves to her. Since then nothing further has ever been heard of the American ship.

The *Wasp* had sailed from Portsmouth, New Hampshire, May 1, 1814, under Commander Johnstone Blakeley. Among his instructions was to remain for thirty days

in a position on the approaches to the English Channel, about 150 miles south of Ireland, in which neighborhood occurred the most striking incidents of the cruise. On the outward passage was taken only one prize, June 2d. The second, from Limerick for Bordeaux, June 13th, shows the *Wasp* on her station; on which, Blakeley reported, it was impossible to keep her, even approximately, being continually drawn away in pursuit, and often much further up the English Channel than desired. Most of the sails thus chased were found to be neutrals. Seven British merchant vessels were taken; all which were destroyed, except one given up to carry prisoners to England.

While thus engaged, the *Wasp* on June 28th sighted a sail, which proved to be the British brig-of-war *Reindeer*, Captain Manners. The place of this meeting was latitude $48\frac{1}{2}$ north, longitude 11 east; therefore nearly on the cruising ground assigned to Blakeley by his instructions. The antagonists were unequally matched; the American carrying twenty 32-pounder carronades and two long guns, the British sixteen 24-pounders and two long, a difference against her of fifty per cent. The *Reindeer* was to windward, and retained this advantage; the action beginning with the two vessels on the starboard tack, close hauled, the British sloop on the weather quarter of the *Wasp*—behind, but on the weather side, which in this case was to the right (1). Approaching slowly, the *Reindeer* with great deliberation fired five times, at two-minute intervals, a light gun mounted on her forecastle, loaded with round and grapeshot. Finding her to maintain this position, which his guns could not reach, Blakeley put the helm down, and the *Wasp* turned swiftly to the right (2), bringing her starboard battery to bear. This was at 3.26 P. M. The contest immediately became very hot, at very close range (3), and the *Reindeer* was speedily disabled. The vessels then came into contact (4), and Captain Manners, who by this time had received two severe wounds, with great gallantry endeavored to board with his crew, reduced by the severe punishment already inflicted, to half their originally inferior numbers. As he climbed into the rigging, two balls from the *Wasp*'s tops passed through his head, and he fell back dead on

his own deck. No further resistance was offered, and the *Wasp* took possession. She had lost 5 killed and 21 wounded, of whom 6 died. The British casualties were



23 killed and 42 wounded. The brig herself, being fairly torn to pieces, was burned the next day.

The results testify to the efficiency and resolution of both combatants; but a special meed of praise is assuredly due to Captain Manners, whose tenacity was as marked as his daring, and who, by the injury done to his stronger antagonist, demonstrated both the thoroughness of his previous general preparation and the skill of his man-agement in the particular instance.

After the action Blakeley wished to remain cruising, which neither the condition of his ship nor her losses in men forbade; but the number of prisoners and wounded compelled him to make a harbor. He accordingly went into L'Orient, France, on July 8th. Despite the peace with Great Britain, which attended the restoration of the Bourbons, he was here hospitably received, and remained for seven weeks refitting. On August 27th he sailed again. By September 1st the *Wasp* had destroyed three more enemy's vessels; one of which was burnt under the eyes of the convoying 74-gun ship. At 6.30 P. M. of September 1st, four sails were sighted, from which Blakeley selected to pursue the one most to windward; for, should this prove a ship-of-war, the others, if consorts, would be to leeward of the fight, less able to assist. The chase lasted until 9.26, when the *Wasp* was near enough to see that the stranger was a brig-of-war, and to open with a light carronade on the forecastle, as the *Reindeer* had done upon her in the same situation. Confident in his vessel, however, Blakeley abandoned this advantage of position, ran under his

antagonist's lee to prevent her joining the vessels to leeward, and at 9.29 began the engagement, being then on her lee bow. At 10 the *Wasp* ceased firing and hailed; but receiving no reply, and the enemy's guns opening afresh, the combat was renewed. At 10.12, seeing her to be suffering greatly, Blakeley hailed again, and was answered that she had surrendered. The *Wasp's* battery was secured, and a boat was being lowered to take possession, when a second brig was discovered close astern. Preparation was made to receive her, and her coming up awaited; but at 10.36 the two others also became visible, approaching. The *Wasp* then made sail, hoping to decoy the second from her supports; but the sinking condition of the one first engaged detained the new-comer, who, having come within pistol shot, fired a broadside, which took effect only aloft, and then gave all her attention to saving the crew of her consort. As the *Wasp* drew away she heard the repeated signal guns of distress from her late opponent, the name of which never became known to the captain and crew of the victorious ship.

The vessel thus engaged was the British brig *Avon*, of sixteen 32-pounder carronades, and two long 9-pounders; her force being to that of the *Wasp* as 4 to 5. Her loss in men was 10 killed and 32 wounded; that of the *Wasp*, 2 killed and 1 wounded. The *Avon* being much superior to the *Reindeer*, this comparatively slight injury inflicted by her testifies to much inferior efficiency. The broadside of her rescuer, the *Castilian*, of the same weight as her own, though delivered within pistol shot, wholly missed the *Wasp's* hull; a circumstance which drew from the British historian, James, the caustic remark that, had the action continued, she probably would have done no better than the *Avon*, which sank two hours and a half after the *Wasp* left her, and one hour after being rejoined by the *Castilian*.

The course of the *Wasp* after this event is traced by her captures. The fight with the *Avon* was within a hundred miles of that with the *Reindeer*. On September 12th and 14th, having run south 360 miles, she took two vessels, being then about 250 miles west of Lisbon. On the 21st she seized the British brig *Atalanta*, a hundred miles east of Madeira. Being of exceptional value, Blakeley decided to send her

in, and she arrived at Savannah November 4th, in charge of Midshipman David Gelsing, who lived to become a captain in the Navy. This was the last tidings received from the *Wasp*, until the inquiries of friends elicited the fact that the two officers of the *Essex* had joined her three weeks later, nine hundred miles farther south.

Nearly coincident in time and place with the cruise of the *Wasp* was that of her sister ship, the *Peacock*. She swept along the south and west coasts of Ireland, and thence as far north as the Shetlands; a digression which brought her a little behind the *Wasp* in pursuing the homeward track common to both. A marked feature of the *Peacock's* experience was the fewness of British vessels to be seen, except near the British Islands. Of nine spoken along the coasts of Spain and Portugal, all but two were neutrals; while from the Cape Verdes to Guiana, and thence to New York, only one capture was made against a dozen in the British waters.

This condition coöperated with the convoy system to determine upon the British coasts the efforts of American cruisers, public and private. While Washington was being burned, and Baltimore threatened, New York invaded in the north and Louisiana in the south, the harassment of intercourse between British ports raised a storm of indignation in their mercantile communities. The increase of insurance, over that demanded while at war with all Europe, was variously stated at double, treble, and five-fold; fluctuations which indicate a panic of uncertainty. Remonstrances poured in. "At a time when we are at peace with all the rest of the world, and when, in the plenitude of our power, we have declared the whole American coast under blockade, it is equally distressing and mortifying that our ships cannot with safety traverse our own channels, that insurance cannot be effected but at an excessive premium, and that a horde of American cruisers should be allowed, unheeded, unmolested, unresisted, to take, burn, or sink, our own vessels in our own inlets, and almost in sight of our own shores."

Striking as these results were, they were in no wise due to the United States Government, which, during a dozen years of peace, and five of threatening hostilities,

had persistently allowed the Navy to decay. They were the work of individuals among the people, pursuing individual advantage with business intelligence and energy. The superior effectiveness of the national cruisers, already stated, only emphasized, by their inadequate numbers, the shortcomings of the administration, glaringly manifested by sea as by land. Despite many favorable conditions at the opening, the war was already lost, as regarded its avowed objects. While the *Wasp* and *Peacock*, and their volunteer associates among the privateers, were wasting the British channels, the Secretary of State was instructing the Peace Commissioners in Europe to abandon the demand against impressment; the one high and honorable motive on which the Government had avowed its determined stand. "On mature consideration it has been decided that, under all the circumstances above alluded to, incident to a prosecution

of the war, you may omit any stipulation on the subject of impressment, if found indispensably necessary to terminate it. You will, of course, not recur to this expedient until all your efforts to adjust the controversy in a more satisfactory manner have failed." The phraseology disposes completely of the specious partisan plea, that the subject was dropped because no longer a live issue; the maritime war of Europe being ended. It was dropped because it had to be dropped; because the opportunities of 1812 and 1813 had been lost by the incompetency of the National Government, distributed over nearly a dozen years of idle, verbal argumentation; because at the date of this instruction—June 27, 1814—there stood between the nation and disastrous reverse, with probable loss of territory in the north, only the resolution and professional skill of a yet unrecognized seaman on the neglected waters of Lake Champlain.

(To be concluded.)

THE VOYAGERS

By George Buchanan Fife

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WILLIAM HURD LAWRENCE



ES, it has been a dear, happy day."

Alicia laid her hand in impulsive caress upon her breast, and I knew it was her own heart she had answered. And, feeling that I had simply overheard, I did not speak. Alicia's gentle eyes were upon the roses which bent toward her from the bowl between us, but presently she glanced up and smiled at me as if she had suddenly found me there, a companion to her heart.

It had been a happy day, the third anniversary of our wedding day, and now the whole world had dwindled to the circle of a table with four candles beaming like satellites above it. The familiar things beyond, the walls themselves, had receded into shadow, and the dim curtain which had fallen about us set all other worlds apart from ours and left us gloriously alone. The

only sound in our silence was the beating of Father Time's heart in the tall clock, and I pitied it that it knew no quickening.

In the day we had just spent we had chosen to act a merry make-believe and speed backward even past our own three years into the radiant season of our engagement. With the early forenoon my violets were at her door to bear a note studiously addressed to "Miss Wildrick," begging that she would ride with me at eleven. And, a few minutes afterward, her maid had ceremoniously delivered to me an acceptance with a blossom between the pages and a postscript—which had nothing to do with riding. When we returned I was archly informed that if I presented myself promptly in an hour I might have the pleasure of luncheon with "Miss Wildrick," also that as there was to be no one else at home we should have the entire house to ourselves.

In grateful acknowledgment I raised her hand to my lips. At the same moment Frieda made an unexpected entrance upon the scene and Alicia, with admirably feigned confusion, drew her hand from mine and ran laughing up the stairway.

After luncheon we went shopping, not shopping as Alicia understands it, but a pilgrimage to the musty bazaar of "Old Mr. Peter," dealer in the *lares et penates* of the long deceased and a gatherer of strange things from the least known workshops of the world. There we squeezed ourselves in and out among the dusty pieces of furniture—four-posters, high-boys, and a clutter of tables and chairs—to the improvement of their polish, and explored dark corners under "Old Mr. Peter's" eager, fluttering guidance and his reiterated assurance that he had "something very fine" hidden there from the eyes of unappreciative, lesser mortals. Never by any chance did the old man find what he sought in the first black nook, rarely in the second, and not frequently in the third, but we followed him about industriously, commiserated with him in his perturbation, and hastened to agree that someone had surely profaned the venerable arrangement of his establishment.

Upon the first anniversary of our wedding-day we had gone to "Old Mr. Peter's" shop in search of something to be borne away and set up in our household as a token of our first voyage. And after another twelve months of sailing over gentle seas we had put in again at this quaint port of a hundred ports and chosen a second token to be reared beside the first. So when the third voyage had ended, and we were joyfully ready to unmoor ship for the fourth, we went to rummage again among the old man's wares. First it had been a Dutch clock, then a table, Russian, and romantic, if we chose to believe the letter from his St. Petersburg commissioner which the old man gave us with its dark hints in diminutive handwriting about spendthrifts and fair adventuresses, high play and tragedy. This day we had carried off a mirror with gilt sconces, and I think we rather disappointed "Old Mr. Peter" with the abruptness of our decision. He was elbow-deep in a drawerful of laces which were evidently very dear to him when we came upon the mirror, and I noted

the reluctance with which he permitted the filmy, yellowed things to drip from his wrinkled fingers, especially as he had striven to arouse Alicia's interest in the flounce of a wonderful gown in which someone had danced at the ball of Governor So-and-So in seventeen hundred and something.

After leaving the old man we had drifted about down-town as on many of the other afternoons when the things in the shops were beginning to be of more interest to us, some for their newly perceived household value, others as happily personal and perhaps not to be commented upon too pointedly. It was a day's little journey which brimmed with reminiscence, and as we picked up the landmarks one by one we forgot our three years' familiarity with them and sighted them as after a long, watchful run. Here was a wide stone doorway, with an endless flow of women over its sill, beside which I had once been bidden to stand "until called for," and had kept my vigil for two mortal hours, provoked and disappointed—and learned afterward that I had gone to the wrong place. There was the mysterious looking shop, with its window display of bonnets and hats suggesting lopped-off heads impaled on spears, into which I had been "dared" one day after an unlucky admission of curiosity as to the head-hunters within. There, too, was the benevolent persuasive old woman with the basketful of rabbits and kittens before whom I had once stopped and, with exaggerated insistence upon imaginary "points," selected for Alicia the kitten which eventually thrived into the gay little cat, Peto, who has made the three voyages with us, standing the mouse-watch occasionally and dividing the remainder of his time between the pleasures of the cabin and the profits of the galley.

Soon the lights began to sparkle along the shore line of stores on each hand, and from the increasing cold we sought a brief refuge in one of our well-remembered havens, the one in which, over her tea, Alicia had listened to many hopeful things from the skipper with whom afterward she went to sea. We had tea, of course, and at the self-same table, and Alicia even asked me how many lumps of sugar I wished. For nearly an hour we sat there, turning back the pages of our log-books, laughing over

the entries of violent storms which had burst from the sunshine and of sudden clearings when everything had been made secure, aloof and aloft, for the oncoming gale. Those were the days in which anyone's seamanship would have been taxed to its utmost.

When we arose to leave Paul stood beside us bobbing, and he bobbed us all the way out to the limit of his gracefulness and the evident wonder of the boy in buttons at the door. Night had fallen, so I halted a cruising hansom and we were borne swiftly homeward in right royal contentment with our day.

Thus it was, with an echo in my heart, that I understood Alicia when she smiled at me across the world and said, "Yes, it has been a dear, happy day." It reminded me of the heroine's epilogue in an old-fashioned play. I watched her awhile in the silence of understanding, and I saw the other smile, the one of merriment, dawn in her eyes. She leaned forward and gave a gentle, encouraging little nudge to a rose which dropped over the rim of the silver bowl.

"The skipper's wife is wondering," she said slowly, "whether there is an omen in her selection to-day of a mirror when there were so many other things at Old Mr. Peter's."

"First tell me in what spirit the skipper's wife selected it," I replied with fine wisdom.

"Ah, a tentative thrust at my vanity!"

Silence, and a little stage-business with my coffee cup; Alicia's expression is one, I am sure, she wished I might see, but I did not so much as glance at her. I knew she was thinking.

"Very well," she said, folding her hands, perhaps to show her scorn of weapons. "Accepting it as such, is it at all remarkable that the skipper's wife should seek a mirror at the end of a voyage? Do you imagine that even Mrs. Noah ventured ashore on faith alone?"

"My intimacy with the Noahs," I said gravely, "ended when I was very young, but as I recall her I feel quite sure she did. Indeed, there was precious little by which to distinguish her from Mr. Noah, and the children were—well, chips of the old block. I might add that Mrs. Noah could scarcely have expected meeting anyone."

"She knew that her *husband* would see

her." Alicia inclined her head toward me ever so slightly and sank slowly backward in her chair.

"My sword," I said, drawing a rose from the bowl and extending it toward her.

"I am glad to see that it blushes for your thrust," Alicia replied, laying the glowing bloom against her cheek.

"I prefer to thank it for confusion at its sudden good fortune," I said with a studied Romeo and Juliet intonation. Alicia's conception of her part just then was distinctly modern. First she said "Um-m!"—a sort of verbal receipt, I imagine, and then added, "Now that I have the sword *and* the mirror I think it high time we set sail."

"Do you intend using the mirror as a compass?" I inquired interestedly.

"No, as a means of finding an amiable companion in—bad weather. It will give me someone with whom to discuss the peculiarities of the skipper."

"Oh! I'm to remain skipper, am I? I thought *you* had decided to take over the command."

"No, I accepted the sword as a token of allegiance, not of surrender—but we'd better sail before I change my mind."

As the half of seamanship is promptness, I arose at once, bowed with grave ceremony, and said, "The skipper presents his compliments and begs to announce his readiness to unmoor ship."

I felt that this was something new in seamanship, a sort of fragment from a "Drawing-Room Manual of Deep-Sea Practice," but I was determined to get under way cautiously and courteously. But before we could proceed with the nautical amenities there was a distant whirring tinkle, a summons to the starboard gangway.

"Some one coming aboard," I said. "Cupid, perhaps."

"Then, for mercy's sake, wait, don't let's sail without him!" Alicia pleaded. And, of a truth, our visitor confirmed my hazard in part, at least, for, as the door latched, a small voice, with a decided shiver in it, piped out, "Gee, it's cold!" The next moment Frieda came in with a telegram.

"For you, Alicia," I said, adding slowly, with a nod toward the door: "Better send a wrap out to him. We can't take him—that way, you know."

The corners of Alicia's lips deepened as



Drawn by William Hurd Lawrence.

Commiserated with him in his perturbation.—Page 615.

she glanced quickly from me to the unfolded message in her hand.

"Oh, it's from Uncle Dick, for both of us," she exclaimed.

"I know why it rains here to-day. You have all the sunshine. Bless you, my children!"

"Isn't he a dear old soul?"

"He wants to know if there's any answer," I heard Frieda say in her low voice, which always diminished to a whisper. In an instant this simple inquiry had whisked my thoughts to the little waiting figure in the hall with its protest against the gaining cold. Even in that brief space before Alicia replied a great many things had flashed through my mind, and all of them against the background of warmth and comfort and happiness, of soft light and flowers, the background which Fate had vouchsafed us, Alicia and me, this night—and always. And then when Alicia said, "Tell him there is no answer," an idea, an impulse, perhaps a very foolish one, entered my head. I accepted it without the slightest questioning. "Wait, Frieda," I said, and I saw Alicia, who was reading the telegram again, lower it and regard me curiously. The maid stopped and turned and I went past her out of the room.

In a moment I returned with the smallest messenger boy I had ever seen. He was absurdly small. As I had my hand on his shoulder I felt him hesitate at the threshold, but I drew him along with me gently toward the fireplace. He had his cap clutched like a shield across his vitals and he advanced with the utmost caution. His expression was fixed in a small grin which changed only slightly when he sniffed. Through this grin shone the sum of juvenile wisdom.

"Alicia," I said, "this is——" I bent inquiringly over the urchin, whose round face suddenly flashed up to mine.

"Fourteen-nin'y eight, O'Connor," he chirped, displaying with an automatic jerk the blue number plate on his cap.

"Thank you, sir," I went on, "Mr. O'Connor, whom I have asked to come in and see us off." The grin wavered a trifle and the boy glanced uncomprehendingly from me to Alicia. He began to turn his cap around and around over his stomach. I saw by the gentle mirth in Alicia's eyes that at last she understood.

"And we are very glad to have him," she said. "We thought at first it was someone else," this with a sidelong look at me.

"Yes, until we realized that *he* was already aboard," I interposed, rescuing the youngster's cap and piloting him into a chair which I drew to the table between us. The grin had entirely vanished, so now had most of the boy. He was all wonderment and very still save for his darting, bird-like eyes. The bird idea was further borne out by a feathery topknot which sprang from his reddish crown.

Alicia glanced at me and said quickly, "I am quite sure little Mr. O'Connor would like"—the fluttering eyes alighted hopefully upon her—"something sweet"—they flew to me, then back again. The small grin, too, returned, seeming to widen suddenly in all directions from the snub nose. He uttered no sound; it was as if he feared that any noise from him would shatter to fragments this fragile thing which was taking form before him. It did take decidedly tangible form when Frieda came in with a heaped plate and set it before him. Now for a moment I left him in Alicia's care, and she provided him with a spoon and with a napkin, which he tucked so tightly in his collar that he must have swallowed with difficulty. When he had quite arranged the napkin he looked like an Irish cherub peering over the rim of a cloud. A terrestrial "There, sir!" from Alicia was all the encouragement he required to fall to. His method was extremely simple: he promptly reduced the distance between his mouth and the plate to two or three inches and plied the spoon across this gap with astonishing skill. Conversation under such conditions would have been a feat. For this reason I long forebore to complicate the situation with irrelevancies. Alicia, who was looking on incredulously, evidently decided at last that No. 1498 really owed it to himself to breathe, as she said, "It's cold out to-night, isn't it?"

"Yesum," was the reply, through the spoon apparently, although he did look up. The face that beamed from the table's edge was as red as an apple. It was either health or the napkin. He had his mouth full when Alicia unfortunately asked him where he lived, so we never learned this. But inquiry concerning his parents was surprisingly successful.



Drawn by William Hurd Lawrence.

"Mr. O'Connor, whom I have asked to come in and see us off."—Page 618.

"Me father's just got fifty dollars f' bein' rund over in th' street," he said, with pride-ful jubilation as for a fairy godmother's visit. Although each of us proffered commiseration, O'Connor persisted in grinning. "He tried to git two hundred," he went on, suddenly grave, "but they said his legs wasn't broke bad enough."

"How long was he out of work?" I asked, knowing this to be the real catastrophe.

"He don't work," the boy answered quickly. "He's blind." Then, as if he seemed to think that the O'Connors needed rehabilitation, he said, "Me muther works," and drew his hand across his mouth. The plate was empty. Suddenly he looked up and asked, "When you goin' away?" Back came the grin.

I had almost forgotten. "We are going now," I said, with sudden inspiration.

Perplexity shadowed an instant across the youngster's face. "Where?" he asked. Alicia leaned back in her chair and regarded me intently, amusement spicing the inquiry of her look. I had not expected to be catechized.

"Going to sea," I replied. "You see, I'm the captain of a ship." The boy's

eyes widened. Alicia smiled and let her hand fall upon the solitary rose before her. "I've been captain for"—she pushed the rose toward me—"for three years——"

"What kind of a ship?"

"A—a treasure ship, I should say."

"What's that?"

"Well, it's a ship which——"

"Which has a weatherwise skipper," Alicia interposed alertly, although I had thought her concentrated upon the lines she was drawing in the tablecloth. This was, certainly, finis to my story. O'Connor looked as if he had been suddenly robbed. He waited a moment to see whether anyone intended to speak, and then said venturesomely, "I'm going to be a sailor, some day."

"I sincerely hope so," I replied, which was also answer to Alicia.

"I know a feller that's got an anchor on his arm." Again the grin.

"Well, have a heart put on yours," was the only answer I felt it proper to make, and after that I escorted him to the gangway. There he stopped a moment, screwed his cap tight upon his head, and said, "Hope y'ave a good time," and ran down into the dark.



THE HAND OF PETRARCH

By T. R. Sullivan



MESSER ENRICO CAPRA, the goldsmith of Bergamo, was in the year 1374, as certain veracious chronicles of his day instruct us, a famous man, justly admired and respected through all the neighboring country-side. His reputation for good workmanship had extended, on the one hand, far up the valleys of the Brembo and the Serio, those tributaries of the River Adda which encircle his native stronghold; and, on the other, it had travelled eastward at least as far as Brescia, where a fine crucifix from his hand stood in the old cathedral. If his name and fame had not spread abroad over the Lombard plain to its great capital of Milan, and, thence, with ever-widening vibrations to the horizon's verge, why, that, according to his fellow-citizens, was entirely his own fault. For, while they could praise without reserve the excellent art which had brought him ease and wealth in middle life, they were compelled, with the same breath, to deplore its abrupt, ineffectual end. He had chosen to hide his talent in the earth at the moment of its perfection. And that, unhappily, was long ago; for fifteen years and more this talent had proved unfruitful. In art, not to produce incessantly is to cease to exist; and Messer Enrico Capra, at the age of sixty-three, still vigorous, intelligent, and lovable, had become, so far as art recognized him, a creature of the past; for present shortcomings, irresistibly compared by his friends and kindred to the unprofitable servant who was cast into outer darkness at the divine command.

Though he had remained a bachelor and lived alone, except for a houseful of servants, there was little of the recluse about him. The house stood upon a narrow street near the workshop, which had passed long since into other hands; outwardly, it was a modest abode, unadorned and unpretentious; within, it showed no lack of comfort. At the back, a sunny little garden, sloping to the southwest near an angle of the bastions, had a wide pros-

pect over hill and plain; so wide that the guests, who were often entertained there unceremoniously, but sufficiently, could discern on a clear day the towers of three cities—Monza, Treviglio, and Milan. It was the last, undoubtedly, which suggested a byword, first whispered among these few, to pass current afterward in the town—the byword, namely, that Messer Enrico, the famous goldsmith, could walk in his own garden and look beyond his fame.

Messer Enrico, himself, hardly knew how often he had looked beyond it to those same distant towers of the Lombard capital. For beneath them had once lived for many years the man who, unwittingly at first, then despite his own urgent remonstrance, had been the sole cause of the goldsmith's strange cessation from artistic labor; the man who was the foremost scholar of his time, the leader of thought so distinguished that he burst all bonds of hampering tradition and freed the world of letters from the shackles of theology; no less a man than the great Petrarch—poet, philosopher, and historian, friend and counsellor of princes, hermit of Vacluse and Arquà, sage of Venice and Padua, as well as of Milan, where, humblest if not least among his admirers, the worthy goldsmith of Bergamo was first admitted to his presence.

That the establishment of a personal relation with the master should have been to this devotee a difficult task is not surprising. The age was marked by a genuine interest in literature; Dante had but lately died, and Boccaccio's star had risen. Between the two shone Petrarch, whose transcendent lustre constituted him the supreme arbiter, to whom all literary craftsmen of any pretension appealed as a matter of course. And these competitors for the laurel were innumerable, even as the sands of the sea. For it was not only an age of great promise and performance, but also one of futile attempt and deadly imitation. The mania of authorship had grown into a malignant disorder, from which there seemed to be no immunity for

high or low. Statesmen, senators, journey-men, shopkeepers, nay, even apprentices were affected by it ; a plague more terrible than that of Florence, it threatened to lay waste the land. While amid it all, overburdened with greatness, the dominant spirit, indirectly responsible for the infliction, found himself besieged in his house and set upon at every street-corner by the callow wits that longed to soar and prayed for support. Until at last, goaded beyond his patience, he barred his door against all clamorous invasion.

It was by gentle means alone that Messer Enrico Capra sought to attain what force could not accomplish. Through subtle compliment and quaint device he aroused the great man's curiosity, impressing upon him the profound sincerity of his devotion. He collected rare copies of the master, whose portrait, arms, and name in golden letters everywhere adorned the walls of his house at Bergamo. By degrees the house became a shrine where, day by day, he burned incense before his idol. Unlike the ignoble herd, he had no productive aspirations of his own to further, no manuscripts to offer in evidence of latent genius. If he gradually neglected his honorable calling to the point of its final abandonment, he did so merely for purposes of study, that he might gain thus a better understanding of the product from the master-hand. At that hand, himself, he asked nothing, expected nothing. His one ardent hope was to make himself worthy of Petrarch's friendship, if, by some fortunate accident, it should ever be accorded him.

After years of waiting a day arrived when his patient zeal was rewarded. A local magistrate brought him word, with all the deference which so great an occasion demanded, that the noble Petrarch, the illustrious, the laurel-crowned, would receive Messer Enrico Capra, of Bergamo, whenever it should please him to present himself ; furthermore, that, desiring to verify the good repute of so faithful an admirer, he prayed that the visit might not be long deferred. Overjoyed, the goldsmith posted to Milan, where, trembling with exultation, he met Petrarch face to face, at last, and was welcomed with a benignant cordiality which almost turned his brain. Life for him, he declared, should be hence-

forth one long consecration to the noblest incentive that he had ever known. The master smiled at an infatuation which by many an argument he conscientiously strove to overcome ; the scholar's labors, he urged, were exacting, and Messer Enrico was no longer of an age to assume them ; while, as an artist, new triumphs, well worth winning, no doubt awaited him. But to such counsel the self-constituted disciple refused to listen. His art was a bygone thing ; he had forsaken all it promised for one high, illuminating purpose, fixed as the stars in their courses. Thus opposed, the leader, touched against his will by homage that he could not control, suffered himself to be led, and protested no more.

Thereafter, though the two seldom met, their friendly intercourse was maintained by active correspondence. Petrarch had a weakness for letter-writing ; and the indefatigable student's appeals for advice or sympathy were never left unheeded. Now, it was the text of some obscure passage upon which he craved enlightenment ; now, he had acquired some *editio princeps*, or some new memorial of his patron, to whom the happy circumstance must be communicated. On rare occasions he reappeared in Milan for a day, that became a festal one. So, carefully tended, the flame upon the altar was kept alive, and the idol fostered it. Yet for a long time one last concession was withheld. Over and over again the goldsmith implored him to bestow upon Bergamo a day, an hour of his gracious presence. The master smiled and shook his head ; only to yield in the end, worn out, as he, himself, has recorded, by incessant importunities. Once more Messer Enrico made his familiar journey to the capital. But this time he journeyed back with Petrarch, and at the gates of Bergamo all the great ones of the city awaited his return.

That memorable visit occurred in the autumn of the year 1359. And, duly impressed with its importance, Petrarch took pains to describe it shortly afterward in detail. From his own pen we learn how the Podestà and the dignitaries flung wide their palace-doors, disputing for his entertainment ; how the poor goldsmith trembled lest his humble roof should be forsaken for some nobler lodging ; how his reverence

denied them all, and, descending at Messer Enrico's house, delighted in its treasures ; how, after a royal banquet, he slept upon a purple couch, surrounded by the choicest books, in a chamber glittering with gold, where none had slept before, and none ever should sleep again ; finally, how, on the following day, he departed, oppressed with honors, escorted by the city fathers ; and taking leave of his infatuated host, when the homeward journey was half over, actually feared that the good man might lose his reason, or die from excess of joy. But, on the contrary, since that eventful day of long ago, it could truly be said that Messer Enrico Capra had lived upon its recollection.

Into the master's life, however, time and circumstance brought many a change. The cares of Petrarch multiplied ; he became involved in state affairs, was sent abroad to one foreign court after another upon diplomatic missions. To years of enforced wandering succeeded years of restlessness ; he removed from Milan to Venice, thence to Padua, where age came upon him suddenly ; and, in declining health, he made still another move—the final one. Twelve miles away, at Arquà, in the Euganean Hills, he built an ideal hermitage. There, amid his books and flowers, the closing years of his life were passed in perfect peace. Until his last hour the scholarly pursuits which he loved best never ceased to interest him. His motto was the text from Ecclesiasticus : "When a man hath done, then he beginneth ; and when he leaveth off, then he shall be doubtful." Yet if, now and then, some remote rumor of the world penetrated to his quiet sanctuary, it brought him no disturbance. Upon the world's distractions he had turned his back forever.

Time, dealing thus with the master, wrought upon the disciple likewise its inevitable changes. For many years Messer Enrico's stream of life flowed calmly on with few reinforcements from the fountain-head. After Petrarch's departure from Milan, the goldsmith never looked upon his face again. Gradually even the correspondence languished, coming at last with a perceptible shade of bitterness to its end. For this some fault justly might have been alleged on both sides, yet its direct cause was the goldsmith's persistent endeavor to

gain a boon which had never been absolutely denied him. He had long desired to possess a copy of Petrarch's Italian verses, prepared by the master's own hand. In the series of sonnets, so graceful, so melodious, of which unrequited love for Laura forms the theme, Messer Enrico found the highest expression of his idol's genius ; and the world has confirmed that judgment in manifold editions of the little book, proclaimed incomparable. But in the eyes of its author, it was a youthful trifle, crude, immature, almost unworthy of preservation. While, therefore, he refrained from dismissing the goldsmith's request for the manuscript with a blunt refusal, and even consented to make the copy, he did not conceal the fact that his compliance was a reluctant one. With the procrastination which developed in his later life, he postponed the labor of love from day to day, from week to week, from year to year. In the meantime, relying upon the half-hearted assurance, Messer Enrico devoted himself to preparing a receptacle worthy of what would prove his richest treasure. He designed a golden casket, so splendid that its counterpart had never been imagined. It was adorned with reliefs illustrating the sonnets, the life and death of Laura ; and these were upheld by groups of figures drawn from the argument of the immortal poem, wherein Death triumphed over Love, Fame over Death, Time over Fame, and Eternity over all. This, when finished, should be another wonder of the world, and the goldsmith, resuming the art he had long neglected, brought all his skill to bear upon it. Petrarch, duly advised of the scheme, at first professed keen interest. He renewed his promise, and began his copy of the manuscript ; but the interest waned, the work was delayed, cast aside ; and fulfilment of the promise seemed farther off than ever when the goldsmith's own work on the great casket drew near its end. Word reached him of his master's removal to Arquà, whither he sent an appeal, pathetically urgent. No answer came. The setting upon which he had toiled for years in secret had received its final touches, yet it still lacked the precious jewel. The good goldsmith was human ; waiting vainly, he sometimes permitted his vexation to break forth in sharp reproaches ; but these were always followed by a mood of repentance

wherein he framed excuses for this cruel neglect which time must surely justify. After twenty years of blind faith, one journey backward slowly to the point of recantation.

The casket, wrapped in cloth of gold, was hidden away in the richly furnished chamber, devoted to memorials of the master, which Messer Enrico revisited alone at long intervals. One brilliant day in spring he unlocked the door again, unbarred the shutters, flooded the room with light. The sunshine streamed upon its golden walls, playing about the heap of ashes on the hearth, touching lightly one half-burned brand there, which, alas ! would never be rekindled. Opposite, on a small table at the bedside, lay a pile of books, just as the beloved hand had left them, long ago. They were buried in dust, but, at the risk of disturbing their arrangement, Messer Enrico would not brush away a grain of it. Sighing, he made his round, as he had often done before ; and then, returning to the table, looked down at it in silence. The room was still as death ; its windows opened upon the garden, and from without came only a murmur of the rose-leaves, with the call of a blackbird growing fainter in the distance. These were sounds too slight to hear. But, suddenly, a nearer and sharper sound behind him interrupted his reverie. He turned, with a start, to find that the only intruder was the playful breeze which, scattering the ash-heap, had tumbled the charred stick down upon the hearth-stone and broken it. But, in turning, he caught his robe upon a corner of the table ; a book slipped off, opening as it fell ; and a loose bit of parchment fluttered out between the leaves. He picked this up, perceiving, to his surprise, some lines of verse written upon it, in Petrarch's own handwriting. They were incomplete and blurred by corrections, breaking off in the middle of a phrase ; but they were addressed "To My Good Friend, Messer Enrico Capra," whose eyes now filled with tears as he tried to read them. He soon discovered that he had lighted, by chance, upon an unfinished sonnet in which the master had intended to express sympathy with his courteous host, and to do him honor. The intention had never been carried out ; yet the kindly thought was there in this rough draft, and its discovery

touched Messer Enrico deeply. All the force of his affection revived at once. Before the day was done he had dispatched to Arquà an account of his little adventure and its effect upon him, without even a reference to the unfulfilled obligation, or any note whatsoever of complaint. To omit all mention of his bitter disappointment at this time was to make a strong entreaty, as he well knew ; and the master, reading between the lines of the letter, so understood it. His prompt reply was a prayer for tolerance. "Kind and devoted friend," he wrote, "thou art of all men the gentlest, the most forgiving. Know, then, that my broken covenant with thee is to me a weight of sorrow. Let thy indulgence absolve me. I have declined into the autumn of my years ; but ere this year's harvest is fully garnered, the covenant shall be redeemed. To this I pledge my hand."

With infinite joy Messer Enrico returned thanks for the remorseful acknowledgment, and resigned himself again to patient waiting. Spring passed ; midsummer came ; the vintage would be an early one, they said, though it was still far off. He watched for that, noting each day the season's progress, smiling at the petty hopes of gain, so dear to his neighbors. And when evening fell, he strolled alone upon the city walls through the lengthening shadows, not to take delight in the sunset, but to look eastward over the plain. This habit grew, until his fellow-townsmen regarded it with wonder ; and when he lingered at his favorite angle of the rampart, they shrugged their shoulders, whispering : "There is Messer Enrico on the watch again ! What does he find to see, that we do not ? What messenger is he expecting ?"

One July evening of the year 1374, as he stood musing in his wonted place, his attention was suddenly arrested by a strange excitement in the lower town. Along one of its narrow streets groups of men were forming to discuss some question eagerly. The news, whatever it was, spread from the door of one wine-shop to another, handed on with emphatic gestures. All this stir provoked him to inquiry. He hurried down the nearest flight of steps into the gloom of a vaulted passage, leading out below the walls. There, in the dark, he met the dreadful word. Petrarch was

dead ! Stunned by the shock, as if a savage hand had struck him, he stumbled on, tracing the word to its source with incoherent questions, until he confirmed the news beyond a doubt. His noble master had died ten days before at Arquà, quietly, without pain, falling asleep in his chair, among his books, alone. This became clear, and at this point all struggle ceased. Nothing else was clear for a long time.

II

Six weeks later Messer Enrico came to himself, and was informed by Marcello, his faithful servant, that he had been desperately ill of a fever, wavering between life and death. When he learned the duration of his illness, his mind reverted at once to the vanishing point, and he brooded, in silence, upon the insupportable sorrow. An hour afterward he roused himself to ask, abruptly, if nothing in all these days and weeks had come from Arquà. Was there no letter ? no message ? In anxiety that he could not comprehend, his attendant, with a negative sign, entreated him to sleep. Not until his convalescence was it explained to him that this question, many times repeated, had been the haunting theme of his delirium. It haunted him still, though he was careful not to betray himself. Had nothing come from Arquà ? No—nothing, nothing. Yet something would come, surely. To that hope he clung with obstinate persistence. Had he not his master's word for it ? Would not that hold good, even though the master were in his grave ?

The cool, bright days of autumn restored him to his little world. He was a well man, now, he said. But others could perceive, though he did not, the ineffaceable signs of his long illness ; in its course he had passed from vigor to old age. Health and strength might still be his, yet with a difference ; it was clear that he must refrain from overtaxing them. Of this limitation, however, he seemed quite unconscious, when he walked and talked among his neighbors, planning a little journey that should give him necessary change to set the seal upon his recovery—a journey to Padua and Venice, as he took care to state. Thus, by slow degrees, he warned

them of his departure. And thus they heard, one day, without surprise, the news that he was gone.

Disregarding all advice to the contrary, he set forth entirely alone. But though his steps turned toward the East, neither to Padua nor Venice did he direct them. His goal of pilgrimage, so cautiously defended from cold indifference or idle jest, was Arquà only—Arquà, the simple mountain village—Arquà Petrarca, coupled forevermore with the dead master's name. Journeying by easy stages, he turned at Este from the Paduan highway, and struck off into the hills. Through the haze of a fine October afternoon, he climbed the last slope, over a rough road that ended in a group of houses irregularly placed about the open square, dusty and grass-grown, which formed the nucleus of the little town. At one side stood the inn, denoted only by a withered branch above its door ; and across the farther end stretched the long, low wall of a church, severe in line, without adornment. From its tower the call to vespers rang insistently, as if to hasten the steps of certain loiterers drawn tardily to the office ; but that summons was not sharp enough ; for while the stranger paused to look about him, a beadle enforced it sternly, driving the stragglers in like sheep. Messer Enrico was moved piously to follow them. But, as he crossed the square, his purpose changed ; he stopped with a cry, kneeling then and there in the dust, at sight of the line carved upon a quaint monument which stood near the church-door in the shadow of the wall.

Frigida Francisci lapis hic tegit ossa Petrarce ! This, then, was the master's tomb ! This rude sarcophagus of red marble, raised upon four short columns above the level of vulgar life, to dignify the barren place and be its glory and its ornament till time should cease and earthly honor sweep into oblivion ! The poor townsmen and their parish officer had passed it by, carelessly ; they dispersed as they assembled, with slow indifference, while the stranger watched them from his window at the inn, whither he had turned for lodging. This, though the best which the town afforded, was of so primitive a sort that the host mumbled profuse apologies for its deficiencies ; but the window

overlooked the square, and to Messer Enrico all the rest mattered nothing. Through his eager questions the man soon gained confidence, and chattered freely. Oh, yes, he had seen the master sometimes—after death, had looked upon his face; all the arts and essences of the East had been applied to its preservation, leaving it wonderfully lifelike. Everybody in the village, old or young, had followed the body to the tomb yonder; there had been garlands and banners, acolytes and incense, the cardinal himself—a splendid funeral, truly a nine days' wonder! Had the Signore visited the good man's house? By leaning forward and turning the head to the right, one could see its tiled roof—there, higher up the hill, out of the town. It was worth the climb, if only to get the prospect from its garden.

Messer Enrico smiled at these last words, as he toiled in the sunset up the stony path to the garden-gate, through which he looked, with a full heart, along a trim walk leading to the doorway of the house. The rusty chain rattled as he pulled it, stirring the bell within. And, at the sound, from a low ilex-tree in the garden a startled bird flew, twittering up into the clear sky. Then the house-door opened, and a man, white-haired, infirm, of very gentle bearing, came slowly down the walk to admit the visitor at the first hint of his errand.

"Welcome, Signore, in my master's name. Alas! that it should be too late for such a word from his own lips!"

"It is the grievous counterstroke of fortune; for I am one who loved him—Capra, Enrico Capra, the goldsmith of Bergamo. And thou wert of his household?"

"His body-servant, Vitale, Signore. It was I who found him in his arm-chair, sleeping, never to wake again. I remain for a time in charge of the place. Will it please the Signore to come in?"

His voice failed him. Silently, he led the way up an outer staircase, through the arched loggia, to the main floor of the house—a series of small rooms, opening one into another, bright and cheerful, with the comfortable air that is derived from daily use. There was the poet's chamber; here the chair in which he had fallen asleep; this was his library, and these

closed cabinets contained the precious books, deeded long ago to Venice, but entrusted for delivery to his friend and patron, the Lord of Padua, who had placed his seal upon them all; all, save one, that volume of Cicero, with which the master was occupied at the moment of his death. It still lay upon the floor, where it had dropped from his lifeless hand. The old man indicated these things in a whispered word or two, while the stranger followed him with tear-dimmed eyes. Then they passed out together upon an iron balcony overhanging a wide, green valley, which opened toward the western plain. There were vineyards and olive orchards upon all the slopes; above them, from the rocky heights stretching eastward, clumps of pine-trees stood out against the sky. Here, where the master loved to sit, they lingered, leaning upon the rail, while day's colors deepened, and the lovely landscape grew lovelier in the afterglow. The bitterness of grief abated with these quiet influences, until speech no longer was impossible. Messer Enrico, producing his last letter from the poet, explained the nature of the bond to which it bore witness, and sought further evidence regarding it. To his discomfiture this proved inconclusive. It appeared that the master, shortly before his death, had burned in his brasier a heap of old papers; but what these were, and why he had chosen to destroy them, it was idle to conjecture. Of their import the servant could say nothing; and the sealed cabinets, he was sure, contained only books. Were there no other papers, then? None, so far as he knew. If any such had escaped the brasier's coals, they must be hidden away in some secret place, unknown to old Vitale, whose mind, at the thought, wandered off into wild speculation. The letter, at which he looked long and tenderly, was unquestionably in his master's character, and it expressed a solemn promise; he took the will for the deed therefore, stubbornly maintaining that the master was a man of his word. How and where, then, had he concealed the manuscript? Upon that question he dwelt so resolutely, as almost to make his companion forget the long delay which had led to reasonable doubt. They talked on through the twilight, while the mist rose from the valley in strange, fantastic shapes

that promoted a cloud of superstitious fancies, befitting time and place.

"Look yonder!" whispered the servant; "at that hooded figure, bending low over the garden. I could swear that it is my master's. See! it retreats and comes again. What if the paper were buried there? Nay, now it is gone!"

"It is but vapor," sighed the goldsmith. "Thy master's body lies with the honored dead, and may not walk again until the last hour. God rest his soul!"

"Signore, the dead are with us always. My master was a just man—a true one. If he has failed to keep his word, we shall know it from his own lips. Trust me, he will not rest in his grave."

Messer Enrico shivered, and drew his robe tighter round him. "It is cold," he murmured. "I must find my bed at the inn, and sleep. To-morrow, we will speak further of this. Consider it well, my good Vitale, and search the house again, that I may be satisfied."

"Ay, but where?" the old man asked, as they came down together. "If the thing be here, to find the hiding-place would puzzle the wise woman herself. Ah! that is not so bad a thought! I counsel the Signore to make demand of her."

"The wise woman?" repeated Messer Enrico, lightly.

"Of Abano, yes, Signore," answered the servant, dropping in his speech to an impressive whisper, "Giralda, of the burning lake—famous for her skill through all the country round. The secrets of the heart are revealed to her; ay, of the soul likewise! She will unfold this, if any human being can. Go to her, talk with her, Signore."

The goldsmith smiled incredulously. "Nay, not I!" he said. "Let her keep her sorceries to herself. I deal not with things of darkness." Still old Vitale was not to be shaken in his faith. The new idea had fastened upon him. There lay the solution of the mystery; it was his parting word, upon which he dwelt earnestly when the garden-gate closed between them. Dismissing the thought of such guidance as grotesque and irrational, Messer Enrico returned to the inn for the repose he sorely needed. But his night was a troubled one. In his dreams he

pursued always the same search, which proved always unavailing, now in the house, now in the garden, attended everywhere by hovering phantoms of the mist that mocked his vain endeavor. Toward morning, he slept for awhile undisturbed; till the sleep ended in a dream more disquieting than all the rest. The master stood before him, gowned and hooded as in life, but pale as death, with a look of anguish in his staring eyes; he seemed eager to speak; the white lips parted in the effort, yet no word came; at last, receding slowly, as if reluctantly drawn away by a power irresistible, the figure stretched forth its hand, beckoned, and was gone.

"Stay!" the sleeper shouted; and woke, alone, at the window, whither he had dragged himself unconsciously. The moonlight gleamed upon the little square, the marble tomb beyond it; but there was no sign of life; all lay silent, motionless, deserted. Trembling with cold, he crept back to bed, where for the time his trouble ceased. "It was all a dream!" he murmured, when he woke in broad day.

For three days more he remained at Arquà, revisiting the house, urging its occupant on to investigation which brought no result. Always there was the same answer, the same suggestion of the one remedy possible in such a case. "If the Signore would but consult the wise woman of Abano! The town is close at hand; and there, too, are waters, wondrous in their healing property, of which it might be well to drink a little. For, by the Signore's leave, his health appears to be none of the best."

None of the best, indeed! For, though the Signore, guarding his secret zealously, strove, throughout the day, with enforced cheerfulness to avert suspicion, each night the troubled dream returned. The dead master, tormented by the thought he could not speak, haunted his bedside, to renew the mute appeal and depart with hand outstretched imploringly. The dreadful presence grew more and more distressing, until the knowledge of what night would bring, became an hourly torture. At the close of the third day he could bear it no longer, and, ordering his horse, prepared for flight. But the mysterious change in him had not escaped the shrewd padrone of the inn.

"The Signore will sleep at Este, then,"

he said ; "since his health returns but slowly, and the hour is late."

"No, not at Este. I go north to Abano. They say, there is virtue in its healing waters."

"Undoubtedly. The Signore has been well advised."

Messer Enrico eyed the man gravely. "Tell me," he demanded ; "dost thou know award of the wise woman there, at Abano ?"

"Of a surety, Signore. Who does not ? Her skill passes belief, and her arts are manifold. It was she who cured my brother of the fever. Had a man a devil in him, she would cast it out. Ay ! more than that ! All the past is known to her, and she foretells the future. She can interpret dreams."

The goldsmith started ; but a look reassured him. How should the man know ?

"I thank you," he said, as he rode off. "I will confide in her, if the waters fail me."

"May you be spared the need, Signore, and Heaven go with you !"

So, at the first turn of the road, Messer Enrico was lost in the twilight, to be seen no more at Arquà and soon forgotten. Alighting in Abano, he found a hearty welcome, warmth, cheerfulness, and the best of provision for his comfort. Strangers, who came to drink the waters, were not infrequent there, and his arrival occasioned no remark. The mere change of scene was an encouragement. The poor, hunted victim took heart at the thought that he had returned to the land of men from the land of fearful dreams.

In this mood he composed himself to sleep, only to find all comfort spirited away. His evil destiny, defying his precautionary measures, had followed him over the hills and would not be shaken off. He slept, but the vision of the master rose before him with the old imploring look, the gesture of entreaty. Night after night, at Abano as at Arquà, the haunting terror repeated itself, and made life miserable. He could think of nothing else. And when, at last, driven half mad by the failure of simpler remedies, he sought the wise woman, it was not to demand the hiding-place of the lost manuscript—the treasure which never had been his—but only to be delivered from the fiend that had assumed the shape dearer to him than all others.

A mile from the town he left the level road, to follow a lonely path winding up through the woods toward a deep cleft in the hills. Around him, between the tree-trunks, volcanic rocks, seamed and scarred on their rough sides, rose grimly, closing in the landscape. As the growth became denser, though the sun was still high, its rays were cut off. Upon the dim forest a strange, unearthly stillness settled down. There was no rustling of leaves, no chirruping of birds or insects, no movement, no sign of life other than his own. He went on, startled by the hollow sound of his own footsteps, fearful lest the trembling earth should give way and engulf him suddenly ; until the path, plunging lower into the ravine, led him to a spring which bubbled darkly over decaying leaves. He stooped to drink. But the water, warm and brackish, enveloped him, as he stirred it, in a cloud of noisome vapor. In a moment more he came to a small lake, overhung with mist, through which the calm surface rippled here and there into pale, phosphorescent gleams. Dark rocks and darker pine-trees, towering high, encircled it ; its level seemed lower than the earth, as if the dismal place lay at the very heart of the Euganean Hills.

As the seeker stepped out upon the shore, a shrill cry, breaking the silence, echoed from the rocks ; then re-echoed from some distant point in answer to the call. A small boy sprang from the underbrush, and, stopping at a safe distance, began to question him.

"Your name and titles, Signore. Why do you come here ?"

"Enrico Capra, the goldsmith of Bergamo. They have sent me to the wise woman—Giralda, of the burning lake, if I mistake not."

"Giralda, yes, Signore. This is the place. See !" Speaking, he tossed a pebble into the water. A flame flashed up for an instant, to die away in rings of fire. "It is the sign, Signore. But there is no one else ? The Signore comes alone ?"

"Quite alone."

The boy darted on into the wood ; then stopped, and looking back over his shoulder, with an uncouth gesture directed the stranger to follow. Messer Enrico silently obeyed him ; and in this order they proceeded along the water's edge, half way

round the lake, to a small clearing between its margin and the mountain-side. In the midst of this open space there burned what seemed a fire ; but the flame leaped fitfully from the earth, leaving no ashes, no trace of any fuel to sustain it. By the flickering light a rude dwelling, hollowed out of the cliff, could be discerned ; and from its doorway, as the two approached, a woman stepped forward into the clearer glow, which revealed her tall, straight figure, clad in a flowing Eastern garment. Her face, still young, was strong, of savage beauty. She challenged them with a stern look in her piercing eyes.

"Who comes with thee, Orso ? What does this man seek ?"

"Peace and rest !" replied the goldsmith, advancing toward the light. "A demon vexes all my dreams. Release me, if this art of thine can do so much, and I will never count the cost. For such relief I would pay double."

"Put up the purse, Signore, until the cause is known to me. The poor skill I have availeth nothing where a crime has been committed——"

"No crime, no crime ! The demon comes to me in friendly guise—as one who longs to speak, yet cannot find the means."

The woman's face relaxed. "There, indeed, my art may be of service," she said, gently. "Orso, to thy stone, and sleep ! Follow me, Signore ; I must know with what I have to deal. Do not fear, speak freely."

Behind the fire, a large, smooth fragment of basaltic rock lay level with the earth. Upon its polished surface the boy, Orso, stretched himself out to sleep, as the sorceress commanded. Passing him by, she conducted Messer Enrico to her cave-like chamber in the cliff. From the low roof a lamp swung in chains ; and in the narrow circle of its light stood a rough bench, beside a table with wickered flasks and wine-cups. Filling one of these, she bade the goldsmith drink. The draught of native wine composed his thoughts, and he imparted them without reserve. She listened attentively to his story, asking no questions, desiring only the master's letter, over which she pondered long. Then, urging strict silence, with her finger on her lips, she led the seeker back into the open air, where the boy still lay by the fire,

sleeping now profoundly. She called to him without effect ; shook him roughly, but still he did not stir. Nor did he wake when, raising him to a sitting posture, she knelt at his side, and, supporting him thus, placed the letter in his hand. His fingers closed upon the paper, he breathed heavily ; then sank to rest with his head upon her shoulder.

"Orso !" she called aloud, in a tone of command. "Orso ! Wake, and hear me !"

The boy stirred in his sleep, and trembled. Straining every muscle, he bent forward to stare at the stone below with fixed, wide-open eyes. She held him there in a strong, controlling grasp. And when he had ceased to struggle, she called to him again.

"Speak, Orso ! What see you in the wonder-stone ?"

"The square at Arquà," answered the sleeper, in a low, troubled voice. "The master's tomb is there. And there, within, the master lies asleep. No ! He stirs—he wakes—he whispers to me !"

"Hark ! What does he say ? Listen for the words, and heed them well !"

Wondering much, Messer Enrico drew a step nearer, as if the order had been addressed to him. But the woman warned him to stand back with an angry sign. There was a pause in which he hardly dared to breathe. Then the boy spoke again, faintly and more faintly.

"He would redeem his pledge. He cannot rest, even in his grave."

"Redeem it ? How ? Is the lost work finished, then, waiting to be found ?"

"No ! He shakes his head. There is nothing—nothing that may be found."

"How, then, is the master to redeem his promise ? How may one who loves him, dead or living, bring him to eternal peace ? Let the dead command ! The living will obey."

Silence, long unbroken. The very earth seemed to stand still in breathless apprehension. There was no sound—no movement, save from the fire at their feet. But its flame was noiseless, like the far-off pulsation of the attendant stars.

The answer came at last, breathed rather than spoken, so softly that it reached Messer Enrico's ears only in doubtful phrases which obscured the

meaning. "Enter the tomb," it whispered; "at night—in secret—and take away—" What? The vital word was lost to him in feeble mutterings; but the sorceress, bending low over the speaker, followed them and caught their sense. As they died away, her eyes flashed triumphantly. She released the boy, laying him gently down, to unclasp his fingers and draw out the letter; then left him where he lay, asleep. And, at a sign, the bewildered goldsmith returned with her to the rock-bound chamber.

"The way is clear!" she cried; "there is but one. Didst thou not hear it?"

"All is confused," he answered, "and nothing clear to me. I heard what I cannot understand. Does the lost manuscript, by some mischance, lie buried in the tomb at Arquà?"

"No, Signore; it is not that. Thy debt lies with him in the tomb, and must be cancelled. Thou art to claim the forfeit."

"The forfeit? I exacted none."

"Nay, he, himself, imposed the penalty;" returned the wise woman. Speaking, she smoothed out the master's letter, and laid her finger upon a line of it. "Look! This written word still binds him. His restless spirit craves release. Cancel the bond and set him free!"

With a look of horror Messer Enrico started back.

"Never, to save my soul!" he cried. "I never can do that."

"The peace of the master is at stake, as well as thine," she said, calmly. "His prayer brings absolution. Dismiss the childish fear, and do his bidding."

"The fiend's prayer, not the master's! Heeding it, how may I find peace on earth? The world will hold me guilty of a mortal sin."

"The dead master commits his secret to our keeping," replied the sorceress; "it is ours to hold and guard through all eternity. The world will never know."

Messer Enrico sank, shuddering, upon his knees, and hid his face. "If I could believe!" he moaned. Moving to his side, the wise woman stooped over him compassionately; there were tears in her eyes as she touched his shoulder with a gentle pressure.

"How to persuade one that will not be

persuaded?" she murmured. "I do but waste my words. Go back, Signore, to Abano. The evil dream will come again to prove that I speak honestly. And when all doubt is over, command my service and the boy's, to aid thee in thy act of faith; it must be done secretly, and with despatch. A word will summon us to Arquà."

"Heaven save me from it!" cried the goldsmith, recovering his self-command, "and grant that we may meet no more! The worth of thy infernal counsels—name the price! I would go free of thee forever."

"Nay, not yet!" was the quiet answer. "I would be justified. Wait for the fitting hour—the proof which time will surely bring. Wait, Signore, wait until we meet at Arquà."

He had raised his hand to fling the purse at her feet. But her gentleness disarmed him. He put away the money and, turning silently from the place, went down to Abano in the dusk, he knew not how. There, among men, the spell under which he labored was broken. All that had lately passed became at once unreal. Laughing at fear, he went to bed, to sleep. But he had dismissed the fear too lightly. The spectre was not laid. More dreadful than before, it now bent over him reproachfully; now touched him with an icy hand. The deadly chill remained, when he woke, shrieking. So, in the space of one short night, was the wise woman justified. Here was the proof she had foretold, which time must surely bring.

III

DAYBREAK at Arquà! Though all the lowland lay hidden in its veil of mist, the sky's unclouded arch assured a fine, bright morning. Old Vitale, bestirring himself, flung open the shutters of the master's house, and welcomed the sunshine with a glow of satisfaction. The day was here, at last, when, by appointment, the noble Lord of Padua, Francesco di Carrara, would come again to fulfil the conditions of his trust. To-day the master's library would be transferred to the patron's keeping; the closed cabinets would be unlocked, the rare volumes, so carefully protected, one by one would be removed. All was in perfect order, with every seal

unbroken. For the hundredth time, the faithful watch-dog convinced himself of this. In a few hours his new master must arrive to take possession ; perhaps, even now, the short journey was more than half accomplished ; there might be signs of his approach upon the Paduan road, which the upper western window commanded for a mile or more. To that outlook the old man climbed in nervous expectation. The clustered houses of the town were just below him ; and beyond them shone the narrow ribbon of the highway, white and still, without a speck upon it. But, while he looked, the quiet town itself woke from calmness to commotion. He heard the sound of hurrying feet, and saw the little square before the church rapidly fill up with a curious crowd, drawn together by some rumor of a startling nature. All eyes were fixed upon the master's tomb with looks of mingled wonder and dismay. Old Vitale rushed down among the curious faces, to make, in his turn, an incredible discovery. The tomb had been forced open in the night ; one broken slab of marble lay on the ground where it had fallen. Yet the town had slept quietly, without the slightest hint of such disturbance. What ruffian could have wrought, secretly and silently, this act of infamous irreverence ? For what unholy purpose was the sacred dust within thus violated ? These were questions that each one asked, that none dared answer. All dreaded to pursue them further, to define the extent of the theft, to lay bare the effect that should explain the cause.

The wonder grew when the task of investigation was undertaken by the parish-priest, and the opening in the tomb proved too small to admit him. The theft, if theft it was, must, then, have been committed either by a child or by a dwarf. Under the priest's guidance a boy of the inn, solemnly charged to speak the truth, crawled into the sarcophagus, and furnished evidence to be publicly announced with due formality. The master's face was still serene, undisturbed and undisfigured. His only ornaments—the jewelled clasp of his robe and the ring upon his left hand, remained intact. But the right hand, that master hand to which the world acknowledged an inestimable debt, was wanting. It had been cut off adroitly at

the wrist, and secreted, or carried away. A thorough search revealed no trace of it. For this mutilation alone had the impious offender performed his deed of darkness. Thus were the cause and effect of his unaccountable desecration explained and verified.

Following hard upon this announcement, the Lord of Padua rode into the square with all his retinue. Immediately every door was closed and every house ransacked at his command. He proclaimed the theft a capital offence, promising rewards and honors to any, high or low, whose testimony should convict the criminal ; all without avail. A week passed, and neither the severed hand nor any clew to the place of its concealment came to light. Then he restored the tomb, consecrating it anew with fitting rites and ceremonies, leaving the mystery of the crime and its solution to after ages ; still without avail. Centuries have elapsed ; the threats and promises bequeathed to the world by Francesco di Carrara are all forgotten. He, himself, is remembered only as the false patron, who, dispersing the master's library, betrayed his sacred trust. But the marble monument remains at Arquà, an object of veneration. And to-day, the humble villager, deciphering its worn inscription, pauses to repeat one line significantly, and to dispute it. "*Hic tegit ossa Petrarce!*" Nay, not so !" he insists. "For the right hand is wanting." Ask him the why and wherefore, and he shakes his head. He has inherited the mystery, but not the means to answer you.

The ancient church of Santa Maria Maggiore, at Bergamo, is the city's pride and glory. Great artists have enriched it ; priest and patron and valiant captain sleep within its walls, under vast canopies of sculptured marble. The pavement-stones protect the humbler dead ; but many a name, once graven there, is gone forever, obliterated by the feet of passing generations. And among these lies Messer Enrico Capra, the famous goldsmith, thus effaced from memory, lost until the judgment-day. In that obscure grave, unknown, unimagined, is a wondrous treasure, richer than any that the church displays. The disciple survived his master by more than half a decade. On his death-

bed, to the devoted serving-man, Marcello, he gave his last instructions: These were to enter the closed chamber in his house, to take therefrom a certain golden casket and place it in his coffin; to do this alone, secretly; and, on his life, to let none know. When the hour came, the man discharged the letter of his duty, if not the spirit. For, amazed at the beauty of the goldsmith's masterpiece, he began to speculate upon its purpose, to wonder why this marvel had been wrought, what it was designed to hold; till, yielding to his curiosity, he

forced the lock, and was startled to find within only what seemed a human hand. He mistook this for some saintly relic; but while he looked, it crumbled, lost its shape, and fell into a heap of ashes. Then, with averted eyes, fearing to look upon his master's face, he hid the precious casket and its contents under the dead man's robe, and closed the coffin-lid. None knew, none suspected; all knowledge of the wonder died with him; this world will never share it. The treasures of a nameless grave are guarded well.

THE CRICKET

By Harriet Chalmers Bliss

WALKING, a shadow and alone,
Where men pile endless stone on stone,

And all my days a-hunger go
Like weary beggars to and fro,

Sudden beside the shuffling feet
I hear a cricket in the street.

And oh! the fields so fair and wide,
Soft meadows and the water-side,

And bird-calls in the trees at even,
The low hills that lie close to heaven.

And all the dear green things that grow
For joy, where upland breezes blow,

Where brooks tell more than poets can,
Where nights dream out a silver span,

And days lie open to the skies,
And suns set into paradise—

Oh! all the enraptured mystery
Of that loved country lost to me!

Hark! In the evening cadence, still
I hear a far-off whip-poor-will,

And through the sweet dusk, as I pass,
My little singers of the grass.

THE POINT OF VIEW

THE notion that the eyes of foreign observers are those of "contemporary posterity" is, possibly, a little overworked in these days. Communication is easy; publication, by one channel or another, is almost as easy; really seeing is not easy at all, and the press of nearly every modern country teems with the reports of eyes inquisitive rather than genuinely curious and brains more prompt than penetrating in comment. But there is substance in the well-worn aphorism, and if the percentage of helpful observers is small, the actual number is, probably, larger than ever and their work well worth considering. Given the eyes really keen and patient and the brain tempered to investigation and tested generalization, your foreign student has for us the immense advantage that the vision is not dulled by familiarity and reflection is served by fresh and novel standards. You get from him the aloofness of posterity; the alertness, interest, sympathy—the *actualité*—of the contemporary. To read the sincere and serious work of such an observer is like consultation with a friend who is a physician: he has special knowledge you may not hope to attain and may candidly disclose to you sources of weakness and of strength you would not of yourself perceive.

I was strongly impressed by this in reading the latest volume of M. Pierre Leroy-Beaulieu, *Les États Unis dans le Vingtième Siècle*. The specialty of the author is, if I may say so, new countries. He has written with authority on the new Orient—Japan, Siberia, China—and on the new state created by the federation of the Australian colonies and New Zealand. It is as a new country that America—let us be thankful for the somewhat bumpitious assumption of that title by our Department of State—is approached by him. He has set himself to *compulser* the latest census and innumerable like documents, with the aid of a considerable residence among us. Primarily he is an economist—*de race*, as his countrymen would say of a family eminent in that line for two generations—but in his hands political economy is far from a gloomy

science; it is the ordered study of the forces that guide the development of organized human life over large areas for considerable periods. Now in our country we have been for many years a good deal exercised over our fiscal system, and of late we have been greatly excited—that is not too strong a word—over industrial "trusts." These two elements in our situation have been the subject of a vast amount and variety of writing in other lands. Among ourselves they are regarded with intense feeling; we get angry or gloomy or cynical over them. They furnish the fuel for our most heated political contests. Our publicists are puzzled by them; our politicians shy at them or openly play the demagogue over them. They appeal to the clergymen in need of "human" topics; girl graduates of our women's colleges investigate them, and they strew the field of settlement debates with the broken weapons of impassioned rhetorical battle. With the approach of the quadrennial national election they "burn" as no other questions can.

M. Leroy-Beaulieu, in his four hundred closely printed pages, devoted to a careful and complete examination of the actual condition and probable future of the United States, gives to the tariff but a parenthetical sentence or two, and to "trusts" but a few pages. He remarks that the unfettered trade between all parts of our vast territory, with its incalculable variety of resources and requirements, is one of the most solid bases of our present prosperity and of that assured to us, and that this is recognized by our own intelligent publicists. The "trusts" he subjects to an acute analysis and reaches the general conclusion that their evils are self-limiting, their advantages considerable and likely to be lasting. In other words, the two things which most excite, exalt, or depress us he treats as incidents of youth. Other things impress him mightily. The continent practically secured from hostile neighbors by the happy accident of Napoleon's cession of Louisiana; the scope of our soil and our climate; our mineral resources in metals and fuel; our natural or acquired lines of transport; above all, our composite

population, drawn at first from the chosen *couches* of England and Europe, and then disciplined, nourished, developed, by the needs and the opportunities of a new land—all these engage his thoughtful and intensely interested study. They are of the essence of the national being, gradually, but not slowly, unfolding and making itself felt in the crowded centres of the Occident and in the remotest regions of the awakening Orient. Compared with these, neither the devices of our legislation as to taxation of competition nor the devices of our captains of industry as to combination or monopoly are important. They are, in his sight, devices only, with which the steady forces of national evolution, acting constantly through great spaces of time and over great areas, will have their sure way.

That is a view of our strenuous existence on which it is wholesome to dwell. Nations have in their youth the "long, long thought" proper—inevitable—to that stage of their secular existence, and they have their "gleams and glooms" which we, caught in the growth of the great organism, cannot accurately understand, cannot take at their just value. It is a substantial service that is rendered to us by the foreign observer of the type of M. Leroy-Beaulieu, seeing us under a broader angle, measuring us by more comprehensive standards, seizing the larger meaning, tracing the lines of the enduring movement. From such a one we may indeed get at least a glimpse, now in the zest and fever of our young life, of the destiny posterity will realize.

THAT unionism can claim ethical justification for the "closed shop"—a shop from which non-union men are excluded by union dictation—seems surprising to those who have only casual acquaintance with current discussion of the labor problem. Yet that claim is put forth seriously and in good faith, and is significant for its marked break from American traditions. Perhaps

The Ethics of
the "Closed Shop"

no recent official statement of it is more comprehensive than that embodied in the resolutions of protest against making the Government Printing-office an "open shop"—a shop admitting union and non-union workmen on an equality—passed by the International Brotherhood of Bookbinders at the convention held in St. Paul. The contention of these resolutions is

that the labor movement is "unselfish," in that it seeks "the abolition of all conditions that do not operate for the general weal," and hence represents "the greatest good to the greatest number." The conclusion is that the open shop, in weakening organized labor, weakens its "reforming influence," and hence "is not in the interest of the public welfare." This somewhat sensational "proposition," that unionism is an essentially altruistic movement in its relation to labor as a whole and to the community, is not without indorsement by economists. Thus Prof. E. R. A. Seligman of Columbia, in a recent discussion of the open shop, declares that "the purpose and actual tendency of unionism are to help in establishing the average minimum payment for labor that will be adjusted for the general good of all working men, and indirectly, therefore, for the whole community, since the working men form politically the mass of the voters and economically the mass of the consumers"—an indorsement, it is to be noted, that would not seem to apply if the working men did not form the "mass," politically and economically, in the community.

Perhaps the most interesting phase of this contention is the process of reasoning by which good American citizens have thus come, as unionists, to reject the cardinal American doctrine of individual independence. For the gist of the union position, of which the closed shop is typical, rests on the representative character of unionism, including a right, if it can, to impose its peculiar policies on labor outside the unions and on the community. The assertion of this right, as a matter of ethics, is again based on the conviction that only through aggressive organization can labor hope to secure and maintain in the industrial struggle those wages, hours, and conditions of service which it is justified in demanding. This conviction rejects absolutely the pleasant optimistic theory that betterment in status often results from natural adjustments. It emphasizes the fact that even in the days preceding a general organization of labor, an advance, like the change from a working day of twelve to one of ten hours, was reached only through a policy of compulsion, and not from recognition of the great increase in production wrought by improved machinery and methods which made a day of twelve hours an unnecessary hardship. The change to a day of ten hours, it

may be interesting to note, in passing, was first formally demanded in 1806 by the ship-building industry. The general agitation for it grew aggressively persistent by 1828, and was marked by numerous strikes for some ten years following. In 1840 the proclamation of President Van Buren established the day of ten hours in the Government navy yards. The logic of a situation, of which this little historical episode is illustrative, to many thoughtful unionists seems conclusive of the necessity for compelling acquiescence in organized labor policies by non-union labor and by the community, because only thus can be secured that improvement in status in which eventually both non-union labor and the community have a share—a significant instance of what the socialists call realizing “class consciousness.”

How far-reaching would be the readjustment of rights and relations upon acceptance of this doctrine by society is probably as little appreciated by its unionist advocates as by that easy-going tolerance of American public opinion, always ready to acquiesce “up to a point, you know”—to quote the voluble Mr. Brooke of “Middlemarch.” Rather curiously, that the ethics of this claim of organized labor to representative authority has passed unchallenged—“up to a point”—is to be attributed in part to current misapplication of certain terms, as when a strike is called “a war measure,” and the non-unionist who takes the striker’s place “a traitor.” The inference from this “subtle error of popular usage,” as Prof. T. N. Carver of Harvard points out, is that a union can properly be compared with a state, “rather than with some other organization under the state.” Representative authority belongs alone to the state as All-of-Us, and makes it alone an “irresponsible power.” What part of All-of-Us is the labor organization? Or, on what basis of representation does it assume representative power? On a “liberal estimate,” unionists number 2,000,000, says Professor Carver, in a population recently estimated by the Census Bureau as barely short of 80,000,000. The proportion of unionists, then, to the total citizenship is 1 to every 40 citizens. Again, the proportion of unionists to the total of those “engaged in gainful occupations”—the technical description of what is popularly called “labor”—is, Professor Carver says, “about 1 to every 14½.” To concede, then, the ethics of the claim of organized labor to

representative or irresponsible authority is, from the standpoint of the community, to confer that authority on 1 in every 40 citizens; and, from the standpoint of labor as a whole, to confer it on 1 in every 14½ laborers.

But, after all, the mathematics of the unionist contention are rather interesting than determinative. Such figures are chiefly of value to measure the distance that must be bridged, while the American tradition of decision by majority still stands, before there will be a surrender of the individual’s right to independence—for example, to keep a certain inferior status voluntarily rather than to be raised to an improved status involuntarily. These figures, however, do point the way to the only method by which unionism can hope permanently to gain representative authority, the method of “fair persuasion” of the majority—that is, persuasion without coercion. Fair persuasion as a conceded limit of right may not improbably come to be recognized by the unions themselves as good policy no less than good ethics, as evolution produces a more ideal type. Such a type would be a union in which leaders were chosen for wisdom rather than for aggressiveness; in which acts of violence and lawlessness once proved were subjected to union discipline; and in which unwise leadership would not escape opposition within the union through fear of its disruption—in short, a union that could be trusted with representative authority because it could be trusted to govern itself.

MOST of us who resent the encroachments of thoughtlessness and ignorance upon the elegance or flexibility of English speech are to a certain extent purists. But I wonder how many of us blaze with so hot a wrath against “the ignoramus who has a large enough following to make his slip-slop impressive” as against the hard-headed old-timer who is just a shade more of a purist than we. Both are irritating; but I must own to finding the latter the worse of the two. To the noble mind priggishness is the least attractive of human qualities; and as a certain club committeeman once said, “I had rather be suspected of breaking the whole decalogue than of lacking a sense of humor,” some of us had rather be caught in an inelegance than suspected of being prigs.

I happen just now to hold in high dudgeon

“Et Super Grammaticam”

the particular kind of purist who looks upon grammar as a branch of mathematics, and objects to every sentence in which subject and predicate are not as nicely balanced as the two members of an equation. When a person of this sort presumes to criticise an author's style (according to schoolmaster precedent and precept), I feel like retorting as the boy did whose teacher had accused him of a tautology in his composition: "Tautology! Why, tautology is a figure of rhetoric. Am I to be forbidden the use of figures of rhetoric?"

Take, for instance, the purist who objects to such expressions as "one of the most unique"; of course his objection is based on the absolute character of the adjective "unique." "If," says he, "a thing is unique, it can't be more so; the adjective is incapable of comparison." If you take the matter mathematically, this is true enough. But who wants to take it mathematically? An old schoolmaster of mine used to insist upon it that such adjectives as "full" and "empty" were incapable of comparison. Yet what sane English speaker can place his hand upon his heart and truly swear that the phrase "This glass is fuller than that" seems to him bad English? Such phrases are quite idiomatic; in the last analysis they are elliptic, something is left out. In this particular one the comparative "fuller" does duty for "more nearly full," and everyone in his senses knows it. In the same way, I claim that "one of the most unique" is an elliptic substitute for the more unwieldy "one of the most nearly unique." In both cases the comparative and superlative are inferior to the positive; but who cares? Who would cashier the shorter, and retain the longer, phrase?

Then there are people who tell us not to say "She looks prettily"—and the like—the adverb with the neuter verb. I by no means wish to urge anything against the phrase "She looks pretty"; only, is the other so entirely damnable as some purists would try to make out? This generally condemned adverb seems unaccountably to have escaped the notice of the liberal-minded modern English grammarians who have so gallantly come to the rescue of "I had rather" and "It is me." So let me venture to say a word or two in its favor.

There are in English two almost identical expressions, both of which have admirable authority; they differ widely in meaning ac-

cording to the context, or to the speaker's emphasis. They are: "He looks *well*" and "He *looks* well." The first means, and is generally accepted as meaning, "He looks as if he were in good health"; the "*well*" is distinctly an adjective. The second means simply that his appearance is good; it is nearly synonymous with "He looks handsome," and the "*well*" is evidently an adverb modifying the verb, "looks." No adjective could supply its place. "He looks good" does not mean the same thing at all. In this second phrase, the adverb "*well*" has nothing to do either with "his" health or his morality, but solely and simply with his looks. And if the adverb "*well*" can thus modify the neuter verb "to look," why can not other adverbs modify it also? Why should not she look "*prettily*" if he can look "*well*"?

Of course reasoning cannot get quite to the bottom of such matters; if an expression is idiomatic, that is enough, and an idiom ceases to be one as soon as it becomes logical.

Upon the whole, our use of adjectives or adverbs with neuter verbs is singularly like the French. This is so even when the verb is understood. They say "*très-bien*" as we say "very well"; only the lower-class English say "very good." On the other hand, they say "*Bon!*"—as an exclamation of approval, or satirically of disgust—just as we say "Good!" "That smells good" is the English for "*Cela sent bon*," though the phrase "That smells well"—in speaking of some delicacy in the process of cooking—might have another meaning, implying, not that the present odor was pleasant, but that one could prognosticate from it the success of the dish when completed. Just as "Your prospectus looks well" need have no reference to its aspect, but may be merely prophetic of success.

Upon the whole, any phrase that conveys a new shade of meaning, to be as succinctly and conveniently conveyed by no other, seems to me worth while. I even go so far as to say that "She looks pretty" does not convey, to my mind, exactly the same shade of meaning as "She looks prettily." The former seems to me to say "She *looks* pretty" (with the possible implication "but she isn't"). The latter, with the adverb, implies nothing to me beyond what it states. And if others feel this difference of *nuance* as well as I, then is the adverbial form of the phrase neither superfluous nor objectionable.

THE FIELD OF ART

GRASS AND TREES IN TOWNS

I

SO much has been said and written during the last few years about the superiority of the formal system of design for ornamental grounds, public and private, that it is desirable to state, sometimes, the other side of the question. It was formerly assumed, by persons who wrote in this country about landscape gardening, that a general approximation to natural beauty should be obtained by a following of natural forms and association of forms. The longing for curved paths and irregular outlines of lawn and lake was, indeed, exaggerated by persons not under the control of strong and educated good taste; but still the feeling was universal among English-speaking communities that grass and trees were the main thing, and that, where grass and trees were, a close resemblance to nature was desirable, and was to be sought for by all simple and easy means. Now, on the other hand, there is a doctrine, preached chiefly by architects who have been taught in France, that the lines of a garden should be like those of a building, straight and arranged in squares, or circular and nicely concentric; also that grass and trees are of less importance than this same architectural lay-out.

So far as I am aware, the first note in this chorus as put into English was sounded by the publication of a little book called "The Formal Garden in England"; but of course it was not this book which gave the hint to the Paris-taught architects. What gave the idea to them was no doubt the feeling that the architect should design the surroundings of the house as well as the house, and the discovery—or rather the well-known fact—that if an architect is to design a garden under the present conditions of drawing-board and T-square and drawings made indoors, it is far easier to work with straight paths and exact circles than it is to lay out slightly curving paths exactly suited to the

lay of the land. I am heartily in sympathy with the wish of the architect to plan the grounds for the house which he is building. Good friends of mine in Boston who build country-houses of the right sort, not classical mansions reduced in size, are as careful about their sharp-pointed evergreen tree and their soft and rounded clump of shrubs which flower in spring as they are of their principal gable and their low and spreading roofs. But it does not follow that the house needs straight lines about it—that is a delusion born of the drafting-room, as stated above.

To be perfectly fair, it is right to say that where a piece of ground is very small in comparison with the house, there will be infinite difficulties in fitting to it a plan of curved paths and irregular lawns and lakes. If your door-yard is only 100 feet wide and 60 feet from the street-line to the house-front, you will indeed be wise to lay out a straight path, or more than one of them. And again, when a noble mansion is to be surrounded by its pleasure-grounds, the old rule was a good one—have a very formal flower-garden under your dining-room windows, and only from this and through this go down a step or two upon the well-kept stretch of grass broken by its groups and groves of trees and by its slowly curving roads and paths. From this, again, you went to the less carefully kept grass-land and larger and free-growing trees—if indeed your place was large enough to be park as well as garden.

Still the most important question is that which has to do with city parks. *Rus in urbe*, or country brought to town—that was our ancestors' demand; but the constantly increasing pressure now put upon all public authorities to eliminate "*rus*" and to make of the scrap of country a scarcely disguised branch of the packed and regulated city, tends to cause the old longing for country feeling and country looks and country pleasures to be ignored. And it is just this subject which is brought to the front by the interesting and original paper in the August number of the Field of Art.

II

LET us contemplate Boston Common. All Americans know of it, even those persons so unfortunate as not to have the pleasure of its intimate acquaintance. It is not a large piece of ground; its greatest length, measured from the Park Street corner of Tremont Street, either south or southwest, for those two dimensions are exactly equal, is about two thousand feet; and the guide-books say that it contains 48 acres. This does not include the Public Garden, which adds nearly half as much more ground to the Common area, and is a little more decorative in its treatment. Now the Common has been for more than a couple of centuries the chief comfort and joy of the Bostonians, and the "Frog Pond," a small lake now filled with the water of the Cochituate Aqueduct, is in like manner the delight of the children who sail boats. I remember my profound disgust when, on a visit to Boston in days of boyhood, I found the spout or pipe of a fountain rising above the surface near one end of this sheet of water. It seemed to me then, as it does now, an invasion of the simplicity of the whole thing. The pond is no prettier for it; for, although a fountain is a delightful thing, and may be a monument equal to a church tower or a gigantic obelisk in effectiveness and splendor, such a fountain should be arranged in a place *ad hoc*, and should not be thrust upon an innocent little pond of irregular shape. Boston is crying aloud for more parks; and the hope is that when there is land and money for the purpose it will be found feasible to lay out those patches of ground in a fashion not less, but more naturalistic than that offhand way in which the Common has always been divided up. No one would wish to adopt such a plan deliberately; it is not a plan which could be made deliberately; but at least it has the advantage of giving a real bit of country-in-town to close-packed old Boston of the narrow streets, and front stoops built at the expense of the owner's—not the city's—property.

III

LET us consider Munich, for that is a town possessed of the most beautiful park in the world. At least I ventured to say as much to Frederick Law Olmsted at the time that he was laying out Prospect Park in Brooklyn,

and Olmsted turned with a look of surprised pleasure in his face and with words which, in the language of our fathers, signify "Are you advised o' that?" It is therefore unkind to say that the English Garden of Munich is more beautiful than Prospect Park in Brooklyn; or at least it would be unkind to say so, had it been in Olmsted's power to make trees grow in thirty years to the splendid presence of those which Count Rumford planted a hundred and twenty-five years ago. But the special charm of the Munich park was preserved in the Brooklyn plan—namely, the enclosing of very large and irregular lawns by thick walls of naturally growing trees and the concealment behind these of all the principal driveways in the park. Thus, in the English Garden the lawn which is nearest to the palace and the busy part of the city consists of about twenty acres of ground; and the open field just beyond is certainly three times as large, but this is divided by the swift-running Schwabingerbach, which, though nothing but a canalized branch of the Isar, runs so strong and is such a pleasant, gurgling, rapid stream that it enlivens the whole landscape. Another such stream is carried through a more remote part of the park and it bears a title honorable in appearance and in meaning, for it is called the Oberstjägermeisterbach; and again, another branch is called the Eisbach, simply. In so wide a stretch of lawn a scrap or two of pseudo-classical architecture can hurt no one, and in Count Rumford's day such an accessory to a pleasure-ground was quite a matter of course, so that there stands on an artificial mount a *monopteros*—that is, a round temple with merely a roof supported on columns and no *secos* or enclosed chamber within; and again there stands farther north the "Chinese Tower," a fantastical structure of only doubtful fitness to be called by that name.

This English Garden is reached directly by passing through the square, formal *Hofgarten*, a small affair, planted with eight rows of trees and adorned with five fountains, the whole being surrounded by a covered portico, the walls of which have been painted in an interesting fashion. This is in immediate contact with the principal front of the palace, the north front, the façade of the Festsaalbau, nearly 900 feet long; and this formal square replaces the terraced garden of which there was mention in Section I. It points to the altogether sensible plan of

connecting a small enclosure of regulated form with the still more exact and precise building of neoclassic architecture.

IV

LET us consider Washington. The great open piece of ground stretching east and west from the Botanic Garden to the Fish Pond and the huge Washington Obelisk is a mile and a third (8000 feet) long, but this is broken in upon by the unlucky Baltimore and Potomac Railroad depot, set right across this park from north to south for at least one-third of its width. That width is only 1500 feet between B Street N.W. and B Street S.W., and it narrows at the east end between Missouri and Maine Avenues, to widen out again at the beginning of the Capitol grounds, properly so called. But this is only the part east of the Washington monument; to the westward of it there lies a tract of open ground which the Park Commission proposes to lay out in a very formal way with "broad terraces twelve hundred feet wide, and formal gardens with a broad flight of steps forty feet high," and on the shore of the river to the south of the White House "a monumental building to the Constitution makers." In other words, this Park Commission, who seem determined to rival the gardens of Versailles in a gigantic piece of formal gardening, find themselves at liberty to dispose of a piece of ground south and west of the Washington Obelisk, and extending northward as far as B Street, N.W., which contains about eight million square feet, or nearly two hundred acres. I take no note of the proposals of the Commission to extend this open pleasure-ground southward to Maryland Avenue and northward to Pennsylvania Avenue, removing all the buildings from two large triangular portions of the city; I am concerned only with the best means of utilizing that which exists, and which is obviously and certainly intended for pleasure-grounds. And the conclusion is that this park, narrow toward the east, widening steadily, extending westward past the "Executive Grounds" and enclosing the Washington Obelisk, and including the acreage now occupied by lakes and ponds, should be laid out for the comfort and delight of the inhabitants of Washington. What is wanted is not an enormous outlay in terraces and handsomely flagged streets of approach, nor yet sanded and barren wastes

like the greater part of Hudson Park (or St. John's Park, if that is its new name) in New York City; but a space easy of access, the reverse of imposing, a place in which old and young may take their ease and enjoy an hour of pleasant life. The Bois de Boulogne, considered merely as a pleasure-ground free to all, is a mile wide east and west from the race-course of Auteuil to the other one at Longchamps, or, farther north, between the ramparts and the enclosure of Bagatelle (though this last is now a negligible quantity); and it is more than twice as long, from the extreme southern point, the Porte de Boulogne, to the Jardin d'Acclimatation. Now the Washington Park could never be as large as that; it is as long; 12,000 feet it measures east and west from the Capitol to the shore of the Potomac; but it can never be as wide. On the other hand, Washington is not by a good deal as large a town as Paris. The main purpose of any person having charge of those grounds should be to make them not less, but more natural, simple, and apparently careless in scheme than they now are. It is a pleasant enough park even nowadays; and all Washington and the country at large ought to protest against destroying it for the sake of a certain temporary theory of landscape architecture, which will disappear even as the last million is spent, if it is to be spent, upon the proposed work of the Park Commission.

V

LET us consider Paris. There is no one in the world that loves Paris better than I do; and, as the train runs into the *gare* I, for one, draw a long breath and say to myself, "Here at least is a living city—here is a home of intellectual and social life." And therefore my criticisms of the Paris gardens and open spaces are the words of a friend, at least. The Bois de Boulogne has already been spoken of. The Bois de Vincennes is not wholly unlike it, though much smaller, and I do not know it so well; it is out of the way of the traveller or temporary resident who is busy with churches and museums and book-shops. The Garden of the Luxembourg is the largest of the smaller parks, and measures one-third of a mile in its longest dimension. The Garden of the Tuileries is also laid out with a chess-board plan; and there is no particular harm in that as long

as there are so many trees, so many seats, so much surrendering of the whole park to the sports of children, so much of Parisian good-nature and mutual accommodation. It is not very large—even including the extension eastward as far as the arch of the Carrousel (the outer court of the Louvre, where the two *Squares* are, and Bartlett's statue of Lafayette may be left out of the count)—for though it is long, stretching half a mile from east to west, it is narrow.

The chief purpose in speaking of these delightful resorts, to the list of which we might add the Parc Monceaux and the other which is named from the Buttes-Chaumont, is that they may be contrasted with the desolate wilderness which we call the Place de la Concorde. To this might almost be added the gravelly waste on either side of the Avenue des Champs-Élysées, having, indeed, an awning of trees, but nothing beneath except chairs in rows. If one stands in the Place de la Concorde, there is this feeling which must be reckoned with, the feeling that the beautiful buildings by Gabriel are too far away at the north, and the interesting Chamber of Deputies too far away on the south; that the stretch of open ground to the east and to the west is so very great that no other monument can tell at all; that the heart of the great and crowded and busy city full of splendor and movement is taken out of it and thrown to the dogs, as it were, forming a patch of ground even larger than the Garden of the Tuileries as described above, without a blade of grass and with but unimportant trees. Of course Paris is doing what it can to build up that waste ground, and the two buildings left over from the exposition of 1900 are there to serve an excellent turn for the immediate future, if not forever; and part of it is held by an open-air restaurant, and another part by a concert-hall with out-of-door seats. Of course the remarks about the lack of trees do not apply to the Cours-la-Reine, where the white and the red horse-chestnuts blossom in May; of course it is still Paris and always delightful to those who have learned to know the city; but it would be a mercy if the thirty acres of the Place de la Concorde were planted thick with trees. We should not then be too far from the buildings at the north and the south, as named above, and the feeling of

those buildings appearing as mere models on a table would no longer be so strong. They have cleared away the ground in front of Paris cathedral, and now Notre-Dame also looks like a model on a table, unless you do as you should—crowd close up to it and rub shoulders with the jambs of the portals—for so it was that the cathedrals of the thirteenth century were intended to be seen. The people were not troubled with considerations of vistas in those days; the cathedrals were built for the near view and the far-away view, for the eyes of the people who stare up from the narrow *Parvis* or the Bishop's Garden on the one hand, and for those who look across the low roofs of the town from half a mile away. You ruin the Gothic cathedral by opening plazas all about it—it does not appear that you help even a neoclassic building, even a building of the grandiose eighteenth century, by this clearing away of all obstructions to the view.

VI

AND so with New York. Central Park is dreadfully in the way—there can be no doubt of that. It blocks Sixth Avenue and Seventh Avenue altogether, and that is much; in fact, that is all, or almost all, because if all the "transverse roads" had been disposed from the first so as to allow of really free passage across the park, we should never hear much about the embarrassment of traffic between Fifth and Eighth Avenues. There are supposed to be transverse roads at 65th Street, 79th Street, 86th Street, and 97th Street—not enough, but something, if they were all in use. But no matter for that—let it be admitted that the park is in the way. I would accept to the full the scheme proposed by Mr. Flagg in the August number (that is, I would accept it as an academic proposition, for I do not suppose we are talking of possibilities now), if only it were understood that the reserved patch of ground about 800 feet wide between Sixth and Seventh Avenues were to be kept as a park, as wild and "treesy," as unregulated, and as grassy as Central Park is now. It could not be as good, but its greater accessibility to many hundreds of thousands of our people and the opening up of the principal avenues of the town would compensate for that.

RUSSELL STURGIS.



Drawn by Maxfield Parrish.

"THE VIGIL-AT-ARMS."

—Page 753.

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CHRISTMAS IN THE VALOIS

By Mary King Waddington

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WALTER APPLETON CLARK

IT had been a cold December, quite recalling Christmas Holidays at home—when we used to think Christmas without snow wasn't a real Christmas, and half the pleasure of getting the greens to dress the church was gone, if the children hadn't to walk up to their ankles in untrodden snow across the fields, to get the long, trailing branches of ivy and bunches of pine. We were *just* warm enough in the big chateau. There were two calorifères, and roaring wood fires (trees) in the chimneys; but even I must allow that the great stone staircase and long corridors were cold: and I couldn't protest when nearly all the members of the household—of all ages—

wrapped themselves in woolen shawls and even fur capes at night when the procession mounted the big staircase. I had wanted for a long time to make a Christmas Tree in our lonely little village of St. Quentin, near Louvry, our farm, but I didn't get much support from my French friends and relations. Willy was decidedly against it. The people wouldn't understand—had never seen such a thing; it was entirely a foreign importation, and just beginning to be understood in the upper classes of society. One of my friends, Madame Casimir Périer,* who has a beau-

*Madame Casimir Périer, widow of the well-known liberal statesman, and mother of the Ex-President of the Republic.

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tiful chateau at Pont-sur-Seine (of historic renown—"La Grande Mademoiselle" danced there—"A Pont j'ai fait venir les violons," she says in her memoirs), also disapproved. She gives away a great deal herself, and looks after all her village, but not in that way. She said I had much better spend the money it would cost, on good, sensible, warm clothes, blankets, "bons de pain," etc.; there was no use in giving them ideas of pleasure and refinement they had never had—and couldn't appreciate. Of course it was all perfectly logical and sensible, but I did so want to be unreasonable, and for once give these poor, wretched little children something that would be a delight to them for the whole year—one poor little ray of sunshine in their gray, dull lives.

We had many discussions in the big drawing-room after dinner, when Willy was smoking in the arm-chair and disposed to look at things less sternly than in bright daylight. However, he finally agreed to leave me a free hand, and I told him we should give a warm garment to every child, and to the very old men and women. I knew I should get plenty of help, as the Sisters and Pauline promised me dolls and "dragées." I am sorry he couldn't be here; the presence of the Ambassador would give more éclat to the fête, and I think in his heart he was rather curious as to what we could do, but he was obliged to go back to London for Christmas. His leave was up, and beside, he had various country and shooting engagements where he would certainly enjoy himself and see interesting people. I shall stay over Christmas and start for London about the 29th, so as to be ready to go to Knowsley* by the 30th, where we always spend the New Year's Day.

We started off one morning after breakfast to interview the school-mistress and the Mayor—a most important personage. If you had ever seen St. Quentin you would hardly believe it could possess such an exalted functionary. The village consists of about twelve little, low gray houses stretching up a steep hill, with a very rough road toward the woods of Borny behind. There are forty inhabitants, a church, and a school-house; but it is a 'commune,' and not the smallest in France (there is another

still smaller somewhere in the South, toward the Alpes Maritimes). I always go and make a visit to the Mayor, who is a very small farmer and keeps the drinking shop† of the village. We shake hands and I sit a few minutes in a wooden chair in the one room (I don't take a drink, which is so much gained), and we talk about the wants and general behavior of the population. The first time I went I was on horseback, so we dismounted and had our little talk. When we got up to go he hurriedly brought out a bench for me to mount from, and was quite bewildered when he saw Willy lift me to the saddle from the ground.

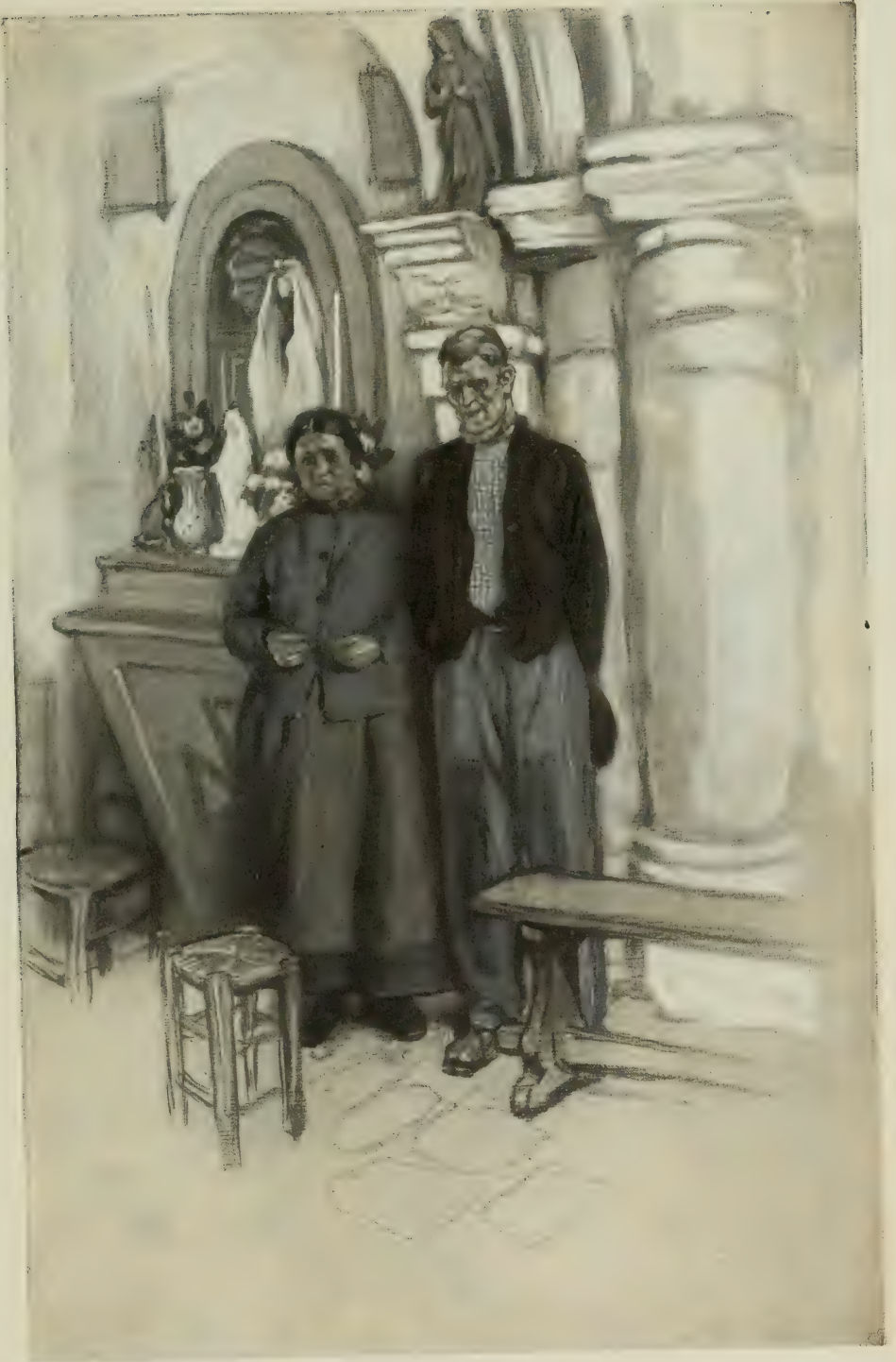
The church is a pretty, old gray building—standing very high, with the little graveyard on one side, and a grass terrace in front, from which one has the most lovely view down the valley, and over the green slopes to the woods—Borny and Villers-Cotterets on one side, Chézy the other. It is very worn and dilapidated inside, and is never open except on the day of St. Quentin,‡ when the Curé of La Ferté-Milon comes over and has a service. The school-house is a nice modern little house, built by Willy some years ago. It looks as if it had dropped down by mistake into this very old world little hamlet.

It is a short walk, little more than two kilomètres from the gates of the big park, and the day was enchanting—cold and bright; too bright, indeed, for the low gray clouds of the last days had been promising snow and I wanted it so much for my tree! We were quite a party—Henrietta, Anne, Pauline, Alice and Francis, Bonny the fox terrier, and a very large and heavy four-wheeled cart, which the children insisted upon taking and which naturally had to be drawn up all the hills by the grown-ups, as it was much too heavy for the little ones. Bonny enjoyed himself madly, making frantic excursions to the woods in search of rabbits, absolutely unheeding call or whistle, and finally emerging dirty and scratched, stopping at all the rabbit holes he met on the way back, and burrowing deep into them until nothing was left but a stumpy little white tail wagging furiously.

We went first to the Mayor, as we were obliged to ask his permission to give our party at the school. Nothing in France can be done without official sanction. I

* The Earl of Derby's fine palace near Liverpool.

† Cabaret. ‡ In August, I think.



Drawn by Walter Appleton Clark.

The Mayor and a nice, red-cheeked, wrinkled old woman were waiting for us.—Page 644.

wanted, too, to speak to him about a church service, which I was very anxious to have before the Tree was lighted. I didn't want the children's only idea of Christmas to be cakes and toys; and that was rather difficult to arrange, as the situation is so strained between the clergy and the laïques, particularly the Curé and the school-master. I knew I should have no trouble with the school-mistress (the school is so small it is mixed—girls and boys from four to twelve—and there is a woman teacher); she is the wife of one of our keepers, and a nice woman, but I didn't know how the Mayor would feel on the subject. However, he was most amiable; would do anything I wanted. I said I held very much to having the church open, and that I would like as many people to come as it would hold. Would he tell all the people in the neighborhood? I would write to the principal farmers, and I was sure we could make a most interesting fête. He was rather flattered at being consulted; said he would come up with us and open the church. It was absolutely neglected and there was nothing in the way of benches, carpets, etc. I told him I must go first to the school, but I would meet him at the church in half an hour.

The children were already up the hill, tugging the big cart filled with pine cones. The school-mistress was much pleased at the idea of the Christmas Tree; she had never seen one except in pictures, and never thought she would really have one in her school. We settled the day, and she promised to come and help arrange the church. Then we went into the school-room, and it was funny to hear the answer—a roar—of "Oui, Madame Waddington," when I asked her if the children were "good"; so we told them if they continued very good there would be a surprise for them. There are only thirty scholars—rather poor and miserable looking; some of them come from so far, trudge along the high-road in a little band, in all weathers, insufficiently clad—one big boy to-day had on a linen summer jacket. I asked the teacher if he had a tricot underneath. "Mais non, Madame, où l'aurait-il trouvé?" He had a miserable little shirt underneath which may once have been flannel, but which was worn thread-bare.

We chose our day and then adjourned to the church, where the Mayor and a nice, red-cheeked, wrinkled old woman* who keeps the ornaments, such as they are, of the church were waiting for us. It was certainly bare and neglected, the old church, bits of plaster dropping off walls and ceilings, and the altar and one or two little statues still in good condition; but we saw we could arrange it pretty well with greens, the few flowers, chrysanthemums, Christmas roses, etc., that were still in the greenhouse, a new red carpet for the altar steps, and of course vases, tall candlesticks, etc. There was one handsome bit of old lace on a white nappe for the altar, and a good dress for the Virgin. We could have the school benches, and the Mayor would lend chairs for the "quality." On the whole we were satisfied, and told Willy triumphantly at dinner that the Mayor, so far from making any objection, was pleased as Punch; he had never seen a Christmas Tree either.

The next day the list of the children was sent according to age and sex—also the old people; and we were very busy settling what we must do in the way of toys. The principal thing was to go to Paris and get all we wanted—toys, "bêtises," and shiny things for the Tree, etc. Henrietta and I undertook that, and we went off the same day that Willy left for London. It was bitterly cold—the ground frozen hard—and we had a long drive, eighteen kilomètres through Villers-Cotterets forest—but no snow, only a beautiful white frost—all the trees and bushes covered with rime. It was like driving through a fairy forest. When we had occasional gleams of sunlight every leaf sparkled, and the red berries of the holly stood out beautifully from all the white. The fine old ruins of La Ferté looked splendid rising out of a mass of glistening underwood and long grass. We are very proud of our old Chateau-fort, which has withstood well the work of time. It was begun (and never finished) by Louis d'Orléans in 1303, and was never inhabited. Now there is nothing left but the façade and great round towers, but quite enough to show what it might have been. There is also a bas-relief, perfectly well preserved, over the big door, of the Coronation of the Virgin, the kneel-

* La Mère Rogov.



Drawn by Walter Appleton Clark.

There was one handsome bit of old lace on a white nappe for the altar.—Page 644.

ing figure quite distinct. On the other side is a great grass place (village green) where the fêtes of La Ferté take place, and where all the town dances the days of the "Assemblée." From the bottom of the terrace, at the foot of the low wall, one has a magnificent view over the town and the great forest of Villers-Cotterets stretching away in front, a long blue line on the horizon. In the main street of La Ferté there is a statue of Racine, who was born there. It is in white marble, in the classic draperies of the time, and is also in very good preservation. The baptismal register of Jean Racine is in the archives of La Ferté.

The road all the way to Villers-Cotterets was most animated. It was market-day, and we met every description of vehicle, from the high, old-fashioned tilbury of the well-to-do farmer, to the peasant's cart—sometimes an old woman driving, well wrapped up, her turban on her head, but a knit shawl wound around it, carrying a lot of cheeses to market; sometimes a man with a cow tied behind his cart, and a calf inside. We also crossed Menier's *équipage de chasse*, horses and dogs being exercised. We talked a few minutes to Hubert, the *piqueur*, who was in a very bad humor. They had not hunted for some days, and dogs and horses were unruly. The horses were a fine lot, almost all white or light gray. We go sometimes to the meets, and the effect is very good, as the men all wear scarlet coats and the contrast is striking.

We had an exhausting day in Paris, but managed to get pretty nearly everything. The little children were easily disposed of—dolls, drums, wooden horses, etc.; but the bigger boys and girls, who have outgrown toys, are more difficult to suit. However, with knives, paint-boxes, lotos (geographical and historical) for the boys; and handkerchief and work boxes, morocco bags, etc., we did finally get our fifty objects. There are always extra children cropping up. Shopping was not very easy, as the streets and boulevards were crowded and slippery. We had a fairly good cab, but the time seemed endless. The big bazaars—Hôtel de Ville, rue d'Amsterdam, etc.—were the most amusing; really, one could get anything from a five-sou doll to a *ménagère* (the little cooking-stove all the peasant women use in their cottages). There were armies of extras—white-aproned

youths, who did their best for us. We explained to one of the superintendents what we wanted, and he gave us a very intelligent boy, who followed us about with an enormous basket, into which everything was put. When we finally became almost distracted with the confusion and the crowd and our list, we asked the boy what he had liked when he was eleven years old at school; and he assured us all boys liked knives and guns.

When we had finished with the boys we had the decorations for the Tree to get, and then to the Bon Marché for yards of flannel, calico, bas de laine, tricots, etc. We had given Willy rendezvous at five at Henrietta's. He was going to cross at night. We found him there having his tea. He had seen lots of people; been to the Elysée and had a long interview with the President (Grévy); then to the Quai d'Orsay to get his last instructions from the Minister; and he had still people coming to see him. When we left (our train was before his) he was closeted with one of his friends, a candidate for the Institute, very keen about his vote which Willy had promised him, and going over for about the twentieth time the list of the members to see what his chances were. However, I suppose all candidates are exactly alike, and Willy says he is sure he was a nuisance to all his friends when he presented himself at the Institute. One or two people were waiting in the dining-room to speak to him, and his servant was distracted over his valise, which wasn't begun then. I promised him I would write him a faithful account of our fête once we had decided our day. We took the five o'clock train down, and a nice cold drive we had going home. The roads were rather slippery, and the forest black and weird. The trees, which had been so beautiful in the morning covered with rime, seemed a massive black wall hemming us in. It is certainly a lonely bit of country, once we had left the lights of Villers-Cotterets behind us, crossed the last railway, and were fairly started in the forest. We didn't meet anything—neither cart, carriage, *bucheron*, nor pedestrian of any kind.

Henrietta was rather nervous, and she breathed a sigh of relief when we got out on the plains and trotted down the long hill that leads to La Ferté. The cha-



Drawn by Walter Appleton Clark.

They were all streaming up the slippery hill-side.—Page 650.

teau lights looked very warm and home-like as we drove in. We gave a detailed account of all we had bought, and as we had brought our lists with us we went to work at once, settling what each child should have. I found a note from the Abbé Maréchal, the Curé of Laferté-Milon, whom I wanted to consult about our service. He is a very clever, moderate man, a great friend of ours, and I was sure he would help us and arrange a service of some kind for the children. Of course I was rather vague about a Catholic service; a Protestant one I could have arranged myself, with some Christmas carols and a short liturgy, but I had no idea what Christmas meant to Catholic minds. We had asked him to come to breakfast, and we would go over to the village afterward, see the church and what could be done. He was quite pleased at the idea of doing anything for his poor little parish, and he is so fond of children and young people that he was quite as much interested as we were. He knew the church, having held a service there three or four times. We walked over, talking over the ceremony and what we could do. He said he would give a benediction, bring over the *Enfant Jésus*, and make a small address to the children. The music was rather difficult to arrange, but we finally agreed that we would send a big omnibus to bring over the harmonium from La Ferté, one or two Sisters, two choir children, and three or four of the older girls of the school who could sing, and he would see that they learned two or three canticles.

We agreed to do everything in the way of decoration. He made only one condition: that the people should come to the service. I could answer for all our household and for some of the neighbors—almost all, in fact—as I was sure the novelty of the Christmas Tree would attract them, and they wouldn't mind the church service thrown in.

We went of course to see the Mayor, as the Curé was obliged to notify him that he wished to open the church, and also to choose the day. We took Thursday, which is the French holiday; that left us just two days to make our preparations. We told Madame Isidore (the school-mistress) we would come on Wednesday for the church, bringing flowers, candles, etc.,

and Thursday morning to dress the Tree. The service was fixed for three o'clock—the Tree afterward in the school-room. We found our big *ballots** from the bazaars and other shops, when we got home, and all the evening we wrote tickets and names (some of them so high-sounding—Ismérie, Aline, Léocadie, etc.), and filled little red and yellow bags, which were very troublesome to make, with “*dragées*.”

Wednesday we made a fine expedition to the woods—the whole party, the donkey-cart, and one of the keepers to choose the Tree—a most important performance, as we wanted the real pyramid “*sapin*,” tapering off to a fine point at the top. Labbey (keeper) told us his young son and the coachman's son had been all the morning in the woods getting enormous branches of pine, holly, and ivy, which we would find at the church. We came across various old women making up their bundles of fagots and dead wood (they are always allowed to come once a week to pick up the dead wood, under the keeper's surveillance). They were principally from Louvry and St. Quentin, and were staggering along, carrying quite heavy bundles on their poor old bent backs. However, they were very smiling to-day, and I think the burden was lightened by the thought of the morrow. We found a fine tree, which was installed with some difficulty in the donkey-cart; Francis and Alice taking turns driving, perched on the trunk of the tree, and Labbey walking behind, supporting the top branches.

We found the boys at the church, having already begun their decorations—enormous, high pine branches ranged all along the wall, and trails of ivy on the windows. The maids had arrived in the carriage, bringing the new red carpet, vases, candelabras and tall candlesticks, also two splendid wax candles painted and decorated, which Gertrude Schuyler had brought us from Italy; all the flowers the gardener would give them, principally chrysanthemums and Christmas roses. It seems he wasn't at all well disposed; couldn't imagine why “*ces dames*” wanted to dispoil the greenhouses “*pour ce petit trou de St. Quentin*.”

We all worked hard for about an hour, and the little church looked quite trans-

*Big packages.



All the children in procession passed —Page 652.

formed. The red carpet covered all the worn, dirty places on the altar steps, and the pine branches were so high and so thick that the walls almost disappeared. When the old woman (gardienne) appeared she was speechless with delight! As soon as we had finished there, we adjourned to

the school-house, and to our joy snow was falling—quite heavy flakes. Madame Isidore turned all the children into a small room, and we proceeded to set up our Tree. It was a great deal too tall, and if we hadn't been there they would certainly have chopped it off at the top, quite

spoiling our beautiful point; but as we insisted, they cut away from the bottom, and it really was the regular pyramid one always wants for a Christmas Tree. We put it in a big green case (which we had obtained with great difficulty from the gardener; it was quite empty, standing in the orangerie, but he was convinced we would never bring it back), moss all around it, and it made a great effect. The "garde de Borny" arrived while we were working, and said he would certainly come to the church in his "tenue de garde"; our two keepers would also be there.

Thursday morning we went early (ten o'clock,) to St. Quentin and spent over two hours decorating the Tree, ticketing and arranging all the little garments. Every child in the neighborhood was hanging around the school-house when we arrived, the entrance being strictly forbidden until after the service, when the Tree would be lighted. I expressed great surprise at seeing the children at the school on a holiday, and there were broad grins as they answered, "Madame Waddington nous a dit de venir." It had snowed all night, and the clouds were low and gray, and looked as if they were still full of snow. The going was extremely difficult; not that the snow was very deep, but there was enough to make the roads very slippery. We had the horses "ferrés à glace," and even the donkey had nails on his shoes. The country looked beautiful—the poor little village quite picturesque, snow on all the dark roofs, and the church standing out splendidly from its carpet of snow—the tall pines not quite covered, and always the curtain of forest shutting in the valley.

We left the maids to breakfast with the keeper, and promised to be back at three o'clock punctually. Our coachman, Herbert, generally objects strongly to taking out his horses in bad weather on rough country roads and making three or four trips backward and forward; but to-day he was quite serene. He comes from that part of the neighborhood and is related to half the village. Our progress was slow, as we stopped a good deal. It was a pretty sight as we got near St. Quentin: the church, brightly lighted, stood out well on the top of the hill against a background of tall trees, the branches just tipped with

snow. The bell was ringing, the big doors wide open, sending out a glow of warmth and color, and the carpet of white untrodden country snow was quite intact, except a little pathway made by the feet of the men who had brought up the harmonium. The red carpet and bright chrysanthemums made a fine effect of color, and the little "niche" (it could hardly be called a chapel) of the Virgin was quite charming, all dressed with greens and white flowers, our tall Italian candles making a grand show.

The La Ferté contingent had arrived. They had much difficulty in getting the omnibus up to the church, as it was heavy with the harmonium on top; however, everybody got out and walked up the hill, and all went off well. The Abbé was robing, with his two choir children, in the minute sacristy, and the two good Sisters were standing at the gate with all their little flock—about ten girls, I should think. There were people in every direction, of all sizes and ages—some women carrying a baby in their arms and pushing one or two others in a cart, some wretched old people so bent and wrinkled one couldn't imagine how they could crawl from one room to another. A miserable old man bent double, really, leaning on a child and walking with two canes, was pointed out to me as the "père Colin," who makes the "margottins" (bundles of little dry sticks used for making the fires) for the chateau. However, they were all streaming up the slippery hill-side, quite unmindful of cold or fatigue. We walked up, too, and I went first to the school-house to see if our provisions had come. Food was also a vexed question, as tea and buns, which would seem natural to us, were unknown in these parts. After many consultations with the women about us—lessiveuses (washerwomen), keepers' wives, etc.—we decided upon hot wine and brioches. The Mayor undertook to supply the wine and the glasses, and we ordered the brioches from the Hôtel du Sauvage at La Ferté; the son of the house is a very good pâtissier. It is a funny, old-fashioned little hotel, not very clean, but has an excellent cuisine, also a wonderful sign board—a bright red naked savage, with feathers in his hair and a club in his hand—rather like the primitive pictures of North American Indians in our school-books.



CLARK

Drawn by Walter Appleton Clark.

There was one poor old woman still gazing spellbound.—Page 653.

Everything was there, and the children just forming the procession to walk to the church. Some of the farmers' wives were also waiting for us at the school-house, so I only had a moment to go into the big classroom to see if the Tree looked all right. It was quite ready, and we agreed that the two big boys with the keeper should begin to light it as soon as the service was over. Madame Isidore (the schoolmistress) was rather unhappy about the quantity of people. There were many more than thirty children, but Henrietta and Pauline had made up a bundle of extras, and I was sure there would be enough. She told us people had been on the way since nine in the morning—women and children arriving cold and wet and draggled, but determined to see everything. She showed me one woman from Chézy, the next village (some distance off, as our part of the country is very scantily populated; it is all great farms and forests; one can go miles without seeing a trace of habitation). She had arrived quite early with two children, a boy and a girl of seven and eight, and a small baby in her arms; and when Madame Isidore remonstrated, saying the fête was for her school only, not for the entire country-side, the woman answered that Madame always smiled and spoke so nicely to her when she passed on horseback that she was sure she would want her to come. The French peasants love to be spoken to, always answer so civilly, and are interested in the horses, or the donkey, or the children—anything that passes.

We couldn't loiter, as the bell was tolling, the children already at the church, and someone rushed down to say that "M. le Curé attendait ces dames pour commencer son office." There was quite a crowd on the little "place," everybody waiting for us to come in. We let the children troop in first, sitting on benches on one side. In front of the altar there were rows of chairs for the "quality." The Sisters and their girls sat close up to the harmonium, and on a table near, covered with a pretty white linen cloth trimmed with fine old lace (part of the church property), was the *Enfant Jésus* in his cradle. This was to be a great surprise to me. When it was decided that the Sisters should come to the fête with some of the bigger girls, and bring the *Enfant Jésus*, they thought there

must be a new dress for the "babe," so every child subscribed a sou, and the dress was made by the *couturière* of La Ferté. It was a surprise, for the *Enfant Jésus* was attired in a pink satin garment with the high puffed fashionable sleeves we were all wearing! However, I concealed my feelings, the good Sisters were so naïvely pleased. I could only hope the children would think the sleeves were wings.

As soon as the party from the chateau was seated, everyone crowded in, and there were not seats enough, nor room enough in the little church; so the big doors remained open (it was fairly warm with the lights and the people), and there were nearly as many people outside as in. The three keepers (*Garde de Borny* and our two) looked very imposing. They are all big men, and their belts and gun-barrels bright and shining. They stood at the doors to keep order. The Mayor, too, was there, in a black coat and white cravat, but he came up to the top of the church and sat in the same row with me. He didn't have on his tricolored scarf, so I suppose he doesn't possess one.

It was a pretty, simple service. When the Curé and his two choir children in their short, white surplices and red petticoats came up the aisle, the choir sang the fine old hymn "*Adeste Fideles*," the congregation all joining in. We sang, too, the English words ("Oh, come, all ye Faithful"); we didn't know the Latin ones, but hoped nobody would notice. There were one or two prayers and a pretty, short address, talking of the wonderful Christmas night so many years ago, when the bright star guided the shepherds through the cold winter night to the stable where the Heavenly babe was born. The children listened most attentively, and as all the boys in the village begin life as shepherds and cow-boys, they were wildly interested. Then there was a benediction, and at the end all the children in procession passed before the *Enfant Jésus* and kissed his foot. It was pretty to see the little ones standing up on tip-toe to get to the little foot, and the mothers holding up their babes. While this was going on, the choir sang the Noël Breton of Holmès, "*Deux anges sont venus ce soir m'apporter de bien belles choses*." There was some little delay in getting the children into procession again to go down

to the school-house. They had been supernaturally good, but were so impatient to see the Tree that it was difficult to hold them. Henrietta and Pauline hurried on to light the Tree. I waited for the Abbé. He was much pleased with the attendance, and spoke so nicely to all the people.

We found the children all assembled in the small room at the school-house, and as soon as we could get through the crowd we let them come in. The Tree was quite beautiful, all white candles—quantities—shiny ornaments and small toys, dolls, trumpets, drums, and the yellow and red bags of “dragées” hanging on the branches. It went straight up to the ceiling, and quite on top was a big gold star, the manufacture of which had been a source of great tribulation at the Chateau. We forgot to get one in Paris, and sent in hot haste on Wednesday to La Ferté for pasteboard and gold paper; but, alas! none of us could draw, and we had no model. I made one or two attempts, with anything but a satisfactory result: all the points were of different lengths and there was nothing but points (more like an octopus than anything else). However, Pauline finally produced a very good one (it really looked like a star), and of course the covering it with gold paper was easy. The *crèche* made a great effect, standing at the bottom of the Tree with a tall candle on each side. All the big toys and clothes were put on a table behind, where we all sat. Then the door was opened; there was a rush at first, but the school-mistress kept strict order. The little ones came first, their eyes round and fixed on the beautiful Tree; then the bigger children, and immediately behind them the “oldest inhabitants”—such a collection of old, bent, wrinkled, crippled creatures—then as many as could get in. There wasn’t a sound at first, except some very small babies crowing and choking—then a sort of hum of pleasure.

We had two or three recitations in parts from the older scholars; some songs, and at the end the “compliment,” the usual thing—“Madame et chère Bienfaitrice,” said by a small thing about five years old, speaking very fast and low, trying to look at me, but turning her head always toward the Tree and being shaken back into her place by Madame Isidore. Then we began the distribution—the clothes first,

so as not to despoil the Tree too soon. The children naturally didn’t take the slightest interest in warm petticoats or tricot, but their mothers did.

We had the little ones first, Francis giving to the girls and Alice to the boys. Henrietta called the names; Pauline gave the toys to our two, and Madame Isidore called up each child. The faces of the children, when they saw dolls, trumpets, etc., being taken off the Tree and handed to each of them, was a thing to remember. The little girls with their dolls were too sweet, hugging them tight in their little fat arms. One or two of the boys began to blow softly on the trumpets and beat the drums, and were instantly hushed up by the parents; but we said they might make as much noise as they pleased for a few moments, and a fine “vacarme” (row) it was—the heavy boots of the boys contributing well as they moved about after their trains, marbles, etc.

However, the candles were burning low (they only just last an hour) and we thought it was time for cakes and wine. We asked the children if they were pleased, also if each child had garment toy, and “dragées,” and to hold them up. There was a great scamper to the mothers to get the clothes, and then all the arms went up with their precious load.

The school-children passed first into the outer room, where the keepers’ wives and our maids were presiding over two great bowls of hot wine (with a great deal of water, naturally) and a large tray filled with brioches. When each child had had a drink and a cake they went out, to make room for the outsiders and old people. Henrietta and Pauline distributed the “extras”; I think there were about twenty in all, counting the babies in arms—also, of course, the girls from La Ferté who had come over with the Sisters to sing. I talked to some of the old people. There was one poor old woman—looked a hundred—still gazing spellbound at the Tree with the candles dying out, and most of the ornaments taken off. As I came up to her she said: “Je suis bien vieille, mais je n’aurais jamais cru voir quelque chose de si beau! Il me semble que le ciel est ouvert”—poor old thing! I am so glad I wasn’t sensible, and decided to give them something pretty to look at and think about. There

was wine and cakes for all, and then came the closing ceremony.

We (the quality) adjourned to the sitting-room of the school-mistress (where there were red arm-chairs and a piano), who produced a bottle of better wine, and then we "trinquéd" (touched glasses) with the Mayor, who thanked us in the name of the commune for the beautiful fête we had made for them. I answered briefly that I was quite happy to see them so happy, and then we all made a rush for wraps and carriages.

The Abbé came back to the Chateau to dine, but he couldn't get away until he had seen his Sisters and harmonium packed safely into the big omnibus and started for La Ferté. It looked so pretty all the way home. It was quite dark, and the various groups were struggling down the hill and along the road, their lanterns making a bright spot on the snow; the little childish voices talking, laughing, and little bands running backward and forward, some disappearing at a turn of the road, the lantern getting dimmer, and finally vanishing behind the trees. We went very slowly, as the roads were dreadfully slippery, and had a running escort all the way to the Mill of Bourneville, with an accompaniment of drums and trumpets. The melancholy plains of the Valois were transformed to-night. In every direction we saw little twinkling lights, as the various bands separated and struck off across the fields to some lonely farm or mill. It is a lonely, desolate country—all great stretches of fields and plains, with a far-away blue line of forests. We often drive for miles without meeting a vehicle of any kind, and there are such distances between the little hamlets and isolated farms that one is almost uncomfortable in the absolute solitude. In winter no one is working in the fields and one never hears a sound; a dog's bark is welcome—it means life and movement somewhere.

It is quite the country of the "haute

culture," which Cherbuliez wrote about in his famous novel, "La Ferme du Choquart." The farms are often most picturesque—have been "abbayes" and monasteries. The massive round towers, great gateways, and arched windows still remain; occasionally, too, parts of a solid wall. There is a fine old ruin—the "Commanderie," near Montigny, one of our poor little villages. It belonged to the Knights Templar, and is most interesting. The chapel is still intact (walls), with its beautiful roof and high, narrow windows. It is now, alas! a "poulailler" (chicken-house), and turkeys and chickens are perched on the rafters and great beams that still support the roof. The dwelling-house, too, is most interesting with its thick gray walls, high narrow windows, and steep winding staircase. I was always told there were "donjons" in the cellars, but I never had the courage to go down the dark, damp, slippery staircase.

We were quite glad to get back to our big drawing-room with the fire and the tea-table; for of course the drawback to our entertainment was the stuffiness (not to say bad smell) of the little room. When all the children and grown people got in—most of them with damp clothes and shoes—the odor was something awful. Of course no window could be opened on account of the candles, and the atmosphere was terrible. At the end, when it was complicated with wine and cake and all the little ones' faces smeared with chocolate and "dragées," I really don't know how we stood it.

We had a very cheerful dinner. We complimented the Abbé upon his sermon, which was really very pretty and poetical. He said the children's faces quite inspired him, and beyond, over their heads, through the open door he got a glimpse of the tall pines with their frosted heads, and could almost fancy he saw the beautiful star.

We were all much pleased with our first "Christmas in the Valois."

McALLISTER'S CHRISTMAS

By Arthur Train

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. C. VOHN

I



McALLISTER was out of sorts. All the afternoon he had sat in the club window and watched the Christmas shoppers hurrying by with their bundles. He thanked God *he* had no brats to buy moo-cows and bow-wows for! The very nonchalance of these victims of a fate that had given them families irritated him. McAllister was a clubman, pure and simple; that is to say, though neither simple nor pure, he was a clubman and nothing more. He had occupied the same seat by the same window during the greater part of his earthly existence, and they were the same seat and window that his father had filled before him. His select and exclusive circle called him "Chubby," and his five and forty years of terrapin and cocktails had given him a graceful rotundity of person that did not belie the name. They had also endowed him with a cheerful, though florid, countenance, a rather watery eye, and a permanent sense of well-being.

As the afternoon wore on and the pedestrians became fewer, McAllister sank deeper and deeper into gloom. The club was deserted. Everybody had gone out of town to spend Christmas with someone else, and the Winthrops, on whom he had counted for a certainty, had failed for some reason to invite him. He had waited confidently until the last minute, and now he was stranded, alone.

It began to snow softly, gently. McAllister grunted and threw himself disconsolately into a leathern arm-chair by the smouldering logs on the six-foot hearth. A servant in livery entered, pulled down the shades, and after touching a button that threw a subdued radiance over the room, withdrew noiselessly.

"Come back here, Peter!" growled McAllister. "Anybody in the club?"

"Only Mr. Tomlinson, sir."

McAllister swore under his breath.

"Yes, sir," replied Peter.

McAllister shot a quick glance at him.

"I didn't say anything. You may go."

This time Peter got almost to the door.

"Er—Peter! Ask Mr. Tomlinson if he will dine with me."

Peter returned with the intelligence that Mr. Tomlinson would be delighted.

"Of course," grumbled McAllister to himself. "No one ever knew Tomlinson to refuse *anything*."

He ordered dinner, and then took up an evening paper in which an effort had been made to conceal the absence of news by summarizing the achievements of the past year. Staring headlines invited his notice to

"A YEAR OF PROGRESS."

"WHAT THE TENEMENT-HOUSE COMMISSION HAS ACCOMPLISHED."

"FURTHER NEED OF PRISON REFORM."

He threw down the paper in disgust. This reform made him *sick*! Tenements and prisons! Why were the papers always talking about tenements and prisons? They were a great deal better than the people who lived in them deserved! He remembered Wilkins, his valet, who had stolen his black pearl scarf-pin. It increased his ill-humor. Hang Wilkins! The thief was probably "out" now and wearing the pin. It had been a matter of jest among his friends at the time, that the servant had looked not unlike his master. McAllister winced at the thought.

"Dinner is served," said Peter.

An hour and a half later Tomlinson and McAllister, having finished a sumptuous repast, stared stupidly at each other across their liqueurs. They were stuffed and bored. Tomlinson was a thin man who knew everything positively. McAllister hated him. He always felt when in his company like the woman who invariably answered her hus-

band's remarks by " 'Tain't so! It's just the opposite!" Tomlinson was trying to make conversation by repeating assertively what he had read in the evening press.

"Now our prisons," he announced authoritatively. "Why, it is outrageous! The people are crowded in like cattle; the food is loathsome; it is a disgrace to a civilized city!"

This was the last straw to McAllister.

"Look here," he snarled back at Tomlinson, who shrank behind his cigar at the vehemence of the attack, "what do *you* know about it? I tell you it's all rot! It's all politics! Our tenements are all right, and so are our prisons. The law of supply and demand regulates the tenements, and *who pay* for the prisons, I'd like to know? *We* pay for 'em, and the scamps that *rob* us live in 'em for nothing. The 'Tombs' is a great deal better than most second-class hotels on the Continent. I *know*. I had a valet once that—Oh, what's the use! I'd be glad to spend Christmas in no worse place! Reform! Stuff! Don't tell *me*!" He sank back, purple in the face.

"Oh, of course—if you *know*," Tomlinson hesitated politely, remembering that McAllister had signed for the dinner.

"Well, I *do* know," grunted McAllister.

II

"No-el! No-el! No-el! No-el!" rang out the bells, as McAllister left the club at twelve o'clock and started down the Avenue.

"No-el! No-el!" McAllister hummed the tune. "Pretty old air!" he thought. He had almost forgotten after his game of Bridge that it was Christmas morning. As he felt his way gingerly over the stone sidewalks, the bells were ringing all around him. First one chime, then another. "Noel! Noel! No-e-el! No-el!" They ceased, leaving the melody floating on the moist night air.

Suddenly it began to rain. First a soft, wet mist, that dimmed the electric lights and shrouded the hotel windows; then a fine sprinkle; at last the chill rain of a winter's night. McAllister turned up his coat collar and looked about for a cab. It was too late. He hurried hastily down the Avenue. As he neared Twenty-eighth Street, a welcome sight met his eye—a coupé, a night hawk, crawling slowly down

the block, on the lookout, no doubt, for belated Christmas revellers. Without superfluous introduction McAllister made a dive for the door, shouted his address, and jumped inside. The driver, but half roused from his lethargy, muttered something unintelligible and *pulled in* his horse. At the same moment the dark figure of a man swiftly emerged from a side street, ran up to the cab, opened the door, threw in a heavy object upon McAllister's feet, and followed it with himself.

"Let her go!" he cried, slamming the door. The driver, without hesitation, lashed his horse and started at a furious gallop down the slippery Avenue.

Then for the first time the stranger perceived McAllister. There was a muttered curse, a gleam of steel as they flashed by a street lamp, and the clubman felt the cold muzzle of a revolver against his cheek.

"Speak, and I'll blow yer head off!"

The cab swayed and swerved in all directions, and the driver retained his seat with difficulty. McAllister clinging to the sides of the rocking vehicle expected every moment to be either shot or thrown out and killed.

"Don't move!" hissed his companion.

McAllister tried with difficulty not to move.

Suddenly there came a shrill whistle, followed by the clatter of hoofs. A figure on horseback dashed by. The driver, trying to rein in his now maddened beast, lost his balance and pitched overboard. There was a confusion of shouts; a blue flash—a loud report. The horse sprang into the air and fell kicking upon the pavement; the cab crashed upon its side; amid a shower of glass, the door parted company with its hinges; and the stranger, placing his heel on McAllister's stomach, leaped quickly into the darkness. A moment later, having recovered a part of his scattered senses, our hero, thrusting himself through the shattered framework of the cab, staggered to his feet. He remembered dimly afterward having expected to create a mild sensation among the spectators by announcing in response to their polite inquiries as to his safety, that he was "quite uninjured." Instead, however, the glare of a policeman's lantern was turned upon his dishevelled countenance and a hoarse voice shouted:

"Throw up your hands!"



"What do *you* know about it? I tell you it's all rot!"—Page 656.

He threw them up. Like the Phœnix rising from its ashes, McAllister emerged from the débris which surrounded him. On either side of the cab was a policeman with levelled revolver. A mounted officer stood sentinel beside the smoking body of the horse.

"No tricks, now!" continued the voice. "Pull your feet out of that mess and keep your hands *up*! Slip on the nippers, Tom. Better go through him *here*. They always manage to '*lose*' something goin' over."

McAllister wondered where "Over" was. Before he could protest he was unceremoniously seated upon the body of the dead horse and the officers were going rapidly through his clothes.

"Thought so!" muttered Tom, as he drew out of McAllister's coat pocket a revolver and a jimmy. "Just as well to unballast 'em at the start." A black calico mask and a bottle filled with a colorless liquid followed.

Tom drew a quick breath.

"So you're one of *those*, are ye?" and he kicked McAllister in the leg.

The victim of this astounding adventure had not yet spoken. Now he stammered:

"Look here! Who do you think I am? This is all a mistake. My name is McAllister."

Tom did not deign to reply.

The officer on horseback had dismounted and was poking among the pieces of cab.

"What's this here?" he inquired, as he kicked out the bottom of the vehicle. He dragged a large bundle covered with black cloth into the circle of light and, untying a bit of cord, poured the contents upon the pavement. A glittering silver service rolled out upon the asphalt and reflected the glow of the lanterns.

"Gee, look at all the swag!" exclaimed Tom. "I wonder where he melts it up."

Faintly at first, then nearer and nearer came the harsh clanging of the "hurry up" wagon.

"Get up," directed Tom, punctuating

his order with mild kicks. Then, as the driver reined up the panting horses alongside, the officer grabbed his prisoner by the coat collar and yanked him to his feet.

"Step in, 'Mr. McAllister,'" he said with grim sarcasm.

"My God!" exclaimed our friend half aloud, "where are they going to take me?"

"To the 'Tombs'—for Christmas!" answered Tom.

III

McALLISTER, hatless, stumbled into the wagon and was thrust forcibly into a corner. Above the steady drum of the rain upon the waterproof cover he could hear the officers outside packing up the silver ware and discussing their capture.

The wagon started and the officers swung on to the steps behind. McAllister, crouching in the straw by the driver's seat, maintained a gloomy silence. The ignominy of his position crushed him. Never again, should this disgrace become known, could he bring himself to enter the portals of the club. Explanation to these fools of officers was clearly impossible. With an official it would be different. He had once met a Police Commissioner at dinner, and remembered that he had seemed really almost like a gentleman.

The wagon drew up at Jefferson Market and presently McAllister found himself in a small room, at one end of which iron bars ran from floor to ceiling. A kerosene lamp cast a dim light over a weather-beaten desk, behind which, half asleep, reclined an officer on night duty. A single other chair and four large octagonal stone receptacles were the only remaining furniture.

The man behind the desk opened his eyes, yawned, and stared stupidly at the officers. A clock directly overhead struck "one" with harsh, vibrant clang.

"Wot yer got?" inquired the sergeant.

"A second-story man," answered the guard.

"He took to a cab," explained Tom, "and him and his partner give us a fierce chase down the Avenoo. O'Halloran shot the horse, and the cab was all knocked to hell. The other fellow clawed out before we could nab him. But we got this one all right."

"Hi, there, McCarthy," shouted the sergeant to someone in the dim vast beyond. "Come and open up." He examined McAllister with a degree of interest. "Quite a *swell* guy!" he commented. "Them dress clothes must have been real pretty, onct."

McAllister stood with soaked and rumpled hair, hatless and collarless, his coat torn and splashed, and his shirt bosom bloody and covered with mud. He wanted to cry, for the first time in thirty-five years.

Suddenly the sergeant jumped to his feet and scrutinized the prisoner's face.

"Well, of all the luck!" he exclaimed. "Do you know who you've caught? It's 'Fatty Welch'!"

IV

How he had managed to live through the night that followed, McAllister could never afterward understand. It was hardly light when he was awakened by the keeper rattling the door of his cell.

"Get up and take your grub," ordered that official. McAllister vaguely rubbed his eyes. The keeper shut and locked the door, leaving behind him on the cot a tin mug of scalding hot coffee and a half loaf of sour bread.

McAllister arose and felt his clothes. They were entirely dry, but had shrunk perceptibly. He was surprised to find that save for the dizziness in his head he felt not unlike himself. Moreover, he was most abominably hungry. He knelt down and smelt of the contents of the tin cup. It did not smell like coffee at all. It looked like a combination of hot water, tea, and molasses. He waited until it had cooled, and drank it. The bread was not so bad. McAllister ate it all.

There was a good deal of noise in the cells now, and outside he could hear many feet coming and going. Occasionally a draught of cold air would flow in and an officer would tramp down the corridor and remove one of the occupants of the row. His watch showed that it was already eight o'clock. He fumbled in his waistcoat pocket and found a very warped and wrinkled cigar. His match-box supplied the necessary light, and "Chubby" McAllister, seated upon the prison bed, smoked his after-breakfast Havana with appreciation.



Dragon by F. C. Yolin.

"Throw up your hands!"—Page 656.

"No smoking in the cells!" came the rough voice of the keeper. "Give us that cigar, Welch!"

McAllister started to his feet.

"Hand it over now! Quick!"

The clubman passed his cherished comforter through the bars, and the keeper, thrusting it still lighted into his own mouth, grinned at him, winked, and walked away.

"Merry Christmas, Fatty!" he remarked genially over his shoulder.

V

HALF an hour later Tom and his "side-partner" came to the cell door. They were flushed with victory. Already the morning papers contained full accounts of the pursuit and startling arrest of "Fatty Welch," the well-known crook, who was wanted in Pennsylvania and half a dozen other States on various charges. Altogether, Tom was in a very genial frame of mind. Bidding his prisoner good-morning, he led him up a flight of iron stairs and through a door into the court room. But here McAllister shrank back. It was his first sight of that great cosmopolitan institution the "Police Court." Before him lay the scene of which he had so often read in the newspapers. The big room with its Gothic windows was filled to overflowing with every variety of the human species, who not only taxed the seating capacity of the benches to the utmost, but near the doors were packed into a solid, impenetrable mass. Upon a platform behind a desk a square-jawed man with chin whiskers disposed rapidly of the file of prisoners brought before him, while by his side the clerk was busily filling in their "pedigrees."

A long line of officers, each with one or more prisoners, stood upon the judge's left, and as fast as the business of one was concluded the next pushed forward. McAllister perceived that at best only a few moments could elapse before he was brought to face the charge against him, and that he must make up his mind quickly what course of action to pursue. As he stepped down from the doorway to take his place there was a perceptible flutter among the spectators. Several hungry-looking men with note-books opened them and poised their pencils expectantly.

"I must get time," thought McAllister. "I must get time!"

One after another the victims of the varied delights of too much Christmas jubilation were disposed of. "Fatty" Welch was the only real "gun" that had been taken. He had the arena practically to himself. Now only one case intervened. He braced himself and tried to steady his nerves.

"Next! What's this?"

McAllister was thrust down below the bridge facing the bench, and Tom began to describe the circumstances of the arrest.

"'Fatty Welch'?" interrupted the Magistrate. "Oh, yes! I read about it in the morning papers. Chased off in a cab, didn't he? You shot the horse and his partner got away? Wanted in Pennsylvania and Illinois, you say? That's enough." Then looking down at McAllister, who stood before him in bespattered dress suit and fragmentary linen, he inquired:

"Have you counsel?"

McAllister made no answer. If he proclaimed who he was and demanded an immediate hearing, the harpies of the press would fill the papers with full accounts of his episode. His incognito must be preserved at any cost. Whatever action he might decide to take, this was not the time and place; a better opportunity would undoubtedly present itself later in the day.

"You are charged with the crime of burglary," continued the judge, "and it is further alleged that you are a fugitive from justice in two other States. What have you to say for yourself?"

McAllister sought the judge's eye in vain.

"I have nothing to say," he replied faintly. There was a renewed scratching of pens.

The judge conferred with the clerk for a moment.

"Any question of the prisoner's identity?" he asked.

"Oh, no," replied Tom conclusively. "The fact is, yer onner, we took him by accident, as you may say. We laid a plant for a feller doin' second-story work on the Avenoo, and when we nabbed him, who should it be but Welch! Ye see, they wired on his description from Philadelphia a couple of weeks ago, but we couldn't find hide or hair of him in the city, and had about give up lookin'. Then quite unex-



"Do you know who you've caught?"—Page 658.

pected we scoops him in. Here's his identity," handing the judge a soiled telegraph blank. "It's him, all right," he added with a grin. "They didn't have no picture of him."

The Magistrate glanced at the form and at McAllister.

"Seems to fit," he commented. "Have you looked for the scar?"

Tom flushed.

"Well, no, yer onner, we didn't have no time last night, and of course——"

"Turn around, Welch, and let's see your back," directed the Magistrate.

The clubman turned around and displayed his collarless neck.

"There it is!" exclaimed Tom.

McAllister mechanically put his hand to his neck and turned faint. He had had a boil two years before, which had been lanced, and the scar was still there. He experienced a genuine thrill of horror.

"Remanded to the 'Tombs' till Monday,

pending examination," ordered the judge curtly. "Next!"

In the patrol wagon McAllister had ample time for reflection. A motley collection of tramps, "disorderlies," and petty law-breakers filled the seats and crowded the aisle. They all talked, joked, and swore. Thus the "Black Maria," with its cargo of criminals swinging from side to side and clutching at one another for support with harsh outbursts of profanity, rattled down the deserted streets toward New York's Bastile. Staggering for a foothold between four women of the town, McAllister was forced to breathe the fumes of alcohol, the odor of musk, and the aroma of foul linen. He no longer felt innocent. The sense of guilt was upon him. He seemed part and parcel of this load of miserable humanity.

The wagon clattered over the cobblestones of Elm Street, and whirling round, backed up to the door of the Tombs. The

low, massive Egyptian structure, surrounded by a high stone wall, seemed like a gigantic mortuary vault waiting to receive the "civilly dead." Warden and keepers were ready for the prisoners, who were now unceremoniously bundled out and hustled inside. McAllister stood with the others in a small ante-room leading directly into the lowest tier. He could hear the ceaseless shuffling of feet and the subdued murmur of voices, rising and falling, but continuous, like the twittering of a multitude of birds, while through the bars came the fetid prison smell, with a new and disagreeable element—the odor of prison food.

"Mum, eh?" remarked the deputy to McAllister, as he scribbled the words "Prisoner refuses to answer," and blotted them.

"We're rather crowded just now," he added apologetically. "I guess I'll send you to 'Murderer's Row.' Holloa, there!" he called to someone above, "one for the first tier!"

A keeper seized him by the arm, opened a door in the steel grating, and pushed him through.

"Go 'long up!" he ordered. McAllister started wearily up the stairs. At the top of the flight he came to another door, behind which stood another keeper. In the background marched in ceaseless procession an irregular file of men. In the gloom they looked like ghosts. Aimlessly they walked on, one behind the other, most of them with eyes downcast, wordless, taking that exercise of the body which the law prescribed.

McAllister entered The Den of Beasts.

"All right, Jimmy!" yelled the keeper to the deputy warden below. Then, turning to McAllister, "I'm goin' to put you in with Davidson. He's quiet and won't bother you if you let him alone. Better give him whichever berth he feels like. Them 'double-decker' cots is just as good on top as they is below."

McAllister followed the keeper down the narrow gangway that ran around the prison. In the stone corridor below a great iron stove glowed red hot, and its fumes rose and mingled with the tainted air that floated out from every cell. Above him rose tier on tier, illuminated only by the gray light which filtered through a grimy window at one end of the prison. The

arrangement of cells, the "bridges" that joined the tiers, and the murky atmosphere heightened the resemblance to the "tween decks" of an enormous slaver, bearing them all away to some distant port of servitude.

"Get up there, Jake. Here's a bunkie for you."

McAllister bent his head and entered. He was standing beside a two-story cot bed, in a compartment about six by eight feet square. A faint light came from a narrow, horizontal slit in the rear wall. A faucet with tin basin completed the contents of the room. On the top bunk lay a man's soiled coat and waistcoat, the feet of the owner being discernible below.

The keeper locked the door and departed while the occupant of the berth, rolling lazily over, peered up at the new-comer; then he sprang from the cot.

"Mr. McAllister!" he whispered hoarsely.

It was Wilkins—the old Wilkins, in spite of a new, light-brown beard.

For a few moments neither spoke.

"Sorry to see you 'ere, sir," said Wilkins at length, in his old respectful tones. "Won't you sit down, sir?" McAllister seated himself upon the bed automatically.

"You here, Wilkins?" he managed to say.

Wilkins laughed rather bitterly.

"I've been 'in stir' most of the time since I left you, sir; an' two weeks ago I pleaded guilty to larceny and was sentenced to one year more. But I'm glad to see you lookin' so well, if you'll pardon me, sir."

"I'm sorry for you, Wilkins," he managed to reply. "I hope my severity in that matter of the pin did not bring you to this!"

Wilkins hesitated for a moment.

"It ain't your fault, sir. I was born crooked, I fancy, sir. It's all right. You've got troubles of your own. Only—you'll excuse me, sir—I never suspected anything when I was in your service."

McAllister did not grasp the meaning of this remark; he only felt relief that Wilkins apparently bore him no ill will. Very few of his friends would have followed up a theft of that sort. They expected their "men" to steal their pins.

"Mebbe I might 'elp you. Wot's the charge, sir?"



"Merry Christmas, Fatty!"—Page 660.

With Wilkins listening sympathetically, McAllister poured out his whole story, omitting nothing. As he finished he leaned toward his former servant, searching his face eagerly.

"Now, what shall I do? What shall I do, Wilkins?"

The latter coughed deprecatingly.

"You'll pardon me, but that'll *never* go, sir! You'll have to get somethin' better than that, sir. The jury will never believe it."

McAllister sprang to his feet, in so doing knocking his head against the iron support of the upper cot.

"How dare you, Wilkins! What do you mean?"

"There, there, sir," exclaimed the other. "Don't take on so. Of course I didn't mean you wouldn't tell the truth, sir. But don't you see, sir, it isn't *I* as am goin' to listen to it? Shall I fetch you some water to

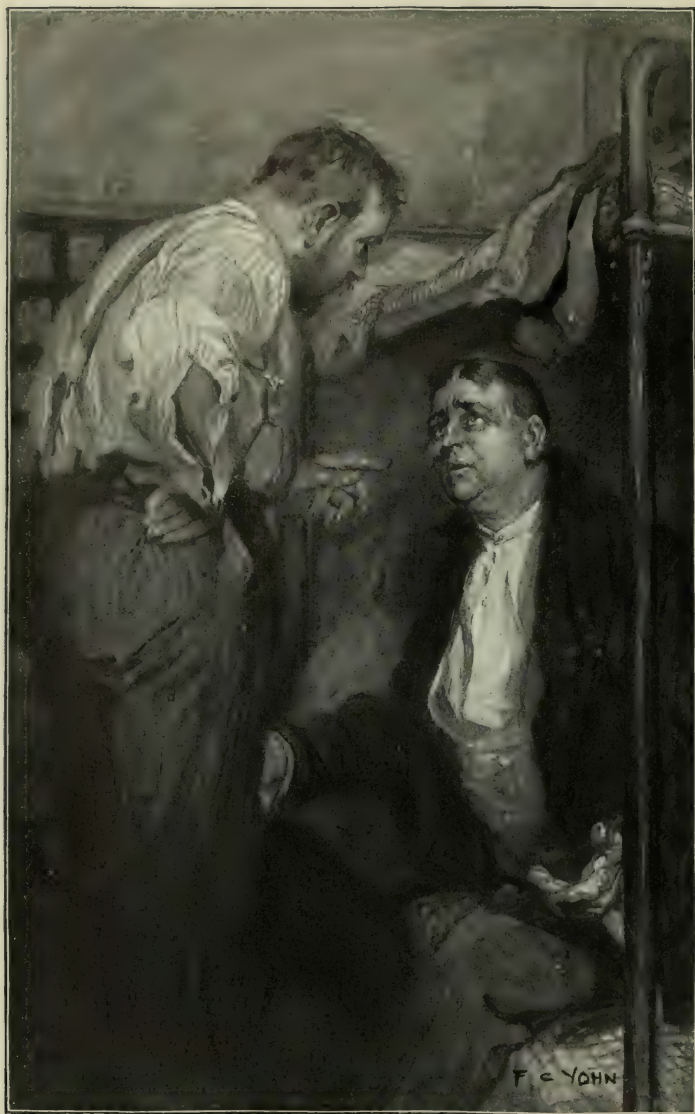
wash your face, sir?" He turned on the faucet.

The clubman, yielding to the force of ancient habit, allowed Wilkins to let it run for him, and having washed his face and combed his hair, felt somewhat refreshed.

"That feels good," he remarked, rubbing his hands together.

It was obvious that so long as he remained in prison he would be either "Fatty Welch" or someone else equally depraved; and since he could not make anyone understand, his best plan was to accept for the time, with equanimity, the personality that fate had thrust upon him.

"Well, Wilkins, my boy, we're in a tight place. But we'll do what we can to assist each other. If I get out first I'll help *you*, and vice versa. Now, what's the first thing to be done? You see, I've never been here before."



"You'll pardon me, but that'll *never* go, sir!"—Page 663.

"That's the talk, sir," answered Wilkins.
 "Now, who's your lawyer?"

"Haven't any, yet."

"All depends on the lawyer," returned the valet judicially. "Now there's Ebstein and O'Sullivan, and Kemp, all sharp fellows, but they're always after you for money, and then they're so clever that the jury is apt to distrust 'em. The best thing, I find, is to get the most respectable old solicitor you can—kind of genteel, 'family'

variety, with the goodness just stickin' out all over 'im. 'E creates a hatmosphere of hinnocence, and that's wot you need. One as has white 'air and can talk about 'this boy 'ere' and put 'is 'and on yer shoulder and weep. That's the go, sir."

"I see," said McAllister.

Under the guidance of his valet our hero secured writing materials and indicted a pitiful appeal to his family lawyer.

A gong rang; the squad of prisoners who

had been exercising went back to their cells, and the keeper came and unlocked the door.

McAllister stepped out and fell into line. His tight clothes proved very uncomfortable as he strode round the tiers, and the absence of a collar—yes, that was really the most unpleasant feature. His neck was not much to boast of, therefore he always wore his shirts low and his collars high. Now, as he stumbled along with the others, he was the object of considerable attention from his fellows.

At the end of an hour a gong sounded. In a moment the tiers were empty; fifty doors clanged to.

"Well, Wilkins?"

"Being as this is Sunday, sir, we 'ave a few hours of service. Church of England first—then City Mission. We're not allowed to talk, but if you don't mind the 'owlin' you can snatch a wink o' sleep. Christmas dinner at twelve. Old Burridge, the trusty, was a-tellin' me as 'ow it's hexcellent, sir!"

McAllister looked at his watch in despair. It was only a quarter past ten. He had not been to church for fifteen years, but evidently he was in for it now. Following his former valet's example he took off his shoes and stretched himself upon the cot.

On and on in never-varying tones dragged the service. The preacher held the key to the situation. His congregation could not escape; he had a full house, and he was bent on making the most of it.

The hands of McAllister's watch crept slowly round to five minutes of eleven.

When at last the preacher stopped, carefully folded his manuscript, and pronounced the benediction, a prolonged sigh of relief eddied through the Tombs. Men were waking on all sides; cots creaked; there was a general and contagious yawn.

Again the gong rang, and with it the smell of food floated up along the tiers. McAllister realized that he was hungry—not mildly as he was at the club, but ravenous as he had never been before. Presently the longed-for food came, borne by a "trusty" in new white uniform. Wilkins, who had been making a meagre toilet at the faucet, took in the dinner through the door—two tin plates piled high with turkey and chicken, flanked by heaps of potato and carrots, and one whole apple pie!

"Ha!" thought McAllister, "I was not so far wrong about this part of it!" The turkey and chicken were perhaps not of the variety known as "spring," but if they were somewhat dry, neither master nor man noticed it as they feasted, sitting side by side upon the cot.

"Carrots!" philosophized McAllister, looking regretfully at his empty tin plate. "Now, I thought only *horses* ate carrots; and really, they're not bad at all. I should like some more. Er—Wilkins! Can we get some more carrots?"

Wilkins shook his head mournfully.

"Message for 134! Message for 134!"

A letter was thrust through the bars.

McAllister tore it open with feverish haste and recognized the crabbed hand of old Mr. Potter.

2 EAST SEVENTY-FIRST STREET.

F. WELCH, Esq.,

Sir:—The remarkable letter just delivered to me, signed by a name which you request me not to use in my reply, has received my careful consideration. I telephoned to Mr. McA——'s rooms and was informed by his valet that that gentleman had gone to the country to visit friends over Christmas. I have therefore directed the messenger to collect from yourself his fee for delivering this answer.

Yours, etc.,

EBENEZER POTTER.

"That fool Morton!" groaned McAllister. "How the devil could he have thought I had gone away?" Then he remembered that he had directed the valet to pack his bags and send them to the station, in anticipation of the Winthrops' invitation.

He was at his wits' end.

"How do you get bail, Wilkins?"

"You 'ave to find someone as owns real estate in the city, sir, to go on your bond. 'Ow much is it?"

"Five thousand dollars," replied McAllister.

"'Oly Moses!" ejaculated the valet. He regarded his former master with renewed interest.

But the dinner had wrought a change in that hitherto subdued individual. With a valet and running water he was beginning to "feel his oats" a little. He checked off mentally the names of his acquaintances. There was not one left in town.

He repressed a yawn, and looked at his watch. One o'clock. Just then the gong rang again.

"What in thunder is this, now?"

"*Afternoon* service, sir. City Mission from one to two-thirty."

"Ye gods!" ejaculated McAllister.

A band of young girls came and stood with their hymn books along the opposite tier, while a Presbyterian clergyman took the place on the bridge recently vacated by his Episcopal brother. Prayers alternated with hymns until the sermon, which lasted sixty-five minutes.

McAllister, almost desperate, fretted and fumed until half-past two, when the choir and missionary finally departed.

"Only a 'arf 'our, sir, an' we can get some more exercise," said Wilkins encouragingly.

But McAllister did not want exercise. He swung to his feet, and peering disconsolately through the bars was suddenly confronted by a slender young woman holding an armful of flowers. Before he could efface himself she smiled sweetly at him.

"My poor man," she began confidently, "how sorry I am for you this beautiful Christmas *Day!* Please take some of these; they will brighten up your cell wonderfully; and they are *so* fragrant." She pushed a dozen carnations and asters through the bars.

McAllister, utterly dumbfounded, took them.

"What is your name?" continued the maiden.

"*Welch!*" blurted out our bewildered friend.

There was a stifled snort from the bunk behind.

"Good-by, Welch. I know you are not *really* bad. Won't you shake hands with me?"

She thrust her hand through the bars and McAllister gave it a perfunctory shake. "Good-by," she murmured, and passed on.

"Lawd!" exploded Wilkins, rolling from side to side upon his cot. "Oh, Lawd! Oh, Lawd! Oh,——" and he held his sides while McAllister stuck the carnations into the wash basin.

The gong again, and once more that endless tramp along the hot tiers. The prison grew darker. Gas jets were lighted here and there, and the air became more and more oppressive. With five o'clock came supper; then the long, weary night.

Next morning the valet seemed nervous and excited, eating little breakfast and smiling from time to time vaguely to himself. Having fumbled in his pocket he at last pulled out a dirty pawn ticket, which he held toward his master.

"'Ere, sir," he said, with averted head. "It's for the pin. I'm sorry I took it."

McAllister's eyes were a little blurred as he mechanically received the card-board.

"Shake hands, Wilkins," was all he said.

A keeper came walking along the tier rattling the doors and telling those who were wanted in court to get ready.

"Good-by," said McAllister. "I'm sorry you felt obliged to plead guilty. I might have helped you if I'd only known. Why didn't you stand your trial?"

"I 'ad my reasons," replied the valet. "I wanted to get my case disposed of as quick as possible. You see, I'd been livin' in Philadelphia and 'ad just come to New York when I was arrested. I didn't want 'em to find out who I was or where I come from, so I just gives the name of Davidson, and takes my dose."

"Well," said McAllister, "you're taking your *own* dose; I'm taking somebody else's. That hardly seems a fair deal, now does it, Wilkins? But of course *you* don't know but that I *am* Welch."

"Oh, yes I do, sir," returned the valet. "You won't never be punished for what *he* done."

"*How* do you know?" exclaimed McAllister, visions of a speedy release crowding into his mind. "And *if* you knew, why didn't you say so *before*? Why, you might have got me out. *How* do you know?" he repeated.

Wilkins looked around cautiously. The keeper was at the other end of the tier. Then he came close to McAllister and whispered:

"*Because I'm 'Fatty' Welch myself!*"

V

DOWNSTAIRS, across the sun-lit prison yard, past the spot where the hangings had taken place in the old days, up an inclosed staircase, a half turn, and the clubman was marched across the "Bridge of Sighs." Most of the prisoners with him seemed in

good spirits, but McAllister, who was oppressed with the foreboding of imminent peril, felt that he could no longer take any chances. His fatal resemblance to Fatty Welch, alias Wilkins, his former valet, the circumstances of his arrest, the scar on his neck, would seem to make conviction certain unless he followed one of two alternatives—either that of disclosing Welch's identity or his own. He dismissed the former instantly. Now that he knew something of the real sufferings of men, his own life seemed contemptible. What mattered the laughter of his friends or sarcastic paragraphs in the society columns of the papers? What did the fellows at the club know of the game of life and death going on around them? of the misery and vice to which they contributed? of the hopelessness of those wretched souls who had been crushed down by fate into the gutters of life? Determined to declare himself, he entered the court room and tramped with the others to the rail.

There, to his amazement, sat old Mr. Potter beside the judge. Tom and his partner stood at one side.

"Welch, step up here."

Mr. Potter nodded very slightly, and McAllister, taking the hint, stepped forward.

"Is this your prisoner, officer?"

"Shure, that's him, right enough," answered Tom.

"Discharged," said the Magistrate.

Mr. Potter shook hands with his honor, who smiled good humoredly and winked at McAllister.

"Now, Welch, try and behave yourself. I'll let you off this time, but if it happens again I won't answer for the consequences. *Go home.*"

Mr. Potter whispered something to the baffled officers, who touched their hats and grinned sheepishly, and then, seizing McAllister's arm, led our astonished friend out of the court room.

As they whirled uptown in the closed automobile which had been waiting for them around the corner, Mr. Potter explained. After sending the letter he had felt far from satisfied, and had bethought him of calling up Mrs. Winthrop on the telephone. Her polite surprise at the lawyer's inquiries had fully convinced him of his error, and after evading her questions

with his usual caution, he had taken immediate steps for his client's release—steps which, by reason of the lateness of the hour, he could not communicate to the unhappy McAllister.

"What has become of the fugitive Welch," he ended, "remains a mystery. The police cannot imagine where he has hidden himself."

"I wonder," said McAllister.

It was just seven o'clock when McAllister, arrayed, as usual, in immaculate evening dress, sauntered into the club. Most of the men were back from their Christmas outing; half a dozen of them were engaged in ordering dinner.

"Hello, Chubby," shouted someone. "Come and have a drink. Had a pleasant Christmas? You were at the Winthrops', weren't you?"

"No," answered McAllister; "had to stay right in New York. Couldn't get away. Yes, I'll take a dry Martini and a cherry—er, waiter, make that two Martinis. I want you all to have dinner with me. How would terrapin and canvas-back do? Fill it out to suit yourselves, while I just take a look at the *Post*."

He picked up a paper, glanced at the headlines, threw it down with a sigh of relief, and lighted a cigarette. At the same moment two policemen in civilian dress were leaving McAllister's apartments, each having received at the hands of the impassive Morton a bundle containing a silver-mounted revolver and a large bottle full of an unknown brown liquid.

McAllister's dinner was a great success. The boys all said afterward that they had never seen Chubby in such good form. Only one incident marred the serenity of the occasion, and that was a mere trifle. Charlie Bush had been staying over Christmas with an ex-Chairman of the Prison Reform Association, and being in a communicative mood insisted on talking about it.

"Only fancy," he remarked, as he took a gulp of champagne, "he says the prisons in the city are in an abominable condition—that they're a disgrace to a civilized community."

Tomlinson paused in lifting his glass. He remembered his host's opinion, ex-

pressed on a previous occasion, and desired to show his appreciation of an excellent meal.

"That's all rot!" he interrupted a little thickly. "'S all politics. The Tombs is a lot better than most second-class hotels

on the Continent. Our prisons are all right, I tell you!" His eye swept the circle militantly.

"Look here, Tomlinson," remarked McAllister sternly, "don't be so sure. What do *you* know about it?"

VERONESE

By Kenyon Cox



ONE of the great masters of painting has been so little or so inadequately written of as Paul Veronese. In these days of exhaustive mono-

graphs no one seems to have thought it worth while to collect the facts of his life or to examine and catalogue his works; and even in books of general art history or art criticism, where he must, perforce, be mentioned, he has rarely received the attention he deserves. The painters, indeed, have known him for what he was, and have shown their appreciation, now and then, in passages of glowing praise; and Ruskin, if he did not altogether understand him, yet felt his power; but his art still awaits an authoritative exposition. Its very sanity and simplicity is one of the reasons for this, and its magnificent and rounded completeness is another. Its qualities seem too obvious to need explanation and there are no enigmas in it to attract the readers of riddles, no recondite allusions or strange ways of telling old stories; it is all straightforward, unaffected painter's work, and the literary hunter of meanings finds little there to his purpose. Also, the world loves a specialist, and the critic who is enamored of line writes of Botticelli, while he who cares most for light and shade devotes himself to Rembrandt. To be too well poised is dangerous; to have too many good qualities is to run some risk of getting little credit for any of them.

The world loves a specialist, and it is very loath to believe in the existence of anything else. Because Titian was a colorist many people can remain blind to the ex-

traordinary power of design which the rudest wood-cut after one of his great pictures should reveal to them; Michelangelo was a draughtsman, and it is only after four hundred years that we are beginning to understand that the painter of the Sistine ceiling was, after his fashion, a master of color. Veronese was long ago comfortably labelled "Decorator," and, aided by an inadequate conception of decoration, the world has imagined that he was nothing else, and has treated him much as if he were another Pintoricchio—a man who could, indeed, embellish a palace wall with splendid color, but whose other artistic qualities were comparatively negligible.

No such thorough study of the art of Veronese as is to be desired could be made here, even had I the knowledge necessary to attempt it. I can deal with only a few of the great paintings he produced with such astonishing profusion, and, precisely because his position as a great decorator is universally acknowledged, I shall deal with them, at first, as pictures, and as if they had no more specifically decorative purpose than that common to all great works of art.

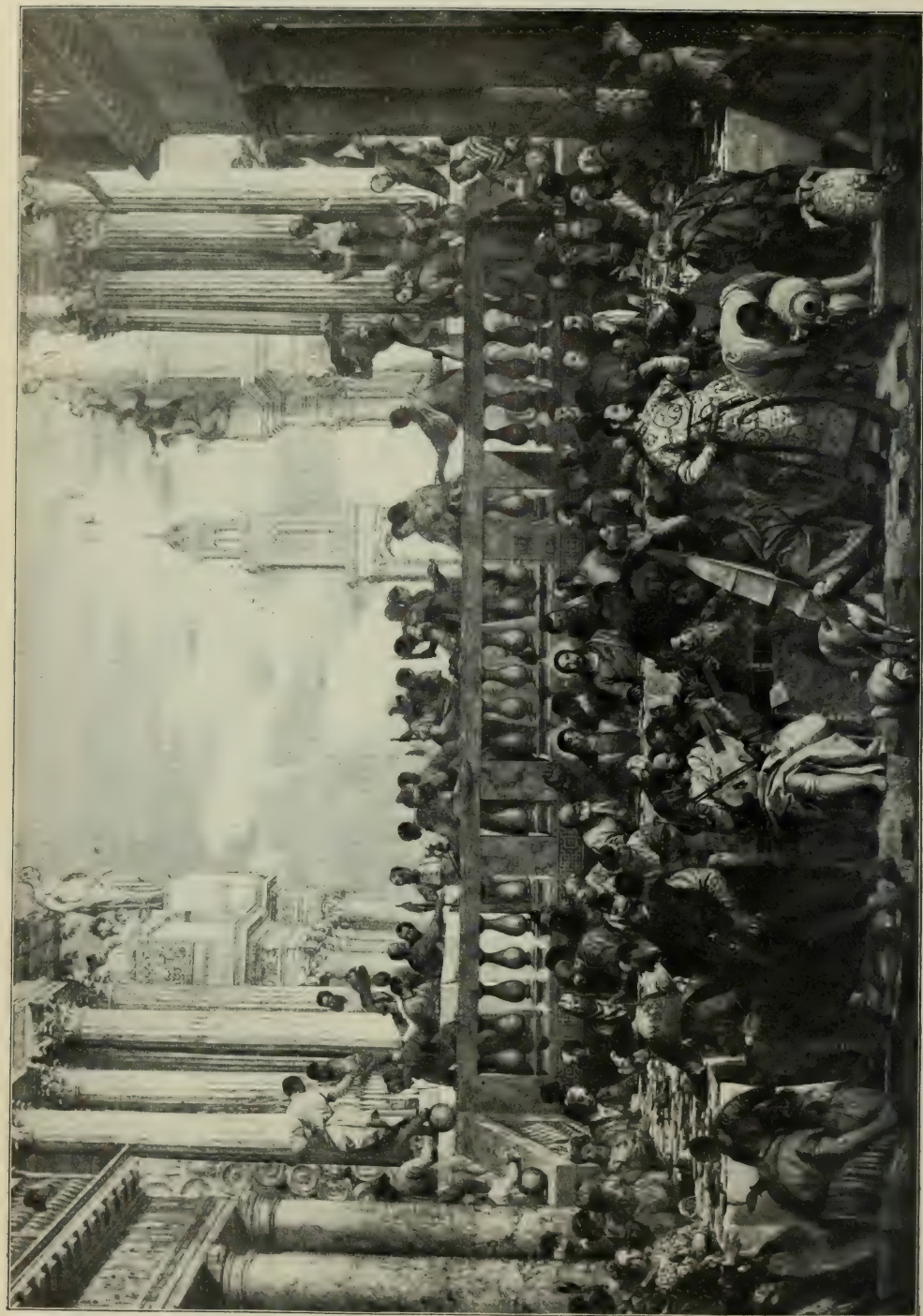
Like most of the greatest painters, Veronese was a master of portraiture, and his pictures are full of portraits, identified or unidentified. Not all the figures in the great "Marriage in Cana" of the Louvre may be correctly named by tradition, though there can be little doubt as to the group of painters, including Titian, Tintoretto, and himself, who provide the music for the feast, but the other figures are none the less portraits because we may not know who sat for them. No one but a great portrait painter



Portrait of Daniele Barbaro. (Pitti Palace, Florence.)

could have painted that stout, clean-shaven old man in the smaller "Marriage in Cana" at Dresden, or the hawk-like profile of the man behind who drinks from a shallow glass. The wife and daughter of Darius in the National Gallery picture are evidently portraits, and charming ones, while half the "Supper at Emmaus" and two-thirds of the "Cuccina Family before the Madonna" are made up of professed portrait groups. The principal figure in the latter group, robust and matronly as becomes the mother of many children, her still comely head

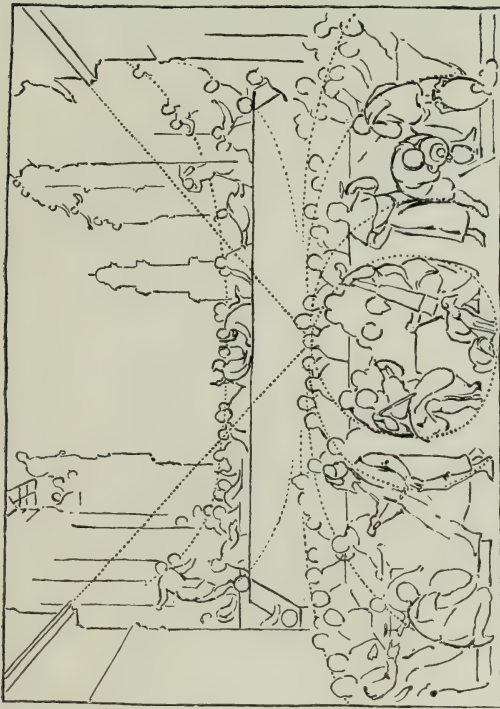
brought out by the white robe of Faith, who stands directly behind her, and made the center around which the lines of the composition circle, seems to me one of the loveliest and tenderest pieces of portraiture in all art. The single portrait Veronese painted less often, but that he could paint it supremely well the "Daniele Barbaro" of the Pitti Palace, among others, testifies. The dignity of a great Venetian noble has never been better rendered, not even by Titian or Tintoretto, and there is vigorous characterization also, and every quality of



The Marriage in Cana. (Louvre.)

a fine portrait except, perhaps, that intensity of inner life which one or two of the greatest painters have, now and then, managed to convey to us. For Veronese is not a painter of the intimate—it is a large and general view he takes of things, in some sort an external view; and yet there is that exquisitely sympathetic rendering of the mother of the Cuccina Family to show that he could be intimate, too, when he chose.

If we consider the portraiture of a people



Key to the composition of "The Marriage in Cana."

and a time rather than the portraiture of the individual, Veronese is without a superior if not without a rival. What painter has given us more information as to the types and costumes of his epoch? Who has better depicted the life of his own countrymen in his own day? And what a sumptuous life it is that he depicts. There is a large impartiality about the man and a sense of humor that is not common in Italian art. He takes life as it is and finds the "dwarfs and Germans" he was reproached with almost as interesting as their masters and mistresses. Important things are going on in his pictures, but monkeys will scratch themselves on the marble

balustrades and dogs and cats will fight under the table, as is their nature to. It is so that things happen in the world, and he has no notion that anything is beneath the dignity of art. But if he can see and paint these things, who could see and paint so well the splendor, the refinement, the wealth of the richest of cities? He has been called the painter of the pride of life, and certainly no one has given us such a sense of the possible nobility and beauty of a life of

luxurious idleness dignified and polished by the love of art. He has the true portrait painter's love for costume, the true painter's love for rich colors and brilliant or gorgeous stuffs; and he has that mastery of instantaneous execution which has been the mark of portrait painters oftener than of other artists—which has characterized Velasquez and Hals rather than Raphael or Michelangelo. His handling is not so noticeable as that of these masters of the brush, but it is as sure and as rapid, and it plays with difficulties which have ceased to be difficulties for him—difficulties overcome so easily that unless you are painter enough to appreciate them you will not think of them at all and will miss the exhilaration of seeing them overcome. He will paint you a rich brocade of white and gold with every inch of its pattern clearly traceable as it wanders in and out among the folds, and he will do it so quietly, so rightly, so naturally, that you shall not even

suspect that it is a hard thing to do; he will paint you a mantle of shot silk with every half-tone and every shadow right in depth and in color, and every fold true to the shape which the texture of the material gives it, and he will do it with the fewest possible touches, yet with no ostentation of cleverness. He will paint you armor, or jewels, or gold and silver plate, with the same ease and the same perfection, and he will cover with such things a canvas thirty feet long without haste as without fatigue. For sheer profusion and abundance there has been no one like him save Rubens, and Rubens had not his taste or his reticence. They are splendid figures that throng the



The Cuccina Family.

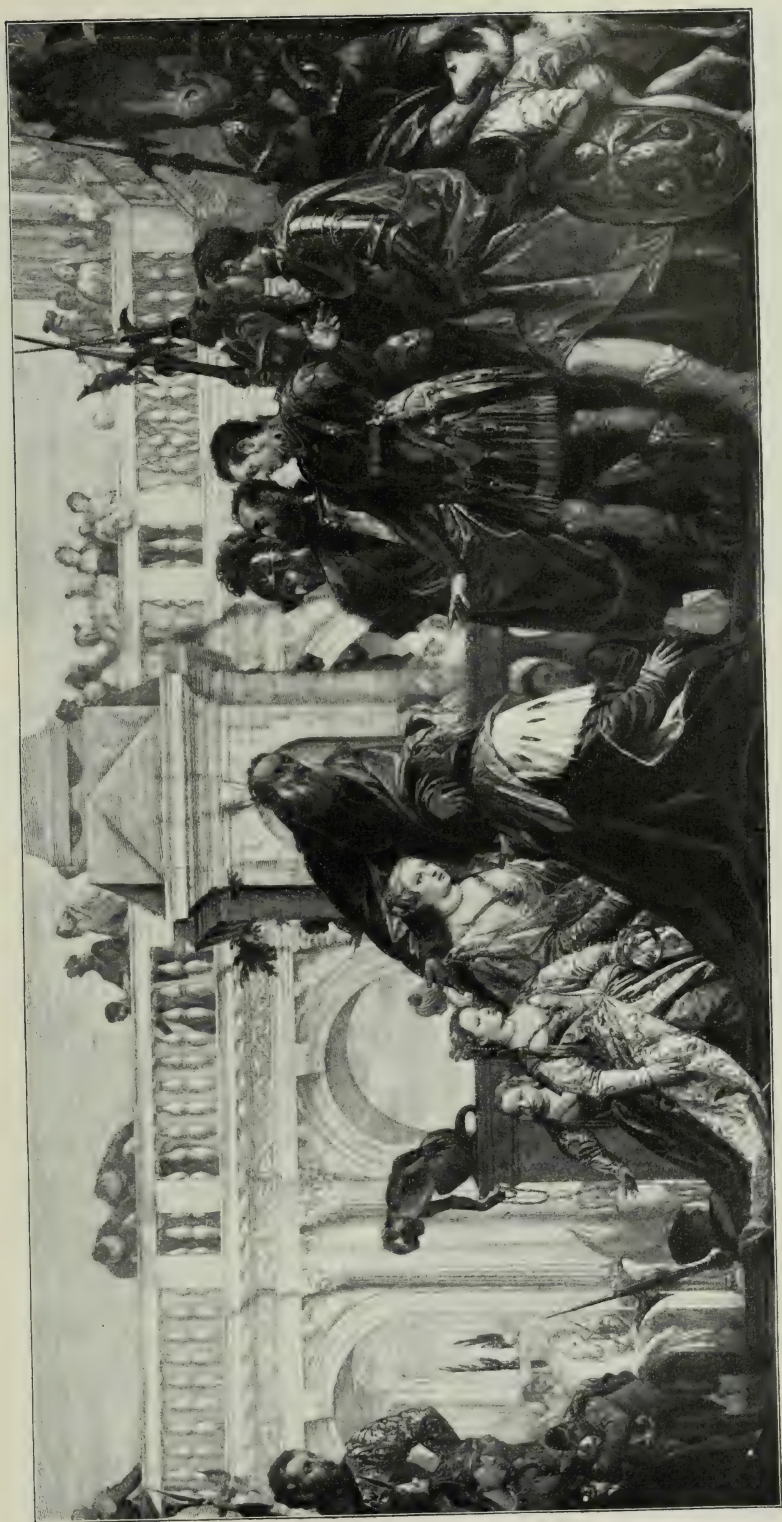
canvases of the master of Antwerp, but they seem splendid barbarians beside the grave citizens of the most cultivated city in Europe.

All the Venetian painters were landscapists, and Veronese not less so than the others, though his landscape is different in quality. Of the greater Venetians only Tintoretto was Venetian born, but the town-bred Veronese looked at nature differently from Giorgio of Castelfranco or Titian of Cadore. He had a fine sense of the growth of trees and the plummy massiveness of his foliage is superb, but he cared little for wild scenery and seldom introduced a mountain in his distances. He could do whatever he chose, and so when the subject demanded it he could paint a hill fortress or a bit of sea-shore, as in the "Europa," but by choice he seldom strays far into the country, and one of the most complete of his land-

scapes is the background of "The Finding of Moses," with its evident reminiscence of his native town upon the Adige. In general the elements of his landscape are architecture and sky—the landscape of cities—and no one has ever painted them so beautifully as he. Architecture plays an important part in almost every one of his pictures, from the columns which separate the heavenly from the earthly personages in the "Cuccina Family" to the grand setting of the great "Marriage in Cana." Even in the "Europa" he could not get on without a pyramid. In one of the ceiling panels of the ducal palace, though this is executed, likely enough, by a pupil, there is a literal representation of the Campanile of San Marco that is the likeliest thing to the real Venice of anything I know in painting. In general Veronese's architecture is more ideal, and I cannot say how far it may satisfy



The Marriage in Cana. (Dresden Gallery.)



Alexander and the Family of Darius. (National Gallery, London.)



The Supper at Emmaus. (Louvre.)

an architect in its structure and design, but its exquisite lightness and the justness with which its silvery color relieves against the sky is beyond praise. To the sky itself he gave more variety and truth of form, I think, than any painter of his time and a beauty of color not to be excelled. His white towers and thronged balconies against the blue were never built in actual stone, but there is more of the spirit and beauty of Venice in them than any of her children have given us, or any of the countless artists that have since haunted her silent streets.

But it is, after all, in the large treatment of light and the unity of tone maintained throughout a vast composition that Veronese is most the landscape-painter, and as these great canvases of his are filled with figures it may almost be said that he is never so much the landscapist as in the painting of men and women. Each of his countless figures may have all the vitality of a portrait, each may be robed in splendid garments, perfectly rendered, but each will have its exact amount of light from the sky upon it, its exact distance marked from objects in front of or beyond it, its due amount of atmosphere enveloping it. His color can be deep and resonant on occasion, but it has not the twilight glow or stained-

glass brilliancy of Titian; rather it has the silvery clearness of open daylight. He is fond of the play of light and shade, and uses cast shadows with almost the rich fantasy of Tintoretto, but there is never a space of obscurity in his pictures, never a hint of blackness; the light penetrates the deepest nooks and reverberates from corner to corner, and everywhere falls upon some definite object having a definite place. I know no other painter who, making the figure his principal subject and working on a monumental scale, has so nearly realized our modern ideal of the painting of natural light.

So far of Veronese's naturalism in depicting the life he saw about him, of his almost unequalled power and veracity as a mere painter. But he was far more than a painter of the pageant of life; he was a great painter of noble and heroic themes—a master of figure painting in the grand Italian manner. He was a draughtsman, a stylist, and a man of true and lofty feeling. In mastery of drawing he had no equal in Venice, unless it were Tintoretto, and no superior anywhere except one or two of the greatest Florentines. Now and then he is careless, or perhaps his pupils intervened; and there is a kind of meagreness in the attachment of the wrist which is a frequent



The Finding of Moses. (Dresden Gallery.)

failing; but there is no difficult foreshortening into which he cannot throw the figure, no line he cannot make it take, and this with an entire absence of posturing or the Michelangelesque affectations of Tintoretto. Rather there is a large simplicity of gesture, one might almost say a divine awkwardness, which is inimitable. His men are superbly muscled, his women of the full-fleshed Venetian type, white and soft, with adorable golden heads, but with a firmness of line and modelling that is almost Greek. The attendants of Europa are nearly as grand as the women of Pheidias, while in the figure of Pharaoh's daughter, in the "Finding of Moses," he has combined a magnificent amplitude with an elegance prophetic of the eighteenth century. Always and everywhere his drawing has style, and his naturalism is never trivial or commonplace.

His range of subject and treatment is wide. In "The Finding of Moses" he is gay and familiar, in the "Europa" luxuriantly idyllic, while he can rise to great dignity and even to tragedy. He has all the Venetian sensuousness, but he never sinks to coarseness, as Titian sometimes does; he can be solemn and, to my feeling, profoundly religious, but he is never morbid or sentimental. Grave or playful, he is al-

ways manly, always serene, a great, frank, healthy, broad-minded, tender spirit. One feels that he was not only a genius one must admire, but a man one could have loved, and I know of few painters who awaken the kind of personal affection that Veronese inspires. Perhaps of all his qualities that with which he has been least often credited, since the day he was brought before the Inquisition on a charge of irreverence, is the possession or expression of religious emotion; yet I have always found his "Supper at Emmaus," with its family group at the side, one of the truest and most touching of religious pictures. To his broad charity neither the unconscious children nor the pet dogs were out of place in the presence of the Saviour, and the head of the Saviour himself is, with that of Rembrandt's in his picture of the same subject, the most nearly satisfactory in art. If Rembrandt has painted for us the "Man of Sorrows," Veronese has come near to giving us the God; if Rembrandt's Christ, who has been dead and is alive, gives us the thrill of the supernatural, Veronese's has about him some glory of the superhuman.

Perhaps no single picture by Veronese shows so many of his great qualities in such perfection as the glorious "Martyrdom of Saint George" in the Church of San Giorgio

in Braida in Verona—a picture, comparatively little known, yet worthy of a high place among the world's greatest masterpieces, both for nobility of conception and perfection of execution. To the left is the statue of Apollo, to the right an officer on a great horse; between them, stripped to the waist, kneels the saint surrounded by guards. An aged priest stoops over him and points to the idol he is asked to worship; behind him, bare-armed and ready, the executioner leans upon his two-handed sword; but the saint pays no attention to either of them, for above him the heavens are opened and he sees the Madonna between Peter and Paul, the Theological Virtues, and a multitude of angels, making triumphal music. Faith intercedes for him, Hope looks down with encouragement, and between heaven and earth a cherub dashes headlong toward him bearing the martyr's crown and palm. He is no ascetic and no dreamer, this saint, but full-blooded, black-bearded, a man and a soldier, and this is his last and greatest victory. Lest, by any chance, you should miss the significance of it, the wings of the palm-bearing cherub, which alone unite the two halves of the picture, are almost black and cut sharp against the luminous sky—the most conspicuous dark in the composition.

The craftsmanship of this great painting is in every way worthy of its intellectual content. In drawing in characterization, in vigor of handling, it is Veronese at his best, but it is most wonderful, perhaps, in its treatment of color. The lower, or earthly, part of it is full and rich, approaching nearer than is common with Veronese to Titian's sombre splendor, but with a greater frankness of individual hue, the blue and red of the saint's garments approaching the purity of the absolute pigment. The upper part, though as firmly drawn and as completely modelled as the lower, is painted in the tones of sky—an opalescence of delicate tints that, without any sacrifice of realization, without a hint of vagueness, yet transforms it into a heavenly vision. Here, if ever, the harmonies of the palette may claim a place with those of poetry and music; here, if ever, the art of painting has proved its right to be considered a great intellectual and emotional art. The picture is a splendid hymn of triumph, and the triumph is no less that of the painter than of the saint.

So far we have been considering the art of Veronese without special reference to its decorative purpose, and yet the instinct that has caused him to be called a decorator is a perfectly sound one. A decorator he was primarily, and the great intellectual and technical qualities we have been studying are, after all, only the equipment of the greatest of decorators. If, however, he could make all these things subservient to a decorative end, and could include in a thoroughly successful decoration so much which we have thought it necessary to eliminate, it is evident that there must be something wrong, or too limited, in our ideas of decoration. We have thought that respect for the flatness of the wall demanded of us the elimination of modelling and of light and shade, and here is a man who models perfectly and plays with cast shadows, and yet never loses the flatness of his wall. We have thought that decoration demanded the sacrifice of realism, yet here is a great decorator who is one of the greatest of naturalists. Does it not behoove those who are interested in the revival of decorative painting in this country to consult this master as to what are, in reality, the essentials of his art?

In this country our notions of decoration have been largely influenced by the great prestige of that true artist, Puvis de Chavannes, and we have, perhaps, too often forgotten that the peculiarities of his style are partly temperamental, partly conditioned on the destination of his best works for buildings of an austere and colorless type. In the Panthéon his paintings are admirably appropriate and successful, but in the more sumptuous setting of the Boston Public Library, surrounded by rich marbles, his compositions, noble as they are in themselves, always strike me as a little cold and thin. It is perhaps because others have felt this, and because the architecture our painters are called upon to decorate is often of precious material and richly ornamented, that another style has grown up, partly Byzantine, partly influenced by Pinturicchio—a style depending on bright colors and gilding, and even on the application of ornaments in relief—a style more brilliant and splendid, but, as it seems to me, unnecessarily archaic. In such a setting of sumptuous architecture as Veronese worked for we may safely employ Veronese's reali-



Europa. (The Ducal Palace, Venice.)

zation and fulness of modelling if we can learn to employ it as he did. What keeps his work unfailingly decorative is, first of all, design, and then, not the elimination, but the subordination of light and shade and modelling.

This subordination Veronese accomplished in an exceedingly subtle manner. He models completely, but with infinite refinement of delicate light and shade, and he never allows his light and shadow to break up the broad local color of an object or to disguise its outline. A red drapery remains definitely red, a white one definitely white, through all its modifications, and tells as a simple mass of a certain shape, clearly separable by the eye from all other masses of different color, its boundaries apparent at a glance. This treatment is caused in part by that feeling for breadth of natural light already dwelt on, but its result is that every element in his picture is as visibly part of a great pattern of colored spaces, bounded by beautiful and interesting lines, as with the most shadeless of the primitives. The very perfection of science

has attained a result which had before been conditioned on its absence, and with the utmost realization in the parts the picture as a whole achieves true decorative flatness.

There is nothing which so accents the extent and unity of a surface as the sense that it has been used for the display of a linear design, and it is in his mastery of design that Veronese is most consummately the decorator. In linear composition he has been surpassed by no one but Raphael, if even by him, yet it is this element of his art—perhaps the most important of all—that has been least recognized. His color is so entrancing, his execution is so superlative, his individual figures are so delightful, that the attention is distracted, as it was meant to be, from the plan on which everything is arranged. His personages move so naturally, are so intent on the business in hand, that it is hard to believe that each contour of their bodies, each fold of their draperies, has been carefully arranged to play its part in a rigidly established scheme of line. Even his pupils did not understand his system of composition and the pictures com-

missioned of him, but painted by his heirs after his death, are even more markedly inferior to the real works of Veronese in design than in execution. They are filled with figures imitated from the types of the master but spotted here and there, without order, until the canvas is full; and they might be cut off anywhere and sold by the yard with no serious harm done. Every genuine picture by Veronese is an organized whole; and the larger the canvas, the greater the number of figures it contains, the more formal and symmetrical, as a rule, is the arrangement. At the risk of some dryness, therefore, and of calling attention to what was meant to be felt rather than seen, it becomes necessary to analyze his methods.

Like all true decorators, Veronese habitually composed in breadth rather than in depth. His principal figures are arranged nearly on one plane or are drawn as if seen from so great a distance that perspective differences are minimized, so that all are nearly of the same size. There will, likely enough, be subordinate figures in the background, but these also will be arranged on a plane parallel with the first, and there will be no connecting links between the two sets of figures and no lines leading into the picture. Generally there is no distance, the background being cut off by an architectural screen, so that while the room decorated is enlarged to the imagination, it is enlarged to a limited and measurable degree, and the sense of space is as carefully circumscribed as it is suggested. Look, for instance, at the way the figures are strung out across the canvas in the "Alexander and the Family of Darius" or in the smaller "Marriage in Cana," and at the absence, in the latter, of any difference in size between the figures on the two sides of the table and the sudden and marked diminution of the distant figures. In this case there is a third plane, still farther away, but there are almost no transitions. This principle Veronese observed, to some extent, even in his ceilings, where he was more willing to break through the surface of his picture, and he never observes it more entirely in spirit than in the great "Marriage in Cana," where the exigencies of his task seem to cause him to disregard it. Here the canvas was too vast, especially in its vertical dimension, to admit of his favorite arrangement. It was

necessary to place the horizon higher than usual and to throw the principal figures farther back in order to gain height. This the artist has done, but in doing so he has deliberately falsified his perspective, making use of a number of different vanishing-points in order to avoid too great a convergence of lines and to diminish the difference in size between the nearer and farther figures; while he has made a sudden diminution of scale in the figures on the balcony, which is maintained, nearly unaltered, in those on the housetops beyond.

Still, there was some danger that the figure of the Christ might be lost in the crowd of subordinate figures. Veronese has, therefore, placed his head exactly at the theoretical point of sight, and while he has made most of his perspective lines vanish where he pleased, he has seen to it that the two most conspicuous of them, those of the cornices on either side, should point true. More important, however, are the lines traced by the positions and attitudes of the figures themselves. See how the background figures are arranged in a long, drooping curve, as of a necklace, of which the head of Christ should be the pendant; note how they are played about into groups of two and three, how their arms are so disposed as to echo and re-echo this falling curve; above all, how the figures at either extremity begin another, and lower, curve, which points directly to the head of Christ; you will find in this part of the picture alone, and on a much larger scale, all the science of the composition of Leonardo's "Last Supper." But the lower part of the picture is still more wonderful. The falling curve is still echoed, even to the corners, and many of these subordinate lines are, as it were, suspended from the centre, but the principal lines are a series crossing these—a series of convex curves made up of this man's head and that man's back or arm, and answering to each other on either side of the canvas with almost rigid symmetry, although the objects which trace them are constantly varied. Every smallest object in the great picture either forms a part of this system of curves, or sympathizes with it, or subtly contrasts it, and you could not change so much as a feather in a cap or the collar on a dog without harm to the whole; and, wherever your eye is first attracted, one of these lines leads it imperceptibly but



The Martyrdom of St. George. (San Giorgio in Braida, Verona.)

surely to that small head in the centre and fixes it there. That head dominates some six hundred square feet of canvas and, after a time, you can see nothing else.

No other of Veronese's pictures affords so astonishing an example of his power of design as this, but almost any of them might be analyzed in a similar way. The garlanded curves occur again and again, notably in the "St. George," "The Cuccina Family" and the smaller "Marriage in Cana." In this last the compositional centre is shifted to one side and the right-hand end of the canvas is a sort of foil to the symmetrical group which fills two-thirds of it. The extreme of picturesque fantasy and informality is reached in the "Finding of Moses"—a painting of no great size and in a lighter vein—but even here the irregu-

larity is more apparent than real and the same care is taken to insure the dominance of the most important figure. It is only another kind of science that is displayed—the quantity is the same.

There is much more to be said of the art of Veronese, but as far as space would allow we have now examined it in every aspect, and have found him armed at all points, equipped with almost every quality of art. For a thorough and adequate knowledge of every part of his profession it would be impossible to name his equal, and if respect for the achievement in one or another direction of this or that mighty artist forbids us to call him the greatest of masters, we may yet, with assurance, proclaim him the completest master of the art of painting that ever lived.

THE SHADOW OF BEAUTY

By Arthur Davison Ficke

I KNOW you are not fair; no thousand ships
 Moved forth to search you in a foreign land;
 Nor did a hero bow to kiss your hand,
 Nor gods come down to touch your honeyed lips.
 Yet looking on you all my being slips
 Dreaming away from its accustomed bands
 Until in unknown worlds it naked stands
 And by untrodden deeps the life-drink sips.

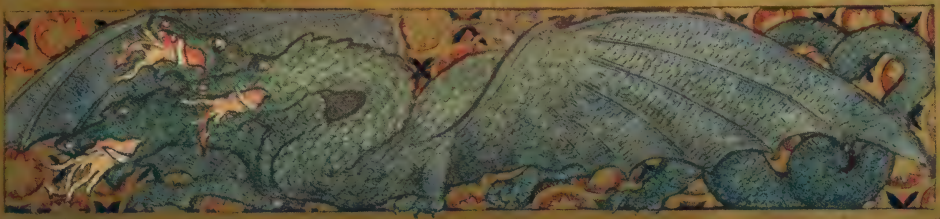
A thousand shadows gird you: all I know
 Or ever dreamed lingers in your deep eyes. . . .
 Over the waters haunted breezes blow.
 Hear you the music? . . . The slow daylight flies. . . .
 I only feel a joy that never dies
 And mists of dreams forgotten long ago.



Scen^{es}
from the
Old **B**allads

By **B**eatrice **S**tevens.

King **E**stmere
Thest of **B**obyn **D**ode
Sir **C**auline





Sir Richard
of the Lee



OF THE LIFE OF SIR RICHARD OF THE LEE



Whanne she cam in the Forest.
Under the Grene-mode Tree.
Thnde she there Robyn Hode.
And al his fayre Wene.



The Sheryf
of
Nottingham

And the saue, gode **R**obyn,
End all thy company;
For **O**ur dere **M**adhes sake,
Gh bone graunte thou me.





THE WEDDING OF LADY MARGARET AND SIR CAULINE



When domme he kncht upon his knce,
 Before that Lady day:
 Ladne, to have bin on the
 Lorige hills:
 These chickens to bring awap."



Dom welcōme, welcōme, **S**ir **C**lauline,
Thrice welcōme unto mee.
For now **I** perceiue thou art a
 true **K**night,
Of valour bolde and free."





MAKING FOR MANCHURIA

BY JOHN FOX, JR.

IT came at last—that order for the front. On the eighteenth day of July, the *Empress of China* swung out of Yokohama Harbor, with eighteen men on board, who had been waiting four months for that order, almost to the very day. During those four months there was hardly a day that some one of those men was not led to believe by the authorities in Tokio that in the next ten days the order would come, and never would the authorities say that during any ten days the order would not come; so that they had perforce to stay waiting in Tokio from the freezing rains of March until the sweltering days of midsummer. Many of those men had been in Japan for five months and more, and yet knew absolutely nothing of the land save of Tokio and Yokohama, which, tourists tell me, are not Japan at all.

The matter has been passing strange. We did not come over here at the invitation of the Japanese Government, but in simple kindness the authorities might have said, with justice:

“This is the business of Japan and of Russia alone. Over here we do not recognize the Occidental God-given right of the newspapers to divulge the private purposes of anybody. We believe that War Correspondents are harmful to the proper conduct of a war. Frankly, we don’t want you, and to the front you can never go.”

No just complaint could have been made to this. We should have seen beautiful Japan and, our occupation gone for this war, at least, we could have struck the backward trail of the Saxon—the correspondent for some trade of peace, the artist to “drawing fruits and flowers at home.” And all would have been well.

Or:

“You gentlemen came over here at your own risk. You create a new and serious problem for us and we don’t know how we are going to solve it. If you wish to stay on at your own risk until we have made up our minds—you are quite welcome.”

For some this would have made an early homeward flight easy. Or again:

“Yes, we do mean to let you go to the front, but when we cannot say. While you are here, however, we shall be glad to have you see our country. Just now we are quite sure that you will not go for at least ten days: so you can travel around and come back. If we are sure that you can’t go for another ten days, you may go away again and come back—and so on until you do leave.”

Even this they might have said:

“You English are our allies. We are in trouble and we may draw you as allies into it. We, therefore, grant your right to know how we behave on the battle-field, where we may possibly have to fight, shoulder to shoulder. Therefore, you English correspondents, you English attachés, can go to the front, the rest of you cannot.”

Nothing in all this could have given offence. All or any of it would have had at least the combined merits of frankness, consideration, honesty, and it is very hard for this Saxon to understand how any or all could possibly have any bearing on anybody’s advantage or disadvantage, as far as this war is concerned.

The Japanese gave no open hint of unwillingness to have us go—no hint that we were not to go very soon. We were urged to get passes for ourselves, interpreters and servants at once. Most of the men obeyed at once, bought horses, outfits, provisions and wrote farewell letters—wrote them

many times. This was the middle of March. Ever since we have staid at the Imperial Tomb in Tokio—the Imperial Hotel is the name it calls itself—under heavy expense to ourselves here and to the dear ones at home who sent us here; unable to go away; told every ten days that in the next ten days we would most likely go, and told on no day that within the next ten we should not go. Now it was soon—"very soon"—in English, and then it was "tadaima"—in Japanese.

Tadaima! That, too, meant "soon," when I first put stumbling feet on the tortuous path of Japanese thought and speech. The unwary stranger will be told to-day that it does mean "soon," and as such in dictionaries he shall find it. But I have tracked "tadaima" to its lair and dragged it, naked and ashamed, into the white light of truth. And I know "tadaima" at any time refers only to the season next to come. Early in March, for instance, it means literally—"next summer about two o'clock."

All this was something of a strain in the way of expectation, disappointment, worry, wasted energy—idleness. And so with a worried conscience over the expense to the above-mentioned dear ones at home, and the hope that some return might yet be made to them; through a good deal of weakness and a good deal of reluctance to go home and get "guyed," we stayed on and on. In May came the battle of Nanshan and the advance on Port Arthur. In June followed Tehlitzu. Both battles any man would have gladly risked his life to see, and I really think it would have been well for the Japanese, granting their accounts of the two battles as accurate—Russian atrocities in one, undoubted Japanese gallantry in both—if impartial observers had been there to confirm. As it stands, the Japanese say "you did"—the Russians say "we didn't"—and there the matter will end.

But we swung out of Yokohama Harbor at last—the Tokio slate for the time wiped clean and all forgiven. We were going to the front and that was balm to any wound. O-kin-san of the Tea House of the Hundred Steps—bless her—had made me turn my back while she struck sparks with flint and steel and made prayers for my safety, and from her kind hand I carried away a little ideographed block of wood in a wicker case

which would preserve me from all bodily harm. Whither we were bound we knew not for sure, since by the same token you know nothing in this land for sure. But there were three men among us who had been guaranteed, they said, by the word of a Major-General's mouth, that they should see the fall of Port Arthur. So sure were they that they had made less important representatives of their papers stay behind in Tokio to await the going of the third column. Two others had got the same assurance indirectly, but from high authority, and the rest of us knew that where they went, there went we.

That day and that night and next day we had quiet seas and sunlight. The second night we were dining in Kobbe at a hotel to which Kipling once sang a just pæan of praise—Kobbe, which he knew at once, he said, was Portland, Maine, though his feet had not then touched American soil. He was quite right. Kobbe might be any town anywhere. The next daybreak was of shattered silver, and it found us sailing through a still sea of silver from which volcanic islands leaped everywhere toward a silver sky. We were in the Inland Sea. To the eye, it was an opal dream—that Inland Sea—and the memory of it now is the memory of a dream—a dream of magic waters, silvery light and forlorn islands—bleak and many-peaked above, and slashed with gloomy ravines that race each other down to goblin-haunted water caves, where the voice of the sea is never still. This sea narrowed by and bye into the Shimonoseki Straits, which turn and twist through rocks, islands, and high green hills. Through them we went into the open ocean once more. In the middle of the next afternoon we passed for a while through other mountain-bordered straits, and by and by there sat before the uplifted eye Nagasaki, with its sleepy green terraces, rising from water level to low mountain top—where the Madame Chrysanthème of Loti's fiction is a living fact to-day. Who was it that said, after reading that book, he or she would like to read *Pierre Loti* by Madame Chrysanthème? It must have been a woman—and justly a woman—sure. There is an English colony at Nagasaki and a few Americans who cling together and talk about going home some day—all exiles, all most hospitable to the stranger, and all unconsciously touched

with the pathos of the exile wherever on earth you find him.

Between four and five o'clock these exiles take launches for a beach five miles away, since the Japanese regulations now forbid bathing at any nearer point. They carry out cakes and tea and other things to drink and I took one trip with them through one beautifully radiant late afternoon, but even in that way there was no evading the Japanese. Two of them, whether fishermen, sailors, officers or what not, calmly fixed their boat hooks to the launch and there they hung. The fact that the ladies of the launch were undressing and dressing in one end did not seem to disturb them at all, and to this day I am wondering what possible harm a man or a woman in a bathing dress among waves can do in time of war in a place that is impregnable and five hundred miles from the firing line. I found the Japanese as different in Nagasaki as is their speech. There they say "Nagasaki" with a hard g. In Tokio where the classics are supreme, they pronounce it "Nangasaki," almost—just as the Rickshaw men in the one place lose something of the samurai haughtiness that characterises them in the other. It is the difference between the flat and the broad "a" in our own land, and between the people who use the one and the people who use the other. Everybody left next morning, but I clung to Nagasaki as long as I could, and in consequence took an all-night ride on a wooden seat. Early next morning I was crossing the Shimonoseki Straits from Moji in a sampan. It was before sunrise. The mist on the sea was still asleep, but on the mountains it was starting its upward flight. Through it fishing boats were slipping like ghosts and here and there the dim shape of a transport or a little torpedo boat was visible. The flush in the East was hardly as deep as a pale rose before I was noiselessly oared to the stone quay of the little village whence we were to take transport at last for the front. The foreign hotel was full. Richard Harding Davis had gone to a Japanese hotel and had left word for me to follow. So in a rickety-rickshaw I rattled after him through the empty street. I found him in a Japanese room as big as the dining-room of an American hotel, covered with eighty mats, full of magic wood-work, and looking out where there were no walls (the walls in a

Japanese house are taken out by day) for full fifty feet on mountain and sea and passing transports and sampans. Davis was unpacking. Hanging over the balcony was a yellow moth of a girl some fourteen years old, who smiled me welcome. On another balcony at the other end of the hotel, three other sister-moths were lighted, and among them I saw a correspondent beating a typewriter vigorously—they watching him with amazement and brushing him with their wing-like sleeves as they hovered about. Others still were fluttering fairy-like anywhere, everywhere. The latest occupant of our room had been the Marquis Ito—we found it quite big enough for two of us. Li Hung Chang had the same room when he came over to make peace-terms after the Japanese-Chinese war. We could see the corner of the street nearby where a Japanese tried then to assassinate that eminent Chinaman, and in that very room the great Shimonoseki treaty was signed. We had it two nights and a day, and we learned, when we went away, that we were not told the history of that room for nothing. First, our interpreters hinted that great men like Ito and Li Hung Chang and Our Honorable Selves were always expected to make a present to the hotel. It was the custom. We followed the custom to the extent of ten yen each, and an old lady came in and prostrated herself before each of us in turn. Now, when you are clothed only in pyjamas, seated in a chair and have your bare feet on a balcony in order to miss no vagrant wind, it is somewhat embarrassing to have a woman steal in without warning, smite her forehead to the mat several times and make many signs and much speech of gratitude. You won't smite yours in turn; you can't bow as you sit, and if you rise, it looks as though you were going to put foot on the neck of a slave. We looked very red and felt very foolish, but we did not exchange confidences. If there was any slumbering supposition in our minds that this was a polite Oriental method of dealing with guests who have doubtful luggage or a slumbering hope that the "present" might have a dwindling effect on our bill, there needn't have been. We had to pay in addition for that room and those eighty mats and that Fuji landscape of delicate woodwork; we had to pay for all the brilliant moths that fluttered in-

cessantly about, for the chambermaids and the smiling scullery bronze-girl who looked in on us from the hallway; for the bath boy and the cook or cooks. Every junk and sampan that passed had apparently sent a toll for collection to that hotel. The gold of the one sunset and the silver of the one dawn were included in the turkey-tracked serpent-long bill that was unrolled before our wondering eyes. In fact, if Marquis Ito's breakfast and the biggest dinner that Li Hung Chang had there nine years before were not put down therein, it was a strange oversight on the part of the all-seeing eye that had swept the horizon of all creation during the itemization of that bill. That was business—that bill. The present had been custom. I cheerfully recommend the method to highway robbers that captain other palaces of extortion in other parts of the world. Get the present first—it's a pretty custom—and the rest is just as easy as it would have been any way.

Next day we went back again to Moji, where a polite and dapper little officer examined us and our passes and asked us many questions. Why he did I know not, since he seemed to know about us in advance, and every now and then he would look up from a pass and say, "Oh, you are so and so"—whereat "so and so" would look a bit uneasy. At two o'clock that day we set sail—correspondents, interpreters, servants, horses, a few soldiers and much ammunition—on the transport *Hieiō Maru*. Every ship has that "Maru" after its name, and I have never been able to find out just what it means—except that literally it is "round in shape." We steamed slowly past a long, bleak, hump-backed little island that had been the funeral pyre for the Japanese dead in the war with China. For ordinarily the Japanese, after taking a lock of hair, a finger-nail or the *inkobo* (a bone in the throat) which they send back to relatives, burn their dead. But this funeral pyre was for those who died in the hospital, and the wounded and sick therein could see by the flames at night where next day their own ashes might lie. Thence we turned northward toward the goal of five months' hope on the part of those hitherto unhappy but now most cheerful eighteen men.

Fuji was on board. Fuji is my horse, and he had come down by rail. He is Japanese and a stallion—as most Japanese

horses are. He has a bushy, wayward mane by the strands of which you can box the compass with great accuracy, and a bushy forelock that is just as wayward. His head, physiognomy and general traits will come in better when later they get an opportunity for display. All I knew then of Fuji was that he had nearly pulled the arms out of the sockets of several men, and had broken one man's leg back in Tokio. I was soon to learn that this was very little to know about Fuji.

Takeuchi also was aboard. Takeuchi is my interpreter and servant. He is tall and slender, and has a narrow intelligent face and general proportions that an American girl characterized as Greek. I call him the ever-faithful or the ever-faithless—just as his mood for the day happens to be. He keeps me guessing all the time. When I make up my mind that I am going to say harsh things next day I find Takeuchi tucking a blanket around me at three o'clock in the morning. He knows they are coming, and when I do say them Takeuchi answers—"I beg you my pardon" in a way that leads me to doubt which of us is the real offender after all. Sometimes my watch and money disappear, but Takeuchi turns up with them the next morning, shaking his head and with one wave of his hand towards the table.

"Not safe," he says, smiting his waistband, where both were concealed. "I keep him." He has both now all the time. His first account over-ran, to be sure, the exact amount of his salary for one month. For that amount I had him sign a receipt. Two hours later he said, in perplexity:

"I do not understand the receipt I give you."

I pointed out my willingness to be proven wrong. He worked for an hour on the account and sighed:

"You are right," he said. "I mistake. I beg you my pardon."

He had overlooked among other things one item—the funeral expenses of some relative, which he had charged to me. I made it clear that such an item was hardly legitimate and since then we have had less trouble. However, when he wishes anything, he says:

"I want you, etc., etc., etc.," and at the end of the sentence he will say "please," with great humility: but until that "please" comes

I am not always sure which is servant and which is master. From Takeuchi I have learned much about Japanese character, especially about the Bushido spirit—the fealty of Samurai to Daimio, of retainer to Samurai, of servant to master. It is useless to be harsh with or to scold a Japanese servant. Just make your appeal to that traditional spirit of loyalty and all will be better—if not well. He may rob you himself in the way of traditional commissions, but you can be sure that he will allow the same privilege to nobody else. But of Takeuchi—as of Fuji—more anon.

We sailed along at slow speed until we came to the Elliott Group of Islands. We paid a yen apiece for each meal, and the captain and the purser—a nice little fellow who got autographs from all who could write and pictures from all who could draw—were the only officers with whom we came in contact. We had poker o' nights, and sometimes o' days, and now and then we "played the horses." Thus we reached the Elliott Group of Islands.

There we had company, transports coming in until there was a fleet of ten; other transports going back to Japan, and an occasional gun-boat hovering on the horizon. There we staid three wearing days—told each day that we should start on the next at daybreak. But there came one matchless sunset as a comfort—a sunset that hung for a while over a low jagged coast—a seething mass of flaming gold and vivid, quivering green; that smote the sea into sympathy, lent its colors to the mists that rose therefrom, and sank slowly to one luminous band of yellow, above which one motionless cloud of silver was, by some miracle, the last to deepen into ashes and darkness. And as it darkened in the West, some white clouds in the East pushed tumbling crests of foam over another range of hills, and above them the full moon soared. Thus, all my life I had waited to see at last, on a heathen coast, Turner doing the sunset, while Whistler was arranging colors in the place where the next dawn was to come.

Here we saw Chinamen for the first time on native heath. They came out to us in sampans, always with one or two children in the bow, to get scraps to eat at the port-holes aft, or empty bottles which they much prized; or drifted past us on the swift tide, watching like birds of prey for anything

that might be thrown overboard. And we saw the attitude of Japanese towards Chinamen for the first time, as well, and all the time one memory hung in my mind—the memory of a town-bred mulatto in a high hat with his thumbs in the arm-holes of a white waistcoat, and loftily talking to a country brother of deeper shade in the market place of a certain Southern town. One day a sampan with a very old man and a young one aboard, made fast to the gangway. They had fish to sell, and during the haggling that followed, a Japanese sprang aboard, dropped a coin or two, picked up the fish and tried to cast the sampan away—the Chinaman sputtering voluble but feeble protest meanwhile. In the confusion, the stern of the sampan struck a ship's boat that was swinging on a long hawser from the same gangway, the bow of it struck the ship's side and the racing tide did the rest. The boat was overturned, old man and young one disappeared and all under water shot away. We thought they were gone, but there were two lean yellow arms fastened by yellow talons to the keel, and in a moment the young man was dragging the old man to safety on the bottom of the boat. The ship's boat was cast away, the Japanese who had caused the trouble sprang aboard with the crew, gave chase to the bobbing wreck, caught it several hundred yards away, righted it, and later we saw the young Chinaman working it half-submerged toward the distant shore, and the shivering bedraggled old one being brought back to the ship. We were all indignant, for the officers of the ship, far from interfering, laughed during the whole affair, and laughing, watched the old man and the young one sweep away. But no sooner was the old man aboard than the servants and interpreters gave him rice, saki, empty bottles and clothes and took up a subscription for him: and when the young one got to the ship an hour later the old man climbed into the sampan, mellow and happy. It seemed a heartless piece of cruelty at first, but it was perhaps after all, only the cruelty of children, for which they were at once sorry and at once tried to make amends. To me, its significance was in the loftily superior, contemptuously patronizing attitude of the Japanese towards the yellow brother from whom he got civilization, art, classical models and a written speech.

Later, I found the same bearing raised to the ninth degree in Manchuria. Knowing the grotesque results in the efforts of one imitative race to adopt another civilization in my own country, the parallelism has struck me forcibly over here in dress, Occidental manners, the love of interpreters for ponderous phraseology and quotations, rigid insistence on form and red tape and the letter thereof. Give a Japanese a rule and he knows no exception on his part, understands no variation therefrom on yours. For instance, every afternoon we went into the sea from that gangway, and Guy Scull diving from the railing of the upper deck and Richard Harding Davis diving for coins thrown from the same deck into the water (and getting them, too) created no little diversion for everybody on board. On the third afternoon, Davis in his kimono and nothing else, was halted by the first officer at the gangway. The Captain had found a transport rule to the effect that nobody should be allowed to go in bathing—the good reason being, of course, that some of several hundred soldiers in bathing might drown. Therefore, we eighteen men, though we were in a way the guests of the captain's government, in spite of the fact that we were paying for our own meals, and though for this reason a distinction might have been made, the rule was there, and like Japanese soldiers, we had to obey. It looked a trifle ominous.

We were only ten hours' sail now from Port Arthur, and one morning we did get away just before sunrise. The start was mysterious, almost majestic at that hour. For three days those transports had lain around us—filled, I was told, with soldiers, and yet not one soldier had I seen. Blacker and more mysterious than ever they looked in that dark hour before dawn—only the first flush in the East showing sign of something human in the column of black smoke that was drifting from the funnel of each. It showed, too, a gray mass lying low on the water, and near a big black rock that jutted from the sea. That gray mass gave forth one unearthly shriek and that was all. Instantly thereafterwards it floated slowly around that jutting rock; one by one the silent black ships moved ghostlike after it, and when the red sunburst came, that gave birth, I suppose, to the flag of Japan, all in single file were moving in a great circle out

to sea—the prow of each ship turning towards one red star that looked down with impartial eyes where the brown children of the sun were in a death-struggle with the cubs of the Great White Bear. By noon there was great cheer. The Japanese word was good at last—we were bound for Port Arthur. The rocky shore of Manchuria was close at hand. A Japanese torpedo boat slipped by, its nose plunging through every wave and playful as a dolphin, tossing green water and white foam back over its whole black length. A signal station became visible on one gray peak, and then there was a thrill that took the soreness of five months from the hearts of eighteen men. The sullen thunder of a big gun moaned its way to us from Port Arthur. There was not a man who had not long dreamed of that grim easternmost symbol of Russian aggression, and each man knew that no matter what might happen on land, Port Arthur held place and would hold place for dramatic interest in the eyes of the world. Port Arthur we should see—stubborn siege and fierce assaults—and gather stories by the handful when it fell. Dalny was to our left, and it was rather curious that we did not turn towards Dalny. But no matter—we were going into Talienwan Bay, which was only a few miles farther away, and we could hear big guns: so we were happy. Talienwan—a thin curve of low gray stone buildings, hugging the sweep of the bay, spread the welcome that the officer of that Port came to speak in English—and we landed among carts, Chinese coolies, Japanese soldiers, Chinese wagons, mules, donkeys, horses, ponies, squealing stallions, ammunition, a medley of human cries. The bustle was terrific. A man must look out for himself in that apparent confusion. As it was an ever-faithful day for Takeuchi that day, I was serene and trustful. Davis was not, and beckoned to a coolly with a cart. The man came and Davis's baggage was piled on the cart. Along came a Japanese officer who, without a word, threw the baggage to the ground—including a camera and other things as fragile and hardly less precious. Davis turned to the Post Officer:

"Can I have one of these carts?"

"Certainly," he said.

Davis got another, but while his interpreter was loading his things again, the

same officer came by and tossed them again to the ground. The interpreter protested and tried to explain that he had permission to use the carts, but he hadn't time. That officer turned on him. Now I had been told that there are no oaths and vile epithets in the Japanese tongue, but I know no English vile enough to report what the man said, and if I did I couldn't use it without blistering my tongue and blackening my soul more black than the hair of the black-guard who used it. But let me do the Colonel in command justice to say that when the outraged interpreter, taken to him by us afterward, repeated the insult, the courteous old gentleman looked shocked and deeply hurt, and said he would deal harshly with the man. I hope he did.

This was ominous but we were still cheerful. Yokoyama appeared and Yokoyama was ominous. He was to handle our canteen and charge us twice the prices that we had known at the Imperial Hotel, on the ground that he would transport our baggage for us. That meant that he was to charge us for the transport service that the Government was to give us—not to him—and furnish us chiefly with canned stuff that each man could have bought for him-

self for a dollar per day. We did not know this just then, but wily Yokoyama had gathered in 500 yen from each of us in Tokio, and he was ominous before we left Japan. I am putting this in because Yokoyama, too, is woven into the network that fate was casting about us that day. Still we were cheerful. Cannon were making the music we had waited five months to hear. Port Arthur would fall, doubtless, within ten days, and then—Home! The dream was shattered before we went to sleep. No officer came to tell us where we were bound—to explain the shattered word of a Major-General of his own army. It was Yokoyama who dealt the blow—Yokoyama who, in another land would have been branded as a traitor by his own people and could have been put behind the bars in ours. The truth was that we were not to go to Port Arthur at all. Next day we travelled—whither God only knew—with every boom of a big gun at the Russian fortress behind us sounding the knell of a hope in the heart of each and every man. But we were on the trail of Oku's army into the heart of Manchuria, though nobody knew it for sure, and there was yet before us another tragedy—Liao-Yang.



PRIMAVERA

By George Cabot Lodge

SPIRIT immortal of mortality,
Imperishable faith, calm miracle
Of resurrection, truth no tongue can tell,
No brain conceive—now witnessed utterly
In this new testament of earth and sea,—
To us thy gospel! Where the acorn fell
The oak-tree springs: no seed is infidel!
Once more, O Wonder, flower and field and tree
Reveal thy secret and significance!—
And we who share unutterable things
And feel the foretaste of Eternity,
Haply shall learn thy meaning and perchance
Set free the soul to lift immortal wings
And cross the frontiers of infinity.

THE POT-BOILER

By Edith Wharton

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAYMOND M. CROSBY

I



HE studio faced north, looking out over a dismal reach of roofs and chimneys, and rusty fire-escapes hung with heterogeneous garments. A crust of dirty snow covered the level surfaces, and a December sky with more snow in it lowered over them.

The room was bare and gaunt, with blotched walls and a stained uneven floor. On a divan lay a pile of "properties"—limp draperies, an Algerian scarf, a moth-eaten fan of peacock feathers. The janitor had forgotten to fill the coal-scuttle overnight, and the cast-iron stove projected its cold flanks into the room like a black iceberg. Ned Stanwell, who had just added his hat and great-coat to the miscellaneous heap on the divan, turned from the empty stove with a shiver.

"By Jove, this is a little too much like the last act of *Bohème*," he said, slipping into

his coat again after a vain glance at the coal-scuttle. Much solitude, and a lively habit of mind, had bred in him the habit of audible soliloquy, and having flung a shout for the janitor down the seven flights dividing the studio from the basement, he turned back, picking up the thread of his monologue. "Exactly like *Bohème*, really—that crack in the wall is much more like a stage-crack than a real one—just the sort of crack Mungold would paint if he were doing a Humble Interior."

Mungold, the fashionable portrait-painter of the hour, was the favourite object of the younger men's irony.

"It only needs Kate Arran to be borne in dying," Stanwell continued with a laugh. "Much more likely to be poor little Caspar, though," he concluded.

His neighbour across the landing—the little sculptor, Caspar Arran, humorously called "Gaspar" on account of his bronchial asthma—had lately been joined by a sister, Kate Arran, a strapping girl, fresh

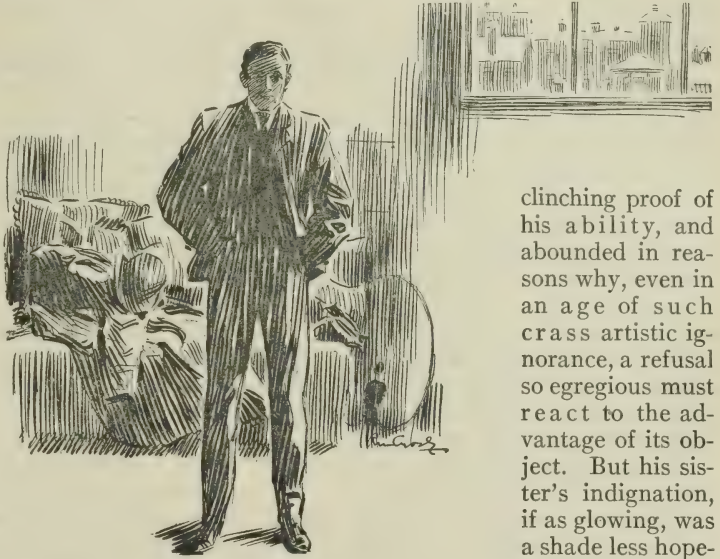
from the country, who had installed herself in the little room off her brother's studio, keeping house for him with a chafing-dish and a coffee-machine, to the mirth and envy of the other young men in the building.

Poor little Gasper had been very bad all the autumn, and it was surmised that his sister's presence, which he spoke of growlingly, as a troublesome necessity devolved on him by the inopportune death of an aunt, was really an indication of his failing ability to take care of himself. Kate Arran took his complaints with unfailing good-humour, darned his socks, brushed his clothes, fed him with steaming broths and foaming milk-punches, and listened with reverential assent to his interminable disquisitions on art. Every one in the house was

sorry for little Gasper, and the other fellows liked him all the more because it was so impossible to like his sculpture; but his talk was a bore, and when his colleagues ran in to see him they were apt to keep a hand on the door-knob and to plead a pressing engagement. At least they had been till Kate came; but now they began to show a disposition to enter and sit down. Caspar, who was no fool, perceived the change, and perhaps detected its cause; at any rate, he showed no special gratification at the increased cordiality of his friends, and Kate, who followed him in everything, took this as a sign that guests were to be discouraged.

There was one exception, however: Ned Stanwell, who was deplorably good-natured, had always lent a patient ear to Caspar, and he now reaped his reward by being taken into Kate's favour. Before she had been a month in the building they were on confidential terms as to Caspar's health,

and lately Stanwell had penetrated farther, even to the inmost recesses of her anxiety about her brother's career. Caspar had recently had a bad blow in the refusal of his *magnum opus*—a vast allegorical group—by the Commissioners of the Minneapolis Exhibition. He took the rejection with Promethean irony, proclaimed it as the



Turned from the empty stove with a shiver.—Page 696.

clinging proof of his ability, and abounded in reasons why, even in an age of such crass artistic ignorance, a refusal so egregious must react to the advantage of its object. But his sister's indignation, if as glowing, was a shade less hopeful. Of course Caspar was going to succeed—she

knew it was only a question of time—but she paled at the word and turned imploring eyes on Stanwell. *Was there time enough?* It was the one element in the combination that she could not count on; and Stanwell, reddening under her look of interrogation, and cursing his own glaring robustness, would affirm that of course, of course, of course, by everything that was holy there was time enough—with the mental reservation that there wouldn't be, even if poor Caspar lived to be a hundred.

"Vos that you yelling for the shanitor, Mr. Sdanwell?" inquired an affable voice through the doorway; and Stanwell, turning with a laugh, confronted the squat figure of a middle-aged man in an expensive fur coat, who looked as if his face secreted the oil which he used on his hair.

"Hullo, Shepson—I should say I *was* yelling. Did you ever feel such an atmosphere? That fool has forgotten to light

the stove. Come in, but for heaven's sake don't take off your coat."

Mr. Shepson glanced about the studio with a look which seemed to say that, where so much else was lacking, the absence of a fire hardly added to the general sense of destitution.

"Vell, you ain't as vell fixed as Mr. Mungold—ever been to his studio, Mr. Stanwell? De most exquisite blush hangings, and a gas-fire, choost as natural——"

"Oh, hang it, Shepson, do you call *that* a studio? It's like a manicure's parlour—or a beauty-doctor's. By George," broke off Stanwell, "and that's just what he is!"

"A peauty-doctor?"

"Yes—oh, well, you wouldn't see," murmured Stanwell, mentally storing his epigram for more appreciative ears. "But you didn't come just to make me envious of Mungold's studio, did you?" And he pushed forward a chair for his visitor.

The latter, however, declined it with an affable motion. "Of gourse not, of gourse not—but Mr. Mungold is a sensible man. He makes a lot of money, you know."

"Is that what you came to tell me?" said Stanwell, still humorously.

"My gootness, no—I was downstairs looking at Holbrook's sdained class, and I shoost thought I'd sdepe up a minute and take a beep at your vork."

"Much obliged, I'm sure—especially as I assume that you don't want any of it." Try as he would, Stanwell could not keep a note of eagerness from his voice. Mr. Shepson caught the note, and eyed him shrewdly through gold-rimmed glasses.

"Vell, vell, vell—I'm not prepared to commit myself. Shoost let me take a look round, vill you?"

"With the greatest pleasure—and I'll give another shout for the coal."

Stanwell went out on the landing, and Mr. Shepson, left to himself, began a meditative progress about the room. On an easel facing the improvised dais stood a canvas on which a young woman's head had been blocked in. It was just in that happy state of semi-evocation when a picture seems to detach itself from the grossness of its medium and live a wondrous moment in the actual; and the quality of the head in question—a vigorous dusky youthfulness, a kind of virgin majesty—lent itself to this illusion of vitality. Stan-

well, who had re-entered the studio, could not help drawing a sharp breath as he saw the picture-dealer pausing with tilted head before this portrait: it seemed, at one moment, so impossible that he should not be struck with it, at the next so incredible that he should be.

Shepson cocked his parrot-eye at the canvas with a desultory "Vat's dat?" which sent a twinge through the young man.

"That? Oh—a sketch of a young lady," stammered Stanwell, flushing at the imbecility of his reply. "It's Miss Arran, you know," he added, "the sister of my neighbour here, the sculptor."

"Sgulpture? There's no market for modern sgulpture except tombstones," said Shepson disparagingly, passing on as if he included the sister's portrait in his condemnation of her brother's trade.

Stanwell smiled, but more at himself than Shepson. How could he ever have supposed that the gross fool would see anything in his sketch of Kate Arran? He stood aside, straining after detachment, while the dealer continued his round of exploration, waddling up to the canvases on the walls, prodding with his stick at those stacked in corners, prying and peering sideways like a great bird rummaging for seed. He seemed to find little nutriment in the course of his search, for the sounds he emitted expressed a weary distaste for misdirected effort, and he completed his round without having thought it worth while to draw a single canvas from its obscurity.

As his visits always had the same result, Stanwell was reduced to wondering why he had come again; but Shepson was not the man to indulge in vague roamings through the field of art, and it was safe to conclude that his purpose would in due course reveal itself. His tour brought him at length face to face with the painter, where he paused, clasping his plump gloved hands behind his back, and shaking an admonitory head.

"Gleffer—very gleffer, of course—I suppose you'll let me know when you want to sell anything?"

"Let you know?" gasped Stanwell, to whom the room grew so glowingly hot that he thought for a moment the janitor must have made up the fire.

Shepson gave a dry laugh. "Vell, it

doesn't sdrike me that you want to now—doing this kind of thing, you know!" And he swept a comprehensive hand about the studio.

"Ah," said Stanwell, who could not keep a note of flatness out of his laugh.

"See here, Mr. Sdanwell, vot do you do it for? If you do it for yourself and the other fellows, vell and good—only don't ask me round. I sell pictures, I don't theorize about them. Ven you vant to sell, gome to me with what my gustomers vant. You can do it—you're smart enough. You can do most anything. Vere's dat bortrait of Gladys Glyde dat you showed at the Fake Club last autumn? Dat little thing in de Romney sdyle? Dat vas a little shem, now," exclaimed Mr. Shepson, whose pronunciation became increasingly Semitic in moments of excitement.

Stanwell stared. Called upon a few months previously to contribute to an exhibition of skits on well-known artists, he had used the photograph of a favourite music-hall "star" as the basis of a picture in the pseudo-historical style affected by the popular portrait-painters of the day.

"That thing?" he said contemptuously. "How on earth did you happen to see it?"

"I see everything," returned the dealer with an oracular smile. "If you've got it here let me look at it, please."

It cost Stanwell a few minutes' search to unearth his skit—a clever blending of dash and sentimentality, in just the right proportion to create the impression of a powerful brush subdued to mildness by the charms of the sitter. Stanwell had thrown it off in a burst of imitative frenzy, beginning for the mere joy of the satire, but gradually fascinated by the problem of producing the requisite mingling of attributes. He was surprised now to see how well he had caught the note, and Shepson's face reflected his approval.

"By George! Dat's something like," the dealer ejaculated.

"Like what? Like Mungold?" Stanwell laughed.

"Like business! Like a big order for a bortrait, Mr. Sdanwell—dat's what it's like!" cried Shepson, swinging round on him.

Stanwell's stare widened. "An order for me?"

"Vy not? Accidents *vill* happen," said

Shepson jocosely. "De fact is, Mrs. Archer Millington wants to be bainted—you know her sdyle? Well, she prides herself on her likeness to little Gladys. And so ven she saw dat bicture of yours at de Fake Show she made a note of your name, and de udder day she sent for me and she says: 'Mr. Shepson, I'm tired of Mungold—all my friends are done by Mungold. I vant to break away and be orishinal—I vant to be done by the bainter that did Gladys Glyde.'"

Shepson waited to observe the result of this overwhelming announcement, and Stanwell, after a momentary halt of surprise, brought out laughingly: "But this is a Mungold. Is that what she calls being original?"

"Shoost exactly," said Shepson, with unexpected acuteness. "That's vat dey all want—sonething different from what all deir friends have got, but shoost like it all de same. Dat's de public all over! Mrs. Millington don't want a Mungold, because everybody's got a Mungold, but she wants a picture that's in the same sdyle, because dat's *de* sdyle, and she's afraid of any oder!"

Stanwell was listening with real enjoyment. "Ah, you know your public," he murmured.

"Vell, you do, too, or you couldn't have painted dat," the dealer retorted. "And I don't say dey're wrong—mind dat. I like a bretty picture myself. And I understand the way dey feel. Dey're villing to let Sargent take liberties vid them, because it's like being punched in de ribs by a King; but if anybody else baints them, they vant to look as sweet as an obituary." He turned earnestly to Stanwell. "The thing is to attract their notice. Vonce you got it they von't gif you dime to sleep. And dat's why I'm here to-day—you've attracted Mrs. Millington's notice, and vonce you're hung in dat new ball-room—dat's vere she vants you, in a big gold panel—vonce you're dere, vy, you'll be like the Pianaola—no home gomepleat without you. And I ain't going to charge you any commission on the first job!"

He stood before the painter, exuding a mixture of deference and patronage in which either element might predominate as events developed; but Stanwell could see in the incident only the stuff for a good story.

"My dear Shepson," he said, "what are you talking about? This is no picture of mine. Why don't you ask me to do you a Corot at once? I hear there's a great demand for them still in the West. Or an Arthur Schracker—I can do Schracker as well as Mungold," he added, turning around a small canvas at which a paint-pot seemed to have been hurled with violence from a considerable distance.

Shepson ignored the allusion to Corot, but screwed his eyes at the picture. "Ah, Schracker—vell, the Schracker sdyle would take first rate if you were a foreigner—but, for goodness sake, don't try it on Mrs. Millington!"

Stanwell pushed the two skits aside. "Oh, you can trust me," he cried humorously. "The pearls and the eyes very large—the extremities very small. Isn't that about the size of it?"

"Dat's it—dat's it. And the cheque as big as you vant to make it! Mrs. Millington vants the picture finished in time for her first barty in the new ball-room, and if you rush the job she won't sdickle at an extra thousand. Vill you come along with me now and arrange for your first sitting?"

He stood before the young man, urgent,

paternal, and so imbued with the importance of his mission that his face stretched to a ludicrous length of dismay when Stanwell, administering a good-humoured push to his shoulder, cried gaily: "My dear fellow, it will make my price rise still higher when the lady hears I'm too busy to take any orders at present—and that I'm actually obliged to turn you out now because I'm expecting a sitter!"

It was part of Shepson's business to have a quick ear for the note of finality, and he offered no resistance to Stanwell's friendly impulsion; but on the threshold he paused to murmur, with a regretful glance at the denuded studio: "You could haf done it, Mr. Sdanwell—you could haf done it!"

II

KATE ARRAN was Stanwell's sitter; but the janitor had hardly filled the stove when she came in to say she could not sit. Caspar had had a bad night: he was depressed and feverish, and in spite of his protests she had resolved to fetch the doctor. Care sat on her usually tranquil features, and Stanwell, as he offered to go for the doctor, wished he could have caught in his picture the wide gloom of her brow. There was always a kind of Biblical breadth in the expression of her emotions, and today she suggested a text from Isaiah.

"But you're not busy?" she hesitated, in the full voice which seemed tuned to a solemn rhetoric.

"I meant to be—with you. But since that's off I'm quite unemployed."

She smiled interrogatively. "I thought perhaps you had an order. I met Mr. Shepson rubbing his hands on the landing."

"Was he rubbing his hands? Well, it was not over me. He says that from the style of my pictures he doesn't suppose I want to sell."

She looked at him superbly. "Well, do you?"

He embraced his bleak walls in a circular gesture. "Judge for yourself!"

"Ah, but it's splendidly furnished!"



"With rejected pictures, you mean?"

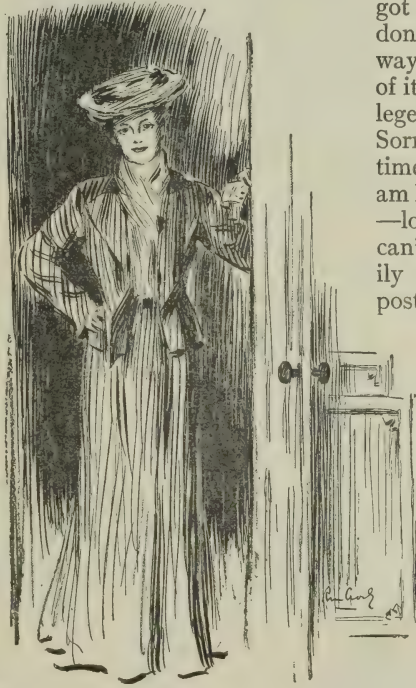
"With ideals!" she exclaimed in a tone caught from her brother, and which would have been irritating to Stanwell if it had not been moving.

He gave a slight shrug and took up his hat; but she interposed to say that if it didn't make any difference she would prefer to have him go and sit with poor Caspar, while she ran for the doctor and did some household errands by the way. Stanwell divined in her request the need of a brief respite from Caspar, and though he shivered at the thought of her facing the cold in the scant jacket which had been her only wear since he had known her, he let her go without a protest, and betook himself to Arran's studio.

He found the little sculptor dressed and roaming fretfully about the melancholy room in which he and his plastic off-spring lodged together. In one corner, where Kate's chair and work-table stood, a scrupulous order prevailed; but the rest of the apartment had the dreary untidiness, the damp grey look, which the worker in clay usually creates about him. In the centre of this desert stood the shrouded image of Caspar's disappointment: the colossal rejected group as to which his friends could seldom remember whether it represented Jove hurling a Titan from Olympus or Science Subjugating Religion. Caspar was the sworn foe of religion, which he appeared to regard as indirectly connected with his inability to sell his statues.

The sculptor was too ill to work, and Stanwell's appearance loosed the pent-up springs of his talk.

"Hullo! What are you doing here? I thought Kate had gone over to sit to you.



She came in to say she could not sit.—Page 700.

She wanted a little fresh air? I should say enough of it came in through these windows. How like a woman, when she's agreed to do a certain thing, to make up her mind at once that she's got to do another! They don't call it caprice—it's always duty: that's the humour of it. I'll be bound Kate alleged a pressing engagement. Sorry she should waste your time so, my dear fellow. Here am I with plenty of it to burn—look at my hand shake; I can't do a thing! Well, luckily nobody wants me to—posterity may suffer, but the

present generation isn't worrying. The present generation wants to be carved in sugar-candy, or painted in maple syrup. It doesn't want to be told the truth about itself or about anything in the universe. The prophets have always lived in a garret, my dear fellow—only the ravens don't always find out their address! Speaking of

ravens, though, Kate told me she saw old Shepson coming out of your place—I say, old man, you're not meditating an apostasy? You're not doing the kind of thing that Shepson would look at?"

Stanwell laughed. "Oh, he looked at them—but only to confirm his reasons for rejecting them."

"Ha! ha! That's right—he wanted to refresh his memory with their badness. But how on earth did he happen to have any doubts on the subject? I should as soon have thought of his coming in here!"

Stanwell winced at the analogy, but replied in Caspar's key: "Oh, he's not as sure of any of us as he is of you!"

The sculptor received this tribute with a joyous expletive. "By God, no, he's sure of me, as you say! He and his tribe know that I'll starve in my tracks sooner than make a concession—a single concession. A fellow came after me once to do an angel on

a tombstone—an angel leaning against a broken column, and looking as if it was waiting for the elevator and wondering why in hell it didn't come. He said he wanted me to show that the deceased was pining to get to heaven. As she was his wife I didn't dispute the proposition, but when I asked him what he understood by *heaven* he grabbed his hat and walked out of the studio. *He* didn't wait for the elevator."

Stanwell listened with a practised smile. The story of the man who had come to order the angel was so familiar to Arran's friends that its only interest consisted in waiting to see what variation he would give

to the retort which had put the mourner to flight. It was generally supposed that this visit represented the sculptor's nearest approach to an order, and one of his fellow-

craftsmen had been heard to remark that if Caspar *had* made the tombstone, the lady under it would have tried harder than ever to get to heaven. To Stanwell's present mood, however, there was something more than usually irritating in the gratuitous assumption that Arran had only to derogate from his altitude to have a press of purchasers at his door.

"Well—what did you gain by kicking your widower out?" he objected. "Why can't a man do two kinds of work—one to please himself and the other to boil the pot?"

Caspar stopped in his jerky walk—the stride of a tall man attempted with short legs (it sometimes appeared to Stanwell to symbolize his artistic endeavour).

"Why can't a man—why can't he? You ask me that, Stanwell?" he blazed out.

"Yes; and what's more, I'll answer you: it isn't everybody who can adapt his art as he wants to!"

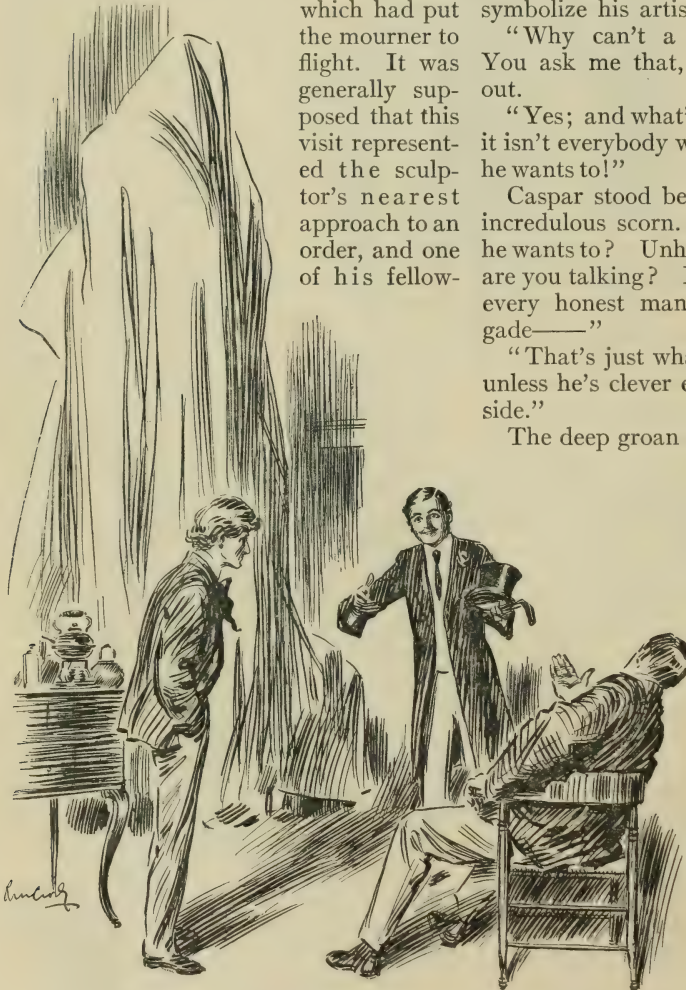
Caspar stood before him, gasping with incredulous scorn. "Adapt his art? As he wants to? Unhappy wretch, what lingo are you talking? If you mean that it isn't every honest man who can be a renegade——"

"That's just what I do mean: he can't unless he's clever enough to see the other side."

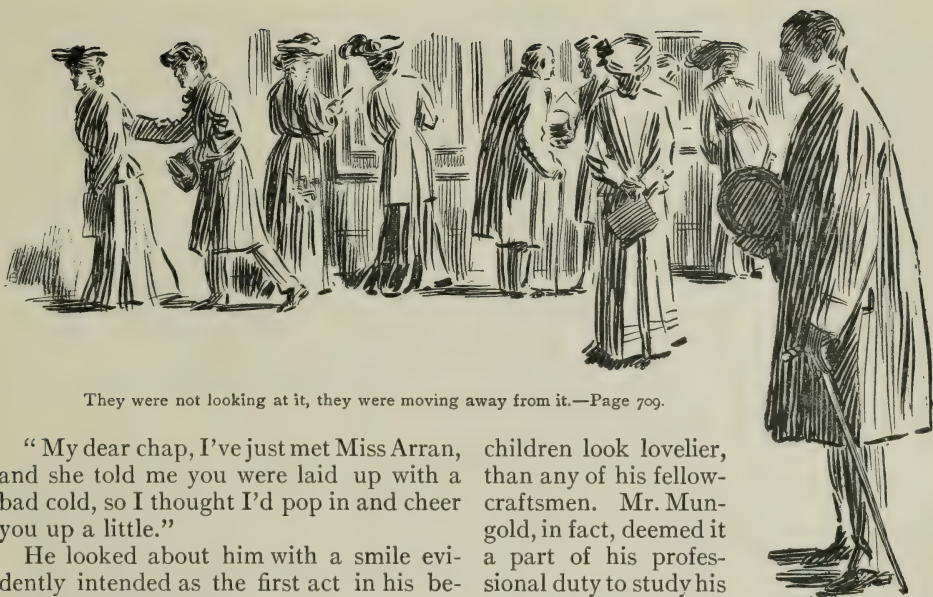
The deep groan with which Caspar met

this casuistry was cut short by a knock at the studio door, which thereupon opened to admit a small dapperly-dressed man with a silky moustache and mildly-bulging eyes.

"Ah, Mungold," exclaimed Stanwell, to cover the gloomy silence with which Arran received the new-comer; whereat the latter, with the air of a man who does not easily believe himself unwelcome, bestowed a sympathetic pressure on the sculptor's hand.



With a neat glaze of gentility extending from his varnished boot-tips to his glossy hat.—Page 703.



They were not looking at it, they were moving away from it.—Page 709.

"My dear chap, I've just met Miss Arran, and she told me you were laid up with a bad cold, so I thought I'd pop in and cheer you up a little."

He looked about him with a smile evidently intended as the first act in his beneficent programme.

Mr. Mungold, freshly soaped and scented, with a neat glaze of gentility extending from his varnished boot-tips to his glossy hat, looked like the "flattered" portrait of a common man—just such an idealized presentment as his own brush might have produced. As a rule, however, he devoted himself to the portrayal of the other sex, painting ladies in syrup, as Arran said, with marsh-mallow children leaning against their knees. He was as quick as a dressmaker at catching new ideas, and the style of his pictures changed as rapidly as that of the fashion-plates. One year all his sitters were done on oval canvases, with gauzy draperies and a background of clouds; the next they were seated under an immemorial elm, caressing enormous dogs obviously constructed out of door-mats. Whatever their occupation they always looked straight out of the canvas, giving the impression that their eyes were fixed on an invisible camera. This gave rise to the rumour that Mungold "did" his portraits from photographs; it was even said that he had invented a way of transferring an enlarged photograph to the canvas, so that all that remained was to fill in the colours. If he heard of this charge he took it calmly, but probably it had not reached the high spheres in which he moved, and in which he was esteemed for painting pearls better, and making unsuggestive

children look lovelier, than any of his fellow-craftsmen. Mr. Mungold, in fact, deemed it a part of his professional duty to study his sitters in their home-life; and as this life was chiefly led in the homes of others, he was too busy dining out and going to the opera to mingle much with his colleagues. But as no one is wholly consistent, Mr. Mungold had lately belied his ambitions by falling in love with Kate Arran; and with that gentle persistency which made him so wonderful in managing obstreperous infantile sitters, he had contrived to establish a precarious footing in her brother's studio.

Part of his success was due to the fact that he could not easily think himself the object of a rebuff. If it seemed to hit him he regarded it as deflected from its aim, and brushed it aside with a discreet gesture. A touch of comedy was lent to the situation by the fact that, till Kate Arran's coming, Mungold had always served as her brother's Awful Example. It was a mark of Arran's lack of humour that he persisted in regarding the little man as a conscious apostate, instead of perceiving that he painted as he could, in a world which really looked to him like a vast confectioner's window. Stanwell had never quite divined how Mungold had won over the sister, to whom her brother's prejudices were a religion; but he suspected the painter of having united a deep belief in Caspar's gifts with the occasional offer of opportune delicacies—the port-wine or game which Kate had no other means of procuring for her patient.

Stanwell, persuaded that Mungold would stick to his post till Miss Arran's return, felt himself freed from his promise to the latter and left the incongruous pair to themselves. There had been a time when it amused him to see Caspar submerge the painter in a torrent of turbid eloquence, and to watch poor Mungold sputtering under the rush of denunciation, yet emitting little bland phrases of assent, like a gentleman drowning correctly, in gloves and eye-glasses. But Stanwell was beginning to find less food for gaiety than for envy in the contemplation of his colleague. After all, Mungold held his ground, he did not go under. Spite of his manifest absurdity he had succeeded in propitiating the sister, in making himself tolerated by the brother; and the fact that his success was due to the ability to purchase port-wine and game was not in this case a mitigating circumstance. Stanwell knew that the Arrans really preferred him to Mungold, but the knowledge only sharpened his envy of the latter, whose friendship could command visible tokens of expression, while poor Stanwell's remained gloomily inarticulate. As he returned to his overpopulated studio and surveyed anew the pictures of which Shepson had not offered to relieve him, he found himself wishing, not for Mungold's lack of scruples, for he believed him to be the most scrupulous of men, but for that happy mean of talent which so completely satisfied the artistic requirements of the inartistic. Mungold was not to be despised as an apostate—he was to be congratulated as a man whose aptitudes were exactly in line with the taste of the persons he liked to dine with.

At this point in his meditations, Stanwell's eye fell on the portrait of Miss Gladys Glyde. It was really, as Shepson said, as good as a Mungold; yet it could never be made to serve the same purpose, because it was the work of a man who knew it was bad art. That at least would have been Caspar Arran's contention—poor Caspar, who produced as bad art in the service of the loftiest convictions! The distinction began to look like mere casuistry to Stanwell. He had never been very proud of his own adaptability. It had seemed to him to indicate the lack of an individual standpoint, and he had tried to counteract it by the cultivation of an aggressively personal

style. But the cursed knack was in his fingers—he was always at the mercy of some other man's sensations, and there were moments when he blushed to remember that his grandfather had spent a laborious life-time in Rome, copying the Old Masters for a generation which lacked the facile resource of the camera. Now, however, it struck him that the ancestral versatility might be a useful inheritance. In art, after all, the greatest of them did what they could; and if a man could do several things instead of one, why should he not profit by the multiplicity of his gifts? If one had two talents why not serve two masters?

III

STANWELL, while seeing Caspar through the attack which had been the cause of his sister's arrival, had struck up a friendship with the young doctor who climbed the patient's seven flights with unremitting fidelity. The two, since then, had continued to exchange confidences regarding the sculptor's health, and Stanwell, anxious to waylay the doctor after his visit, left the studio door ajar, and went out when he heard a sound of leave-taking across the landing. But it appeared that the doctor had just come, and that it was Mungold who was making his adieux.

The latter at once assumed that Stanwell had been on the alert for him, and met the supposed advance by affably inviting himself into the studio.

"May I come and take a look around, my dear fellow? I have been meaning to drop in for an age—" Mungold always spoke with a girlish emphasis and effusiveness—"but I have been so busy getting up Mrs. Van Orley's tableaux—English eighteenth century portraits, you know—that really, what with that and my sittings, I've hardly had time to think. And then you know you owe me about a dozen visits! But you're a savage—you don't pay visits. You stay here and *piocher*—which is wiser, as the results prove. Ah, you're very strong—immensely strong!" He paused in the middle of the studio, glancing about a little apprehensively, as though he thought the stored energy of the pictures might result in an explosion. "Very original—very striking—ah, Miss Arran! A powerful head; but—excuse the suggestion—isn't there

just the least little lack of sweetness? You don't think she has the sweet type? Perhaps not—but could she be so lovely if she were not intensely feminine? Just at present, though, she is not looking her best—she is horribly tired. I am afraid there is very little money left—and poor dear Caspar is so impossible: he won't hear of a loan. Otherwise I should be most happy—. But I came just now to propose a piece of work—in fact to give him an order. Mrs. Archer Millington has built a new ball-room, as I daresay you may have seen in the papers, and she has been kind enough to ask me for some hints—oh, merely as a friend: I don't presume to do more than advise. But her decorator wants to do something with Cupids—something light and playful, you understand. And so I ventured to say that I knew a very clever sculptor—well, I *do* believe Caspar has talent—latent talent, you know—and at any rate a job of that sort would be a big lift for him. At least I thought he would regard it so; but you should have heard him when I showed him the decorator's sketch. He asked me what the Cupids were to be done in—lard? And if I thought he had had his training at a confectioner's? And I don't know what more besides—but he worked himself up to such a degree that he brought on a frightful fit of coughing, and Miss Arran, I'm afraid, was rather annoyed with me when she came in, though I'm sure an order from Mrs. Archer Millington is not a thing that would annoy most people!"

Mr. Mungold paused, breathless with the rehearsal of his wrongs, and Stanwell said with a smile: "You know poor Caspar is terribly stiff on the purity of the artist's aim."

"The artist's aim?" Mr. Mungold stared. "What is the artist's aim but to please—isn't that the purpose of all true art? But his theories are so extravagant. I really don't know what I shall say to Mrs. Millington—she is not used to being refused. I suppose I had better put it on the ground of ill-health." The artist glanced at his handsome repeater. "Dear me, I promised to be at Mrs. Van Orley's before twelve o'clock. We are to settle about the curtain before luncheon. My dear fellow, it has been a privilege to see your work. By the way, you have never done any

modelling, I suppose? You're so extraordinarily versatile—I didn't know whether you might care to undertake the Cupids yourself."

Stanwell had to wait a long time for the doctor; and when the latter came out he looked grave. Worse? No, he couldn't say that Caspar was worse—but then he wasn't any better. There was nothing mortal the matter, but the question was how long he could hold out. It was the kind of case where there is no use in drugs—he had just scribbled a prescription to quiet Miss Arran.

"It's the cold, I suppose," Stanwell groaned. "He ought to be shipped off to Florida."

The doctor made a negative gesture. "Florida be hanged! What he wants is to sell his group. That would set him up quicker than sitting on the equator."

"Sell his group?" Stanwell echoed. "But he's so indifferent to recognition—he believes in himself so thoroughly. I thought at first he would be hard hit when the Exhibition Committee refused it, but he seems to regard that as another proof of its superiority."

His visitor turned on him the penetrating eye of the confessor. "Indifferent to recognition? He's eating his heart out for it. Can't you see that all that talk is just so much whistling to keep his courage up? The name of his disease is failure—and I can't write the prescription that will cure that complaint. But if somebody would come along and take a fancy to those two naked parties who are breaking each other's heads, we'd have Mr. Caspar putting on a pound a day."

The truth of this diagnosis became suddenly vivid to Stanwell. How dull of him not to have seen before that it was not cold or privation which was killing Caspar—not anxiety for his sister's future, nor the ache of watching her daily struggle—but simply the cankering thought that he might die before he had made himself known! It was his vanity that was starving to death, and all Mungold's hampers could not appease that hunger. Stanwell was not shocked by the discovery—he was only the more sorry for the little man, who was, after all, denied that solace of self-sufficiency which his talk so noisily pro-



She sat motionless, with a stricken face.—Page 711.

claimed. His lot seemed hard enough when Stanwell had pictured him as buoyed up by the scorn of public opinion—it became tragic if he was denied that support. The artist wondered if Kate had guessed her brother's secret, or if she were still the dupe of his stoicism. Stanwell was sure that the sculptor would take no one into his confidence, and least of all his sister, whose faith in his artistic independence was the chief prop of that tottering pose. Kate's penetration was not great, and Stanwell recalled the incredulous smile with which she had heard him defend poor Mungold's "sincerity" against Caspar's assaults; but she had the insight of the heart, and where her brother's happiness was concerned she might have seen deeper than any of them. It was this last consideration which took the strongest hold on Stanwell—he felt Caspar's sufferings chiefly through the thought of his sister's possible disillusionment.

IV

WITHIN three months two events had set the studio building talking. Stanwell had painted a full-length portrait of Mrs. Archer Millington, and Caspar Arran had received an order to execute his group in marble.

The name of the sculptor's patron had not been divulged. The order came through Shepson, who explained that an American customer living abroad, having seen a photograph of the group in one of the papers, had at once cabled home to secure it. He intended to bestow it on a public building in America, and not wishing to advertise his munificence, had preferred that even the sculptor should remain ignorant of his name. The group bought by an enlightened compatriot for the adornment of a civic building in his native land! There

could hardly be a more complete vindication of unappreciated genius, and Caspar made the most of the argument. He was not exultant, he was sublimely magnanimous. He had always said that he could afford to await the Verdict of Posterity, and his unknown patron's act clearly shadowed forth that impressive decision. Happily it also found expression in a cheque which it would have taken more philosophy to await. The group was paid for in advance, and Kate's joy in her brother's recognition was deliciously mingled with the thrill of ordering him some new clothes, and coaxing him out to dine succulently at a neighbouring restaurant. Caspar flourished insufferably on this régime: he began to strike the attitude of the recognized Great Master, who gives advice and encouragement to the struggling neophyte. He held himself up as an example of the reward of disinterestedness, of the triumph of the artist who clings obstinately to his convictions.

"A man must believe in his star—look at Napoleon! It's the dogged trust in one's convictions that tells—it always ends by forcing the public into line. Only be sure you make no concessions—don't give in to any of their humbug! An artist who lis-

tens to the critics is ruined—they never have any use for the poor devils who do what they tell them to. Run after fame and she'll keep you running, but stay in your own corner and do your own work, and by George, sir, she'll come crawling up to you and ask to have her likeness done!"

These exhortations were chiefly directed to Stanwell, partly because the inmates of the other studios were apt to elude them, partly also because the rumours concerning Stanwell's portrait of Mrs. Millington had begun to disquiet the sculptor. At first he had taken a condescending interest in the fact of his friend's receiving an order, and had admonished him not to lose the chance of "showing up" his sitter and her environment. It was a splendid opportunity for a fellow with a "message" to be introduced into the tents of the Philistine, and Stanwell was charged to drive a long sharp nail into the enemy's skull. But presently Arran began to suspect that the portrait was not as comminatory as he could have wished. Mungold, the most kindly of rivals, let drop a word of injudicious praise: the picture, he said, promised to be delightfully "in keeping" with the decorations of the ball-room, and the lady's gown harmonized exquisitely with the window-curtains. Stanwell, called to account by his monitor, reminded the latter that he himself had been selected by Mungold to do the Cupids for Mrs. Millington's ball-room, and that the friendly artist's praise could, therefore, not be taken as positive evidence of incapacity.

"Ah, but I didn't do them—I kicked him out!" Caspar rejoined; and Stanwell could only plead that, even in the cause of art, one could hardly kick a lady.

"Ah, that's the worst of it. If the women get at you you're lost. You're young,

you're impressionable, you won't mind my saying that you're not built for a stoic, and hang it, they'll coddle you, they'll enervate you, they'll sentimentalize you, they'll make a Mungold of you!"

"Ah, poor Mungold," Stanwell laughed. "If he lived the life of an anchorite he couldn't help painting pictures that would please Mrs. Millington."

"Whereas you could," Kate interjected, raising her head from the ironing-board where, Sphinx-like, magnificent, she swung a splendid arm above her brother's shirts.

"Oh, well, perhaps I shan't please her; perhaps I shall elevate her taste."

Caspar directed a groan to his sister. "That's what they all think at first—Childe Roland to the Dark Tower came. But inside the Dark Tower there's the Venus-berg. Oh, I don't mean that you'll be taken with truffles and plush footmen, like Mungold. But praise, my poor Ned—praise is a deadly drug! It's the absinthe of the artist—and they'll stupefy you with it. You'll wallow in the mire of success."

Stanwell raised a protesting hand. "Really, for one order you're a little lurid!"



Sat down before it with a grim smile.—Page 712.

"One? Haven't you already had a dozen others?"

"Only one other, so far—and I'm not sure I shall do that."

"Not sure—wavering already! That's the way the mischief begins. If the women get a fad for you they'll work you like a galley-slave. You'll have to do your round of 'copy' every morning. What becomes of inspiration then? How are you going to loaf and invite the soul? Don't barter your birthright for a mess of pottage! Oh, I understand the temptation—I know the taste of money and success. But look at me, Stanwell. You know how long I had to wait for recognition. Well, now it's come to me I don't mean to let it knock me off my feet. I don't mean to let myself be overworked; I have already made it known that I will not be bullied into taking more orders than I can do full justice to. And my sister is with me, God bless her; Kate would rather go on ironing my shirts in a garret than see me prostitute my art!"

Kate's glance radiantly confirmed this declaration of independence, and Stanwell, with his evasive laugh, asked her if, meanwhile, she should object to his investing a part of his ill-gotten gains in theatre tickets for the party that evening.

It appeared that Stanwell had also been paid in advance, and well paid; for he began to permit himself various mild distractions, in which he generally contrived to have the Arrans share. It seemed perfectly natural to Kate that Caspar's friends should spend their money for his recreation, and by one of the most touching sophistries of her sex she thus reconciled herself to the anomaly of taking a little pleasure on her own account. Mungold was less often in the way, for she had never been able to forgive him for proposing that Caspar should do Mrs. Millington's Cupids; and for a few radiant weeks Stanwell had the undisputed enjoyment of her pride in her brother's achievement.

Stanwell had "rushed through" Mrs. Millington's portrait in time for the opening of her new ball-room; and it was perhaps in return for this favour that she consented to let the picture be exhibited at a big Portrait Show which was held in April for the benefit of a fashionable charity.

In Mrs. Millington's ball-room the picture had been seen and approved only by

the distinguished few who had access to that social sanctuary; but on the walls of the exhibition it became a centre of comment and discussion. One of the immediate results of this publicity was a visit from Shepson, with two or three orders in his pocket, as he put it. He surveyed the studio with fresh disgust, asked Stanwell why he did not move, and was impressed rather than downcast on learning that the painter had not decided whether he would take any more orders that spring.

"You might haf a studio at Newport," he suggested. "It would be rather new to do your sitters out of doors, with the sea behind them—showing they had a blace on the gliffs!"

The picture produced a different and less flattering effect on the critics. They gave it, indeed, more space than they had ever before accorded to the artist's efforts, but their estimate seemed to confirm Caspar Arran's forebodings, and Stanwell had perhaps never despised them so little as when he read their comments on his work. On the whole, however, neither praise nor blame disquieted him greatly. He was engrossed in the contemplation of Kate Arran's happiness, and basking in the refracted warmth it shed about her. The doctor's prognostications had come true. Caspar was putting on a pound a week, and had plunged into a fresh "creation" more symbolic and encumbering than the monument of which he had been so opportunely relieved. If there was any cloud on Stanwell's enjoyment of life, it was caused by the discovery that success had quadrupled Caspar's artistic energies. Meanwhile it was delightful to see Kate's joy in her brother's recovered capacity for work, and to listen to the axioms which, for Stanwell's guidance, she deduced from the example of Caspar's heroic pursuit of the ideal. There was nothing repellent in Kate's borrowed didacticism, and if it sometimes bored Stanwell to hear her quote her brother, he was sure it would never bore him to be quoted by her himself; and there were moments when he felt he had nearly achieved that distinction.

Caspar was not addicted to the visiting of art exhibitions. He took little interest in any productions save his own, and was moreover disposed to believe that good pictures, like clever criminals, are apt to go

unhung. Stanwell therefore thought it unlikely that his portrait of Mrs. Millington would be seen by Kate, who was not given to independent explorations in the field of art; but one day, on entering the exhibition—which he had hitherto rather nervously shunned—he saw the Arrans at the end of the gallery in which the portrait hung. They were not looking at it, they were moving away from it, and to Stanwell's quickened perceptions their attitude seemed almost that of flight. For a moment he thought of flying too; then a desperate resolve nerved him to meet them, and stemming the crowd, he made a circuit which brought him face to face with their retreat.

The room in which they met was momentarily empty, and there was nothing to intervene between the shock of their interchanged glances. Caspar was flushed and bristling: his little body quivered like a machine from which the steam has just been turned off. Kate lifted a stricken glance. Stanwell read in it the reflexion of her brother's tirade, but she held out her hand in silence.

For a moment Caspar was silent too; then, with a terrible smile: "My dear fellow, I congratulate you; Mungold will have to look to his laurels," he said.

The shot delivered, he stalked away with his seven-league stride, and Kate moved tragically through the room in his wake.

V

SHEPSON took up his hat with a despairing gesture.

"Vell, I gif you up—I gif you up!" he said.

"Don't—yet," protested Stanwell from the divan.

It was winter again, and though the janitor had not forgotten the fire, the studio gave no other evidence of its master's increasing prosperity. If Stanwell spent his money it was not upon himself.

He leaned back against the wall, his hands in his pockets, a cigarette between his lips, while Shepson paced the dirty floor or halted impatiently before an untouched canvas on the easel.

"I tell you vat it is, Mr. Sdanwell, I can't make you out!" he lamented. "Last vinter you got a sdart that vould have kept

most men going for years. After making dat hit vith Mrs. Millington's picture you could have bainted half the town. And here you are sitting on your divan and saying you can't make up your mind to take another order. Vell, I can only say that if you take much longer to make it up, you'll find some other chap has cut in and got your job. Mrs. Van Orley has been waiting since last August, and she dells me you haven't even answered her letter."

"How could I? I didn't know if I wanted to paint her."

"My goodness! Don't you know if you vant three thousand tollars?"

Stanwell surveyed his cigarette. "No, I'm not sure I do," he said.

Shepson flung out his hands. "Ask more den—but do it quick!" he exclaimed.

Left to himself, Stanwell stood in silent contemplation of the canvas on which the dealer had riveted his reproachful gaze. It had been destined to reflect the opulent image of Mrs. Alpheus Van Orley, but some secret reluctance of Stanwell's had stayed the execution of the task. He had painted two of Mrs. Millington's friends in the spring, had been much praised and liberally paid for his work, and then, declining several orders to be executed at Newport, had surprised his friends by remaining quietly in town. It was not till August that he hired a little cottage on the New Jersey coast and invited the Arrans to visit him. They accepted the invitation, and the three had spent together six weeks of seashore idleness, during which Stanwell's modest rafters shook with Caspar's denunciations of his host's venality, and the brightness of Kate's gratitude was tempered by a tinge of reproach. But her grief over Stanwell's apostasy could not efface the fact that he had offered her brother the means of escape from town, and Stanwell himself was consoled by the reflection that but for Mrs. Millington's portrait he could not have performed even this trifling service for his friends.

When the Arrans left him in September he went to pay a few visits in the country, and on his return, a month later, to the studio building he found that things had not gone well with Caspar. The little sculptor had caught cold, and the labour and expense of converting his gigantic off-

spring into marble seemed to hang heavily upon him. He and Kate were living in a damp company of amorphous clay monsters, unfinished witnesses to the creative frenzy which had seized him after the sale of his group; and the doctor had urged that his patient should be removed to warmer and drier lodgings. But to uproot Caspar was impossible, and his sister could only feed the stove, and swaddle him in mufflers and felt slippers.

Stanwell found that during his absence Mungold had reappeared, fresh and rosy from a summer in Europe, and as prodigal as ever of the only form of attention which Kate could be counted on not to resent. The game and champagne reappeared with him, and he seemed as ready as Stanwell to lend a patient ear to Caspar's homilies. But Stanwell could see that, even now, Kate had not forgiven him for the Cupids. Stanwell himself had spent the early winter months in idleness. The sight of his tools filled him with a strange repugnance, and he absented himself as much as possible from the studio. But Shepson's visit roused him to the fact that he must decide on some definite course of action. If he wished to follow up his success of the previous spring he must refuse no more orders: he must not let Mrs. Van Orley slip away from him. He knew there were competitors enough ready to profit by his hesitations, and since his success was the result of a whim, a whim might undo it. With a sudden gesture of decision he caught up his hat and left the studio.

On the landing he met Kate Arran. She too was going out, drawn forth by the sudden radiance of the January afternoon. She met him with a smile which seemed the answer to his uncertainties, and he asked abruptly if she had time to take a walk with him.

Yes; for once she had time, for Mr. Mungold was sitting with Caspar, and had promised to remain till she came in. It mattered little to Stanwell that Mungold was with Caspar as long as he himself was with Kate; and he instantly soared to the suggestion that they should prolong the painter's vigil by taking the "elevated" to the Park. In this too his companion acquiesced after a moment of surprise: she seemed in a consenting mood, and Stanwell augured well from the fact.

The Park was clothed in the double glitter of snow and sunshine. They roamed the hard white alleys to a continuous tinkle of sleigh-bells, and Kate brightened with the exhilaration of the scene. It was not often that she permitted herself such an escape from routine, and in this new environment, which seemed to detach her from her daily setting, Stanwell had his first complete vision of her. To the girl also their unwonted isolation seemed to create a sense of fuller communion, for she began presently, as they reached the leafless solitude of the Ramble, to speak with sudden freedom of her brother. It appeared that the orders against which Caspar had so heroically steeled himself were slow in coming: he had received no commission since the sale of his group, and he was beginning to suffer from a reaction of discouragement. Oh, it was not the craving for popularity—Stanwell knew how far above that he stood. But it had been exquisite, yes, exquisite to him to find himself believed in, understood. He had fancied that the purchase of the group was the dawn of a tardy recognition—and now the darkness of indifference had set in again, no one spoke of him, no one wrote of him, no one cared.

"If he were in good health it would not matter—he would throw off such weakness, he would live only for the joy of his work; but he is losing ground, his strength is failing, and he is so afraid there will not be time enough left—time enough for full recognition," she explained.

The quiver in her voice silenced Stanwell: he was afraid of echoing it with his own. At length he said: "Oh, more orders will come. — Success is a gradual growth."

"Yes, *real* success," she said, with a solemn note in which he caught—and forgave—a reflection on his own facile triumphs.

"But when the orders do come," she continued, "will he have strength to carry them out? Last winter the doctor thought he only needed work to set him up; now he talks of rest instead! He says we ought to go to a warm climate—but how can Caspar leave the group?"

"Oh, hang the group—let him chuck the order!" cried Stanwell.

She looked at him tragically. "The money is spent," she said.

He coloured to the roots of his hair.

"But ill-health—ill-health excuses everything. If he goes away now he will come back good for twice the amount of work in the spring. A sculptor is not expected to deliver a statue on a given day, like a package of groceries! You must do as the doctor says—you must make him chuck everything and go."

They had reached a windless nook above the lake, and, pausing in the stress of their talk, she let herself sink on a bench beside the path. The movement encouraged him, and he seated himself at her side.

"You must take him away at once," he repeated urgently. "He must be made comfortable—you must both be free from worry. And I want you to let me manage it for you——"

He broke off, silenced by her rising blush, her protesting murmur.

"Oh, stop, please; let me explain. I'm not talking of lending you money; I'm talking of giving you—myself. The offer may be just as unacceptable, but it's of a kind to which it's customary to accord it a hearing. I should have made it a year ago—the first day I saw you, I believe!—but that, then, it wasn't in my power to make things easier for you. But now, you know, I've had a little luck. Since I painted Mrs. Millington things have changed. I believe I can get as many orders as I choose—there are two or three people waiting now. What's the use of it all, if it doesn't bring me a little happiness? And the only happiness I know is the kind that you can give me."

He paused, suddenly losing the courage to look at her, so that her pained murmur was framed for him in a glittering vision of the frozen lake. He turned with a start and met the refusal in her eyes.

"No—really no?" he repeated.

She shook her head silently.

"I could have helped you—I could have helped you!" he sighed.

She flushed distressfully, but kept her eyes on his.

"It's just that—don't you see?" she reproached him.

"Just that—the fact that I could be of use to you?"

"The fact that, as you say, things have changed since you painted Mrs. Millington. I haven't seen the later portraits, but they tell me——"

"Oh, they're just as bad!" Stanwell jeered.

"You've sold your talent, and you know it: that's the dreadful part. You did it deliberately," she cried with passion.

"Oh, deliberately," he interjected.

"And you're not ashamed—you talk of going on."

"I'm not ashamed; I talk of going on."

She received this with a long shuddering sigh, and turned her eyes away from him.

"Oh, why—why—why?" she lamented.

It was on the tip of Stanwell's tongue to answer, "That I might say to you what I am just saying now—" but he replied instead: "A man may paint bad pictures and be a decent fellow. Look at Mungold, after all!"

The adjuration had an unexpected effect. Kate's colour faded suddenly, and she sat motionless, with a stricken face.

"There's a difference—" she began at length abruptly; "the difference you've always insisted on. Mr. Mungold paints as well as he can. He has no idea that his pictures are—less good than they might be."

"Well——?"

"So he can't be accused of doing what he does for money—of sacrificing anything better." She turned on him with troubled eyes. "It was you who made me understand that, when Caspar used to make fun of him."

Stanwell smiled. "I'm glad you still think me a better painter than Mungold. But isn't it hard that for that very reason I should starve in a hole? If I painted badly enough you'd see no objection to my living at the Waldorf!"

"Ah, don't joke about it," she murmured. "Don't triumph in it."

"I see no reason to at present," said Stanwell drily. "But I won't pretend to be ashamed when I'm not. I think there are occasions when a man is justified in doing what I've done."

She looked at him solemnly. "What occasions?"

"Why, when he wants money, hang it!"

She drew a deep breath. "Money—money? Has Caspar's example been nothing to you, then?"

"It hasn't proved to me that I must starve while Mungold lives on truffles!"

Again her face changed and she stirred uneasily, and then rose to her feet.

"There is no occasion which can justify an artist's sacrificing his convictions!" she exclaimed.

Stanwell rose too, facing her with a mounting urgency which sent a flush to his cheek.

"Can't you conceive such an occasion in my case? The wish, I mean, to make things easier for Caspar—to help you in any way you might let me?"

Her face reflected his blush, and she stood gazing at him with a wounded wonder.

"Caspar and I—you imagine we could live on money earned in *that* way?"

Stanwell made an impatient gesture. "You've got to live on something—or he has, even if you don't include yourself!"

Her blush deepened miserably, but she held her head high.

"That's just it—that's what I came here to say to you." She stood a moment gazing away from him at the lake.

He looked at her in surprise. "You came here to say something to me?"

"Yes. That we've got to live on something, Caspar and I, as you say; and since an artist cannot sacrifice his convictions, the sacrifice must—I mean—I

wanted you to know that I have promised to marry Mr. Mungold."

"Mungold!" Stanwell cried with a sharp note of irony; but her white look checked it on his lips.

"I know all you are going to say," she murmured, with a kind of nobleness which moved him even through his sense of its grotesqueness. "But you must see the distinction, because you first made it clear to me. I can take money earned in good faith—I can let Caspar live on it. I can marry Mr. Mungold; because, though his pictures are bad, he does not prostitute his art."

She began to move away from him slowly, and he followed her in silence along the frozen path.

When Stanwell re-entered his studio the dusk had fallen. He lit his lamp and rummaged out some writing-materials. Having found them, he wrote to Shepson to say that he could not paint Mrs. Van Orley, and did not care to accept any more orders for the present. He sealed and stamped the letter and flung it over the banisters for the janitor to post; then he dragged out his unfinished head of Kate Arran, replaced it on the easel, and sat down before it with a grim smile.

BY THE EVENING FIRE

By E. S. Martin

IF mothers by their failings were condemned,

Oh, what an orphaned planet this would be!
That's not its fate. Their loving makes amend

For all the tale of their deficiency.
Though tempers by the long day's cares are tried,
And sharp words sometimes fall, and tears ensue;
Though hasty tongues unseasonably chide,
And little faults look bigger than is true—

Comes evening and anew with strength equips
Love's steady current strenuous to bless.

Smoothed, then, Care's lines by childish finger-tips;

Cured the heart's pangs by childhood's warm caress.

Clasped in the mother's arms, close to her breast,
Wrapped in her love, the restful child finds rest.



Drawn by Sarah S. Stilwell.

By the Evening Fire.



The old friends sat about the fireplace and told stories.—Page 714.

TOMMY

By Charles Belmont Davis

ILLUSTRATIONS BY N. C. WYETH

EVER since its formation the Cinderella Club had held its annual dinner on Christmas Eve. That this time-honored custom had been established and had been maintained with the full consent of the five wives, who were content to remain at home and decorate their Christmas trees unaided spoke volumes for the high standing of the five members.

Years before they had been schoolmates and had played on the ball team together against the rival nine of the academy from the neighboring town. And when the school-days were over three of them had gone to Princeton and one to Harvard and another to Yale. But the span of four years of separation was quickly over, and although when they returned to their native town each wore a different fraternity pin on his waistcoat, the five old chums were soon bonded together again with a tie which re-

quired no solemn oath of secrecy nor a tinsel emblem.

The days of play and text-books were over now, and each of the five took up the serious work of life—one became a lawyer, another a merchant, another a broker, and the last two started together on the lowest rung of the ladder in a banking-house and in time one sat in the president's chair and financed great sums of money and pushed an electric button when he wished to consult his old friend, who had been appointed receiving-teller after much difficulty, although backed by great influence.

In the case of the five men, the story of the Scriptures had been somewhat reversed, for it was the one who had received the ten talents who had buried his treasure and had done the least to profit by his opportunities.

"Tommy" Carter, as he had always been

and was still familiarly called by his associates, belonged to that type of boy who could have easily stood at the head of his class but preferred to devote his time to base-ball and the extermination of all the rabbits and trout in the neighboring territory. Again, when graduation day came at the end of his college career he was content to be the lowest of his class to receive a degree and bore no malice to the young man who delivered the valedictory address, although Tommy, as well as the professors, knew that it was he who should have had that privilege. It was at Class-Day that he received his reward, for the college student regards laziness as no sin and hates a "grind." And so when Tommy came on the platform that day to close his college life with a few jocular remarks about the president and the professors of his Alma Mater he received such an ovation as the campus had never known before. It was that kind of an ovation that lasts a very long time, and begins with hand-clapping and ends with the men standing on their chairs and cheering and throwing hats high in the air, and the old ladies who have sons of their own and the young ladies who have brothers and sweethearts alternately waving their handkerchiefs aloft and drying their eyes. There were even gray-haired professors that day who were afterward accused of having joined in a college yell. For four years Tommy Carter had stood for all that was honest and clean in sport and out of it. On the field he was all grit and fight, but when the game was over there seemed to be nothing left but a woman's heart and a hand that was forever being held out to someone. Whatever the stress and however heavy the weather, the sun, at least for Tommy, was always shining. He joked about the bad coffee at breakfast, and in the classroom a problem in trigonometry was not without its element of humor, and at night he turned low the wick of his midnight oil and went about from room to room, staying just long enough to smoke a pipe, tell a few stories, and thoroughly corrupt any idea of serious study.

The Cinderella Club held their Christmas Eve dinner at a rather elaborate shooting-box several miles from the town. The event was so well known that no other member would have visited the club-house that night even had he felt inclined to do so, and

so the five men always had the whole place to themselves, and used it entirely as they saw fit. Of course the dinner itself was the chief event. The table was spread in the hall, which formed the body of the house, and the steward always arranged that the feast should be worthy of the occasion. The menu never varied—there was a special lot of oysters from Massachusetts and a crate of terrapin from Maryland, while the clear soup and the roast pig were of home production. And then to top off with there was a blazing pudding carried in by the chief steward, who proudly held himself responsible for its being. As an accompaniment to all this, there were special vintages of wines carefully sought out by four of the members during the year and subscribed to the feast as personal offerings. The fifth member was Tommy, and to him was allowed the honor of supplying the punch—a most wonderful concoction of his own brew and a fitting climax to a feast worthy of the club and the Yuletide season, when all else must give way to good cheer.

After the dinner was over and the room had become sufficiently dense with gray-blue tobacco smoke and the servants had been dismissed, each member made a little speech in which was combined all the humor he had accumulated during the past year and each ended with a toast, usually of an intimate and sentimental quality. This function over, the members adjourned to the end of the room, where a curtain was withdrawn, disclosing a miniature Christmas tree laden with more or less humorous gifts from each of the members to the four others, and in addition there were real gifts for the wives at home which came in sealed packages and which were carried home unbroken. The tree was the last of the formalities, and this once ended, the old friends sat about the fireplace and told stories or followed Tommy Carter to the piano and joined in the choruses of their college life or listened to him sing the comic songs of the present day. And so for a few hours the men of business forgot their cares and responsibilities and for the nonce became boys again. But as the town clock struck midnight the sleighs were ordered (for this was one of those happy towns where they always have a white Christmas) and the five friends said their good-nights and started for their homes. That the

members had never failed to bring their reunion to a happy close at twelve o'clock was their proudest boast and was the tradition which had given the club its present name.

The meeting just ended had been voted by all to have been the most entirely successful celebration the club had ever known. The spirit of good-fellowship and loyalty had seemed just a little more evident than ever before and merriment ran high from the very first of the dinner until Tommy had finished his last song and closed down the piano on the stroke of midnight. Always the chief merry-maker and the real life of the meetings, he had on this occasion far outshone any of his previous efforts. His speech, which was always the last because it was sure to be the best, was full of the wit and anecdote and gentle satire which had made him famous at college and had given him his present unique position as an after-dinner speaker, and when he came to his toast, which was to the ladies, he turned from humor to a certain sweet pathos—a gentle appreciation of the wives at home who had in their hearts a blind confidence in the significance of Christmas Day, and who were even then decorating the trees and making such preparations that their sleeping children should awake on the morrow and learn to look upon it as the one day of all the year. And after dinner was over it was Tommy who told the best of the stories and led the choruses and sang the latest songs in his own inimitable way. One of the members, the President of the bank in which Tommy was employed, believed that he, at least, could account for the great exuberance of his receiving teller. The bank happened to be one of those institutions which pay moderate salaries and give large Christmas presents to their employees. The past year had been one of unusual prosperity, and the directors had decided to give the employees a whole year's salary as a gift instead of the twenty-five or fifty per cent. which had always been the custom. And so just before the dinner had been served the President had called Tommy aside and had presented him with an envelope containing four crisp one thousand dollar notes, which in itself seemed to the President to supply ample excuse for Carter's excess of high spirits.

On his return home Tommy had told his young wife of the unexpectedly large gift from the bank directors, and then after a brief description of the events of the annual banquet had gone to bed, apparently as happy and content as he had ever been in his life. The next morning after breakfast the Carters exchanged their Christmas gifts, and among the rest Tommy gave his wife two of the four thousand-dollar notes and asked her to deposit them to her own account and to spend it when and how she saw fit. They had no children of their own, but Mrs. Carter always dressed a tree for some of the poorer children in the neighborhood and Tommy acted as master of ceremonies at the distribution of the candy and toys. This he did as usual, but when once his duty had been performed he complained of not feeling well and protested that the noisy excitement of the children annoyed him. He put on his hat and overcoat, and having kissed his wife, told her that he was going out for a long walk in the cool air.

Mrs. Carter could not understand why her husband did not come back to lunch, and after waiting for his return until late in the afternoon she sent for one of his men friends who had been with him the night previous and told him of her husband's unaccountable disappearance. The clubs and every resort where Tommy was known were searched, but no trace of him could be found. That night there was a meeting of the Cinderella Club at his home, and Mrs. Carter took the place of her husband. Women who are brought up in ease and comparative luxury and who always have had everything done for them all their lives have occasionally a way of rising to a crisis in a way that surprises and dumfounds men who have been trained to take the initiative. That is the kind of woman Mrs. Carter proved herself to be, and she rose to the crisis of her life with all the strength that often lies so long dormant in the fibre of a fine woman. It was the wife who arranged the conduct of the search for her husband; it was she who requested that an immediate investigation be made of his affairs at the bank, and it was she who demanded that the police confine their operations to the limits of the town in which he had lived. Under ordinary circumstances, she argued that he would not have left the city without telling her, and if he had met

with foul play the act must have occurred in his own town. If, on the other hand, he had voluntarily left his home, then it was not for her to ask to have him brought back. That he was laboring under any delusion or that his mind was in any way affected was not for a moment considered, by either his wife or his friends. He had not led the life of the man who becomes insane and the idea of suicide would be the last to have occurred to him.

Tommy Carter had disappeared from his home and apparently from the face of the earth just as completely as if he had died and been buried. The police could find no clue and his friends and family no possible reason for his absence. His books at the bank were in perfect order and his home life was without a flaw. If he had not made a great deal of money in his short business career, it had been largely due to the fact that he found so much happiness and contentment in life without riches. His loss in a social way, at least, was of much import in his own town, for he was a man who was beloved by everyone who knew him, and there were very few, rich or poor, who did not know him. There were many theories advanced and denied and refuted, and several times there came reports of his having been seen in different cities in the East, but the rumors were never authenticated and Mrs. Carter always refused to have them investigated. If she had a theory herself it is quite certain she had never told anyone—not even her husband's best friends, who had proved her best friends, too, and who had watched over her with the care of a father for his own child. Carter's place at the bank had been temporarily taken by another and the honorary positions he held in the city life had gradually become filled. But everyone knew that there was one place that was not filled and never would be, and that was Tommy's place in his own home. They called her "the Widow" now, and even although she never spoke of Tommy they knew that every night and every morning she hoped and longed and prayed that he would come back and with a word explain it all away and begin life over again, not a better life, but just the same old life he had broken off that Christmas morning.

And so the weeks and months passed on, and there came another Christmas Eve and

the Cinderella Club met once more at the shooting-box, and for the first time, although there were places at the table for five, only four of the members sat down to the dinner. It may have been the stormy weather that had affected the spirits of the members, or it may have been the empty chair at the table, but whatever it was, the dinner lacked the spontaneous gayety and the unrestrained laughter of former years. Had the four members been quite sure that Tommy Carter was dead and decently buried by the side of his forefathers, it might have been different, but it was the thought that he might still be alive that made the sight of the empty glasses hurt. Outside the wind whistled through the deserted piazzas and through the windows they could see the snow driven along in great clouds across the open country. Inside there came from the broad stone fireplace a splendid warmth and a fine orange light which filled the room from the heavy rafters to the polished floor, and the shaded candles on the table threw a warm glow over the heavy damask and the disordered mass of silver and glass of the finished dinner.

The men were sipping their coffee and had lit their cigars when the president of Tommy's bank rose to make his little speech and propose a toast. As if by mutual consent not a word had been spoken all evening of the absent member, but now the servants had left the room and it was in the air that the silence on the subject so near to all their hearts would be broken.

"We have all done our best," began the bank president, "to carry off this annual dinner with the good-will and the fun which have always added so much to the previous efforts of our little club. And, as we all know deep down in our hearts, we have signally failed, and we have failed through no fault of our own. No dinner without Tommy Carter could be quite the same as one with him. Were we at all certain that he is no longer among the living I am quite sure that the one toast of the evening would be to his memory. But we are not sure that he is dead. I, at least, wish I were sure of it. I have tried very hard to imagine circumstances which would make the desertion of his wife and his friends possible, even excusable, and I have failed. But my lost love and admiration for the man, and I am sure I speak for all of you,



Drawn by N. C. Wyeth.

He glanced furtively at the faces of the four men about him.—Page 718.

has but been added to my devotion and love for 'the Widow.' There is no act of kindness and sympathy of which the old friends of her husband could be capable which she has not proved to be her rightful inheritance. As we have missed him to-night, so has she suffered every day and every night, and so my toast is to the best of women—'the Widow.' "

The men pushed back their chairs and rising lifted their glasses, and as they did so the door was pushed wide open and Tommy Carter shuffled in.

For a moment he stopped to close the door against the piercing wind and the flying snow of the storm. Then he walked over to the fireplace and stood there shivering in the light of the burning logs. There seemed to be little left of the Tommy Carter they had known of old. His ragged clothes hung limply on the shrunken figure, and in place of the clean-shaven smiling face there was a rough, uncouth beard, and his skin was parched and tightly drawn.

The four men resumed their seats and watched the miserable figure at the fireplace gradually thaw out and return to a semblance of the living. With a shambling gait, Tommy approached the table and dropped into the vacant chair. One of the men shoved a bottle of whiskey in front of him and he poured out half a tumbler of the liquor and partly raised it to his parched lips. Some of the old light came into his eyes as he looked into the tumbler and his features broke into the ghastly semblance of a smile. Then he nodded his head, and putting the glass on the table, he glanced furtively at the faces of the four men about him.

"I guess I won't drink that yet," he whispered.

"Carter," said the bank president, "we were just about to drink the health of one who in the time of unusual adversity has proved herself a very remarkable woman. I mean your wife."

Carter nodded and pushed the glass of whiskey a little farther from him. For a few moments there was silence, which was finally broken by the president.

"Have you anything to tell us, Carter?"

"I know what you mean," said Tommy; "you mean has the prisoner anything to say before you pass sentence. I understand. I'm the prisoner, and you are the judge and

jury. Well, that's why I'm here. I've given myself up and I want to tell my story; but don't make any mistake—it's not a defence."

Carter, with his elbows resting heavily on the table, began to talk in a whisper, but as he continued his voice gained in volume and power, and as the huskiness disappeared there came back the old tones in the voice his friends had loved so well.

"A year ago to-night," he began, "I drove home from here in one of your sleighs, and when the owner got out at his place the coachman took me to my cottage around the corner. I don't know why, but for the first time in my life I resented the use of another man's horse and I resented his fine house. My own little place seemed absurdly small and inadequate, and after my wife had gone to bed I sat alone smoking and hating everything about me. I hated the things actually in the room, and I hated even the vacant spaces because I wanted to fill them with things I couldn't afford to buy. I hated the poor growing plants I had bought for my wife for Christmas and I could have wrung the neck of the canary who kept singing cheerfully although he was in a cage. For five hours I had been making you all happy; for five hours I had been master, and I imagined I knew the thought that had been in every one of your minds that night. You all wondered that in my life I had not taken advantage of the brains that God had given me instead of being left behind by every fool that wanted to pass me. There was never a man who all through his life has had greater success predicted for him than I have had, and there is no one who has failed so absolutely. You know how it was at school, and you know how it was at college, and you know, God help me, how it has been since then. It was I who was to have the success; and yet when the race began it was I who stood by and watched you all pass me one by one and leave me far behind. Away from my own home I had known success—when I lived in the outside world I had been somebody—at least so it seemed to me that night—and I decided that I would go away into a world that knew my worth and where I should get my deserts. The love of my wife and my friends had left me, and in its place had come a great longing to play a big part in the big world. Before I went to bed I



Drawn by N. C. Wyeth.

"And I cursed the men who grinned at me across the table."—Page 720.

prayed that God would take away this ambition and that I would wake on the morrow with only the old spirit of happiness and content.

"It was not the first time; the same thought had come to me before; but it never took hold as it did that night. It gripped me like a vise and urged me on to make good the unfilled promise of the past. I chafed under my own failure and I was jealous of your success—yes, the success of you four—the best friends a man ever had. I wanted to be to you in all things—as I had been that Christmas Eve—your master."

Carter pulled himself to his feet and a strange light burned in his fevered eyes—the same light that had flamed up a year before and driven him out into the world.

"And the next day," he ran on, "the hatred of the things about me was still strong, and the thought uppermost in my mind was to get away—away to the broad life that was waiting for me. And so I left my home, as you know, and I went in search of something big and great, and yet something I could not define even in my own mind—perhaps it was power, or it may have been fame or great wealth—I don't know—but it was something which my life lacked and something that a new spirit in me craved."

Carter suddenly broke into a violent fit of coughing, and falling back into his chair laid his head on his arms, which were stretched out on the table in front of him. The four men sat silent and pityingly watched the emaciated frame shake convulsively under the folds of the ragged suit of clothes. The man sitting at his right put the glass of whiskey in front of Carter, but he pushed it away and started in again, very slowly, to finish his story.

"And what did I find? What did I find? I found the freedom of the escaped convict. Money, I had in plenty, and everything I touched turned into gold. I tried stocks and I went to the races and I gambled, and I bet my money like a drunken sailor, and I always won. That was good, because I needed a great deal of money those days. I was forever travelling—always moving on in the hope that I would find the big life—the high place that was waiting for me. I had never known what it was to have 'easy' money before, but now

my pockets were bulging with it, and I spent it as freely as it came, and yet it brought me nothing. I chased on from town to city, and afterward from one country to another—my eyes were blinded by the colors of the rainbow always in front of me and my dogged brain hurried me on in my search for the pot of gold. And then one night the good luck which had been my evil companion through all my travels suddenly left me—left me alone, friendless and miserable. Budapest was the name of the place. I had lost heavily all day at the races, and I tried to win it back at night at a gambling club, and I lost and lost. The cards were human things, cruel human things, that reached out and took my money from me and laughed at me. The damned things had no mercy and they took it away from me—everything. And then I cursed them and I cursed the men who grinned at me across the green table. They were poor foreign things with short pointed beards and turned-up mustaches and little decorations in the lapels of their coats, and their fingers were covered with jewels, the fingers that took my money from me, and I cursed them out for thieves and blackguards. They threw me into the street, and I groped my way along until I came to a café where there was a regular blaze of lights and the men and women were sitting about little tables and laughing loud and singing with the band. For a time I sat with them, and in the cool night air my brain got clearer, and I saw things as they really were. In place of beauty I found paint and powder and rouge, and the women smiled like monkeys and the poor wizened men showed their gold and their bank-notes as if to prove they were really men, and the music itself was tainted with the desire for things which are only material. The whole place breathed of passion and excess and unrest, and it seemed as if the world had returned to the state of animals.

"The next day, with the help of the consul, I got light work on a boat that started me in the direction of my own land. The rainbow had gone—and in its place there was nothing left but a great desire for home and rest and the peace and the content which could never again be mine. There is no use in telling you what happened after this—you can see for yourselves.

It was bad enough to suffer as I have suffered, but it isn't the body that hurts—it's the mind—I tell you it's the mind."

Carter put his hand to his head and slowly pulled himself out of his chair.

"I don't want any of you to think I came here for your sympathy, or your aid, but I just wanted you to know. If there was one place in the world where I might find an empty chair waiting for me I knew that it would be here. If I had opened that door to-night and had found this place filled—I thank you for that, boys, anyhow."

"I think you had better have that drink now," said one of the men.

Carter stopped on his way to the door and held up his hand protestingly, "Not yet," he said, "not yet. I've got something else to do. I'm going to town." He slowly shuffled to the door and went out in the storm. The four men silently rose from the table and looked out of the windows on the great white landscape. The road marked by the heavy drifts lay deep in snow, and along it they watched the solitary figure of Carter fighting against the storm on his way to the town.

At the stroke of twelve the annual outing of the club was officially brought to an end and the four remaining members climbed into their sleigh and started to plough their way back home over the snow-filled roads. The bank president held the reins, and no one expressed surprise or curiosity when he turned into the street at the end of which stood "the Widow's" cottage. It was not necessary to go all the way, for from afar off they saw that the little house was aglow with the light of welcome

and good cheer, and they knew that the prodigal had returned. The bank president suddenly turned the horses and drew the long whip sharply across their backs: "God bless her!" he said; "and Tommy too—damn him!"

It does not take good or bad news very long to reach the farthestmost quarters of a small city, and by ten o'clock the next day everyone in town was talking of Tommy Carter's return. And although it was Christmas Day, and no one seemed to have very much in particular to do, there were no visitors at "the Widow's" cottage. There seemed to be a general understanding that the day and Tommy belonged just to her. As a matter of fact, the bank president did drop in during the evening, but it was only for a moment—just long enough to tell Carter his place was waiting for him at the bank. And the next day there was a long line of depositors which all through the morning passed slowly in front of the receiving-teller's window. There were old business men with a pocket full of checks and young clerks with little black satchels and poor old ladies and rich young ladies and many little children, all with gold pieces and crisp bank-notes which the real Santa Claus or just some modern Kriss Kingle had given them the day before. And as everyone in that long line approached Carter's desk they rehearsed the few remarks they had prepared, but it so happened that not one of these little speeches of welcome was ever made. But as a compromise each old man or young woman or little child just reached through the window and squeezed Tommy's hand.



WILLIAM, ALFY, AND HENRY JOHN

By Guy Wetmore Carryl

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

THE big house stands upon a rise of ground, commanding a tolerable stretch of country; the gardener's cottage is back of its imposing neighbor, and further down the slope, and impresses even an unimaginative observer as having a deprecatory air, the air of a dependent—which, indeed, it is.

I have travelled a good bit, and seen a number of people who are or have been counted famous, and, among these, not a few who, by reason of an exalted position, a lofty manner, or a brilliant dress, were signally impressive; but even so, I found Mrs. Enoch Blake imposing at the first glance, and never met her thereafter without a sensation of respect. It was not remarkable, therefore, that upon William, Alf, and Henry John that lady's presence should have produced an effect nothing short of stupefying. Mrs. Enoch Blake was a charming and sufficiently wealthy widow of my acquaintance, who lived in the big house aforementioned, and William, Alf, and Henry John were her gardener's sons.

There were so many good points about Mrs. Blake that it would be sheer folly to attempt their enumeration; but she had no eye for her inferiors. Other people, and, in particular, your scientist, your author, and your painter, pride themselves upon the amount of things they contrive to see in going through the world; but Mrs. Enoch Blake plumed herself upon the people she managed *not* to see—a curious vanity! Her use of an elaborate gold lor-

nette was so constant that she might fairly have been said to wear, rather than simply to carry, it, and was not, as might be surmised, designed primarily to reënforce a defective vision, but, quite as

much, to emphasize the superb hauteur of her demeanor. It was only the envious among her acquaintances who compared her on this account to a basilisk or Gorgon, although I not infrequently heard it done. Not the least of her good points were two daughters so charming that I should infallibly have made an offer for the pair if I had been so fortunate as to be born twins, but between whom, as it was, I was unable to decide; a miniature Eden of a country-place; three capital saddle-horses; and a thoroughly initiated, if somewhat formal, theory and practice of hospitality. In short, Mrs. Enoch Blake was a lady whose tolerance (since I hardly expected to get much farther) I thought it very well worth a bachelor's while to cultivate. I had done so assiduously for close upon six years, and

was regularly invited, once a quarter, to spend Sunday, and, at Thanksgiving, to pass a week.

I have more than once reflected upon the incongruity of the supposition that Mrs. Blake and her dozen or more servants were created equal. That she in person should ever have engaged them; that from time to time she should instruct, command, or reprove them, in the performance of their duties; that, in brief, she was so much as aware in any respect of their existence,



To emphasize the superb hauteur of her demeanor.



I should infallibly have made an offer for the pair if I had been so fortunate as to be born twins.—Page 722.

seemed to me to be the least logical of human relations, so monumental was the contrast between the magnificent reserve of her attitude and the timid inconspicuity of theirs. They seemed to, and I think they did, regard her with almost superstitious awe, but the manner of none was so instinct with mute reverence and admiration as was that of William, Alf, and Henry John.

From the moment when first I clapped eyes on them this infant trio exercised upon me the strangest and most powerful magnetism. Their ages I should have taken to be, respectively, five, four, and two. All three were solidly built, and distinguished by a stupendous gravity of expression, as well as by their gregarious habit of travelling heavily about in company. From the first, they vaguely suggested to my mind a

group which I seemed to remember in Biblical history—I should be at a loss to place them—who “stood afar off, gazing,” or something of the kind. As we were strolling about the place, or starting for a walk, we would suddenly espy them in the middle distance, motionless, staring, seemingly entranced. The elder Miss Blake proposed to draw from them a resemblance to buffalo, disturbed in their grazing, upon the crest of a prairie-swell. There was something in that. The younger Miss Blake was reminded of the natives of San Salvador observing the landing of Columbus from the slopes back of the beach. There was something in that also. But so far as I am concerned, I have only to whisper to myself, “They stood afar off, gazing,” and I have called up the most vivid imaginable picture of William, Alf, and Henry John.

A nearer approach resolved the group into three distinct identities, somewhat imperfectly endowed with speech, and with faces possessing rudimental traits of features. William and Alf, as being practically of an age and size, went, for the most part, hand-in-hand. I seem always to have seen them in surprisingly heavy clothing, or else they were amazingly great of girth—but I think it was the former. Their hats came lower down about their

only about the personality, but about the very name, of Henry John, which charmed me irresistibly. In the former he was strikingly unique, and in the latter I think that he was hardly less so. So many have been called John Henry!

As I have said, Henry John was, approximately, two. I have some diffidence in endeavoring to make clear his chief peculiarity. The task calls not only for precision, but for a certain delicacy of refer-



Mrs. Enoch Blake was a lady whose tolerance I thought it very well worth a bachelor's while to cultivate.—Page 722.

ears than is usual, their sleeves more amply over their hands, their boots higher above their ankles, and their trousers further below their knees. Beyond this, their dress was not remarkable, save for the manner in which their coats were buttoned—the first button in the second hole, the second in the third, and so to the end—which lent their appearance a curious suggestion of imminent disintegration, akin to that of an unskillfully constructed sandwich. It was reserved for Henry John to startle the eye by the wholly unexpected—and, I submit, the wholly illogical—eccentricity of his attire. He wore, unless my memory scurvily tricks me, a red flannel dolman and a white turban, the year around. I am bound to confess that there was always something, not

ence, as well. However, one can do no more than try.

The salivary glands, then, of Henry John were abnormally active in the performance of their function, and his swallowing powers limited to a degree. Resulted, upon his countenance, certain insufficiently drained tracts of territory, which knew no such thing as a dry season. To be added to this, as a factor contributory to his habitual appearance, was a notable instability of equipoise, whereby it is probable that he passed full fifty per cent. of his waking existence in a recumbent position, face downward, on the ground. For the majority of us, the fall of man is no more than an imperfectly substantiated incident in ancient history; for Henry John it was an ever-present need of



They seemed to regard her with almost superstitious awe.—Page 723.

help in time of trouble. His sole salvation lay in the support afforded by the fraternal hand of William or of Alfie. United, he stood: divided, he fell—and copiously wept! Given this superfluity of facial moisture, and given, as well, this tendency to abrupt collapse, and it was but natural, I conceive, that Henry John should have uniformly, if ingenuously, displayed the dirtiest face that I have ever seen.

It remains only to speak, with necessarily incompetent eloquence, of the trio's drawl. If I did not thereby risk misapprehension, I should content myself with saying simply that they spoke at length. So, indeed, they did, but in the respect of quality, not quantity. As we passed them, starting for our walk or drive, the ceremony of greeting would run as follows:

The Elder Miss Blake: "Hello, William!"

William (with rising inflection): "Hair-lo-o-oh!"

The Younger Miss Blake: "Hello, Alfie!"

Alfie (with rising inflection): "Hair-lo-o-oh!"

The Misses Blake: "How are you to-day?"

William and Alfie: "Aw-w-l w-i-i-i-ite."

Myself: "Hello, Henry John!"

Henry John: "— — —"

Myself: "How are you to-day?"

Henry John (falling heavily to the earth):
"Wa-a-a-ah! Hoo-oo-oo-oo! Wa-ah-a-ah!"

Only once did I mention William, Alfie, and Henry John to Mrs. Enoch Blake. She raised her lorgnette languidly.

"Has Saunders children?" she inquired.
"How disgusting! It must be something new."

Yes, it was evident that she prided herself upon what she did not see.

In all, from visit to visit, I may have seen the trio thirty times. I do not remember that they ever grew in stature, changed in appearance, or altered their form of address, from first to last, until that famous Hallowe'en, and even then the transformation was fleeting. They reverted, almost instantly, to type.

I spent a Sunday in August with the Blakes, and, as I drove away from the big house on Monday morning, saw and hailed the three infants in front of the cottage. There was no audible reply. Henry John tottered giddily for an instant, under the unexpected shock of my salutation, and

then plunged forward and buried his face in the dusty driveway. His "Wa-a-a-ah! Hoo-oo-oo-oo! Wa-ah-a-ah!" came faintly to my ears, as the runabout swerved into the main road. I returned about noon, on the last day of October, to find the face of Nature changed.

A half-mile from the big house, I passed the country school, and, perhaps fifty feet further on, an open, grassy space, upon which an astonishing spectacle met my eyes. Along the edge of the green-sward, in the warm Indian summer sunlight, were seated on a row of stones a score or so of children, intently observant. Before this assemblage, with eyes closed and arms outstretched, William and Alf were heavily turning round and round, acquiring dizziness. As I watched them, amazed at this evidence of intelligent purpose, they suddenly collapsed and fell, amid shrieks of rapture from the spectators. Immediately the whole company were on their feet and in motion, turning and turning, after the pattern set them, reeling, falling, rising, and repeating the experiment with tireless enthusiasm. In the midst of this I was aware of the eyes of William fixed upon me, and recalled the drollery of his accustomed replies.

"Hello, William!" said I. "How are you to-day?"

To my consternation William retorted with a gesture which for the first time in our acquaintance called my attention to the fact that he possessed a nose.

"Oh, *fur-dge*!" said he in a loud, bold voice, and

"Oh, *fur-dge*!" echoed Alf and the twenty constituents in chorus, imitating to perfection their chief's contemptuous drawl.

I resumed my way, reflecting upon the benefits of education. For to my experienced mind it was at once evident, not only that William and Alf had begun to go to school, but that, in their new environment, they had immediately assumed that commanding position to which their personality and talents undoubtedly entitled them. I was wondering, also, whether they had as yet arrived at the point of saying "Oh, fudge!" to the stately Mrs. Blake!

On the driveway leading up to the big house, I observed that the autumn leaves had fallen. So, also, Henry John. I set him on his feet, as I passed, and with my glove removed from his convulsed face a tithe of its accumulated grime.

"Hello, John Henry!" I said. "How are you to-day?"

"Wa-a-a-ah! Hoo-oo-oo-oo! Wa-ah-a-ah!" quoth Henry John.

I went on, comforted. It was a heartening thing to find at least one unchanged reminder of simpler times.

The afternoon passed pleasantly. The weeks had but served to render Mrs. Blake the more magnificent, and she plied her lorgnette with a mastery which rendered me frankly uneasy on the score of an interview to come. The younger Miss Blake found fault with my scarf, during the ten minutes which I managed to snatch alone with her before tea, but, in some fashion which I will leave those who think they

can guess at the relationship between us to divine, her scolding afforded me more satisfaction than another's commendation.

"It's too large and pudgy," said she. "I should think it would feel awfully uncomfortable, under your chin there."

"There is something," I suggested, "which I can imagine would feel awfully comfortable, just *over* my chin here!"

And, having obtained it, I contentedly gave my scarf to the butler next morning!

When we came to the tea-leaves and the last slice of marmaladed toast, I had a word in the patrician ear of Mrs. Blake:

"Will you come for a little walk outside?"

"I?" she inquired.

"Please!" I answered. "It's really important—very!"

Outside, the blue-black October evening, wind-blown, was full of the lisp of falling leaves and the distant booming of the sea. The smell of pines and red cedars was in the air. As the magnificent Mrs. Blake and I paced the piazza in silence, I searched for words which, somehow, did not come. Far off, to the right, little dots of yellow winked against the dark.





"Fire-flies," thought I. But they were not fire-flies. I am too thoroughly city-bred to be wholly familiar with the phenomena proper to the seasons in the country.

"Mrs. Blake," I said at last, "there comes a time in the life of every man when he begins to suspect that perhaps the manner in which he has seen fit to arrange his existence is not an unqualified success. That time has come in mine. I've been thinking in what way I can best put the case before you, and I've about concluded that I cannot do better than to come directly to the point. Mrs. Blake, I've been a single man too long."

Mrs. Blake made no reply.

"This afternoon," I continued, unabashed, "I had a little talk with your daughter Katharine, and I was glad to find that her views coincide with mine."

"Ah?" observed the lady, coolly.

"I hasten to add," I went on, "that I have also had a conference with your daughter Isabel, and that she is precisely of the same opinion."

Mrs. Blake glanced at me inquiringly, and then deliberately turned her back and stepped out upon the driveway. It had clouded over, and was very dark. I followed her, and we strolled on together.

"I suppose," said she, "that you do not add Mormonism to your other accomplishments. You don't propose to marry them both?"

"I have found no possible means of choosing between them," I answered.

"In either case," objected Mrs. Blake, "there is some disparity in age. Katharine is only eighteen, and Isabel is not yet twenty, while you——"

"While I," I put in courageously, "shall never have another look at fifty-two."

"So you see——" began Mrs. Blake.

Here we came to a curve in the driveway, and, as if by arrangement, turned toward the house again. Then we halted abruptly.

What at a distance I had taken for fire-flies were, in reality, the features, rudely carved, of infant pumpkins. They were now so near at hand that we could perceive the attempted symmetry of their relation—the round eyes, triangular noses, and widely gaping mouths. They moved, to be sure, but at so grotesquely inadequate an elevation from the ground as to hint that the bodies connected with them must indeed be those of the goblins which these uncouth visages suggested. As I reflected upon this, suddenly the solution became apparent.

Surely, in all that country-side, there were no rational beings so short of stature as William, Alf, and Henry John!

"These," said I, "will be the babes of Saunders."

"Has Saunders children?" asked Mrs. Blake again. "How revolting! But—children with illuminated heads?"

"It is Hallowe'en, dear lady," I ventured soothingly. "These are but Jack o' lanterns—the pranks of infancy."

But, even as I thus pleaded extenuating circumstances, I was appalled to notice the unwonted boldness of William, Alf, and Henry John. They had wheeled into line, close to the window of the room where, by all the laws of logic, I should, at that very moment, have been donning evening dress, and before my last remark had died upon my lips, the voices of the trio rose in unison upon the evening air, in a wailing, long-drawn, and supposedly terrifying cry:

"Borr-r-r-r-r!"

Here was progress! The three, who had formerly "stood afar off, gazing," had formed a conspiracy to frighten me, and were now deliberately carrying it out!

"Suppose I were to charge upon them," I suggested.

"By all means, do!" said Mrs. Enoch Blake. "The little imps! I wish you were a squadron of cavalry!"

Forthwith I charged, and, in the excite-





The younger Miss Blake found fault with my scarf.—Page 726.

ment of charging, uttered a sound which, both in volume and in blood-curdling un-earthliness, surpassed my fondest expectations. I have since endeavored, on several occasions and in private, to reproduce it, but in vain. It was an inspiration of the moment, and the knack of making it, like that of quarrying a monolithic obelisk, is a lost art, a secret buried in the past.

The three illuminated heads plunged instantly to the ground. One, at least, of them was shattered by the shock, and split into a dozen fragments, the candle-end it had contained rolling out and flaring for an instant in the grass, before it was extinguished. The young trespassers fled without a sound, without even giving me the proof of actual vision to confirm my suspicions of their identity. I cut across a corner of the lawn, in the hope of heading them off, but the darkness, which was now intense, had swallowed them completely. I was retracing my steps, chuckling amusedly to myself, when two things happened simultaneously. Mrs. Enoch Blake was suddenly precipitated out of the deep shadows surrounding the house, landing full and fairly in my arms, and the silence was as abruptly rent by a piteous wail—

“Wa-a-a-ah! Hoo-oo-oo-oo! Wa-ah-a-ah!”

“My dear Mrs. Blake!” I exclaimed, holding her somewhat more firmly than was absolutely necessary, “whatever is all this?”

“I’m sure *I* don’t know,” said she, with less self-possession than I had ever noted in her voice. “I was following you over the grass, when suddenly something—something soft—fell down in front of me, and I stumbled over it.”

Then she laughed.

“I think I’ve come about twenty feet,” she added, “trying to recover my balance, and—well, here I am!”

So that was it. In their panic William and Alfie had foully deserted Henry John!

I need not dwell upon what immediately followed. Mrs. Enoch Blake was ten years my junior, and—if I may be permitted the expression—as charming as her two daughters rolled into one. (Which was precisely what I was upon the point of telling her, when we turned and saw the illuminated heads.)

The following morning we took a long walk, and on our return, came suddenly, at a little distance from the house, upon

William, Alfie, and Henry John, standing by the roadside in a row. They had a chastened air. One glance at their preternaturally serious countenances was enough to inform me that the rout of the previous evening had left its mark. I was convinced that they would not say "Oh, fudge!" on this occasion.

"Hello, William! Hello, Alfie!" said I.

"Hair-lo-o-oh," they murmured, with a rising inflection, in reply.

"How are you to-day?" I asked.

"Aw-w-l wi-i-i-ite," said they.

"Hello, Henry John!"

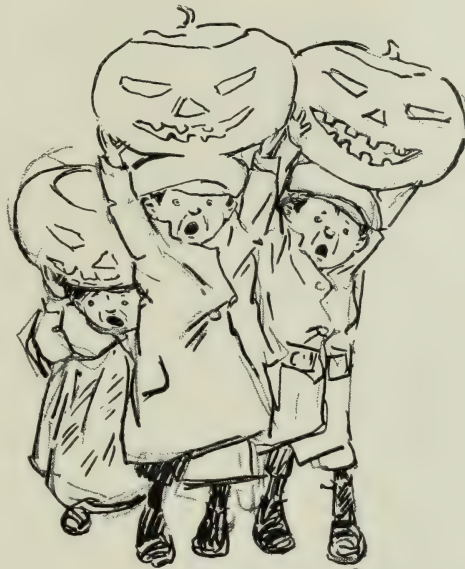
For a breath Henry John surveyed us, his face convulsed with immature emotions. He was emitting little clumps of bubbles from the corners of his mouth, like a crab suddenly disturbed in his meditations under-

neath a stone. His turban had settled low over his eyes, partially blinding him, I think, and his scarlet dolman, buttoned tightly over his heavy winter clothing, gave him an air of almost perfect sphericity. Of a sudden he swayed toward us, and fell massively on his face in the dust. The next instant his wailing smote the air.

"It seems to me," said the most charming woman in the world, "that I have somewhere heard that sound before. Do you know, if this top-heavy child hadn't absolutely flung me into your arms, I believe you would have proposed for one of the girls, after all?"

"Perhaps," I answered. "All the same, God bless you, Henry John!"

"Wa-a-a-ah! Hoo-oo-oo-oo! Wa-ah-a-ah!" said Henry John.



A highly detailed decorative border in a Victorian or Arts and Crafts style, featuring intricate floral and foliate patterns. The border is composed of various leaves, flowers, and scrolling vines, creating a rich, textured frame around the text.

STAINS

By Theodosia Garrison

T

HE three ghosts on the lonesome road
Spake each to one another,
"Whence came that stain about your mouth
No lifted hand may cover?"
"From eating of forbidden fruit,
Brother, my brother."

The three ghosts on the sunless road
Spake each to one another,
"Whence came that red burn on your foot
No dust or ash may cover?"
"I stamped a neighbor's hearth-flame out,
Brother, my brother."

The three ghosts on the windless road
Spake each to one another,
"Whence came that blood upon your hand
No other hand may cover?"
"From breaking of a woman's heart,
Brother, my brother."

"Yet on the earth clean men we walked,
Glutton and Thief and Lover;
White flesh and fair it hid our stains
That no man might discover."
"Naked the soul goes up to God,
Brother, my brother."



Drawn by F. Walter Taylor.

THE CORNER-CUPBOARD MAN

By Sydney Preston

ILLUSTRATIONS BY EDWIN B. CHILD

IT was part of Geoffrey Alison's pleasure-loving inconsequence to be content with the material comforts he enjoyed from day to day, and, somehow, his mind had never grasped the possibility that the time might come when he would be compelled to take thought for the morrow. But as he stood on the road opposite The Jephson House and gazed after the stage that carried the last remnant of summer people from Quinn's Landing, he realized with a rush of impatient indignation that he was stranded. His frown deepened as he saw the vehicle reach the bend of the road, then he caught his breath sharply as a tiny handkerchief fluttered for an instant before it vanished around the curve.

It was Kitty Burgess's, he knew, in spite of her casual, indifferent good-by; but whether it meant the pity she might fling to a strayed dog, or a token of encouragement, he could not guess. It was two weeks since she had refused him, and though in that time, by no word or look, had she shown that he was regarded as anything more than a passing acquaintance, was it not possible—just barely possible, of course—that her indifference, like his, had been assumed, and that at the end her real self had got the upper hand?

Alison's eyes suddenly smarted; with an abrupt movement he pulled his straw hat forward so that the brim shadowed his face, thrust his hands deep into his pockets, and strode, with bent head, along the road; while the landlord and his wife, lingering at their gate, followed his dejected figure

with speculative interest as he diverged into the leaf-strewn path that led to the lake among the trees.

"Looks kinder lonesome and down on his luck," remarked the man, as they turned toward the house; "but perhaps it'll cheer him up a bit to lie down there on the beach and listen to the little waves

come wish-wash among the gravel."

He sighed sympathetically and stroked the straggling reddish side-whiskers that failed to hide the good-natured placidity of his countenance.

The woman had kept pace in short steps to his ambling gait, her round, plump figure briskly energetic in every movement, and a preoccupied expression accounting for her unusual silence.

"Look here, Jephson!" she burst forth

suddenly, with an effect of smouldering irritation, "I've no patience with such talk. It seems to me that a grown-up man ought to have something else to do than to lie round listenin' to waves at this time of the year, when other folks is up to their necks in work. That's the way with all of you men: the minute anything goes wrong, down you flop in the comfortablest place you can find to think about it. Suppose Mr. Alison is down on his luck; what's the use of him sprawlin' round here when he might be doin' something useful to mend things? Here it is the first of October, and after some of the boarders hangin' on for nearly a month later than last year, I'm to have him layin' round in hammocks and stretchin' and yawnin' and lookin' lonesome,



Mr. Snowberry.

while other folks is scrabblin' and scratchin' to get the fall housecleanin' done before winter."

They had reached the veranda, and Jephson, with a fleeting regretful glance at the empty hammocks and chairs that swayed in the wind, sat down gingerly on the edge of the floor and heaved a prodigious sigh.

"For my part, Maria," he replied, shifting himself back a little as he saw her mechanically follow his example, "it seems to me that it'd be no more natural for some men that didn't need to work to go huntin' for it, than it'd be for rabbits to go huntin' for little boys with guns. There's enough poor critters scrabblin' for a livin', without a young man like Mr. Alison tryin' to take their jobs from them. If Providence had meant him to grub along like me, would his daddy have been let grow rich in the leather business?"

Mrs. Jephson eyed him keenly. "You didn't make that up out of your own head," she accused him; "you got it second-handed—didn't you now?"

Jephson chuckled, shifted himself toward the support of the post, and put his feet on the veranda steps; his wife's interest being aroused, he could count on a comfortable chat, instead of being hurried off to work.

"Well," he admitted, "I did hear Mr. Alison get off something like that one day last week, when I rowed him up the lake to the black bass fishin' ground. We had quite a chat that day, and he told me a few odds and ends that sort of relieved his mind. 'The fact is, Jephson,' he says to me, 'the old man hasn't used me right. I don't mind tellin' you,' says he, 'that if he spent a hundred dollars a day for the rest of his life, he'd have plenty over for a fine funeral; but he's that close he gredges me the allowance that's mine by right, bein' an only son. Actually, Jephson, he wants to make me go into the leather warehouse and learn the business, on a wage that'd scarcely pay for my neckties, instead of enjoyin' the income and privileges of a gentleman.'"

"And why should he get money that he's too lazy to earn—I'd like you to tell me that?" his wife broke in.

"And why, as he put it to me," retorted Jephson, "should he fill up the place that

many a poor devil would jump at to keep body and soul together and keep his family from want?"

"Tut!" ejaculated Mrs. Jephson, slightly staggered.

"It'd be different," went on Jephson triumphantly, "if he was like some. As he says to me, 'Jephson,' says he, raisin' his hand up solemn, 'if I wasted his substance on husks and swine, I wouldn't say a word; but considerin' I never harmed man nor woman in my life, I ain't tret right. All I asked,' says he, 'was two or three thousand a year to spend in the innocent diversions of a blameless life; and when I was refused my pride was touched, and I packed up my summer duds and——'"

"But he wasn't too proud to live all summer on the fat of the land with them millionaire Mingleys," she interjected. "It was all the same whose money paid for things, as long as there was French cooks and horses and yachts."

"Them Mingleys didn't use him right, neither," urged Jephson, on the defensive.

"Well," she commented judicially, "they had a right to go off of a sudden if they wanted to; and they wasn't bound to give him notice or take him with them. All the same, as far as I've heard, he was that good natured and obligin' and handy about doin' things, that perhaps he gave as much as he got, and I don't see no reason for all them people givin' him the go-by as if they was afraid of bein' sponged on."

Jephson's voice trembled with indignation: "And all the time, while there was picnics and boatin' and drivin' parties to get up, and tennis courts to lay out, and play-actin' goin' on, it was Mr. Alison this and Mr. Alison that, jest as sweet as pie the whole blame time!"

"He took his room here last Thursday, the day the Mingleys closed up, and didn't that pryin' little Mrs. Drinkwater that sings hymns all Sunday, make an excuse to come into my kitchen when dinner was on, to whisper confidential that I ought to get the money in advance. 'Mrs. Drinkwater,' says I, 'I've no doubt it's for my good, as you say, but I couldn't bring myself to do it.' 'Why not?' says she. 'Well,' says I, 'self-respect is the first law of my nature, and I ain't got none to spare; in the second place,' says I, 'I don't want to be took in, and I've noticed that in this

world it's the suspicious folks that gets left; in the third place,' says I—and mebbe I wouldn't have said it but for bein' het up with brownin' gravy—'Jephson'll tell you that I'd sooner board ninety-nine sinners that'd keep out of my kitchen than one saint that didn't.'"

"It wasn't me that got it that time," grinned Jephson.

"I won't say I wasn't a bit hasty; but I can't stand havin' even a man round when dinner's bein' dished, and I do hate to have my peace of mind disturbed premature. Mr. Alison may turn out poor pay, but I don't want to know any sooner than I have to, no more than I'd want to be told that a burglar was goin' to break into the house. Besides, I don't deny that, in spite of not doin' the things people thinks he ought to do—well, I'm sorry for the young man; and I couldn't be sorry for anything that happened to young Mr. Snowberry, for instance, that used to set up prim and proper on the veranda, gossipin' with the old maids and married women when the others was playin' tennis. I declare, there's many a time when I've seen him settin' there with that long upper lip pulled down tight and the lower one bulgin', that I've tried to think up some way of lettin' a flat-iron drop plumb on his big toe. But if I had the chance, I wouldn't do it, I know—I couldn't be that intimate with him!"

"It beats all how a woman don't like a man to be too perfect," laughed Jephson. "Seems almost as if she couldn't get along without havin' a hand in the trainin' of him. Now it's different with a man; the perfecter a woman is——"

"Mathew Jephson," cried his wife, rising with a sudden access of energy, "I don't mind settin' down to have a chat once in a while, so long as you talk sensible; but once you begin moralizin', I'd sooner get at something useful than set still and listen. Now, instead of studyin' over the difference between men and women, which you can't better, you might set a while longer by yourself and wonder if them potatoes will be dug before frost."

Alison, after a prolonged meditation by the lake, rose at last with an air of desperate resolution, pausing a moment as he turned toward the path for a final sweeping glance at the shimmering water, from the

cluster of shuttered cottages and locked boat-houses near at hand, to the dominating towers and turrets of the Mingley's, at the far end of the lake. With moody intentness he pictured the slowly changing landscape as the days grew shorter and the nights long and frosty, the green of the grass turning to a faded brown, and the trees showing gaunt and naked against gray skies, the rippling water hardening to crystal and whirling clouds of snow turning the scene into a wintry waste that would make one resigned to even the dull cheer of the baseburner in the bare living-room of The Jephson House. It was this prospect he faced when he strode along the road and found the landlord in the potato field.

"Jephson," he announced abruptly, "I'm strapped."

Jephson glanced up, plunged his fork into the ground as a prop and leaned on it as he thoughtfully surveyed the speaker, then grinned amiably. "You don't look it," he commented.

"Fact," Alison insisted; "I haven't a dollar to my name."

Jephson's mouth puckered with concern, then he chuckled. "Sounds bad," said he, "but I can go you one worse. I'm in for makin' a kitchen cupboard for the missis."

Alison laughed. "So you call that worse?" he asked.

"Well, I should say so," returned Jephson fervidly, "for it's out of my line. But women, I've noticed, look on places to stow things, as they look on hats and bonnets; they've got to have 'em, and the more they get the more they want—and by Ginger! they know what to do with 'em, too, every time!—like they know the front of a new hat from the back. And the things a man jest naturally leaves layin' round where they'll be handy to find, women jam into cupboards."

"All the same," Alison argued, "you're going to be fed and made comfortable while you're making it—but that doesn't help me. I'm clean strapped, I tell you, and the governor declines to shell out. Now, what are you going to do about it?"

"I ain't goin' to do nothin', for it ain't none of my business."

"But it is. You see, I'm going to stay on here and make a break to find out if it's such a fine thing for a man to work for his bread and butter as some people say."

Jephson's incredulous gaze travelled over the young man's athletic figure, from tennis shoes to boating hat. "Cricky!" he ejaculated.

"Yes," continued Alison, "I've got to do something, and it has just struck me you might be willing to let me work out my board. Don't you want me to dig those potatoes, for example?"

"Jeerusalem, no!" Jephson shook his head vigorously. "No, no, Mr. Alison—you jest lay round and take things easy for awhile: time enough to lend a hand when something extra turns up, for handlin' potatoes ain't no job for the likes of you. To tell the honest truth, it'd give me the creeps to see you workin' with roots or things that don't come natural to you. If it was fokin' hay, I'd say pile in, and be thankful; but potato diggin'—no sir-ee! But if you like to lay round, as I said, when any extra job turns up that needs brains, I'll ask you to lend a hand. It's the extra jobs that knock a man out, like that there cupboard. Cricky, Tommy! what's chasin' you?"

A small boy, panting and agitated, was running toward them. "Dad's kicked!" he shrieked—"the gray mare done it—fetched him on the leg. He's swearin' to beat—the band!" he added breathlessly.

"Then it ain't broke?"

"No, it ain't; but he had to stand on t'other one to lam the gray mare—says you got to get someone to drive the stage."

"There—I knowed it!" complained Jephson; "them careless fellows like Jerry Wedge is bound to make trouble for other people. Now, who in thunder can I get to drive the afternoon stage, with the mail-bag due at Longbury for the 5.30 train?"

Through Alison's brain flashed a vision of his father, the opulent leather merchant, learning that his son had become a country stage-driver in the effort to earn an honest livelihood. "Hitch up, and I'll do it," he volunteered.

Jephson stared, then laughed. "Guess you don't want to drive through Longbury in them duds?" he said.

"They're all I've got," returned Alison; "and if I don't mind, other people needn't worry."

Thus it happened that the Quinn's Land-ing stage, a rather dilapidated vehicle, drawn by a team of horses that had jogged

their daily course over the same route until life became void of hope or fear, jigged noisily down the business street of Longbury in charge of a young man who would have attracted less attention on the box-seat of a coach. But Alison sat on the driver's perch with an air of jaunty unconcern, like the skipper of a trim yacht who unexpectedly finds himself steering an unwieldy barge, apparently oblivious to the curious glances that followed his progress. October was rather late for tennis flannels and straw hats, he admitted, and a warm suit would not be out of place in such cool weather; but what did mere outward apparel matter to a man deserted by his friends and driven to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow? People might stare if they chose: potato-digging was out of his line, but stage-driving wasn't.

As he drew up at the shop where his two women passengers wanted to get off, a small crowd gathered and looked on with amused interest as he helped them to alight, an animated buzz of comment following when he lifted his hat and climbed to the seat once more. In spite of his resolution, Alison's equanimity was ruffled; he drove to the station in a hostile frame of mind, mentally anathematizing the people who stared at him. "Confounded idiots!" he ejaculated, as he flung the mail-bag on the platform and jumped after it. He came down with a resounding thump, conscious before he raised his eyes that someone half screened behind a pile of trunks suddenly stood up with a startled exclamation.

"I beg your—" he began, then stared in mute bewilderment; for the face was Kitty Burger's, and in her wondering eyes he read a look of frank pleasure that made the blood rush to his face.

"Miss—Burger," he stammered, with a lump in his throat: not until that moment had he quite realized his loneliness.

Kitty laughed, a happy, half-hysterical laugh. "Oh, I'm so glad to see you!" she cried. "It seems like a month since this morning, for I've been here alone for hours."

"Why, I thought you were going on the morning train?"

"I meant to," she replied, with a smile, "but Wedge had to stop twice to tie up the harness, and when we got to Longbury Aunt Emily was in a panic about missing

the train; then, just as those old horses were making up time on Main Street, my hat blew off and was crushed under a passing wagon. Well, I couldn't go hatless, and Aunt Emily was fussing so, that I made them drive on to the station while I went to a milliner's on the chance of getting through in time; and of course I was too late. But how—where did you drop from?" She looked around in puzzled inquiry.

Alison's joy turned to embarrassment. It was one thing to drive a stage among strangers whose opinion you ignored; it was another to be discovered in a menial occupation by Kitty Burger.

"The fact is," he began, averting his eyes, "I—I came in *that* thing!" He made a gesture of repulsion toward the dilapidated vehicle and blinking horses.

"Then you're going on this train, too?" she asked cheerfully.

Alison straightened himself; the flush of mortification was in his face, but he looked at her squarely. "No," he returned, "I'm driving the stage. Wedge got kicked by the gray, so I'm taking his place."

"Why, Mr. Alison, how good of you!" her eyes sparkled with interest and approval.

Alison hesitated. "You don't understand," he explained. "I'm not doing it for Wedge, but for myself: a dollar and a half a day, and incidentals. But I never dreamed of meeting anyone who—who would care what I did."

"Oh, Mr. Alison, do you really mean you've begun to work for your living?"

There was an incredulous note in her tone that cut Alison to the quick. "There's no use denying it," he admitted desperately. "The governor has gone back on me—offered me a beggarly five dollars a week. I'm clean strapped, so I jumped at the first thing that turned up, after declining his offer. Besides, I thought if he heard that I——"

"I'm so glad!" she interrupted, with a long breath of satisfaction.

"You're *glad*!" echoed Alison—"glad that I'm strapped—that I've come down to stage-driving to earn my bread and butter?"

A dubious look clouded her face. "I couldn't regret anything that—that spurred you to work," she said earnestly. "Isn't even stage-driving better than idleness?"

Alison stood gazing at her in stupefied amazement.

"Isn't it a privilege to earn one's living, instead of something to be ashamed of?" she demanded, with heightened color, and something like scorn flashing in her eyes.

Still Alison gazed in dumb admiration; then he drew a long breath, passed one hand across his eyes as if dazzled, and sat down beside her.

"I never thought of such a thing," he said helplessly, after a pause. "You—you think so?" he asked.

"Oh, I know it!" she cried. "That's why I couldn't bear to see you frittering away your life, when you might be doing something to justify your existence. I didn't mean to tell you"—her voice became a little tremulous—"but there—I have!"

Alison's heart leaped with the unconscious wistfulness in her glowing eyes; his face lit up with the reverent exaltation of the neophyte to whom hidden mysteries are revealed; at that instant he realized that somewhere beyond lay a higher plane that he must reach.

"I understand!" he exclaimed. "Why it's—it's like a revelation—the dignity of labor and all that sort of thing. I never knew the meaning of it before, but now—why, it's as clear as day!" And he looked with such fervid adoration into the eyes that had taught him to see, that Kitty became suddenly intent upon tracing a random pattern on the platform with her parasol. "I've been a dolt!" he ejaculated, "but now I feel as if I could move a mountain in a wheelbarrow, just for the pure joy of doing it."

Kitty broke into a happy, light-hearted laugh. "Don't you think you'd better begin with something more practical?" she asked, with a glance at his light apparel. "The weather is beginning to get chilly," she added, drawing her cape closer with a little shiver.

Alison smiled ruefully. "I've been holding off with the expectation that the governor would come to terms, and it wasn't till this morning I accepted the fact that I would have to wear these duds until I earn some money. But when I made up my mind I would go to work and dig ditches or break stones, I suddenly realized that even these humble occupations must be

permanently filled by elderly persons with grizzled chins, clay pipes, and one or more green patches about the eyes."

"But you'll find something!" insisted Kitty. "I know you will. And you must take the first thing you can find, instead of waiting for something better—that's the way to get on!"

"I'll do anything!" asserted Alison, inspired with ardent confidence, his eyes kindling with enthusiasm. "Tell me," he burst forth impetuously, "was it because I was that—that other sort of creature you wouldn't—give me any hope?"

Kitty's cheeks burned crimson, her eyes sought the distant horizon down miles of straight track. "I hope I don't seem the sort of girl who could care—much—for an idler," she said softly.

"But now," he urged, his face radiant with hope,—"now that I'm changed, and all that's in the past—don't you think—couldn't you——"

Kitty raised her clear eyes to his, eyes that shone with earnestness yet quivered with laughter. "I think," she said, "that next summer would be a better time to—to think of such things. Don't you see that it's only a few minutes since you—began to change?"

"It seems like years," cried Alison, crestfallen. Then hope returned: "I'll wait," he went on buoyantly, "till your faith is justified."

The distant rumble of the train crossing a bridge reached them. Kitty remained silent, a soft ebb and flow of color in her cheeks.

Alison sighed. "This morning," he said, "I felt like a desert island, until I saw the flutter of your handkerchief."

"I couldn't help it," she said; "you looked so forlorn." The train thundered nearer. She gave him her hand. "Till next summer," she said, her eyes shining,— "good-by."

II

"WELL, I do declare!—don't that jest beat the Dutch!—and do you mean to say, Mrs. Jephson, that the young feller in the white flannels made that out of his own head?"

Mrs. Wedge, who had run over just for a minute to say that her husband would be ready to drive the stage the next day, sank

into a chair and clasped her hands in ecstasy.

"Certainly I do, Mrs. Wedge; and he put it together jest in no time, you may say." The speaker visibly swelled with pride as she noted her neighbor's admiring survey.

"Well, I wouldn't never have thought he could make as much as a pig trough, supposin' he tried. Of course, he drove the stage for a few days; but there ain't no real work about that. How ever did you get him at it?"

"Now to tell the honest truth, Mrs. Wedge, I didn't!" Mrs. Jephson drew a chair close to her visitor, and beamed in pleased anticipation of the effect of her disclosure. "The fact is," she went on, "he got at it himself, and he was that keen for the job that he made me think of a thrashin'-mill ingine with a full head of steam. It was the day after the gray mare kicked Jerry, that he walks down to breakfast when we was settin' at the table at seven o'clock, instead of comin' down at ten or eleven as usual. 'For the land's sake, Mr. Alison,' says I, 'are you sick?' 'No, Mrs. Jephson,' he says, 'I ain't. In fact, I'm feelin' particlerly well,' says he. And really, Mrs. Wedge, he was that full of sperrits I begun to think there was something wrong; but after breakfast it wasn't five minutes till Jephson come in from the woodshed slappin' his leg and laughin'. 'Maria,' says he, 'I ain't goin' to make your cupboard. Don't look so fierce,' he says, 'for it's took off my hands. Mr. Alison 'll bust if I don't let him do it.' Well, I was that took aback I didn't make no objection, and I knew he couldn't be a poorer hand than Jephson, who'd be more likely to bust doin' a job than not doin' it. So presently along comes Mr. Alison, and first thing he asks me, jokin' like, if I know there's two sides of a cupboard in that there corner. 'Where?' says I. 'Well,' he says, 'if you say the word, I'll put three-sided shelves in there from the floor to the ceilin', and then all that's to be done is to put doors on the front, and you have a corner cupboard. The fact is," says he, "it don't take much lumber, and there's none too much on hand, and I know jest how to do it, for I made a locker in the Mingley's boat-house like that."

"That was real cute of him now," put

in Mrs. Wedge. "And I guess you didn't raise no objection!"

"Of course," Mrs. Jephson went on, restraining the too obvious exultation that crept into her tone, "of course it was a corner cupboard I wanted all the time, but I knew Jephson never could put together anything but a plain square one, and them Longbury carpenters charge ten prices for doin' things the way you don't want 'em done. Look inside, Mrs. Wedge."

"I declare to goodness"—Mrs. Wedge's voice came forth in muffled tones from the inner recesses—"if you ain't got things stowed jest as if they was cut to fit!"

"Certainly," the possessor assented, breathing hard in the effort to appear perfectly calm; "but it was the shelves that was made to fit the things that goes on them, though I wouldn't have thought of such a thing if it hadn't been for Mr. Alison. 'Mrs. Jephson,' says he to me, 'what's the biggest article you want to keep in this cupboard?' 'Well,' says I, 'the biggest is that there firkin of sugar. For the life of me,' I says, 'I can't keep Jephson from settin' on it to take off his boots.' 'Then,' says he, chucklin', 'I'll put it on the bottom and fix the lowest shelf so's nothin' taller than a potato bug can set on it. Now,' says he, 'let me see the next biggest thing.' 'Well,' I says, 'if that there big brass preservin' kettle could be got in, it'd be a mighty comfort to have it away from the flies.' 'Jest so,' says he; 'then I'll set this next shelf up to clear it, and the others to suit what you want to keep on 'em; for waste room,' says he, 'is worse than no room.'"

"I've got to have one!" cried Mrs. Wedge, in an excited tremulous falsetto, "I'll have one in my kitchen, if it takes all my butter-and-egg money from now till Christmas. Why, it don't take no room, you may say, and look what you got in it! I declare if this kitchen don't look bigger than it did before!"

"Of course it does—as Mr. Alison says to me, 'Mrs. Jephson,' says he, 'you've a wonderful head for arrangin' things. A man wouldn't never have thought of puttin' all them other pots inside the brass kettle, or made them jelly moulds look so tasty on the top. As for me, I begin to feel,' says he, jokin' like, 'that I'm about as useful as the man who plants a tree, or the one that makes two blades of grass grow where one

grew before. What do you think about it, Mrs. Jephson?' he says."

"Any booby can plant a tree," says I; 'and as for the two blades of grass, I never seen that trick done; but it ain't a circumstance, I'm sure,' I says, 'to makin' one corner cupboard grow where there wasn't none before. There's only one thing, to my mind, to beat that,' says I, lookin' mighty knowin'. 'What is it?' says he. 'Two of 'em,' says I."

Mrs. Wedge gasped. "You're never goin' to have *two*," she cried, her eyes dilating. "Maria Jephson, you *ain't*!"

"I am," nodded Mrs. Jephson, in shrill triumph. "I'm goin' to have another with glass in the doors, in the dinin'-room, for the blue-and-white tea-set."

Mrs. Wedge flopped back in her chair and eyed her neighbor's beaming countenance searchingly, her voice dropping to a pitch of solemn adjuration. "Well then," she said, decisively, "you're goin' to get him to make one for me."

Mrs. Jephson's frank complacency changed to a neutral smile. "Oh, I don't know as Mr. Alison would care to work for anyone else," she replied guardedly.

"Maria Jephson"—Mrs. Wedge's tone became a trifle strident—"you're goin' to get him to do mine. Of course, I know it ain't the same as if he was a common carpenter; but *you* can get him to do it, I know you can," she insinuated pleadingly.

"I'm willin' to ask him about it, of course," relented Mrs. Jephson, "but you know how it is, Mrs. Wedge—he's a gentleman, is Mr. Alison, and I'm jest expectin' that some of these days a letter will come from his pa with a thousand dollars in it; then off he'll go."

"Then you'll hurry him up. Tell him I'm your partier friend, and that I may die sudden, and—oh, my, but that's a nice wash-basin stand you got over there!"

"That's something I made myself," said Mrs. Jephson proudly; "and it's like them can-openers that's also a glass-cutter and a putty knife, for it ain't only a basin-stand. Lift up the valance, Mrs. Wedge."

"Sakes alive—his boots!"

"Yes, them's his Sunday ones and carpet slippers in the top part; his long boots goes below. You see it's jest two soap boxes nailed together, the lowest one on end and the other sideways."

"My, ain't that cute!—but how ever do you get him to put 'em there?"

"Oh, that ain't hard. 'Jephson,' says I, the day I finished it, when he set down to take 'em off, 'the barn's the place for your boots.' 'Jee-ruslem!' says he, 'what do you mean?' 'I mean,' says I, 'that I ain't goin' to have no more dirty boots layin' round this kitchen. You can take 'em off to the barn, or else,' says I, 'you've got to take the trouble to put 'em in this boot cupboard. Now, which are you goin' to do?' I asks."

"But don't he forget?"

"No; he pretended he did, two nights hand-runnin', but he won't try that again. The first time I didn't take no notice, for I suspected he was playin' off to see what I'd do, but the next night I jest set 'em outside before I went to bed. Well, along about midnight the rain begun to pour, and when I heard it I thought of them boots set well under the drip, and I begun to snicker; and the harder the rain come down the harder I shook, till Jephson woke up and I could sort of feel the hair beginnin' to rise on his head; and that sent me off into a whoop so's I couldn't stop. At that Jephson lept out of bed with a sort of groan like a scared rabbit, and the first thing I knew he was standin' over me with a candle, and then I could do nothin' but roll and screech, he did look so ridiculous. 'Heaven help us, Maria!' he says, 'what ails you?' 'Your—boots,' says I, with another screech, and at that he begun to tremble, and I could see from the way he eyed the foot of the bed that he thought I thought I had 'em on. 'What about—my boots?' says he at last, holdin' on tight to the foot-board as if he was preparin' for the worst. 'They ain't—in the cupboard,' I says; 'I'm afeard they'll—get wet!' 'Tush!' says he, soothin' like, the roof's tight—go to sleep, Maria.' 'They haven't got no roof,' I shrieks, holdin' my sides. Then off I went again at the thought of how funny they'd look full all the way up the legs and leanin' over like tipsy leather buckets."

"I'll bet he swore in the mornin'," laughed Mrs. Wedge.

"Lor' no! Jephson's a church member, and I ain't heard a strong word out of him for two years back, come next month, when we put up the base-burner in the set-

tin'-room. That time says I to him, 'Jephson, if I ever hear such language from you again I'll not give you so much as a look, but the next time the minister comes and the whole family of us is waitin' for him to put up the petition, I'll ask him plump and plain to plead special for a church member and the father of a family that's addicted to swearin'. Of course,' I says, 'he won't know who's meant, nor them two innocent children neither.'"

"My sakes!—what *did* he say to that?"

"He jest shook his head mournful and looked at me; then says he, 'Woo-man, woo-man!'"

Mrs. Wedge broke into a shrill laugh. "It beats all," she cackled, "the difference in men! If I said a thing like that to Jerry he'd jest raise the roof with his language." She tossed her head, like a mettlesome steed proud of its rider. "Of course," she added condolingly, "it must be fine to have your man mind what you say."

"Mind what I say, indeed!" flashed Mrs. Jephson. "I can tell you Jephson jest twists me round his little finger. But then there's some men that can take a hint that certain things ain't respectful to women, and Jephson's one of them, I'm glad to say."

Mrs. Wedge colored, glanced swiftly toward the cupboard, then smiled amiably. "Oh, well," she returned, "men's as different as women, and that's all there is about it. There'd be no use in me worryin' the life out of Jerry about things that come natural to him. 'For better or for worse,' says I when I married him, and as long as he ain't no worse, I don't see as I've any call to try to better him. I've often thought that, with Jerry, it's like puttin' up fruit: mebbe his feelin's wouldn't be as clear and sweet down below if 'twasn't for the scum that comes to the top. Well, I must be goin', Mrs. Jephson, and you'll be sure to speak to that young man for me? You could have knocked Jerry over with a milk-weed pod when he heard about him drivin' the stage; says he wouldn't have been more surprised to see a frog that was blinkin' on a lily-pad in the sun get down and begin to turn a barrel churn. My! I hope that thousand dollars won't come till he makes my cupboard."

III

"WELL, he's gone!" sighed Jephson. He shaded his eyes to catch a final view of the receding wagon as it neared the turn of the road, then suddenly gesticulated wildly, with a sweeping wave of his arm. "Look, Maria," he shouted, "he's took off his hat!"

In an instant Mrs. Jephson was beside him, frantically flapping her apron over her head as a parting salute to Alison, who had pulled up his horses before finally disappearing around the curve.

"He's gone!" she echoed, furtively wiping one cheek with the corner of her apron,—"and if he was my own son I couldn't feel no worse." She turned with a sigh, and followed her husband in silence up the path to the house, and though it was nearly mid-day and the spring work in full swing, she made no protest when he sat down on the veranda steps and leaned idly against the post.

"I'd jest like to let Mrs. Drinkwater know," she resumed, sitting down beside him, "that I never had a more honorabler boarder in the house than Mr. Alison; but I don't suppose after what I said to her last fall, she'll come back this summer to give me the chance."

"I never seen a man so particler about keepin' square," Jephson assented. "Why, the ground was hard froze before he left off wearin' them white flannel suits, jest because he wouldn't keep back the board money and buy himself something warm. 'No, Jephson, I won't,' he says to me. 'I'll wear silk socks and a straw hat all winter, even if they ain't quite in fashion, unless I earn money enough to buy cheaper raiment.'"

"And then," mused Mrs. Jephson, "after me expectin' to see him lay round in hammocks, he flings off his coat and rolls up his sleeves and builds that there cupboard."

"It was a corker the way he piled in," ruminated Jephson; "it certainly was a corker! You'd most think he'd got wound up to go, like a machine, and jest couldn't stop, only for the high sperrits of him. There was one day I went into the woodshed when he was whistlin' and singin' knee-deep in shavin's, and he jest flung up his arms and shouted, 'Jephson, the joy of

doin'!—there ain't nothin' like it!' 'The which?' I says, took aback, and eyein' him close. 'The joy of doin',' says he—'of feelin' that you're makin' use of man's privilege to work.' 'Um,' I says, 'never heard of it! I have heard,' says I, 'of the joy of *not* doin', and I know considerable about the pain of *undoin'*, but Jeerusalem! I can't see no privilege in bein' poor enough to have to grub for a livin'. But I'm blamed if he didn't make out he'd sooner earn two dollars a day than have twenty give to him."

"Here comes Jerry Wedge," interrupted his wife.

The stage stopped at the gate, and a short, thick-set man with a broad smile on his weather-beaten face ambled up the path toward them.

"I jest dropped off to hear about your corner-cupboard man," he announced. "I met him down the road a bit with a spankin' team and a bran-new wagon. 'So-long, Jerry,' he sings out. 'I'm off—be kind to the gray mare!' Now where's he off to?"

"Set right down and we'll tell you about it," invited Jephson.

"I've got a powerful lot of work waitin' for me," demurred Jerry.

"Set right down then," seconded Mrs. Jephson. "I'm beginnin' to believe there's something in what Jephson says: that rest before labor is the only sure way of gettin' it."

"I guess that's the way the corner-cupboard man worked it out," chuckled Jerry, as he settled himself with a sigh of content. "By Jinks! he did rest before labor, for sure; but then he made things hum when he got to work. I think I'd set right here for ten years if I could earn a team and wagon like that in a winter."

"And now," said Mrs. Jephson, with maternal pride, "he's drivin' along the high road to fortune and perhaps to fame, as he says. Well, I'm goin' to have a look at the dinner while Jephson tells you about it."

"For a man that'd sooner earn two dollars than have twenty give to him, he's got a wonderful head for business," began Jephson. "You mind, Jerry, when he put up one of them cupboards in your wife's kitchen?"

"I mind it twenty times a day," returned Jerry, with emphasis. "Before that

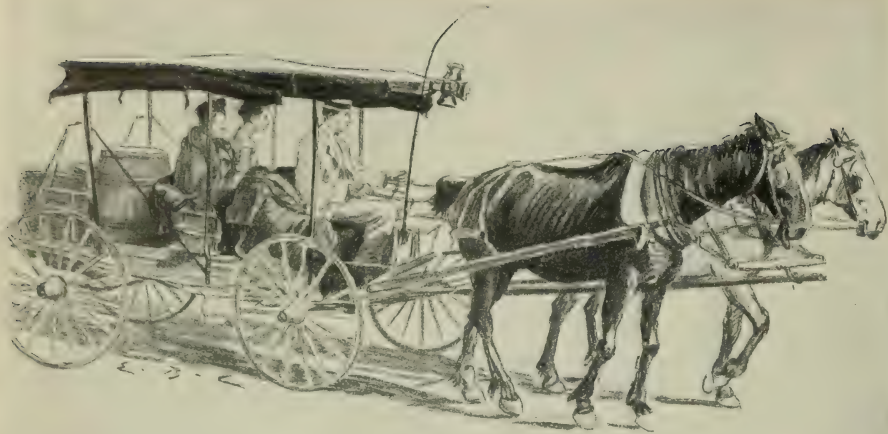


"He had to stand on t'other one to lam the gray mare."—Page 735.

Eliza had sense enough to leave things where a man would fall over them when they were wanted; but now"—he shook his head gloomily.

"I know," nodded Jephson, with a sympathetic smile; "but there's no use sayin' a word. Well, after that it was no time till people come round to get him to make more, and pretty soon he got the makin' of 'em down to a fine point so that he could almost cut one out with his eyes shut; then next thing he figured out how to handle twice as many and double his profits. It come to him all of a sudden one day when I was settin' on a trestle in the woodshed. 'Jephson,' says he, sort of solemn and low, 'it's lightin'!' And with that he clapped his hand to his head and turned a trifle pale; his eyes got kind of glassy and he stared at the shavin's on the floor. 'Where?' I asks, jumpin' up in a hurry and stampin' on them promiscuous, for I thought he'd tramped on a match. 'Hush—set down—don't move!' says he, in a kind of whisper; then he shuts his eyes, and his mouth tightens as if he was grippin' himself inside, and jest when I was ready to yell he opens them wide and says as cheerful as a cricket, 'It's lit—I've caught it this time!' 'What's lit—where have you got it?' I asks, gapin' round. 'It's like a hummin' bird,' he goes on; 'it's been dartin' about for weeks in my mind, and now it's lit—it's a idea,' he says. 'Jee-ruslem!'

says I, 'do you know what I begun to think it was?' 'What?' says he. 'A bee,' I says. 'Bee or bird,' he laughs, hoistin' himself up on the work-bench, 'I want to talk to you about it.' 'Go ahead,' I tells him, shiftin' back comfortable. 'Well,' he goes on, 'it's nothin' more or less than a plan to add to the comfort and convenience of female humanity throughout the civilized world.' 'Ye-es,' I puts in; 'and what about male humanity?' 'It's this way, Jephson,' he answers, sort of hesitat-in' and thoughtful: 'on the surface it may add to the inconvenience of male humanity, but it's bound to add to his comfort by makin' his wife happier.' 'Ye-es,' says I, beginnin' to see the drift. 'Besides,' he goes on, 'don't women take up burdens cheerful that would make you or me think of cross-beams and ropes in barns?' 'You bet,' says I. 'Then it comes to this,' says he; 'who's most deservin' of consideration—men or women?' 'Look here, Mr. Alison,' says I, 'a man that's got five corner cupboards in his house and hangs up even his trousers in one of 'em at night, and takes his hat out of another in the mornin', and that without sayin' nothing aloud, don't take no interest in the comfort and convenience of mankind in general. Go ahead with the idea,' says I; 'and if it's to use up all the corners in creation for cupboards, I'll give you my blessing.' 'The fact is,' says he,



A rather dilapidated vehicle, drawn by a team of horses.—Page 735.

'it's jest come to me how I can use up most of 'em.' 'If you can do it,' says I, 'you'll be a billionaire.' 'That,' says he, with a wave of his hand, 'is an evil I'll try to avoid.'

"By Jinks!" burst in Jerry, "he didn't mean it?"

"I couldn't say," replied Jephson dubiously; "but it's my belief that we'll live to see him richer than the Mingleys. 'You'll notice, Jephson,' he goes on, 'that there ain't many houses round here but what are supplied with one corner cupboard, and some of 'em two.'"

"You bet there ain't!" interpolated Jerry. "Eliza's beginnin' to set her lines for another."

"And we learn from that," says he, "that what women sees other women have, that they want; and what they want they get."

"No thanks to their husbands!" cried Mrs. Jephson, as she appeared at the corner of the veranda.

"Then," says he, "from my experience in putting up cupboards, I've come to the conclusion that though different women have different temperatures, their natures is so much alike that every one of 'em will take to a corner cupboard at the first go-off the way a baby takes to a doll."

"Jephson," his wife accused him, "you're makin' that up."

"I ain't; and he says, says he, 'There's still hope for the human race in the future,

for every woman'll be able to keep her man tidy, provided'"—he paused impressively, exchanging a glance of enjoyment with Jerry—"provided she's supplied with one or more of The Jephson Adjustable Corner Cupboards!"

"Wha-at?" shrieked Mrs. Jephson.

"Jest what *I* said," chuckled Jephson; "but there ain't no mistake—he's christened them after us—he told me this mornin'. He's invented a way of havin' them made, Jerry, so's the parts fit together like the leaves of a extension table, and any handy woman, or even a unhandy man, as he says, can slam up a cupboard in any corner of the house; then they can take it down and slam it up in another whenever they like."

"Thunder!" ejaculated Jerry.

"And he's took out a patent, and got two hundred made at the Longbury sash factory, and he's goin' to load up that wagon and sell them all along the road from Longbury to that town—I forget the name of it—where there's a factory that turns out foldin'-chairs and tables, and ironin'-boards, and such things by the million. It's a hundred miles from here, and he reckons that if he can sell two cupboards to a mile, the way is open to goin' into the business wholesale."

"Then he'd get about a thousand made?" asked Jerry.

"Liker a hundred thousand," responded

Jephson. "This Mr. Bambridge that owns the big factory told him that if he could prove his cupboard was a good seller, he'd either buy out his interest or go shares. 'Sell two hundred in this State in a year,' says he to Mr. Alison, 'and we'll come to terms.' And that young man has started out to sell 'em in a month."

"And he'll do it," commented Mrs. Jephson, with conviction. "Come in and have a bite of dinner, Jerry."

"N-no—no thank you," returned Jerry abstractedly, as he rose. He started down the path, then turned and dug a hole in the gravel with the toe of his boot, and began hesitatingly: "Never could make out why he took such a shine to my gray mare. Wonder if he'd trade his team and wagon for her when he sells that lot of cupboards?"

"You can't never count on what a feller like that won't do," replied Jephson, with a grin.

IV

THERE was a whirl of wheels and a rapid beat of hoofs on the driveway; a fleeting glimpse through the avenue of pines of a dapper team of bay horses, the flashing red of a brightly decorated democrat wagon, with a young man on the driver's seat who matched the spick-and-span completeness of the outfit. Mrs. Bambridge peered curiously through the latticed screen of her veranda as the wagon passed to the rear of the house, but the motion was too rapid for her to make out the gilt lettering on the box, so she settled herself back in her chair and awaited Jane's report. Things so



seldom happened in the country that, on the whole, she preferred interested speculation to dull certainty, and she had reached an age when a comfortable seat was more attractive than unnecessary motion, so she was in no haste to satisfy her curiosity. He might be merely a tea-man, or an agent with baking-powder samples, or a man selling trees—but again, he mightn't!—and occasionally really interesting people came around in the country to sell useful articles that you would never hear of in any other way. If he were someone to see her husband, who had not returned from his daily trip to the city, of course Jane would consult her; if he were anyone else above the status of a rag-and-bottle man, Jane would report. In the meantime, with Dora off driving with her friend Kitty Burger, and the younger children at school, Mrs. Bambridge would have welcomed even the advent of an engaging tramp, not too dirty, with a capacity for moving tales and wholesome victuals. So she waited and wondered, and just when she had decided he must be a neighboring farmer—an amateur, probably, being well dressed—who had gone to the barn for some of the seed potatoes that Mr. Bambridge raised at a cost of two dollars a bag and sold for fifty cents, Jane appeared.

"Please ma'am," she announced, in an undertone that meant inward excitement, "'tis a corner-cupboard man."

Mrs. Bambridge's portly figure suddenly straightened; she moved to the edge of the chair and stared at the woman. "*A what?*" she demanded breathlessly.

There was a faint gleam of relish in Jane's eyes at the effect of her announcement. "A corner-cupboard man," she repeated, slowly and distinctly.

"Why, I never heard of such a thing!" cried Mrs. Bambridge. "Are you *sure?*"

"Quite sure, ma'am," affirmed Jane stiffly. "'Tis what he says, and what's in gold letters on his wagon."

Mrs. Bambridge rose with bustling alacrity. "A corner-cupboard man!" she ejaculated under her breath, as she followed Jane out to the yard; then her eyes fell in delighted confirmation on the gilt lettering, and she turned inquiringly to the young man as he took off his hat.

"I am ready to put up your corner cupboard, madam," he announced, with a cer-

tain courtly deference, "if you will kindly let me know which——"

"My corner cupboard!" ejaculated Mrs. Bambridge. "How did you know I wanted one?—oh, I see!—you met my husband, Mr. Bambridge, and he told you to call?"

The young man smiled, with a negative shake of the head; then his face lit up with astonishment.

"Mr. Bambridge!" he exclaimed. "Surely not the—the president of The Bambridge Manufacturing Company?"

"Yes," she answered.

An odd look flashed over his face, then he spoke in a matter-of-fact tone. "No, he didn't send me; in fact, I didn't know he lived here. I took it for granted that you wanted a cupboard, because every woman does. If your kitchen is well supplied, there may be a useless corner in the pantry or back hall, or you may need a place to keep odd dishes, or a linen or extra clothes closet. Here is a model of the cupboard when put together; the shelves can be arranged to suit any purpose, the centre ones being omitted when used for a wardrobe, leaving a place for bonnet boxes below and clothes hooks above."

"I see!" cried Mrs. Bambridge; the light of possession was in her eyes and her voice trembled with anticipation. "And you can put up a cupboard like that in any room?"

"In any corner of any room where there is a clear space of three feet from the angle on each side; and when the cupboard is built you get rid of a dust-gathering corner and gain a place to put all the odds and ends that make it difficult to keep a room tidy. If you would like one put up in your kitchen, for example, I——"

"O-oh, *ma'am!*" An ecstatic cry burst from Jane, who was standing behind Mrs. Bambridge. "The corner back of the door, ma'am," she pleaded in a tremulous undertone.

The two women exchanged a glance of complete sympathy and understanding; for that instant they were not mistress and maid.

"Wait!" cried Mrs. Bambridge. "The—the price?" she asked, with a weak attempt at caution.

"Five dollars with plain doors, and——"

"Put it up at once," she decided eagerly.



"It come to him all of a sudden one day."—Page 741.

"And do you think you could finish before five, when Mr. Bambridge comes home?"

He looked at his watch, his eyes twinkling. "That gives me a margin," he replied. "It is now a few minutes after two, and I need but half an hour at the most."

"Do you mean to say you can build a cupboard in half an hour?"

"Not build, merely put it up," he responded. "You see, the parts are all fitted, the hinges and fastenings on the doors, and it is only a matter of putting them together."

He carried the material into the kitchen, and the two women looked on as with dexterous rapidity he fitted the parts together. In the animated colloquy over the arrangement of the shelves with regard to the articles to be placed on them, Mrs.

Bambridge and her maid became as flushed and excited as they had ever been over mud pies, and when Alison added the final shelf and slipped the pins into the door hinges, they beamed at each other in silent satisfaction.

"What does number 199 mean?" asked Mrs. Bambridge, examining the inside of one door.

"It means that the next one will be number two hundred," replied Alison, "and the last one I have."

Mrs. Bambridge hesitated but for a moment. "You may put it up in the back hall," she decided. "I hope it will hold *all* of Mr. Bambridge's boots," she added thoughtfully.

"Umph!" commented Mr. Bambridge, in his deep, bass voice, after a close examina-

tion of the kitchen cupboard. He stroked his iron-gray beard with a slow, measured movement, his face impenetrably wooden, by which his wife knew that he was thinking hard. Suddenly he turned to her:

"Youngish fellow—light moustache and hair—voice rubbed down for oil finish?"

"How ever did you guess how he looked?" cried Mrs. Bambridge. "He had the most gentlemanly manner and nicest voice, and——"

"Yes, yes," nodded her husband. "Came after two, and slammed those cupboards up before three, you say? Then he's been gone two hours and thirty-five minutes."

"N-no, not quite. In fact, I made him wait for a cup of afternoon tea with me, and—we had quite a chat. It must have been after four when he left."

A brief, preoccupied smile flickered under the man's short beard. "Four-fifteen to five-thirty—then he'll be at Pentonville for supper, if he went north. Here, Jane, run out and tell Peter to put Flyer in the dog-cart—ready in ten minutes. Come into the sitting-room, Mary; I want to talk to you."

And for ten minutes Mrs. Bambridge found herself answering more apparently irrelevant questions than she had ever heard in the same space of time before.

"Then," he concluded, "although I told Jones when he made the plan of this house to jam cupboards in everywhere for you, you think there are not enough?"

"Certainly," she replied, a little nettled and bewildered. "There are not enough of the right kind in the right place. If architects were women instead of men, they'd have some proper idea of how many cupboards were needed, and where they should be. Why didn't Jones think of the corners? I told you when this house was built that I wanted to live like the plain people we are, but that considering our means, the house should have all the conveniences that money could buy; and now because I choose to spend a few dollars on corner cupboards, I'm cross-questioned until my head is in a whirl. I tell you that if he had had ten with him, I would have bought every one."

Mr. Bambridge burst into a hoarse guffaw. "It's all right, Mary," he assured her. "You may have fifty if you want them. Gad! that young fellow had sand to sell the last two here! I'm going to settle

the thing right up, Mary. Just think how they'll work up in the contract ads. in the big magazines: 'What is a corner without a cupboard?' 'You have two sides—get the third.' 'Buy one for your wife—she can put it up.' Look here, Mary; bring dinner at seven-thirty. I'm going to bring your corner-cupboard man back with me, if I have to lift him into the cart by the neck. You can put him up over Sunday, can't you?"

"Good gracious!—William!"

"What are you afraid of—think he'll eat with his knife? Did he pour his tea into the saucer, or leave the spoon in the cup?"

"N-no; but, William, he's an agent. What would Kitty Burger think! You know I wouldn't mind if we were alone."

"Kitty Burger's got more downright common sense than any girl I know. Did he tell you his name?"

"The corner-cupboard man," said Mrs. Bambridge faintly.

"Bear up, Mary!" laughed her husband. "His name is Alison. Old Geoffrey and I had lunch together yesterday, and between us we made out that this must be his son. They had a flare-up last summer because he wanted to loaf. Old man told me the whole story, and he's tickled to death over the young fellow going to work, but determined to let him hoe his own row. Well, I must go; back at seven-thirty."

V

THE peaceful, drowsy stillness of Sunday afternoon pervaded the Bambridge household when Jane, arrayed in an immaculate gingham that harmonized with the budding freshness of the early spring, stepped into the latticed servants' porch that adjoined the kitchen and sat down with a newspaper in her lap. But it was not till footsteps crunched on the gravel walk at the rear that her eyes sought the printed page, though an instant later, when Peter appeared, the sombre respectability of his best blacks relieved by a brilliant red and green scarf, she seemed absorbed in reading, to the exclusion of such an insignificant object as Peter.

The latter looked hesitatingly at the unoccupied half of the bench on which she sat, then subsided into a chair on the opposite side and stared gloomily at Jane, whose firmly set mouth perceptibly tight-



"How ever did you guess how he looked?"—Page 746.

ened. There was a strained silence, broken at last by the ostentatious turning of the paper, during which Jane was compelled to take a full breath and momentarily relax the rigidity of her features.

"'Twas the devil himself," burst forth Peter, "that put the word inconvenience into my mouth. Sure——"

The words froze on his lips under Jane's icy stare. "'Twould be a terrible inconvenience to a man,'" she quoted. "Them was your very words, and——"

"And with that," broke in Peter, "you up and you says the cupboard would be no inconvenience to a man that'd stay out of the kitchen; and then you slammed the door in my face before——"

"I did," interrupted Jane, with a vicious nod.

"——before I could say 'to a man that didn't know nateness was the chiefest of woman's many vartues.'"

Jane eyed him suspiciously.

"'Tis the gospel truth," affirmed Peter. "Sure I was that overpowered by wonder at the way you fitted everything in but a few trifles like the stove and the table, that the words got stuck in my throat."

"Well, well," smiled Jane, with a coquetish toss of her head, "why couldn't you say so before?"

Peter left his chair and sat down beside her, his face radiant, then turned in a listening attitude toward the garden, nodding knowingly to Jane. "They're comin'," he announced in a mysterious undertone.

Jane peered through the lattice work at two figures slowly approaching down the



"I mane," he answered, drawing her closer, "that in my ar-rms it is *harvest!*"
—Page 749.

arbored walk. "Miss Burger and the corner-cupboard man!" she ejaculated.

"The same," nodded Peter, "and 'tis no more than I looked for."

"What ever do you mean?" cried Jane, peering with breathless intentness.

"I mane what's as plain to your eyes as to mine," chuckled Peter.

Jane's wide-open eyes sparkled with delighted questioning expectation.

"I'd have tould you before," said Peter in a hoarse whisper, moving close to her, "but for the misunderstandin' betwixt us. After sarvice this mornin' Miss Dolly come out of the church and tells me she's goin' to wait for singin' practice, and I'm to drive the two of them home and come back for her. 'And mind, Peter,' says she,

lookin' me unusual hard in the eye, 'there's plinty of time, and be sure to drive slow. 'Tis warm for the horses,' says she, 'and you mustn't forget to *drive slow*.' 'That I will, ma'am,' says I. And it wasn't till we got half-way home I could see a grain of sense in my instructions; but all of a sudden I was distracted by hearin' a dead silence in the carry-all, after them two had been chattin' most affable. 'Mother of heaven!' thinks I to myself, 'have they fell out of the carry-all, or is it out with each other? And jest then a quare feelin' run up the small of my back and I had a prisintiment somethin' was comin'. 'Hould on to yourself, Peter,' says I, 'and don't for the life of you waggle your ears or make a sudden move to show you're unusual sharp in the hearin'.'"

"You never listened!" cried Jane reprovingly, an eager sparkle in her eyes.

"I was distressed through not bein' able to kape from hearin'," explained Peter; "but 'twouldn't be manners to clap my hands to my ears, and me sittin' upstiff and straight in the front of them!"

"Tut! you didn't hear nothin'."

"I heard a silence, I tell you, and then someone says as low and tinder as a courtin' dove, 'Kit-ty'——"

"And is that all? Why, that's nothin'! What are you takin' my hand for, Peter?"

"I'm showin' you how 'twas said," returned Peter tremulously. "You're Miss Burger, I'm the corner-cupboard man, and that chair is me in the driver's seat. Well, just when he spoke her name a meracle happened."

"A meracle!"

"No less: for at the word two eyes came in the back of my head, and while my front ones looked straight at the horses' ears my back ones could see him takin' hould of one hand, like this; then she reddened and looked down, like you, when he says, 'Kit-ty, is it'—Well, you'd scarcely belave 'twas a remark about the weather."

"The weather!—Leave go of my hand, Peter."

"Whisht! The sayson, I meant. 'Kit-ty,' says he, and he squeezed her hand like this, 'is it next summer yet?'"

"And this Easter Sunday! You're foolin' me, Peter."

"Then says she, soft and low, 'I think it—is early for—summer.' And then with his voice tremblin', he says, 'But in my hear-rt,' says he——"

"Take your arm——"

"There now, I'm showin' you how 'twas said; then says she, 'You—you mustn't.'"

"Peter, you—what do you mean!"

"I mane," he answered, drawing her closer, "that in my ar-rms it is *harvest!*"

"Peter, how many cupboards will there be in the kitchen?"

"Say the word and you'll have wan in each corner," declared Peter, with fervor.

"Four!" cried Jane, with a gasp of delight.

"And wan in the middle," added Peter, in a burst of tender self-abnegation—"that's five!"

ONE DAY

By Martha Gilbert Dickinson Bianchi

HE taught her a whole world of needs

In one short day;

As one man to one woman may—

A need of daring and of deeds,

A need of crowns to lay beneath

His hero feet!

A need of tender fragrance sweet,

And fame to offer as a wreath;

Of joy all overpowering,—

Of pain, to prove

Enduring masteries of love.

A need of higher notes to sing,

A need of heaven and of truth;

Strong hands to guide,

And braver footsteps by her side

Across the day—aye and forsooth

A need of covert for her weary wings—

The need one man unto one woman brings.

THE ANGEL OF HIS YOUTH

By Octave Thanet



It was twenty years since Giles had seen his native town. Much had happened to him during that time. He had left the green Iowa hills, with something clutching at his throat, a college boy of twenty-two, fresh from his college triumphs, glowing with his college ideals and friendships, a warm-hearted lad who had just made the sacrifice of his life—so he called it—for his best friend. He had splendid physical powers, dim ambitions, a dogged tenacity of purpose, and an immense interest in his fellow-creatures. He came back a successful man, the president of a great railway who had kept his honor, but had lost a good deal of his belief in his fellow-creatures. He was married, he was happy in his home ; yet he had not brought his wife with him. Many times he had promised to bring his wife and his children to see his birthplace ; but he always made a mental reservation that it should not be the first time. He wanted that first visit alone, with his memories and with the romance of his youth.

It had been a tremendous experience ; and a clinging sweetness still exhaled from the ashes of the past. For years he had not heard her name ; he had never told her that he loved her ; and yet the memory of those passionate hours that she haunted, had stayed with him through all his strenuous years.

He drove slowly along the road under the hills ; twenty years ago, he knew the road well. How often at dawn had he galloped through the dewy freshness of summer, the pageant of harvest spread, below, for his unheeding eyes, above, the shaded hill-sides. He could feel the soft breeze, now, in his hair, just such a breeze ; and there, through the maples, was a glimmer of white columns. Only a glimmer, the trees were denser now ; he could not recover the outlines, to match the house with his memories. Then, it was the finest country-seat in miles around. Judge Burn-

ham was a rich man for the times and the place ; Giles, with a smile that had a dash of sadness in its irony, recalled how his father's head clerk (Giles's father was the leading grocer of the town) used to say, "Judge Burnham must be worth upward of a hundred thousand dollars !" And Lilian was his only child. Giles stopped his horse. Over him surged a thrill of the old delicious tumult that had used to tingle in his veins whenever he rode this way. He could see her standing in her white frock with the roses blooming about her, and her wistful, beautiful blue eyes fixed on her father. The Judge was not so well those days—it was the beginning of the end with him. He had worked too hard, and it told on him ; and when his son was drowned, some spring broke in the father—he only lived a year. But she—was there ever a creature so delicately sweet as she ! The very clothes that she wore were different from the other girls. Fanny, his wife, was the best woman in the world—now his mother was dead—a thoroughbred who would run until she dropped, and drop with a smile ; she might have a spice of temper but she never bore malice—she never was ungenerous ; she had stood by him through a hundred rough bits of travel ; she was a handsome woman, a woman with a grand air ; he was proud of her, and he loved her with all his heart ; but little Lilian, gentle, little, sweet, little Lilian was an angel. And he had not seen her for twenty years. The long absence had come about so easily, because his people had left the town the same year of his going ; and for a long time he kept away, because his heart was too sore. Then, he met Fanny, and life became too keenly interesting for regrets ; but still he kept away. Lilian had been married that same year ; she must be a woman now—a beautiful woman. He pictured her, with her children about her ; and in the vague pang that stirred his heart there was a pensive sweetness. After all, he mused, it was something to have loved a creature of so fair and ethereal a mould, even if he had lost her ;

and she had never known of his love. In the past he had had moments of regret, transient but bitter, that she never had known; now he was glad. The very forcing such a feeling into words might have made it less unselfish and less pure. He had dreamed of her, only with the ardent reverence of a clean young heart's first love; she had never passed the threshold of his fancy, into any bolder imaginings; it was his angel, not his wife that he worshipped; and something of the angel's radiance illumined her image to him still. He was a busy man; he had keen and large interests; he was a happy husband; he was a fond father; and he was content that he had lost the desire of his youth. He would not exchange his Fanny, who knew all his secrets and had saved him more than once from making a fool of himself, and told him he was a fool in time, but never twitted him with his folly if she came too late; the woman who had drawn his head to her breast when he came back to find his first-born dead on the day of his birth, saying, "But I have you, Giles; and *he* will never have to suffer!" he would not exchange her, his wife, his children's mother, for any angel; he thought of her, now, with a swelling heart. And yet—and yet—he did not go back often to his lost love; but when the past was recalled to him, she came to him as the incarnation of the uncalculating joy and pain and sacrifice of youth. He had not heard of her for years; he only knew that she had not married his friend, but another man, a fellow that he did not know, said to be a man of charm and the heir to a fortune. Once, of late years, he had heard that her husband was not doing well—that he was a spend-thrift, and that his habits were not good. He knew that she had a little lame child, and that no one could persuade her to leave her husband. This was all he knew. As his eyes questioned the foliage hiding the house, he felt at once a yearning and a dread to turn up the winding hill-side road. He knew that he was here as much because he wanted to help her, as her brother might, as because he wanted to see his old friend. The repelling force conquered; it was as strong as it was obscure. "No, I'll see old Billy first," he murmured; and drove past the turn. It was then that he was aware of another driver on the road, a

shabby, handsome man, whose swollen and flushed features showed his condition. He was driving a rattling, decrepit road-wagon and a thin white horse that limped of one leg. So far gone was he in liquor that he could barely keep his seat; for that matter, when the wheels bounced over a stone, he lurched forward and nearly toppled over.

"Take care!" Giles shouted, involuntarily.

The man righted himself with an effort, and threw a furious oath at Giles for his caution; then he caught his whip to lash the horse. They went past Giles, not yielding an inch of the road, so that but for his own turning, the wagons must have collided; and Giles could hear the swish of his blows on the lame horse as the man passed. He turned the corner, and took the road up the hill.

Giles frowned. "What a ridiculous notion," said he. "Of course he's not necessarily her husband because he drives on that road. I hope the horse will throw him and break his brute neck!"

He drove faster toward the town. Where the farms had spread their sumptuous tints in rippling masses of greenery and golden waves, now a multitude of wooden cottages, some large and smart enough to call themselves villas, dotted smooth green lawns or gay little gardens. He hardly knew the road, so rapidly does a Western town change. He drove into the business streets, more changed than the suburbs. No mark remained of his father's store (once the pride of the street) in the tall brick block with its arched windows and terra-cotta ornamentation. But the old doctor's house, the house that was Billy's father's, where Billy, since his father's death no longer "the young doctor," still abode with his spinster sister, last of the six children who had made the house merry, could be recognized at a glance. Only—he had been used to think it a large house, for it had two wings and three stories and broad piazzas; now, it had shrunk; and the old-fashioned piazzas, with their scroll-work bedizenment and thin pillars, looked narrow; but there was the same air of comfort and care and liberal hospitality about the mansion and the stable and the well-kept yard with the improvised fountain of hose and the old-fashioned border of flow-

The Angel of His Youth

ering shrubs along the gravel walk. "Good old Billy!" said Giles, affectionately. He found Billy's sister on the piazza. She had not changed so much. At thirty she had looked old for her years; at fifty she looked young. Her hair was gray, but she wore it in the same fashion; she protected her hands with rubber gloves in the same way. It was disconcerting, however, to have her peer at him through her glasses and ask if he wanted to see the Doctor; but he answered, cheerfully, "Why, yes, Miss Hannah, I want to see Billy; but I should like to see you, too; don't you remember Giles Wayland?"

She caught the words off his mouth, and was delighted cordially at once; but wasn't it a shame, she cried, that Billy should be away; he was gone to a consultation in another town; he would be so sorry; but Giles—she wasn't going to call him Mr. Wayland—Giles must come in and let her thank him for what he had done for Billy and for the town—the idea of his not seeing the beautiful library building he had given the town until two years after it was done. Wouldn't he come in and let her send the man to the hotel for his bag; he surely didn't expect that he could stop anywhere in town except at their house?

She was pleased and kind, just as she used to be when Giles had been a boy; and she had been the two lads' counsel to secure indulgences. Giles felt his heart warm.

"It is a shame," he confessed, ten minutes later, sitting in the biggest rocking chair on the piazza, with a glass from the Doctor's choicest bottle in his hand, and a cigar out of the box that a grateful patient had sent him, "it is a shame I haven't been back before; but, you see, I have seen Billy occasionally, and I've written him, although I don't believe I ever saw the rascal's fist myself——"

"He never writes," interrupted Billy's sister; "he is so awfully occupied, you see, a very busy man."

"Oh, I understand," said the great railway man who had thousands of men working for his projects and millions of dollars in his care; he spoke as seriously as she. "He has a big practice," said he.

"Oh, very big, enormous."

"And I hope he makes a lot of money."

She sighed, "Why, you know Billy, she said, "he will work day and night over a patient; when one thing fails, he'll think up another, and he'll go three times a day and then not charge a cent if the patient is poor; I assure you, Giles, the poor people in this town will wait hours just to get hold of Billy; and when they get him they keep him running; and they lined that street, they did, indeed, last winter when he had pneumonia, and the tears were running down their faces, men's as well as women's, when he was at the worst; and when Dr. Brayton came out, the afternoon the crisis was past, and stood there—right there by the syringa-bush by the gate, he stood—and lifted his hand, they held their breath; he said he never saw anxiety painted more vividly on any faces than it was on theirs; and when he said—his own voice wasn't quite steady—'The worst is over, we hope he will recover,' a kind of sigh ran through them, and all at once, first two or three women and then everyone of the crowd dropped on their knees, there on the cold sidewalk, and prayed a minute. Then someone whispered to be quiet; and they got up and walked away; and oh, dear! Giles, I wish you could have seen the queer things they poured in on him to eat. Oh, there's no question he's beloved; they'll do everything on earth for him—except pay him; and he won't let them when they try. Some doctors would make it up with fancy prices to the rich; but he says, 'I'm a doctor, not a robber baron;' and everybody says that his prices are ridiculously low. But I don't mean to say that he doesn't make a large income; he does, for he is so sought after; and then it is a help you appointing him Surgeon-in-Chief of the Road. I want to thank you——"

"Why? I think it is the road that ought to thank me. I appointed the best doctor I knew."

"He *is* a good doctor," said his sister; "and he has made discoveries. Sometimes I think if he had left here when he thought of it, the year you did, and gone to a city, he would have had a reputation not only all over the State but all over the country. But—well, you know why he stayed."

"No," said Giles, "I only know why I left."

"But you knew he was in love with Lilian Burnham?"

"Oh, yes," said Giles, smiling dryly, "but so was pretty much every young man in town; I was myself." He spoke lightly enough, yet there was an odd longing on him to hear of Lilian; the very sound of her name moved him.

"Were you?" said Billy's sister; "I always thought you were, and when you went away I fancied that she had refused you; and forgive me, though I liked you so much I was glad, for I knew poor Billy's whole soul was bound up in her; and I didn't think yours was. Billy never knew she refused you, did he?"

"He never knew I cared for her," said Giles, quietly; "he couldn't know I asked her to marry me, for I never did."

He wasn't aware that his tone had changed, but he saw her face light up suddenly. "And that night," said she, "the night before you went away, when you sat up so late with Billy, smoking, Billy told you what he felt for her?"

"Yes," said Giles.

"And you wouldn't work against Billy?"

"Billy saved my life, you know," said Giles.

"You're a good man and a good friend, Giles Wayland! And you didn't tell Billy?"

"Why, you know Billy. If I'd told him, he would have been insisting that I speak first, just as he made them take me into the boat before him. No, I said, let Billy have his track clear for the run; if he couldn't make it, then I would tell him and try my luck. I was only decent, you see."

"You were as decent as Billy would have been in your place; I can't say more."

"No"—Giles smiled as the boy she had known used to smile—"you *can't*."

"Well, it has turned out well for you, I guess; I've heard about your wife. I saw her picture, too, in the *Saturday Club Woman*."

"It has turned out very well for me. I can never be thankful enough I was in time to win my wife. Some time I hope you will see her for yourself. She is the very best woman in the world."

He spoke with his kindling face as well

as his lips; and she nodded with womanly appreciation; yet he was secretly longing for some turn of the talk back to Lilian; and he spoke to himself, perhaps, rather than to Billy's sister.

"I wish Billy had met such a woman," said Billy's sister.

"But you two are very comfortable together."

"Oh, comfortable? Of course I make Billy comfortable; and if I do say it, I take good care of his money; and I've it well invested. Billy"—her voice sank and she cast a furtive glance about the empty sunlit yard and over her shoulder behind the white screen of the curtains—"Billy's got a good deal more money than he knows; I don't mean he *shall* know it either. He wonders, sometimes, how I can always find the money for him to go to medical councils, or such thing, or to buy books or instruments; but he's as simple as a child outside of his profession, you know."

"Dear Billy," said Giles, smiling again.

The tears brightened her eyes; she nodded vehemently. "Somebody has to manage for the saints, I suppose, even if they do wear trousers, they're just as helpless. If Billy had known, that money would have gone in the same hole where so much has—and nobody the better—surely not he and I don't believe she——"

"*She?*"

"Yes, she, Lilian Burnham, Lilian Phillips. I never have opened my lips about it, except a little to father before he died; I suppose if mother had been alive I should have talked to her; but as it was I didn't feel right; but you—it does seem as if I had a right to talk to you whom Billy thinks so much of, and I'm going to."

"If there is anything I can do I shall be glad."

"There is nothing to do. That's it. I have to sit still and see him, a lonely man who never looks at a child without something sad in his smile; and I know we are both getting on; in ten years I'll be an old woman; and I want to see him not only comfortable but *happy*, loved the way he deserves to be, before I die; I want to live long enough to teach his wife the way he likes things, about the house never getting above seventy temperature and how to make the things he likes to eat, and all his

little ways ; I think of it so often ; and yet—there she is."

"You mean he is fond of her still?" faltered Giles ; he wished he knew some retreat out of the conversation ; at the same time he was pricked by an uncanny longing to hear more.

"I don't know. I don't see how he can be." Giles dropped his fan and picked it up ; the exertion brought a little flush to his cheek. "But this is sure, he has about supported her for these last five years, besides what he has paid out—you see, it was this way : Billy worshipped Lilian for three years and never could screw up his courage to speak to her. She went away to school and came back ; and went away on a visit and came back ; then you remember how he told you how he felt. He went that very same month and asked her to marry him. I knew what had happened when he walked the floor of his room all night long, knew it just as well as when I heard of her engagement to Talbot Phillips two days after. She met him when she was away. Well, they were married very soon ; and I thought when Billy got me to get the prettiest clock in the catalogue, that here was the last money he would spend on her. I was sorry, *then*. She was certainly a beautiful girl and very sweet-tempered. They had a great wedding ; Billy didn't go, nor I. Her husband had property, and he came here to live because she wouldn't leave her father, who was feeble. They all lived here and her children were born here. Then the old Judge died, perhaps he had been some restraint on Talbot ; I don't know. He went from bad to worse."

"He drank?"

"Yes, he drank, and he was unfortunate. He is one of those pig-headed fellows who think that nobody can tell them anything. He never had been trained to anything ; but he studied law ; and when he is sober they say he makes a beautiful speech ; but he has no head for business, and thought he had, and everything he touched went wrong. Little by little they lost everything. After father died, Billy was their doctor ; in that way he found out how things were going. And—you know Billy, how faithful he is ; and she *was* sweet-tempered, and hadn't lost her beauty or her pretty ways—then.

One day Billy came to me and said, 'Sis, you have always stood by me, will you stand by me now?' I said, of course, what was he going to do? He said he was going to try persuade Lilian Phillips to get a divorce from Tal ; that Tal had knocked her down the day before ; that he often was violent and cruel to her. 'And what is more,' said he, 'if she gets the divorce I mean to try to persuade her to marry me, after a decent while ; and I want you to ask her to come here ; I wouldn't think it fair not to tell you that much before I ask her.'

"And you?"

"I love Billy ; and though I didn't feel drawn to Lilian, she did seem like a nice sweet girl—well, she was, I think. I told Billy I would stand by him. But I didn't need to ; she wouldn't leave her husband ; she said she couldn't think it was right. I don't know whether such things are right or wrong ; I used to think they were all wrong ; but it is easier to say 'Do right and be dreadfully unhappy,' when it isn't in your own family. I don't know whether she did right to refuse to leave Talbot or not ; but I do know it was bad for Billy and worse for her ; and I guess the little girl would be alive to-day, if it had been the other way, for Talbot somehow suspected that Billy had urged his wife to leave him ; and they had high words. Talbot drew a pistol on Billy, but Billy knocked his hand up, and wrenched the pistol away from him."

"Pity he didn't blow his brains out!" came between Giles's teeth.

"I thought it was, then," said Billy's sister, calmly ; "certainly it would have been a good thing for the poor little girl, such a pretty little thing, the image of her mother. But he didn't ; he flung Talbot out of the door of his office and he went raving down the street, swearing and crying. Of course Billy couldn't be the doctor after that, and when the little girl was taken with diphtheria they called in a foolish young fellow. Billy says he means right and studies and he will improve ; but it seems to me rather hard that a young doctor improving can kill so many people if he is allowed."

"The child died?"

"Yes, she died, before Billy knew she was sick."

"Did Billy think——"

"I don't know what Billy thought ; he said, 'We don't any of us know anything about diphtheria ;' and he tried to think the doctor did all there was to do, but he had such success with those cases, even then, before anti-toxin. The next time one of the children fell sick, Lilian, herself, came for Billy ; and he always has gone since ; she made him promise he wouldn't ever ask her again to leave Talbot and he never has ; but as they grew poorer and poorer he has simply found the money to keep them ; he bought in the mortgage on the house and gave it to her. It was foolish ; he would better have taken the house and let them live there rent free. At first, she made difficulties and didn't want to take money, now, she is so crushed and careless, she takes it. Why, he paid all the expenses of the boy's trial——"

"Trial ?"

"You didn't know—but why should you ? It was hushed up ; the boy is like his father, handsome, winning, a nice boy lots of ways, but crazy if he drinks ; and precisely the kind of boy to need a firm hand. The only person in the world he pays any attention to, is Billy. He got into a fight and stabbed a man ; it was hushed up and money paid the man ; and the boy was sent to the Philippines ; only eighteen, and the other child is lame—hopelessly, Billy says, although he is always thinking of new things."

Giles did not speak for a moment ; he did not see his way.

Billy's sister went on : "Billy doesn't go there often, only when the child is to be treated or when Talbot is drunk ; Talbot sometimes keeps sober six months at a time, and he gets cases and picks up a little and buys new clothes and brags about getting into politics and is sure he will never backslide again ; and is seen driving the little boy and his wife ; and wants me to propose his wife for the Woman's Club, and all such nonsense ; the next you hear he has knocked down a policeman and wants Billy to bail him out at the police-court. Billy carries them on his shoulders. There is no telling what they will do next ; and that is how Billy's honest money goes. If he would not help them they would come to the end of their resources and they would have to sepa-

rate ; it would be better for them and better for him. He wouldn't think it right, I suppose."

"It would be hard for him, if he cares for her," said Giles.

"I don't see how he *can* !" declared Billy's sister with sudden vehemence. She caught at her self-control and smiled feebly. "You don't understand, you haven't seen her, she wasn't strong enough to raise her husband ; she wasn't strong enough to leave him ; he has dragged her down, she has lost her beauty, but that isn't the worst of it ; she has grown so small, she isn't interested in anything outside of her own troubles, and those she is always pouring on Billy, and he is trying to help her. Now, you know, a pretty woman who occasionally tells her sorrows is very attractive to a man, but a poor, faded, whining creature who has lost her good looks and her charm and is nothing but pitiful and keeps on complaining—why, she *must* be tedious ! But Billy is so loyal, he never says a word. I suppose it's awful, but it seems to me that she's more fatal to Billy than if she had been a wicked woman ; because then his conscience might have rescued him ; and now, his conscience only ties the weight on tighter. He might be almost anything in his profession but for her ; he has stayed here to help her. When he's tired and depressed, he has to go out to her and hear about how they can't keep a girl the minute Tal begins again, and they didn't get their potatoes in early enough and now the rain is rotting them, and how bad her sick headaches are ; and how Tal wants to put some money into a splendid scheme, and he can't get it—the whole wretched round, over and over. I should think Billy *would* look careworn ; when I see him with that stoop in his shoulders and those gray hairs at forty-five, I almost hate her. And I don't feel the more kindly toward her that I am sure if Tal were to die that Billy would feel he must marry her. Giles, doesn't it seem the awfulest thing we know that people may not only ruin their lives as far as happiness or worldly success goes, but may drag down their souls by obeying their consciences ? I know, I don't guess, I *know* that Lilian, if she had left Talbot, would have been a better woman. She is the kind of nature that needs sunshine.

She would have married Billy, then, before she had lost her love for dainty things and her cheerfulness ; and she would have been happy and tried to please him and been interested in the large things that interest him ; she is a weak creature, but she was charming once ; she might be charming still if she had put things on her hair in time to keep it from coming out, and had a decent dressmaker and been happy ! And, now, she has sunk into a complaining drudge who accepts money and sympathy and sacrifices from a man who owes her nothing ; and doesn't give a thing in return. Isn't it Emerson who says that, he is base and he, only, who accepts favors and returns none. There's where *she* is ; she seems to me to be as low, and lower, than the poor creature who loves a man and is false to her husband for him ; for at least she gives something *back*. And yet—it has all come from them both trying to do their duty. Giles, I have seen the same thing in other cases, and it appalls me."

Giles had sat, as a man of the world sits, with no visible agitation on his features, sometimes looking at his boots, sometimes at his cigar, which had gone out. Yet, all the while, he was feeling as if his soul were under a rain of blows. He was dizzy. The single hint of comfort he could find was in the time-honored belief of man that women are always unjust to women ; it might not be so bad. He shrank from any further discussion of Lilian, as from new blows ; and he caught at the possible diverting of the subject. What he said came out of his past thought, his life's experience, and the rough-and-ready working solution of the problems of life that a man who has lived intensely and amid many interests, makes for his own guidance, of necessity rather than intellectual luxury ; he had not vigor enough in his soul to have grappled with any question at that moment ; unconsciously he fell back on his unspoken creed. "I think," said he, "that we have to have our consciences enlightened as much as our minds ; and we pay for our mistakes there, just as we do everywhere else. I suppose we make our own consciences, if it comes to that."

Billy's sister sighed : " Well, maybe ; I think Billy's needs hardening ; it's too ten-

der. Giles, you're very patient to listen to all this. Come in and see Billy's den, and his room, and the portrait the doctors have had painted of him for the new hospital—I let Billy give five hundred for an operating-room and he was so pleased ; he didn't know he had the money."

For the rest of his visit there was little more said on the subject that Giles dreaded. Indeed, Billy's sister had said herself there was nothing to be done, and patience was the only virtue available. " But do get Billy away, all you can," she begged at parting. And Giles promised. He drove back to the station over the hill-road, and he turned up the Burnham drive. His jaws were set as in a vice. His thoughts were not so much thoughts as dim, heavy sensations. He put them into no words ; he only drove doggedly on. Every rod on the way into the Burnham grounds, deepened his dejection. The grass waved rank, yet scant, as grass too seldom mowed, will grow ; there were thickets in the rye-field ; the drive was overgrown with pussly and tansy and flaunting narrow dock ; the little purling stream that he remembered on the hill-side was choked by a squalid heap of household refuse ; nearer the house a few shrubs, hardier than the most of their kind, altheas and lilacs and syringas, still fought for life in the neglected, weed-entangled flower-beds. Some yellow roses were in bloom, withering on their stems. Giles could see Lilian's light figure in the trim garden of the past, with her basket of roses. He could hear her laughter. He looked about him with a smile bitterer than a groan. There was the house, falling into ruin, patched here and there. The wide porch under the white columns was covered with a muddy printage of dog-tracks ; the flies buzzed noisily through the cracks of the broken screen door. Giles tied his horse—Billy must have mended the post, for it stood firm and there was a good iron ring in it. A half dozen hens, disturbed at his approach, rose with a whirr. The noise muffled Giles's footsteps so that a man and a woman in the room with the open windows did not hear his approach ; but he could hear their high voices distinctly. The woman sobbed : " I did *not* ! " The man snorted derision, not so much violent as

brutally contemptuous. "You're a liar; you did pay her; she said her mother was sick and you got her wages from Billy; he was just fool enough to let you have the money; Maggie told me, herself."

The woman sobbed more bitterly. "I was so afraid you'd be angry; and Billy offered—and her mother was sick—I sent her some soup——"

"My soup?"

"No, indeed, no, Tal; what you left for me."

"Well, more fool you; but I'm not mad; go and get me my soup and some beer; and for God's sake do tidy yourself up a little!"

"I was working in the garden, and Burnham was so fretful when I came in I hadn't time; I guess if you had to keep the garden and the house and had such a backache, you wouldn't be dressed up much, either—yes, yes, I'm going, Tal." The voice was in the dreary, querulous pipe of a habitual complainer, but it was Lilian's voice. She came into the light, and put out one hand to draw the curtain; Giles would not look up; he would not see her; but his eyes could not escape her hand. He saw it plainly. Sick at heart, he stole away. Like a thief, he softly unhitched the horse, noiselessly swung himself into the wagon, and then drove swiftly and more swiftly, down the hill, along the road.

Half an hour later he was at the car-window, watching the fields drift by.

"And I thought I had lost her twenty years ago," he shuddered to himself; "my God, how little I knew!"

A sombre dejection beyond his shaking off, weighed on him all through the journey; he felt ill and shaken; and he was conscious only of a childish, homesick longing for his wife. Once, it came to him, with the force of a discovery, that during the last ten years he had not had an anxiety or disappointment or hardly a puzzle that he had not brought to Fanny. But this he could never show to any human soul, not even to Billy, poor Billy. He felt a shrinking even from the dishonor of thinking of her, so sunken and battered by the merciless years. He had a smothering recoil from the black and heavy mystery before him; how weakness should always be punished so rigorously and sin sometimes so lightly. Long and sadly he pondered, finding no light. But—it was as the train rolled into his home-station—suddenly his heart freed itself with a leap, as a bird flutters from the snare; for he said, proudly, "Nothing, no man, no poverty, no conceivable state of things would have pulled Fanny down like that!" His eyes, flashing with an only half-comprehended exultation, suddenly ran to one placid, well-poised figure in the crowd, and fastened on her faithful face.

He did not know all that he felt; but he knew that if he had lost his angel forever, he had at last found his wife.



THE VIGIL-AT-ARMS

By William Lucius Graves

ILLUSTRATION (FRONTISPIECE) BY MAXFIELD PARRISH

THE stir of dawn is in the air,
Outside I hear a robin sing;
And so, forespent with fast and prayer,
My watching to an end I bring.

To-day my youth comes to its flower;
To-day my hope its harvest reaps;
And all my blithe soul to its hour
Of mastery and manhood leaps.

Yet while the young dawn, keen and chill,
Lies dark across the quiet grass,
In sanctuary dim and still
I kneel and vow what may not pass:

My heart elate and strong shall be
To laugh at Fortune's lowering frown,
Uplifted high and fixed on Thee
Whose love is knighthood's very crown.

These spurs that twinkle faintly here,
A gold spark in the pallid light,
To quivering flank shall not come near,
Save when I speed me for the right.

My lance shall never lie in rest,
Nor flash its star-point at a foe,
But that I ride at God's behest
And in His name to combat go.

And last, thou slender sheathèd death,
Yet to my aching hand unbroke,
That hour speed my passing breath
When thou art smirched by coward stroke!

Amen! Amen! And at the door
Stands one whose face, lit by the dawn,
Shows that my long, lone night is o'er.
My sleepless time of vigil gone.

Ah Lord, make me Thy knight-at-arms,
And bring me quick where perils are;
But 'midst of shuddering alarms
Set honor on me like a star!

VOLUME VII

By George Buchanan Fife



LICIA has begun another journal. It is the seventh, I think. There must be at least six others about the house in various conditions of abandonment, some with quite ten pages filled with Alicia's extended-order handwriting. As yet she has said nothing whatever to me about this new start, which is probably my own fault. I grew sceptical and unfeeling after the fifth.

But there was no mistaking the book. I recognized it at once. She brought it home yesterday, quite a volume, two hundred pages or more, bound in crimson leather with gold tooling. When she had it nearly half unwrapped, and wholly betrayed, she became confused, fumbled with the paper and string in a quick effort at concealment, and dropped another book from her lap. As she thrust it, a disordered bundle, into her writing-desk without so much as a word, I knew the season of the journal to be again at hand. It recurs every six or eight months, and lasts several days. And it always demands a new and elaborate equipment. I now expect a gold penholder and a most serious mien.

I watched Alicia's performance with the crimson book, but held my peace, doubtless to her relief, since it saved her the necessity of replying, "Oh, just a book," which had characterized the advent of several of its predecessors. The utter lack of consciousness in the look she turned upon me afterward provoked me to smile, and I was all prepared to say, "Oh, just smiling," but she saw fit to ignore my amusement, and we fell to talking of the events of the day.

There had been none of the old, familiar opening exercises. She did not lay the book rather magnanimously in my hand and ask whether I did not consider it well bound, strongly made, beautifully finished and—and ridiculously cheap. Of course, it had been customary to make me guess at the price, which I did in fear and trembling, lest I might undervalue. Nor did Alicia then receive it from me with certain admir-

ing patings and pressings, and a polishing rub with her handkerchief, especially earnest if I had gone wide of the price.

No, none of these things happened. The book went into the desk with a crackle of paper, a crimson flash—and that was all. I even sought Alicia's face in vain for the bright light of a new resolve. Also, I confessed to a curiosity—that is, confessed to myself—but I did not once glance at the writing-desk. Alicia did so, I thought, several times, and I wondered why, if this was to be the secret undertaking it promised, she had selected bright crimson of all colors. Defiance, may be, or the red rag to my bull. If so, I vowed I would neither snort and paw the dirt nor rush madly about the ring. I would stand quite still and wait.

I waited, and to-night the mysterious volume came forth. It was long after dinner, and I was deep in a book. I heard Alicia rattling the pens about on her desk, and then she came over very quietly to my table and made a place for herself within the circle of lamplight. The crimson book, carefully clad in paper, was in her hand. I did not let my eyes rest upon it for more than an instant, but she evidently marked my inquisitiveness because as she laid it upon the table she screened it with her arm.

"Interested in your book?" she asked with particular cheeriness, drawing the ink-stand toward her. It was in the tone one adopts toward a child who has received a quieting cake.

"Yes, very much," I replied; and then I added a malicious "Are you, in yours?" and waited, which was my part.

"I shall be very soon," she answered frankly, scrutinizing her pen, which, I regretted to discover, was not in a gold holder.

To give Alicia time for thought, and I deemed she required it for either my ends or her own, I promptly submerged myself in my reading, but rose now and then to the surface to watch my fellow-swimmer. She had struck out the moment I dived, and her strokes were audible, although she

seemed to be making them with extreme care across the fly-leaf of the journal. I went under again and came up in time to see her with her head on one side in satisfied contemplation of her performance. She clung to her pen, and once delicately corrected a minute fault of execution. Then I swam boldly ashore, waited, and confronted her.

"Have you inscribed that 'Volume Seven'?" I asked. She glanced up and, screen-wise, raised the cover of her book.

"Volume Seven? I don't know what you mean?" she replied. Her surprise was magnificent.

"Then this is not to be a companion to the other six volumes of your—journal?" I never before regretted that this word has only two syllables. With four I could have transfixed her.

"My journal?" I nodded. "Oh, my journal—yes. I thought you had forgotten. Were there six?"

Alicia slowly lowered her gaze, as if she had sufficiently indulged a triviality, and read what she had written upon the fly-leaf.

"What do you intend writing in it *this* time?" I asked, airily pointing at the crimson secret with my pipe-stem. Alicia had again guarded it with her arm.

"What does one usually write in a journal?"

"That depends upon whom you mean by 'one.' I came upon one of 'one's' journals the other day," I continued pleasantly, "and found that it had a preface of four torn-out pages, several chapters of butcher's and grocer's orders, and an appendix of laundry lists."

"Which renders it not entirely valueless as a record." Alicia was tracing intricate arabesques on the blotter. "Have you as minutely examined the other five?" Her eyebrows lifted slightly.

"No; I had no heart to look further," I replied. "I remembered the dash with which that one was begun—I believe I got it for you—and when I encountered 'chickens,' 'chops,' 'asparagus,' and 'collars,' and these in crushed levant, I was indeed downcast." I knocked from my pipe the ashes of my hopes and gazed mournfully at Alicia. She was smiling behind a mask.

"Because you had expected to find something about—yourself?" she asked. The eyebrows rose a trifle higher.

"Oh, I found that—in the laundry lists. However, one may write what one pleases in one's journal." Without much effort "one" may be made to sound very distant.

"And yet, a moment ago you demanded to know what I intended writing in this—'Volume Seven,' I believe you designated it."

"Interest, simply," I replied; "it seemed such a nice book, much nicer than the others."

"Well, suppose I begin with you?" Alicia looked at me as she had at her writing on the fly-leaf, her head aslant and chin slightly advanced. It had the effect of placing me several feet below her. "'One may write what one pleases in one's journal,' O lawgiver."

I bowed. "I am not superior to the laws," I said gravely. "I am in your hands, with the chickens, the beef, and the clothes. Now, you will appreciate my gentle interest—that of a household commodity."

There was silence for a moment, and I turned strategically to my reading. Alicia sank back in her chair and began looking at her rings. I could see her past the edge of my book. Then she spoke, and I scarcely had time to get my eyes back upon my page.

"Why is it you always ridicule my journals? Do you think me silly?"

The change in Alicia's tone confounded me. There was a sudden note of reproach in her voice, but one so low and fluttering it might have escaped me had I been really reading. I felt boyishly ashamed of myself. Book and bantering were flung aside in an instant. "Why, my dear," I cried, "you——"

"No, no; you don't understand." She interrupted me with outstretched hand. "I've never thought of it in that way—and I'm not reproaching you now. I'm not so silly as that." She laughed quickly. "What *would* you do without poor, amusing me?"

"That is a condition I have never yet contemplated," I replied, much relieved.

"But you seem to have viewed my literary remains very seriously. The merest suggestion of a reincarnation"—she indicated the crimson book—"has served to start a flood of—funny reminiscence."

When Alicia says "funny" as if it had

three "f's" all is over between us. I assumed a retrospective expression with one eye closed.

"Alicia Rushton as I Knew Her; Compiled from her Journals!"

"By Her Inconsolable Husband." She crossed her hands upon her breast and looked at the ceiling like the angel in boarding-house tableaux. "But is it not rather heartless, to say the least, to begin editing them now?"

"Ye-es, perhaps, but the butcher and the grocer will never know if we leave them out." I did not look at Alicia. "The ice-man—of course you have remembered him—is somewhat more formidable, and *he* comes into the house. I'd be careful about him."

From the secure retreat of her chair Alicia was making little giggling noises intended for mirth, but lamentably revealing to me her discomfiture.

"Now, your new book," I went on, "the nice red one——"

Alicia came forward alertly. "Yes?" she said, beaming with all the eagerness of a small boy who is awaiting permission to bring a strange dog into the house. "Yes, the nice red one——" The small boy extolling its qualities.

"If you can give me an idea"—I was all paternal kindness and caution—"even a slight idea of what you intend—that is, whom you intend immortalizing in your—in Volume Seven—I might be able to help you with it by writing four or five pages now and then, say, when you were out shopping or visiting. You could read them over afterward, and, perhaps, add a line or two if you were not too tired. In that way we could finish it quickly and begin on another."

This was as far as I dared go without pausing, and as soon as I had clapped on the period I vanished. I got almost under the table in a search for the paper-cutter in my hand. I stayed down until my face was purple, and then rose slowly and warily.

Alicia waited until I was right side up, and then ingenuously asked, "What *have* you been doing?"

"I? Why, I've been looking for my pi—the paper-cutter. Now, that book of yours——"

"Of *ours*, yes. You were saying, dear——"

"I was simply suggesting a means of helping you," I continued. "You have never undertaken this journal keeping in the proper way, Alicia. You began one volume, I remember, with a description of a sunset which faded into a recipe for *ris de veau Voisin*. In the twilight of the succeeding pages I found several sums in addition, such as two dollars and three dollars make five dollars, and a series of agonized attempts to determine how much fifteen pounds of ice cost if it is thirty cents a hundredweight."

Alicia smiled curiously at the lamp. "I don't believe I ever *did* find out," she remarked despairingly, and, I thought, irrelevantly. "But you are not helping me. I have submitted sunsets, grocers, and arithmetic, and you laugh at them. Now, Solomon, tell me what I shall write."

"Well," I said, wrinkling my forehead sagely, "a journal should, naturally, be personal in character, and I have thought it a pretty idea for you to—keep a record of our sweetly peaceful little evenings here at home. You might call them 'Hearthstone Harmonies' or 'The Doves' Diary'—something tender like that."

Alicia was regarding me with the vigilant indifference of a cat watching her kitten play. The crimson book was blushing under a newspaper. I went friskily on. "Treasure all I have told you and we'll conquer that butcher *motif* yet," I said, giving my head a flourish of determination.

"You are very good," Alicia responded, studying the clock, "to have given so much time to my first lesson. 'The Helping Hand' will sound *so* well for my opening entry, although I fear it is rather too late to begin on it to-night." She uncovered the book with an assumption of languor and opened it. "But I have already written something," she continued guiltily, "only a dedication, just two lines. Perhaps I should show them to you—by way of gratitude."

"Umhm," I replied through my nose, as I was coaxing a waning spark in my pipe. Her temerity astonished me. I extended my hand and, quite affectionately, she delivered the volume into the scoffer's grasp. And on a square of paper lying across the fly-leaf I read

For My Dear Husband,
November 21, 1904.

"My birthday! To-day?" I exclaimed, and, beyond that, was speechless.

"Yes," softly replied a voice above me, "and I was so afraid you would remember. I was in a panic yesterday when I un-

wrapped the book by mistake. But—but are you not *ashamed* of yourself?"

I sprang to my feet and—the curtain fell on the coming of the crimson Kelmscott, which we call "Volume VII."

THE POINT OF VIEW

ACHIEVEMENT is the main fact by which we expect to be rated; but not the only one. We expect to get some credit for our aspirations. Aspirations are not deeds, but they are the necessary precursors of deeds, and without them nothing is done that is creditable.

We have just emerged from a period in which our national aspirations have been clothed in language, and energetically advertised by rival political parties as the indices of their several purposes. We ought to be able to deduce from consideration of some of them some idea of the direction in which we are travelling. How nearly, then, do our national intentions reflect the spirit of peace and goodwill which ought to regulate the behavior of nations?

American Aspirations.

We need not deal altogether with platforms, for they may be complicated by political strategies. What were the ideas that counted in the campaign? No single thing was taken more for granted than that our people wanted peace. The charge most constantly reiterated against the Republican candidate was that he admired war for its own sake, and might be overready to undertake it. He was accused of militarism and militancy, and his opponents never ceased to press the charge home. Far from admitting the charge and justifying the condition of mind it imputed, his supporters steadily and emphatically denied it. They declared that their leader loved peace above all things except the honor and safety of the nation; that he was not too strenuous; and that far from having an ear attuned to the clash of arms, he was of a nature earnestly and conclusively pacific. Secretary Hay

testified before the Peace Congress to his "tireless energy in pursuit of concord." Nobody sought to improve his chances of election by insisting that he was an eager fighter, that his ideals were military, or that the kind of glory he coveted most was that which comes from success in war. On the contrary, the exculpation of the Republican candidate from charges of that nature was a conspicuous feature of the campaign.

Since, then, the imputation of warlike impulses to a candidate for the presidency is held by common consent to be injurious, it is fair to reason that as a people we are believed to have an ardent national aspiration after peace.

The Philippines cut no very vital figure in the campaign, but nearly all the argument about them was concerned with what was most conducive to their welfare. The most eager expansionist rarely ventured to argue that the islands could be made profitable to us, and that therefore we ought to keep them. The prevailing claim of the retentionists was that the Filipinos would get into awful trouble if we turned them loose, while the party that called—not without misgiving—for a pledge of independence, argued that it was best for the Filipinos to have that assurance, and best, by far, for us that we should give it. This last suggestion covered almost the only point in which even intelligent self-interest was allowed to figure. All the old arguments about rich forests, and hemp, and the possibilities of valuable trade were hushed in the presence of a moral people.

In the Panama matter the contention was not that the immediate results of putting the canal strip into American hands were not

highly desirable. The critics objected to the methods of acquisition, as being not such as a powerful, just, and generous nation should use with a very weak one. The appeal was to a people that aspired to be just.

The arguments against the tariff and against the trusts girded at those institutions as contrivances which impaired equality of opportunity, and which taxed all the people for the rich and strong. The defence was that the tariff protected labor, and that the trusts sometimes cheapened to the consumer the commodities they dealt in. Whether the assault was justified or not, whether the defence was valid or not, the appeal was to a people who wanted equal justice to all comers.

That the race issue entered so little into the active canvass was because neither side dared raise it. The Democrats dared not go before the American people with a race policy which involved limitation of the negroes' just rights; the Republicans dared not subscribe to a policy which would make them appear unsympathetic with the perplexities of the Southern whites. The absence of a definite appeal from either party on a subject which constantly engages public attention was evidence of strong reluctance to impair goodwill between the different sections of the country. The great parties dared not meddle with the race issue, because it was not clear that any specific interference by the Federal Government could help matters, and because neither party dared advocate a course that the people might not consider helpful.

As the Republican candidate was assailed as a man of war, the Democratic candidate was extolled by his supporters as a man of peace; a man used to consider with deliberation and decide dispassionately. He was assailed chiefly as the leader of men less studious for equity than himself. The chief argument against him was that his supporters included too many men of doubtful character and questionable purposes. The appeal to the voters was to choose the party whose character was best and whose record most entitled it to confidence.

Now, of course, one of the ends of electioneering in this period of human fallibility is to make the worse appear the better cause, and to get the voters' votes by any argument,

good or bad, that will reach them. With the soundness of the arguments we have considered this present discourse has no concern. Its purpose is no more than to point out that the appeal was almost invariably to lofty sentiments. The voter was instinctively credited with loving peace and righteousness, and with being stirred by sentiments of good-will to men. No effort to array class against class cut any figure in the campaign. There was hardly a visible attempt to array labor against capital, except as the trusts and the tariff are held to be capitalistic. The Haves and the Have-nots were not distinctly on different sides. Each party tried to demonstrate that it was more peaceable, more equitable, more sincerely devoted to lawful and righteous behavior than the other.

Let us hope the best party won. Let us hope we are good people, as people go, and that the politicians' estimate of our dispositions and aspirations is justified by our qualities. It is a far more vital matter what sort of folk we are and what we want, than what particular set of public servants are at any time deputed to ascertain and carry out our wishes. It is not buncombe to say that. That is what, in the long run, our officers of government do. They carry out the wishes of the majority. If they don't, we turn them out. Of course, on many public questions the people are slow in reaching conclusions. Of course the intricate machinery by which their convictions are translated into governmental policies is often very sluggish in its operations. But when they know what they want eventually they get it by putting into office the men who will do their will.

It is by electing Presidents that the voters learn what national policies they approve, and they learn their will in State or local matters by electing governors or mayors. A great political campaign is the greatest school of all the schools our country maintains, and none of us who is attentive comes out of it exactly as he went in. It educates the voters, the speakers, the writers; makes them consider and weigh and decide. And what an education it must be to the candidates! To run for President is like facing the last judgment. The great book is opened, all the candidate's misdeeds are revealed—besides many that he never did—and his chief consolation must be that his opponent, too, is mortal man like himself,

and has made mistakes. Even in the flush of success his high resolves for the future must be stiffened by his invaluable experience of having seen himself for months as his opponents see him.

No doubt as a people we have our defects and failings, and always shall have; no doubt in all political campaigns the open appeal is mainly to the voters' sense of right; still, the great discussion that ended this month is more than usually encouraging as to our ethical and intellectual condition. In the presidential contest there was no supreme issue of temporary importance to divert attention from the general tendencies of parties and policies, and no personal defect in either can-

didate to deflect consideration from his probable usefulness as a public servant. It was a dispassionate and rather amiable campaign, as campaigns go, but an unusually thoughtful one. And in several of the State campaigns for governor the issues were unusually interesting, and the fight for purer government unusually brisk and hopeful. The millennium is probably not close at hand notwithstanding we have elected a President and some governors, but it does seem, as we look back, as if the aspirations of the American people were mounting higher; that they are showing increased will to walk in peace and deal justly with all men, and a growing purpose to have all men—especially their own legislators and administrators—deal justly by them.



THE FIELD OF ART

BRONZE DOORS FOR THE BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY.

SIX great bronze valves, weighing fifteen hundred pounds apiece, were on exhibition in New York during a part of the month of September, and are now, as we go to press, in place in the three great doorways fronting Copley Square. These are the new doors of the Boston Public Library, the work of Daniel Chester French; and the excellent and really marvellous castings are of the John Williams foundry.

They are unusual in appearance for bronze doors. When those of the Library of Congress were designed by Olin Warner and were put into place eight years ago the tall single figures occupying large panels in the middle of each door were surprising enough, supported though they were by broad frames with floral decoration of a Renaissance type and having, under their feet and above their heads, panels deeply sunken and filled with purely decorative compositions.

But Mr. French has gone a step farther, a long step farther, in the way of reducing his bronze valves to the condition of pure sculpture. If he were to put up in each of the three square door-openings two statues of more than life size, stopping the way by their mere mass and relieved against the dark interior, he would not eliminate more completely that which is commonly called the decorative element in sculpture. Here is no semblance of panelling, or of other breaking-up of the smooth door; the human figure, about six feet high, is the whole design. Granted that in these flat panels there are laurel wreaths hung at top with the half-veiled inscriptions, Knowledge, Truth, and the like, and granted that the supposed statues would hardly have the little soaring birds of the panel "Music," or the rising incense-smoke and the stars of the panel "Poetry"—granted so much deference to that semi-pictorial influence which is identified in our minds with decorative relief sculpt-

ure—it is yet a very surprising motive of design, the frank abandonment of those broad surfaces of metal to draped human figures, grouped in couples. As for the legends at the foot of each panel, we may take them as the equivalent of the statue's pedestal in each case; and indeed it is very much in that way that the eye sees those firm horizontal lines of lettering in the low relief of the bronze.

In what has been said above neither praise nor deprecation is even suggested. The reader is asked to consider how very unusual the treatment is before he begins to admire the work of combined and organized fine art. And this further consideration may be entertained, that the front of the library is not one of those columnar designs of a rather cold neoclassical character which our recent public buildings affect; it is a very close imitation of a Parisian building of the time of Louis Philippe—a building of the Romantic School, if there ever was one—a building without a single classical detail in its whole façade. And it is in the light of these thoughts that one remarks upon the statue-like treatment of the figures in the first place, and upon their unusual posing in the second place. If we imagined six statues in the place of these six reliefs we should find our supposed statues unusual in the continued repetition of what is an unusual action for a statue—the raised arms with the hands carrying and displaying attributes. Yet it is not to be supposed for a moment that objection to this pose is even suggested. It would be unusual, but it might be a splendid composition, even for a statue, this throwing up of the arms, as it were, to display the emblems which the hands securely hold. But in the low relief of the bronze panels it is of all possible attitudes the most effective—effective in the way of non-artistic sentiment as calling attention strongly to the purpose of the figure; effective artistically as filling, in the most admirable way, the lofty and somewhat narrow flat surface of the bronze plate.



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The left-hand or southern doorway is filled with the two subjects, Music and Poetry; the middle doorway by Knowledge and Wisdom; the right-hand or northern doorway by Truth and Romance. Music holds a lyre against her left side, supported firmly by the left arm and hand, and she holds the plectron high in the right hand, as if in an ecstasy of meditation before touching the strings. An ecstasy of meditation—yes, but still with the practical thought in face and in pose, the

meeting of the practical question how that musical thought shall be developed into sound. There can be no mistake as to the purposeful action of the musician. Poetry is in meditation absolutely. She holds the double lamp high on the fingers of the right hand, and the left is raised as if towards the stars whose visible presence is suggested, merely, by the four or five pentagrams embossed upon the background. The smoke from the two wicks is seen rising in snaky coils, half hiding the imagined stars. The hair of the figure, which in Music we find arranged nearly *à la Sappho* and only a little disheveled, escaping only in parts from its ligatures, is in Poetry gathered loosely into long braids which are afloat in an imagined breeze. There is a halo distinctly relieved about her head, and from this we may infer that to the sculptor poetry is a loftier and more abstract, a less work-a-day conception than, for instance, music. Something of the same motive is found in the devoting of one panel to Truth, for

Truth might have been assumed to be a presiding genius for each one of the arts and each one of the qualifications. There is truth in wisdom, there is (or there ought to be) truth in romance; and so is there knowledge in wisdom and certainly knowledge in music. We have, then, to notice a difference in treatment, if any exists in these reliefs in so far as their subjects are more or less abstract, and the difference is well marked in these twin compositions, Music and Poetry; for poetry

is universal, and is sure to be found in music rightly understood. That music should be found in poetry is quite another and a less certain thing.

The right-hand group is feminine also. Truth has her mirror, for that at least is a certain attribute which no modern dealer in the metaphorical can afford to omit. The globe in her left hand is evidently the crystal ball in which new truths, unsuspected truths, are discovered. Romance holds the dramatic mask of not strongly marked type, as suggesting that both Comedy and Tragedy come within the scope of Romance. A sword and a crown, very slightly indicated and not crushing the graceful curves of the figure by their hard outlines, are held in the left hand. One is pleased with the treatment of the head-dress, with great natural flowers fastened in the masses of hair and affording a pleasant contrast with the solid, smoothly laid locks of Truth. It will, of course, be noted by everyone that Truth is as nearly nude as the composition of six draped figures

would allow one of them to be. The loose robe is held merely by the girdle; it is a cloak alone, without the chiton or the tunic which the other female figures are seen to wear.

The middle doorway is occupied by taller and more massive figures, one of which at least is male. Knowledge holds a very ponderous volume on his left shoulder, and in his right hand a globe slightly indicated—a mere suggestion of the study of the greater and the smaller spheres. Wisdom holds the staff of



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Hermes without the familiar wings, but capped, between its serpents, with a round mirror—for rays of light dart from it. In the left hand Wisdom supports what must be a covered goblet entirely concealed by the cloth draped around it; for so it is that Wisdom differs from Knowledge—by the hidden sources, the intuitive nature of its power. The robe of Wisdom has beautifully arranged embroidery in scroll-work with anthemions and with the significant $A \Omega$.



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There is only room to add that these figures afford the most remarkable instance within reach of the lowest of low relief used in a decorative way. Nowhere does the relief exceed $1\frac{3}{8}$ inches in its projection, and there are only one or two points in the figures themselves, their drapery or their attributes, which reach even that measure—the measure of the projecting band forming each great door. It may be said, then, that the relief does not exceed that of a

coin, for if we compare measurements along the field and in relief from the field, we should find that the proportions were nearly the same.

It will be a pleasure to every Bostonian and to every frequent visitor to Boston to note the gradual passing of the color of the bronze from that of bright yellowish-brown copper to the more or less green patina which will invest it by and by.

RUSSELL STURGIS.

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